Why Joan Crawford Married Franchot Tone

Stories About Dick Powell, Grace Moore, Bing Crosby, Clark Gable, Claudette Colbert, and Other Big Stars
No need to
* HIBERNATE
this winter -

—when Greyhound offers warm and
pleasant trips at such low cost

"Hibernate" is a word applied chiefly to
bears—who retreat into caves or hollow
trees when the first snow flies, and stay
there until the spring thaw, when they
come blinking out, in very bad humor.
Many people used to be like that. Winter
kept them cooped up at home—their cars
locked in garages, or confined to city streets.

Greyhound has changed the whole picture.
For who wants to be a prisoner of winter,
when trips to any part of America can be
warm, relaxed, pleasant—and cost very,
very little? Floods of Tropic-Aire heat
keep the temperature right—cushioned
chairs recline to the most restful angle—
expert drivers competently guide each big,
safe Greyhound coach.

Millions of Americans are finding winter
a more friendly season, when it is broken
by interesting trips . . . to visit friends, or
to soak up the vital sunshine of Florida,
Gulf Coast, and California. We invite you
to prove the comfort of Greyhound
winter trips for yourself.

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR COLORFUL NEW BOOKLETS,
INFORMATION ON WINTER VACATION TRIPS
Fill out and mail this coupon to nearest Greyhound infor-
mation office listed at right, for colorful pictorial folder,
rates and information on winter trips to FLORIDA, GULF
COAST, NEW ORLEANS O, CALIFORNIA O, GREAT
SOUTHWEST O. (Please check which one. Or jot down
city you wish to visit, on margin below.

Name _____________________________
Address ____________________________

PRINCIPAL GREYHOUND INFORMATION OFFICES

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. . . . . .

FINN & Battery St.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINK, . 509 9th Ave.S.

LEXINGTON, KY. . . . . . . . . .

BOSTON, MASS. . . . . . . . . .

NEW ORLEANS, LA. . . . . . . . .

DETROIT, MICH. . . . . . . . .

CHICAGO, 111. . . . . . . . . .

WASHINGTON, D.C. . . . . .

NEW YORK, N.Y. . . . . . . . .

CINCINNATI, OHIO. . . . .

BATH TROPHY

BOSTON, MASS. . . . . . . . .

NEW YORK, N.Y. . . . . . . . .

LEXINGTON, KY. . . . . . . . .

ST. LOUIS, MO. . . . . . . . .

BROADWAY & Delmar Blvd.

RICHMOND, VA. . . . . . . . .

FORT WORTH, TEX. . . . . . . .

BOSTON, MASS. . . . . . . . .

FORT WORTH, TEX. . . . . . . .

BOSTON, MASS. . . . . . . . .

FORT WORTH, TEX. . . . . . . .

ST. LOUIS, MO. . . . . . . . .

AGBAIN IN 1935 — GREYHOUND WINS NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL TROPHY

Each year, for four years, the National Safety Council has offered this beautiful bronze plaque for the
intercity bus company with the best safety record. And each year, Greyhound has won this coveted award.
"DUART WAVES have the Natural Beauty that Hollywood Stars Demand"

says PERC WESTMORE famed hairstylist and cosmetician of Warner Bros. Studios

"No one," says Mr. Westmore, "is in a better position to judge the results of various permanent waving methods than a motion picture hairstylist.

"Of all permanents, we have found that Duart gives the hair the most lustrous—the most natural wave. It is wonderful to see how hair that has been Duart waved time after time, keeps all its soft silk-like texture and sparkling sheen.

"Here in Hollywood we have every beauty aid known to the profession. All except the finest are cast aside. For a motion picture star doesn't dare take chances with her beauty. And she wants to be doubly sure that we carefully guard her hair. A make-up can be corrected easily—a gown replaced quickly. But if the beauty of a star's hair is once marred by a poor permanent it causes months of grief. We feel a star's most important beauty feature is her hair.

"No doubt this is why the Duart method of permanent waving has for so long been the choice of the Hollywood stars."

"DUART WAVES ARE THE CHOICE OF THE HOLLYWOOD STARS"

Motion Picture for February, 1936
HUMANITY'S GREATEST LOVE STORY!

"A life for a life you love." So vowed this handsome idler! In that terror-haunted cell he asked himself what is the greatest sacrifice he could make for the woman he loved...

The producers of "Mutiny On The Bounty", "China Seas" and other big hits of this season are happy to bring you another million dollar thrill-drama! Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has re-created for the screen, in breath-taking realism, one of the great romantic dramas of all time, penned by Charles Dickens whose "David Copperfield" was the most treasured picture of 1935. We now confidently predict that "A Tale of Two Cities" will be the best-loved romance of 1936!

RONALD COLMAN
A TALE OF TWO CITIES


A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE • Produced by David O. Selznick • Directed by Jack Conway
WHAT HAS HOLLYWOOD DONE TO NELSON EDDY?

"Being in Hollywood has been just like going to school...a good, strict school, too," says Nelson Eddy, adding, "I've had breaks in films such as few others have. And I appreciate that. But I'm no actor. I'm a singer. And I want to be a much better one." That is what Nelson Eddy says. Read his frank, vital story in the big March number of MOTION PICTURE.
Jean Muir sees her love for James Melton treated lightly in the Warner picture, "Stard Over Broadway." Dangerous—AAA—Betty Davis creates a character here that should win much attention and applause. Playing the part of an actress who has lost her place in the sun only to have it restored to her by Frank Capra, Davis brings a great other-world character to the screen. Together she makes an unforgettable perfection. Also, Margaret Lindsay, Alison Skipworth and John Eldredge.—Warner Bros.

Annie Oakley—AAA—Be sure to bring the children when you see that! They'll love it. And so will you! Barbara Stanwyck in the title role, as the famous sharp-shooting marksman, is a splendid performance. Cast: Moroni Olsen, Preston Foster and Melvyn Douglas.—RKO.

Mary Burns, Fugitive—AAA—Sylvia Sidney, Melvyn Douglas and Alan Baxter succeed in making an excellent film out of a title that suggests a newspaper headline. There's romance and action, and the timing and excitement is this human story of justice that miscarried. Cast: Warner Oland, Pert Kelton and Brian Donlevy.—Paramount.

Seven Keys to Baldpate—AAA—Here is told the story of a writer whose job it is to write a novel about a man who has been wrongly convicted. Gene Raymond is the author, and he plays his part with a native charm. Complicating Gene's mammoth labor is a group of crooks. Cast: Moroni Olsen, Grant Mitchell, Eric Blore and Henry Travers.—RKO.

Your Uncle Dudley—AAA—Provocative only of laughter, and intended only to do that. This Warner Bros. film succeeds admirably in its purpose. Every scene is delightful—and, in each one, Horton appropriately is the focus of all the action. Cast: Helen Twelvetrees, Rosina Lawrence, Alvin Dinnerhau and Florence Roberts.—20th Century-Fox.

Whispaw—AAA—After a long absence from films, Helen Twelvetrees and here as a gentle witch. When she is found out by Spencer Tracy, a Y-Man, she reforms, having found refuge from a storm in a farmhouse, Myrna and Spencer find themselves in love. It's an entertaining picture. And you'll enjoy it. Cast: Helen Twelvetrees, Robert Warwick and Irene Franklin.—MG-M.

Prince Waterfront—AAA—Though the title of this film suggests melodrama, the picture really solves a problem. Is it love or is it hate that is the greater incentive to causing a man to succeed? That's the question. Ben Lyon and Helen Twelvetrees enact the title role. Both interpret their parts with skill and understanding. Cast: Rod La Rocque, Russell Hopton and Barbara Pepper.—Republic.

Stars Over Broadway—AAA—James Melton, radio singer, makes his screen debut in this film. Although Melton sings satisfactorily, it is Pat O'Brien who gives the outstanding performance, presenting a fine study of character. Cast: Jean Muir, Jane Froman and Frank McHugh.—Warner Bros.

Show Them No Mercy—AAA—This story deals with the kidnapping of a child, the taking of ransom money, the running of a circus world and a long-time circus world. Large numbers of people are involved. Cast: Rod La Rocque, Jane Frazee, John Hodiak, Bruce Cabot and Cesar Romero.—20th Century-Fox.

Coronado—AAA—Levy and laughs characterize this sprightly musical. The plot is trite. But no plot is put in the hands of a capable composer and writer. Cast: Betty Grable, Don DeFore, Bruce Cabot and Georgeearned.—20th Century-Fox.

TIP-OFFS

On the Talks

 brief reviews of the recent releases

AAA—EXCELLENT; AAA—GOOD; AA—FAIR; A—MÉDIOCÈRE

by Gunnar Norberg

On the woodland estate of Melvyn Douglas, Sylvia Sidney discovers happiness in "Mary Burns, Fugitive." Situations are not sufficiently amusing in themselves to make up for the plot weakness. Cast: Alan Mowbray, Grant Mitchell and Louis Mason.—RKO.

Millions in the Air—AAA—Although the plot is the hackneyed one, dealing with the poor boy who believes himself deceived by the rich girl, this musicomedy is entertaining. New tunes and new personalities are featured. Cast: Wendy Barrie, John Howard, Robert Cummings, Eleanor Whitney and Benny Baker.—Paramount.

The Melody Lingers On—AAA—This could have been a tremendously amusing and interesting picture. Cast: part of the Marx Bros., đaise. Cast: Robert Benchley, Frank Craven, Raymond Hatton, Walter Catlett, Sidney Blackmer, Charles Winninger, Delmar Foss, Art Vontz, Eric Blore, Richard Carle, Sydney Toler, Pauline Lord, and Lilian Hall-Davis.—Fox.

Man of Iron—AAA—Considering Barton MacLane as the tip-top shop, Fox. Devoted to the presidency of a steel concern, he presents a fine performance. Besides giving us a shot of how the iron industry is running and bowing and to little else in this picture. Cast: John Eldredge and Dorothy Peterson.—Warner Bros.

One Way Ticket—AA—This is the story of a youth who loses his liberty and finds love. Imprisoned for bank robbery, Lloyd Nolan falls in love with Peggy Conklin, daughter of the captain of the guards. Walter Connolly, Nolan sings and is reduced. Cast: Gloria Shea, Edith Fellows.—Columbia.

Sweet Surrender—AA—The singing of Frank Parker and the dancing of Tamara are all that these fans have been waiting for. Adequate and badly constructed. Jack Dempsey is the man for a moment. The supporting cast is unimportant.—Universal.

Broadway Hostess—AA—Though this unpretentious musical is no spectacular film, it is a satisfactory offering. Cast: George Formby, Red Skelton, Peg Entwistle, Betty Grable and Ray Milland.—20th Century-Fox.

Miss Pacific Fleet—AA—This story concerns two chorus girls who operate a concession at a pier in a harbor town. The plot is simple, while the comedy that results from the situations created is of a routine nature. Cast: Jean Blondell, Gloria Farrell, Hugh Herbert, Minna Gombell and Allen Jenkins.—Warner Bros.

The Calling of Dan Matthews—AA—Though Richard Arlen appears minuscule in the title role, as a fighting preacher, this film, made from a widely-read Harold Bell Wight story, will be interesting to many theatre-goers. Douglas Dumbrille, as the vice leader, presents the most convincing delineation. Cast: Ronald Colman, Charlotte Wynters and Edward McWade.—Columbia.

The Great Impersonation—AA—In this attempted horror picture, featuring murder and mystery, there is too involved a plot to appeal. And there is little comedy to relieve the chilling situations. Edmund Lowe enact a dual role very well. Cast: Valerie Hobson, Wera Engels and Henry Mollison.—Universal.

The Perfect Gentleman—AA—Frank Morgan saves an actress. Cicely Courtneidge, from oblivion in this stage review. There is no film involved, but the hero is a failure. Then complications arise due to circumstances having to do with the career of Morgan's son. Slight story.—MG-M.

Don't Miss—

the following big pictures, which have been previously reviewed in this magazine—Hands Across the Table, delightful comedy, featuring Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray. The Three Musketeers, romantic adventure tale, with Walter Abel and Marley Grahame... Thanks a Million, gay music-comedy, with Dick Powell and Ann Dorval... Metropolitan, Lawrence Tibbett's sensational triumph... Transatlantic Tunnel, with Richard Dix and Edna Mannix... Night at the Opera, featuring the Marx Brothers. Harpo, Chico and Groucho... Midsummer Night's Dream, Reinhardt's new Shakespearean fantasy, with an all-star cast... The Crusades, Des Milde spectacle, featuring Loretta Young and Henry Wilcoxon.

(Note: More Reviews on Page 32)
"Anything Goes"

They're the Tops... Bing Crosby and Ethel Merman, star of the Broadway stage hit "Anything Goes," sing the famous Cole Porter tunes, "You're the Tops," "I Get a Kick Out of You," and a bunch of other new ones.

It's the top! It's a Crosby honey!
It's the top! It's a Ruggles funny!
It's the grandest show the screen could ever boast!
It had Broadway cheering — Its tunes we're hearing from coast to coast!
It's the top! It's got Merman singing!
It's the top! What applause it's bringing!
It's a perfect smash, a hit, a crash — don't stop
You'll be shoutin' when you see it
IT'S THE TOP.

Clever People, These Chinese... they know this laddy is America's Public Enemy No. 13 (Charlie Ruggles, to you!)... a laugh-getter in "Anything Goes".

Only a Sample... of the kind of chorines Dance Director Leroy Prinz has collected and trained for the chorus in "Anything Goes".

This Is Not a Cigarette Ad... but a shot of Bing Crosby and Charlie Ruggles, thinking over their misdeeds in the ship's jail.

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE... DIRECTED BY LEWIS MILESTONE

Motion Picture for February, 1936
AIRPLANE PILOT BOB BLAIR, that Hollywood flyer who has carried so many cinema elopers to Yuma, has just bought a new, faster plane. Now, he’ll reach his destination more quickly!

BROWN’S “BRANSLEY”
Joe E. Brown’s horse, “Bransley,” runs at the Santa Anita races!

This and That

JEAN HARLOW was glad when Riffraff was done, because most of her work had been in a San Pedro tuna cannery, and doesn’t fish smell nice? ... Universal’s Magnificent Obsession cost well over a million and it shows it ... When you see the Chinese orchestra in Klondike Lou, you’ll realize that one of the hardest jobs that Paramount’s casting office ever had was to find them, because modern Chinese didn’t know how to play anything but modern American instruments like the saxophone! ... Director Clarence Brown won a $1,000 bet from Louis B. Mayer by finishing shooting of Ah, Wilderness, ahead of schedule ... Talking of Klondike Lou reminds me that the reason why Mae West wears a Japanese kimono, when the script called for an old-fashioned nightie, is that they couldn’t find an old-fashioned nightie in Hollywood! ... For Mutiny On the Bounty, there were two sets of wigs for the leading players—one set, smooth and unruffled, for the land sequences, and the other set all wind-blown for the sea scenes ... Having made a hit in Darryl Zanuck’s Thanks a Million, the famous Yacht Club Boys will crash into your ears from the screen again in Al Jolson’s The Singing Kid! ... You saw John Wood, English actor. (Continued on page 10)

BAXTER & FAYE
King of Burlesque is Warner Baxter’s next. Alice Faye is in it!
No Wonder Franchot Tone calls BETTE DAVIS "DANGEROUS"

LOOK WHAT SHE SAYS, IN HER LATEST PICTURE, ABOUT LIFE, LOVE, MEN!

"I'm not lady enough to lie! Loving me is like shaking hands with the devil—the worst kind of luck. But you'll find I'm the woman you'll always come back to!"

"I've never had any pity for men like you. You with your fat little soul and smug face! Why I've lived more in a day than you'll ever dare live."

"It's going to be your life or mine! If you're killed, I'll be free... If I'm killed, it won't matter any longer... and if we both die—good riddance."

YES, "Dangerous" is the label Franchot tags on the screen's famous blonde temptress. And that's the title Warner Bros. have selected for their first picture together!

If you thought Bette gave men a piece of her mind in "Of Human Bondage", "Bordertown", and "Front Page Woman", wait 'til you hear her cut loose as "the woman men always come back to", in "Dangerous".

The way she talks about them—particularly about Mr. Tone—is going to be the talk of movie-fan gatherings. Maybe you'll say she's right when you see what men did to her life. But you'll certainly agree that this story of a woman whose love was a jinx to men, is the surprise package of the New Year. Besides Bette and Franchot, Margaret Lindsay, Alison Skipworth, John Eldredge, and Dick Foran are smartly spotted in a big cast directed by Alfred E. Green. There's no use telling you you must see "Dangerous"! Because you may not be able to get through the crowds to the box-office when the news of this daring drama gets around town!

Motion Picture for February, 1936

9
JEANETTE MACDONALD & NELSON EDDY
Jeanette and Nelson are distinguished concert singers and movie stars, but here, they’re dancing, Indian style! They’re on a Rose Marie set.

[Continued from page 8] in RKO’s Last Days of Pompeii, didn’t you? John’s first American fan-letter, after his appearance in this film, was from a 57-year-old woman who wanted to marry him... Because the late Florenz Ziegfeld nibbled chocolates all the time, Bill Powell, who plays the character in The Great Ziegfeld at M-G-M, was confined to his home for two days with a tummy-ache... And when you see the fourteen dogs in Trail of the Lonesome Pine, you’ll see the dogs whose lives were saved by movies, because they were taken from execution and were adopted by members of the cast, after being used in the Los Angeles pound on the eve of the film.

Lupino Leaps

When you see Ida Lupino in Bing Crosby’s Anything Goes, you’ll see a girl who’s leaping to fame. Not satisfied with acting, she’s written two songs and is organizing a 15-girl orchestra to do radio broadcasts.

Thumbnail Drama

Mary Jane Irving was a child star in the silents. Then she grew up, and growing up is the death-knell of a child star. But Mary Jane swore she’d not flop, and through the awkward years, she worked and worked, and hoped and hoped. She even took stand-in jobs for Gaynor and Lily Pons and, lately, for Harriet Hilliard in RKO’s Follow the Fleet. And that’s where Lady Luck smiled and rewarded her. For she’s been lifted out of obscurity again, and now she has a rôle in the picture—and Mary Jane hopes that she’s on the way to adult stardom.

While Irene Slept

They rehearsed a hospital scene in Universal’s The Magnificent Obsession so often that when they shot it, Irene Dunne was really asleep and didn’t wake up for her cue, so they had to shoot it all over again, and when you see the picture, you’ll recognize the scene.

Cupid’s Darts

Claudette Colbert doesn’t want to talk about it, but all the same, I’ll bet that, almost any day now, she and Dr. J. J. Pressman will marry... the Bert Wheeler romance with Sally Haines appears definitely frigid... Lawrence Tibbett’s former wife gave a party at which she introduced Julia Faye and Scenario-writer Walter A. Merrill; [Continued on page 12]
Eddie Cantor gives you the time of your lives in this roaring comedy of a timid tailor who became a titan among men... He'll strike you pink with gleeful excitement as this great production winds up in the wildest climax ever brought to the screen.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN Presents

EDDIE CANTOR

in

Strike Me Pink

with ETHEL MERMAN • PARKYAKARKUS • SALLY EILERS

and the GORGEOUS GOLDWYN GIRLS

Music and Lyrics by Harold Arlen and Lew Brown... Dance Ensembles by Robert Alton... Directed by Norman Taurog

Adapted from Clarence Budington Kelland's Saturday Evening Post Serial, "Dreamland"... Released thru United Artists

Motion Picture for February, 1936
The TALKIE TOWN Letter

[Continued from page 10] ten days later, Julia became Mrs. Merrill... And just to show you how wrong that talk of a break-up between Bill Powell and Jean Harlow is, the fact is that Jean’s mother personally supervised the decoration of much of Bill’s new house, just the other week ... Adrienne Ames and her divorced husband, Bruce Cabot, are still niche-clubbing together ... When Barbara Stanwyck gets her divorce from Frank Fay, some of her friends won’t be surprised to find her marrying ... Merle Oberon’s still that way about David Niven ... ditto Carole Lombard and Bob Riskin ... And just chalk off the rumors that George Brent and Garbo will marry. ... Fred Stone’s daughter, Paula, and Will Rogers’ son, Bill, Jr., are the latest romancers ... The Janet Gaynor-Al Scott romance is at the altar-point again.

Accent for Sale?

Who says there’s no professional rivalry between children? Dickie Jones, after seeing Freddie Bartholomew on the screen, asked his mother: “Where can I buy an English accent?”

New Fat Boy

You, who know all of Our Gang by heart, will be both saddened and pleased by this bit of news: Joe Cobb, the Gang’s fat boy for seven years, has outgrown the role at last. You’ll see him no more. But — there’ll still be a fat boy. For Our Gang has signed Paul Douglass, 8-year-old mascot of the Chicago Cubs ball team for the role. Paul looks so much like Joe that I’ll bet many Gang fans won’t notice the switch.

King of Hats

When you see Ceiling Zero, take note of the “Selassie Hat” worn therein by June Travis. Stylists say it’ll set a new millinery fad.

New Coiffure

Speaking of new style fads brings to mind the likelihood that a new hairdo rage will be precipitated by Norma Shearer in her Juliet coiffure. And odd as it may seem, a man, dead for five centuries will be its originator! Fra Angelico, great Italian master, painted a fresco called “The Annunciation.” In it appears a hairdress which was observed by M-G-M’s famed Adrian, adapted to Miss Shearer by make-up experts. You’ll see her wearing it in Romeo and Juliet. And, if you’re a style-follower, you’ll probably be wearing it — when your hair’s long enough!

Cavanagh Christmas

Cutest Christmas idea in Hollywood is Paul Cavanagh’s. It’s plum puddings!

HARRY RICHMAN & ROCHELLE HUDSON

There’s love and romance in Columbia’s coming picture, Rolling Along, as Harry and Rochelle find in this scene. The setting is in the South
Her Greatest Role . . as tender as "Little Women" . . as irrepressibly gay as "Little Minister" . . as glamorous as "Morning Glory" . . as dramatic as "Christopher Strong"

Hepburn

in "SYLVIA SCARLETT"

with CARY GRANT
BRIAN AHERNE
EDMUND GWENN

An RKO Radio Picture directed by
GEORGE CUKOR, who gave you
"Little Women" and "David Copperfield"

A Pandro S. Berman Production

Motion Picture for February, 1936
CERTAIN things are just naturally "twins." Beer and pretzels . . . Gardenias and black velvet. . . . Cinnamon toast and tea . . . Dry skin and wrinkles. Since it is an established fact that dry skin is the most common beauty ill among American women, we can go a step further and predict that every one of these dry-skin victims is, or soon will be, crying over facial lines—unless she begins immediately to take proper care of her skin!

Just why American girls should be the victims of this dry-skin-and-wrinkles condition isn’t obvious until our climate and our living habits are considered. Although the United States is in what is called the Temperate Zone, it is well-known that it doesn’t always live up to its name! Any girl who lives in New England, the Middle West or the Northwest knows how cold the weather can be. And inhabitants of the great Southwest find nothing temperate in the dry, scorching heat that dehydrates everything, including their own skins.

Add to these hazards of climate, the drying effects of steam heat, endured for several months by most of us. And to this, the fast tempo at which we live—late, irregular hours, lots of excitement and overwork. The sum total is the “reason why” for our chronically dry skins and premature wrinkles.

The first move in combating these evils is to banish from your life: late hours, overwork and worry! Worry invariably carves lines in the forehead and around the eyes and mouth. Mental attitudes can become habitual, just as easily as can physical attitudes or postures. That’s why you should try to think pleasant thoughts most of the time. Just remember that no matter how irksome your pet troubles may be, they’re not going to disappear because you fret your face into a net-work of premature lines! These are the areas where wrinkles appear first: the forehead (especially between the eyes), underneath the eyes, beside the nose and mouth and on the throat. And here are some good mechanical rules for thwarting their debut: for forehead lines, stop frowning and continually raising your brows; for lines around the eyes, stop squinting (and staying out late!); for those unpleasant lines beside the mouth, stop sneering or compressing your lips grimly; and to ward off horizontal lines on your throat (those tattle-tales that have “told all” about many a girl’s birthdays!), hold your head erect, even when reading, sewing or typing.

Massage, across the lines, is an excellent preventive and corrective for wrinkles. But this doesn’t mean pummelling or dragging or any of the other forms of punishment that sometimes masquerade as massage.

To massage your face and throat correctly, you should use the balls of your fingers. And your touch should be light but firm, soothing yet stimulating.

Professional facial massages are not necessary to preserve a youthful skin, but I do advise you to save your pennies and have two or three of them, just so you can study the operator’s technique. Don’t yield to your desire to fall asleep under her minis-

BEAUTY ADVICE

Your beauty problems may seem most puzzling to you, but quite simple to MISS CAINE, our beauty expert. Why don’t you write to her today? You may ask her for advice on any phase of beauty that might be troubling you. This service is free, of course. All that is necessary is a stamped, self-addressed envelope for MISS CAINE’S personal reply to your letter. Simply write to DENISE CAINE, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

[Continued on page 16]
NOW you'll see some DANCING by the Dancing Divinity!

Princess Personality Herself

JESSIE MATTHEWS FIRST A GIRL
(THEN A BOY)

When it comes to dancing... Jessie tops 'em all... Stops 'em all... Ask to see her at your favorite theatre...

DIRECTED BY VICTOR SAVILLE

A Production
<p>Combat all 3 with a moisture-proof powder!</p>

If you want to make your skin clear, transparent, lovely ..., and have it last that way for hours, paste on skin is the ugly reason for many bad complexion. The result of face-powder mixing with the natural moisture of your skin.<br />

Luxor is the moisture-proof face-powder. It won't form a paste on your skin. Don't take our word. Put a spoonful of Luxor in a glass and pour water on it! Notice what happens. It does not mix with the water. It rises to the top soft, dry, smooth as velvet. There's similar moisture on even the dryest skin, but Luxor won't mix with it, any more than with water in the glass.<br />

More than 6,000,000 women use Luxor because it is moisture-proof. It comes in a range of smart new shades, scientifically blended in our vast laboratories to flatter brunettes, blondes, and in-betweeners with gorgeous natural effect. Insist on Luxor by name at any cosmetic counter, and get FREE! 2 dreams of $3 perfume a sophisticated, smart French scent, La Riche, selling regularly $3. A enchanting gift to win new friends for Luxor. Powder and perfume together for the price of Luxor Powder alone. <br />

Coupons brings 4-piece make-up kit! <br />

LUXOR, LTD., 1355 W. 31st St., Chicago, Ill. Please send me your 4-piece make-up kit including generous amount of Luxor Moisture-Proof Powder, Luxor Rouge, Luxor Special Cream and Luxor Hand Cream. Here is 10c to help cover mailing. (Offer not good in Canada.) Check Powder: Rose Rachel | Red | Flesh | Rouge | Radiance | Medium | Sunglow | Pearl Floid | Vivid | Rosebronze D.<br />

Name.<br />
Address ________________________________<br />
City ________________________________

---<br />

Facial Massage for Beauty [Continued from page 14]</p>
YOU'LL NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN!

"Something" will happen to you when you see this enduring picture—just as it did to the countless millions of people who read the strange love story from which it was filmed... For it fathoms that precious thing called "a woman's soul", holds it up as a blazing emblem to all humanity—for the admiration of men, for the inspiration of women!

IRENE DUNNE • ROBERT TAYLOR
MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION

A JOHN M. STAHL PRODUCTION
For greater than his famous "Back Street", than his memorable "Only Yesterday", or his immortal "Imitation of Life"... With

CHARLES BUTTERWORTH • BETTY FURNESS
Arthur Treacher • Ralph Morgan • Henry Armetta • Sara Haden
From the phenomenal best-selling novel by Lloyd C. Douglas

A Universal Picture presented by Carl Laemmle

Motion Picture for February, 1936
Above: Adrienne Ames in her dining room. Observe the richly carpeted floor. (Adrienne's rugs are products of the Olson Rug Company)

Above: Adrienne seems very much pleased with this delightful play room of hers

Right: This spacious, well-lighted bedroom is charming. And it is Adrienne's
**Lovely TO LOOK AT**...thrilling TO HOLD

**FREE**
this booklet

Send 4c in stamps and we will send to you this interesting, informative, stiff cover booklet on the beautifying of your arms, hands and fingers.

PLAT-NUM LABORATORIES 80 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

**THERE'S no denying the fact that lovely hands hold romance in their grasp... hands say things that words cannot express.**

Next in importance to graceful, supple hands is the choice of the nail polish that adorns them. PLAT-NUM nail polish has solved this problem for millions of fascinating women everywhere. PLAT-NUM is a better blend of polish—applies more smoothly, sets more lustroously, lasts longer—and will not chip, crack, peel, fade or streak.

Whether you prefer a creme or a transparent polish, you may choose from twelve different true-tone shades, any one of which will blend perfectly with gown, complexion and your make-up. Try PLAT-NUM without delay. On sale at 5 and 10 cent stores everywhere. It's soft, shimmering, satin-like finish completes the perfection of careful grooming—the lovely complement to a lovely hand.
How Readers Rate Them

SEA EPIC PRAISED
($15 Prize Letter)
By Inez F. Mariner

To the men who authored it, and to
Frank Lloyd, director superb, go my
praise for bringing to the screen Mut
tiny on the Bounty, that dramatic epic
of early English sea history. Unsur-
passed in photographic beauty are the
scenes of the sea and exotic Tahiti.
Unrivalled in excellence are the fault-
less interpretations of Charles Laugh-
ton and Clark Gable. Their portrayals
of persecutor and persecuted pulse with
realism. You will sympathize with their
loves and hates and desires even though
you cannot entirely understand them.

CRITICS CONDEMNED
($10 Prize Letter)
By Lois Brown

What the actual aims of critics are, I do not know. Perhaps they
are serving their own artistic souls. Or aiding The Theatre. But more often,
it seems to me, they are writing in order to be quoted. They twist words and
phrases so that they, themselves, will be quoted and called clever writers.
They do not write to review pictures so that you and I will know more about
these pictures after reading their paid-by-the-word paragraphs. They do not
write to give credit to actors who are doing their best, nor to directors who
are daring to sell an idea.

Any child [Continued on page 77]

Prizes for Letters!
Your opinions on movie plays and
players may win money for you!
Three prizes—$15, $10 and $5—
with $1 each for additional letters
printed—will be awarded every month
for the best letters received. In
case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be
awarded. And remember: no letter
over two hundred words in length
will be considered! Address your
entries to Letter Page, MOTION
PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New
York City.

You will thrill to the romance of tropi-
cal nights and the fairy magic of music
at sea; and you will write at the dia-
bolical cruelties of that perverted disci-
plinarian, Captain Bligh. You will run
the gamut of human emotions, and when
the curtain drops on the last scene, I
am sure you will feel as I did, that were
there a Nobel prize for the most excel-
rent historical movie production of the
year, that it should go to those who
made possible Mutiny on the Bounty.—
Inez F. Mariner, 1224 Spruce St., Sturg-
ias, So. Dak.

Admiration
FOR THE
WOMAN WHO CARES

When this photo was made, Mary Carlisle was busy writing.
QUICKLY CORRECT THESE 4 FIGURE FAULTS

Perfolastic not only CONFINES .. it REMOVES ugly bulges!

Reduce your waist and hips 3 inches in 10 days .. or no cost!

Thousands of women today owe their slim, youthful figures to the sure, safe way of reduction—Perfolastic! Past results prove that we are justified in guaranteeing you a reduction of 3 inches in 10 days or there will be no cost. We do not want you to risk one penny—simply try it for 10 days at our expense. You will be thrilled .. as are all Perfolastic wearers.

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

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MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION ACTUALLY REMOVES SUPERFLUOUS FAT!

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

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- Massages like magic”, says Miss Carroll; “From 43 to 34½ inches”, writes enthusiastic Miss Brian; Mrs. Noble says she “lost almost 20 pounds with Perfolastic”, etc., etc. Test Perfolastic yourself at our expense and prove it will do as much for you!

DON'T WAIT! SEND TODAY FOR 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER AND SAMPLE OF PERFORATED RUBBER!

See for yourself the wonderful qualities of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks! You risk nothing .. we want you to make this test yourself at our expense. Mail the coupon now!

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City ___________________________ State ____________

Use Coupon or send Name and Address on Pony Postcard

Motion Picture for February, 1936
Stop that COLD in Its Tracks!

A cold is nothing to "monkey with." It can take hold quickly and develop seriously. Take no chances inviting serious complications.

Treat a cold for what it is—an internal infection! Take an internal treatment and one that is expressly for colds and nothing else!

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is what you want for a cold! It is expressly a cold tablet. It is internal in effect. It does four important things.

Four Important Things

First of all, it opens the bowels. Second, it checks the infection in the system. Third, it relieves the headache and fever. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

All drug stores sell Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. Let it be your first thought in case of a cold. Ask for it firmly and accept no substitute. The few pennies' investment may save you a lot of grief.

"A Cold is an Internal Infection and Requires Internal Treatment"

Once unknown, Margaret Sullavan is star now! Will you star, too?

Milestones in the Search for TALENT

By Jack Smalley

Lon Chaney, deceased Universal star

Lew Ayres is former Universal player

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, Motion Picture Magazine became the first movie magazine—and twenty years ago, Universal Pictures laid the cornerstone of its great studio at Universal City. The stars whose pictures appeared in Motion Picture Magazine, and who began their careers at Universal, have long since gone from the screen, with but few exceptions. Stars then unborn have taken their places.

It is fitting, then, that these milestones be celebrated with the great Search for Talent Contest through which Motion Picture and Universal are now scouring the nation for the stars of tomorrow. For the first time, a motion picture magazine has made it possible for men and women of this country to obtain free screen tests and demonstrate their ability with an opportunity to win fame and fortune in pictures. Previous issues of this magazine have described the contest in detail.

The sponsors, in addition to this magazine and Universal, are the makers of Hold-Bob bob pins, whose cooperation and promotional work has helped make the Search for Talent Contest possible. The manufacturers of these bob pins, universally used by the stars, placed the facilities of
their far-flung organization at our disposal; and I. R. Green, sales director, assumed the responsibilities of directing the national search from his centrally located offices in Chicago, where the Hump Hairpin Company has its plants.

In thousands of retail stores, you may obtain folders and particulars on the contest, as well as entry blanks for your convenience. Call at your store today and send in your entry—the contest closes soon! This silver anniversary number of Motion Picture gives you a graphic picture of the manner in which newcomers are replacing an older generation in films. Always a new crop of youngsters must be recruited to take the spotlight, relinquished by the aging players.

And, never before, has it been so essential that newcomers be found and trained for picture work! At least seven will be brought to Hollywood as a result of this tour, with all expenses paid. The screen tests made in each city visited by our sound truck will be viewed by the judges at the close of the search and all who show unusual talent will be interviewed—the winners being brought here for additional tests and interviews with casting officials.

If you are one of those who think that there is no chance for a newcomer today, remember that the demand for players is greater than ever before, that foreign countries are depleting our lists as players go to England, Australia, Italy, and France, and that the vastly increased production of the studios means a greater demand for talent. Don't forget, either, that every one must start once, [Continued on page 73]

Name ........................................
Address ....................................
City .......................................... 
State ......................................... 

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Height .................. Weight .......... 
Coloring ................. Age .............. 

Attach your photo and send to:

IRVING RICHARD GREEN, 
Managing Director

SEARCH FOR TALENT 
CONTEST
1918 PRAIRIE AVENUE, 
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Now a Lovelier way to avoid Offending!

Alluringly
Fragrantly Dainty

... after your luxurious bath with this lovely scented soap!

YOU are more than just safe from fear of offending, when you bathe with this lovely scented soap... You are always alluringly, fragrantly dainty!

For Cashmere Bouquet's rich, luxurious lather cleanses your skin so thoroughly... Keeps your skin so immaculate—so completely free from any danger of unpleasant body odor.

And its delicate, flower-like perfume lingers about you long after your bath—guards your daintiness in such a lovely way!

You will want to use this pure creamy-white soap for your complexion, too. Its generous lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it gets right down into pores and removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics... Keeps your skin so fine-textured, smooth!

Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10¢. The same superb soap for which generations of women have gladly paid 25¢. The same size cake, hard-milled and long-lasting... Scented with the same delicate blend of 17 rare and costly perfumes.

Surely you will want to order at least three cakes of Cashmere Bouquet Soap today. At the beauty counters of all drug and department stores; also at 10¢ stores.

NOW ONLY 10¢ the former 25¢ size

Cashmere Bouquet
THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING

Motion Picture for February, 1936 23
KING OF BUR

GLORIOUS SONG HITS
including
'SPREADING RHYTHM AROUND'
'SHOOTIN' HIGH'
'LOVELY LADY'
'TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE'
'I LOVE TO RIDE THE HORSES ON THE MERRY-GO-ROUND'

Motion Picture for February, 1936
THE KING OF CASTS in the picture that's
THE KING OF LAUGHTER...DRAMA...SONG!

THE FIRST GREAT MUSICAL ROMANCE OF 1936...ablaze with color...
crowded with the drama...of a wonder-world you've never seen before!

1. WARNER BAXTER
plays the colorful King of Burlesque, a true-to-life role
surpassing even his "42nd STREET" success! From
cheap side-streets, he skyrockets to dazzle Broadway with
his happy hoofers and his singing sweeties in a show
of spectacular novelties!

2. ALICE FAYE
knocks Park Avenue playboys and London lords for
a row of top hats—but almost loses the man she loves!

3. JACK OAKIE
is the Burlesque King's best pal, who helps to put the
ha-ha-ha and heh-heh-heh into the Great White Way!

4. DIXIE DUNBAR
is the switchboard operator, who can do more with
a dance number than a telephone number!

5. MONA BARRIE
stands high in the social register but low in the cash
register. She takes the King of Burlesque for a matri-
onal sleigh ride.

6. GREGORY RATOFF
pretends he's the "angel" who will back the comeback
of New York's great showman!

7. ARLINE JUDGE
is the burleycue gazelle who leaps at the idea of be-
coming Oakie's wife! (Can you imagine?)

8. FATS WALLER
makes a "hot piano" sit up and cry for mercy!

9. NICK LONG, JR.
hoofs and he hoops 'till he brings the house down!

A Fox Picture • Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Directed by Sidney Lanfield • From a story by Vina Delmar

Motion Picture for February, 1936
I'm in Love with Life—
says
Dolores Del Rio
to Paula Harrison

SHE sat perched casually on the arm of a sofa,—a slender, blue-clad figure, her face under the floppy blue hat like a flower of many warm colors—tan and rose, ivory-white teeth between crimson lips, eyes of darkshimmering velvet. You think Dolores Del Rio is beautiful on the screen? You don’t know the half of it! Brought face to face with the living girl, you’d probably sit and gape, as I did. I once heard a friend of hers say: “Superlatives were invented for Dolores. She’s the only person I know who justifies their use.” One look is enough to make you cry amen. But though one look is good, several are better. For every turn of the head, every change of expression, seems more enchanting than the last.

It seemed strange, as she sat there, a picture of life at its loveliest and most blooming; that she should be talking of illness and the shadow of death. It seemed hard to believe that anyone so ardent and gay, so radiant with health and spirits, could ever have been gravely ill, lying unconscious for days, her life in the balance.

“That’s why, don’t you see?” she cried with a little laugh of exultation, flinging out her arms as though to gather in all the wonders of the world and hold them close. “That’s why I love life so much more truly than people who’ve never been at death’s door. I almost lost it. That’s why I know how glorious it is.” Her voice held such passionate conviction as to send a sympathetic thrill chasing up and down my spine.

YES, you may say, it’s easy enough to find life glorious when you’ve been blessed with all the gifts of life—youth, beauty, success, admiration, love. Say it to Dolores Del Rio, and she’d answer gently with a wisdom taught by pain: “None of these things bring happiness if you haven’t health. Or even if you have. Whatever I’ve got now, I had before my illness, too. Yet I was fool enough to make myself wretched most of the time. Why?” She shrugged. “Because I was in a cage, and the cage was me, and I didn’t know how to get out.”

Just what did she mean by that? “Well,” she said soberly, “you’ll perhaps understand me better if I tell it from the beginning.” And so she told about it, in a voice touched by the barest trace of an accent, with just an occasional foreign twist of expression, lending piquancy to her otherwise flawless English.

Her girlhood followed the decorous pattern laid down for all Mexican girls of good family—home, school, the church—when the time came, social activities and marriage—certain things you did, others you didn’t, and never a thought of crossing the line between. One of the things you didn’t do was to be an actress!

Yet, even then, there must have been lodged deep within her some instinct to break free of bars. For, when Edwin Carewe, dazzled by her [Continued on page 89]
The Brightest Stars of the Passing Year

Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire

After being teamed in that box-office smash hit, Top Hat, Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire are paired again in Follow the Fleet.

Freddie Bartholomew

The title role in David Copperfield and the part of the son in Greta’s Anna Karenina brought Freddie Bartholomew fame. His next is Professional Soldier.

Shirley Temple

Biggest little star in Hollywood is Shirley Temple. The Littlest Rebel is her new film.
Eddie Cantor will come to you soon as a college tailor in his coming Goldwyn picture, entitled Shoot the Chutes. Eddie isn't just a tailor, though. He's a jack-of-all-trades. Included in the large cast are Sally Eilers, Helen Lowell, the famous character actress, and Rita Rio, noted New York night club dancer. Also, there's Ethel Merman, the radio singer. And the "Goldwyn Girls," too.
Anything Goes, that's the title of the new musical in which Ethel Merman is featured with Bing Crosby. And that's the idea in the picture, too: Anything Goes! Above, Bing and Ethel bring you a hit tune. They are wearing Oriental costumes while putting over one of the musical numbers.
BACK THROUGH THE YEARS with MOTION PICTURE

J. Warren Kerrigan—Lila Lee
Marshall Neilan—Blanche Sweet
Pat O'Malley—Barbara LaMarr
Pearl White

Theda Bara
Alice Joyce—ZaSu Pitts
Norma Shearer—Johnny Hines
Crane Wilbur
Clara Bow

Virginia Pearson
Clara Kimball Young
Mack Swain—Gloria Swanson—Chester Conklin

Maurice Costello

30
"For a while, Hollywood nearly got me," Clark Gable remarks.

I've lived a Lifetime in Five Years — says CLARK GABLE

By ELEANOR PACKER

SOMETIMES, looking at Clark Gable today, it is almost impossible to believe that he is the same young man who walked into the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, five years ago last Fall. He has changed, mellowed, matured so amazingly. Hollywood has watched both the triumphant stepping forward and the tragic sliding backward of its people. But never has it seen a more startling change than the one which the last five years have wrought in the young man from Cadiz, Ohio, and all points east and west.

I'm not talking about Clark Gable, the actor. He has made upward strides in his work, of course. He has become more sure of himself, more easily poised, before the cameras. But I don't believe that he will ever turn in a better performance than he did as the piano-playing gangster, Jake Laun, in Dance, Fools, Dance, the picture which started him on his way to fame, or as the gambler, Ace Wilfong, in A Free Soul, when he had those two veterans, Norma Shearer and Lionel Barrymore, for competition.

CLARK, too, is a veteran of the sound stages now, with all the tricks of the trade at his command. But the Gable screen personality is the same as it was five years ago—rugged, heartily masculine, husky-voiced. Let's forget Clark Gable, the actor, and consider the case of Clark Gable, the man. It is in the off-screen Clark that the last few years have made the most important changes.

"I honestly believe that I have lived a lifetime since I landed in Hollywood," Clark told me one day, "I know that I have lived an average lifetime of [Continued on page 80]
America's FINEST LOW PRICED RUGS
DIRECT FROM THE FACTORY

Write for Beautiful FREE Book in Colors, Tells How to
Save 1/2 on Rugs

DECIDE today to mail the coupon and find out for yourself how you can bring your home luxuriously up to date with Olson Reversible Broadloom Rugs for less money than you ever thought possible.

By the Olson Patented Process, we separate and reclaim the valuable wools in your discarded rugs and clothing, merge, scour, steam, sterilize, picker, card, comb and bleach, add new wool, then respin, redye, reweave in a week into beautiful new rugs that will enrich your home for years to come.

Olson Rugs are finer than ever! You can't get these rugs elsewhere. They are not ordinary, thin, one-sided rugs, but deep-textured, firmly woven full-bodied rugs that can be used on both sides—
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First a Girl—that's what Jessie Matthews is! And that is the title of her new G-B picture, too. Since the fortunate day when Andre Charlot picked her to appear in a Charlot Revue, she has become the sensation of London and of Europe, too. Her quick wit and nimble toes have brought her fame and fortune. She's known as London's dancing lady, and she'll dance her way right into your hearts. Watch for Modern Masquerade, her next for G-B.
Did Joan marry Franchot for love alone? This story tells you!

Arriving in Hollywood, Joan and Franchot prepare to make new films.

Why

JOAN CRAWFORD
Married
FRANCHOT TONE

By Sonia Lee

JOAN CRAWFORD did not marry Franchot Tone for love alone! The exceptional women of the world rarely do. They seek something more. As Joan did! As Joan now has found!

At the half-way mark in her career, Joan had fallen in love with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. It was a glamorous, rapturous romance. It was an intense marriage. It was destined not to last. It was too concentrated to wear well. It could not bring real contentment.

Love always has an ending—unless the subsiding flame is fed with a more lasting, a more substantial fuel. And so, Joan's marriage to Doug—because of its very intensity alone—had no chance whatever from the beginning. It was doomed. It could only fail.

The Joan of a few years ago has, emotionally, little relationship to the Joan of today. Then she was a girl with a hungry heart. A girl who could easily be hurt; whose driving ambition, whose consuming dissatisfaction with herself, whose quest for an intangible something that she could not define, was only a cloak for that spiritual loneliness which had been hers from childhood. She was as sensitive as a seismograph; as easily scarred as a hummingbird's wing. It was an unhappy time for Joan.

Her life had held all the surface [Continued on page 84]
I Don't Want a Million Dollars
-says BING CROSBY

Bing doesn't want a million.
And he tells why he doesn't!

By FRANK WILLIAMS

MOST of us have heard that there isn't a more natural, unpretentious or friendly soul in filmdom than Bing Crosby. Few of us, however, know just how democratic this crooner-comedian actually is. But Wally Ford, the screen actor, whose stories have made him practically indispensable to a successful Hollywood party, tells one that gives us an intimate look at the real Bing.

"One afternoon," says Wally, "Bing came shuffling into the Lakeside Country Club with the world's most hopeless look on his face. He was so doleful and forlorn, you couldn't help wanting to share his troubles. 'What's the matter, Bing,' I asked, 'Break your favorite niblick, somebody poison your new arranger or are you fresh from a story conference?' But Bing shook his head. 'Nothing like that,' he said. 'I've just been thinking. Thinking about money. You know,' he continued, and I saw old easy-going Crosby looking really worried for the first time in all the years I've known him, 'it begins to look like I'm going to get a million dollars, after all.'

'Swell!' I grinned, hoping my envy didn't get into my voice, 'that's great. A million in the old sock. If that isn't—'

"'But I don't want a million dollars. I—'

"'All right—all right,' I cut in. 'And I'm a nightingale. But, all kidding aside, are you talking American money? If you are, boy, won't that let you sit back and take things easy.'

"'That's just the point,' grumbled Bing, looking more worried than ever, 'that's exactly what it won't let me do. Instead, it'll run me ragged. If you think a lot of money is a feather bed, you're crazy. It's a lot of responsibility and a lot of grief.'

"As wild as that [Continued on page 88]"
GRACE MOORE'S Husband Tells It All

By LEON SURMELIAN

Grace Moore and Valentin Parera, her husband, are a happy couple, as seen above. Grace Moore's coming picture is tentatively titled Cissy. Featured, also, in this film is Michael Bartlett, new screen find.
Mary Pickford Lives for Today

By Dorothy Donnell

"I BOUGHT the first number of Motion Picture Magazine at a New York subway newsstand, and when I opened it, fearfully, and saw that they'd used one of my pictures in the gallery, I almost cried, though I wasn't a crying child," Mary Pickford told me, looking out from under the sophisticated little hat like a small girl playing at being grown-up. "I thought 'now everybody'll know what I'm doing.' It would make a better story if I could claim to have been one of those prophetic people who foresaw a great future for the moving pictures, but I was working in one-reelers at the Biograph studio in New York for just one reason, five dollars a day! I'd been with Belasco. I was steeped in the tradition of the theatre and I didn't want my stage friends to know that I was working in what they all called those awful flickers!"

The other day, thieves broke into the Hall of Fame at the San Diego Exposition, and being discriminating burglars, stole three of the famous golden curls that framed the lovely face of the unnamed Biograph Girl in that faded old magazine picture. Across the table from me, Mary's bright hair today swirls in modish waves but sometimes as she talks, she unconsciously shakes her head in the old gesture, and, suddenly, you see the ghosts of curls, little golden ghost-rippleis tossed by beloved Rebeccas and Little Lord Fauntleroys and Poor Little Rich Girls.

"It seems absurd," I said, looking at the tiny figure whose small slipper toes did not quite touch the floor, "to talk to you about anniversaries, silver or any other kind. You look as if you were just starting out on your career! And with your new books, and your new title of president of United Artists, and your new offices and your new studio bungalow and all your new plans, you are just starting! You just can't retire, can you?"

"I HAVE retired—from leisure," laughed the most amazing woman in the most astonishing business in the most incredible town in the world, "I've made a great discovery which I wish I could hand on to other people. I've learned how to live absolutely in the present moment. For years, I was looking ahead into the future, the way most ambitious youngsters do, straining ahead toward tomorrow, next month, next year, carrying their tasks around with me until I was worn out. Then when my dear mother and brother left me, I took refuge in the past, trying to live again in the days when we were poor, and sometimes hungry and always happy together. Then, suddenly, I saw that I..."  

[Continued on page 78]
Shirley Temple is embracing John in The Littlest Rebel

John Boles

Looks Ahead

Having won success in films, John has set new goal for himself

By John L. Haddon

WHEN I was a little boy about ten years old, I thought the tops of everything on this earth was to own and drive a Packard automobile," said John Boles, as he was in the studio wardrobe, being fitted for the uniform he will wear as Lieutenant Rowan in his next picture, Message to Garcia. The walls of the room were lined with mirrors. I had found myself talking to, not one, but a score of Johns, and commented on the multiplicity of images.

"Have you ever thought," asked John, "how true it is that the average man is not one, but many, persons? He changes as his ambitions change. With each new ambition, you see a new angle of his personality. My own ambitions have changed. Today, my objective is a concert in Carnegie Hall, New York City. I feel now that I will have reached the ultimate in my career when I can appear on the stage at Carnegie and sing to a capacity house of music lovers. To any truly ambitious singer, concert work is the ultimate goal."

And such a goal was never visioned by the boy who sang Negro folk songs with the colored laborers on his grandfather's Texas plantation. John Boles has built slowly, but surely. Self-development has kept pace with mounting ambition. Every plan for the future has been founded solidly on a substantial past accomplishment. His predominating trait is thoroughness.

WHEN he first sang for the screen—and he was one of the first great singers of pictures—he was not introduced with benefit of ballyhoo. [Continued on page 87]
Up Through the Years
with HAROLD LLOYD

SUBTRACT a quarter-century from 1936, and you're back in 1911. In New York, printing presses were rolling out the first issue of Motion Picture Magazine, and in Omaha, Nebraska, a brewery truck ran over a sewing-machine salesman called "Foxy" Lloyd. "Foxy" sued the brewery, won three thousand dollars and flipped a nickel—"Heads, we go to New York; tails, we go to California." The nickel rolled under a bed, and 17-year-old Harold Clayton Lloyd, son of "Foxy," scrambled after it. "Pop," he yelled through the slats, "it's tails!" And, a week or so later, he was on a San Diego-bound train with his father, wondering if he could earn enough money in California to buy himself a silk shirt. And so, today, Harold owns more silk shirts than he can count.

And here's this Silver Jubilee edition of Motion Picture with this story about him, and an eastern optical supply house gives him all the horn-rimmed glasses he can use, free.

IT WON'T be for another two years, though, that Harold Lloyd can celebrate his own silver anniversary in movies, because it wasn't until 1913 that he first acted in them. He received three dollars for making up as a Yaqui Indian and doing a day's work as an extra for an Edison Company, shooting a film in San Diego.

But it'll be 1942 before Harold's horn-rims can have their silver jubilee. The first time that he ever wore them for a picture was in 1917. He had a terrible time getting them right. The first pair was too heavy, the second pair was too big. The third, he bought after trying thirty pairs. He used them for a year and a half before they broke apart; not the glass, however—there never has been a lens in Lloyd's horn-rims, because glass reflects the light.

You'd be surprised, if you... [Continued on page 74]
Dick Powell
Everybody's Pal

Though Dick is often misunderstood, he's a most likeable fellow

By Dick Mook

I first saw Dick Powell when he was master of ceremonies at the Harris theatres in Pittsburgh. He was a good-looking fellow, six feet tall, with blue eyes and curly brown hair, friendly to the nth degree and an exceptionally good master of ceremonies. A mutual friend offered to introduce us but I declined. I couldn't tell why.

Then I came to Hollywood. And three years later, Dick arrived. One day, Regis Toomey approached me. "Dick, there's a friend of mine out here. I want you to meet him and do what you can for him."

"Who is he?" I asked cautiously.

"His name's Dick Powell," Reg explained.

So I met Dick. And there isn't a more likeable chap in Hollywood—nor one more generally misunderstood. Don't ask me why. When you ask, people can't tell you why they dislike him any more than I can tell you why I didn't want to meet him. It is difficult to explain.

Today, he is one of the closest friends I have—and I'm proud of that friendship. I've made it a point, several times, to try to bring about meetings between Dick and some of my other friends. Invariably, they shy away from meeting him. Once they've met him, however, Dick soon becomes a prime favorite. On one occasion, I met a handwriting expert. I took him up to my apartment and began showing him some autographed photos I have. His analyses of these people just from the simple autographs was astounding. Finally I shoved Dick's picture in front of him. "That fellow!" he exclaimed, curling his lip. Suddenly his eyes opened wide and he began studying the portrait and handwriting more intently.

"This is the most amazing thing," he said suddenly. "What?" I asked. I was surprised.

"I never could stand this guy," he answered, "and here I find from his handwriting, I've been all wrong in my estimate of him. I thought he was dumb, self-centered, conceited and selfish. I find he's none of these things. His writing shows him to be terrifically sincere. He has a good mind. I don't see that it's developed to the fullest extent possible but there's an exceptional amount of native intelligence. He has an abnormally developed inferiority complex. Instead of the smugness you get from his screen work, I find he's timid to an extreme."

Unfortunately, I can't go around showing Dick's handwriting to everyone in the country nor can I arrange personal meetings between him and all his fans. The only thing I can do is to try to show him to you as I know him.

Dick is sincere. He frequently carries his sincerity to extremes that get him into embarrassing situations. When Dick replaced Stanley [Continued on page 86]
That Colbert Courage—

It Made Her a Star

“"I was born to battle," say Claudette. And her fighting spirit brought success

By Ida Zeitlin

Once upon a time, not so many years ago, a girl of seventeen, lovely-looking enough to be the princess of a fairy tale, set out to seek her fortune. Which marks her from the start as the modern heroine of a modern fairy story, with too much gumption to sit and wait at home like the damsels of another day, till her fortune came seeking her. She had great determination.

In her favor, she had beauty, the faith of youth and an ambition to act—assets shared by hundreds of other girls. With them, she also shared a common liability, generally fatal to an acting career: She was lacking in the necessary training and experience; she couldn't act.

But this was the point at which Claudette Colbert's road forked off from that of her sister-aspirants. This was the point at which she proved her mettle. Faced by an impenetrable wall, she wasted no time in wailing and gnashing her teeth. "I can't act!" gasped or sobbed the hundreds of others, according to their mood and disposition. "That's what you think!" they added, turning away to salve their stricken hearts with the cry of "Sour grapes!" or "You've got to have pull," or "The world's against me."

"I CAN'T act?" Claudette asked herself. "So what? I can learn." And gritting her teeth, she started banging her pretty head against the aforementioned wall. I won't go so far as to say that she remained heedless of the bumps and bruises that she acquired. Even a heroine is flesh and blood, like the rest of us. But if she shed a few tears now and then, they were never tears of defeat. And having wiped them away, she would bind up her wounds and return undismayed to the

[Continued on page 70]
You'll have the surprise of your life when you see Jean Harlow in her new picture, *Riffraff*. Those famous platinum locks of Jean's have been changed to brown, but only for this one rôle in her forthcoming dramatic film in which Spencer Tracy is co-starred with her.
Cloth of gold is Joan Blondell's choice, at left, for a gorgeous evening gown. Her sandals are of gold mesh and gold kid bands hold them fast.

Back in 1925, Clara Bow wore the typical flapper dress, shown above.

The days of romance return in this Renaissance gown in black velvet, worn by Virginia Bruce, above. Puffed sleeves are used to fashion this garment, and the use of a gold chain, fastened at the back, adds distinction.

Adrian, famous M-G-M designer, predicts that women of the future will dress according to their particular type. Above, is Adrian's sketch of period costume. It's lovely in taffeta or mousseline de soie.

It took Paris three hundred years to establish itself as style dictator. But in just about twenty-five years, Hollywood has become the style creator! Look at the vogues that Hollywood has established in the last few years alone—the Letty Lynton sleeves that swept the globe; Garbo's pill-box hat; the shimmery, tailored evening dress that made Carole Lombard the talk of three continents. And Mae West's dust ruffles and curves brought back the fashions of the Gay Nineties!

The designers of Hollywood have done a lot for women everywhere. But the biggest thing they have done is to make girls stop "herd" dressing and look at themselves as individuals. Girls don't all look alike now.

"Women have ceased to be clothes horses." That's what Adrian, M-G-M's miracle man says. "You see, in the late-
Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow

Brown serge is chosen by Gladys Swarthout, above, for her new spring outfit. Brown and white heather mixture creates the jacket. The skirt is plain. Her beret is of felt.

but-not-lamented clothes horse era, a woman would buy a dress simply because it was pretty and everybody else had one like it. But through the screen, women became definitely type-conscious. They began to notice that Joan Crawford no longer wore bows on her shoes and ribbons in her hair and a bunch of folderol on her dresses. She started wearing extremely crisp, tailored things even for evening—and Joan immediately became a striking individual.

“They saw, too, how Norma Shearer was transformed when she left off the full-skirted ‘girly’ frocks and went in for much tailored softness. That was a novelty.

“And how, on the other hand, Ann Harding looked her best in flowing, completely feminine lines. They saw the chic dash that offset Claudette Colbert’s personality and how Gloria Swanson achieved a Continental sophistication. It gave them ideas. ‘Really new ideas!’

New pre-spring fashion trend indicates skirts are going to become shorter. Above, Carole Lombard models a crêpe dress in black, showing this trend.

By VIRGINIA T. LANE

If CLOTHES can accent a character in the movies like that, why can’t they do that for me?’ The girls began asking themselves that question. And a great thing happened. They stopped being slaves of fashion. They began making fashion work for them. Today, women in general are better dressed than they’ve been at any time in history,” Adrian adds.

“By 1940, I predict, there will be no such thing as a ‘set’ fashion. No uniform dressing—with everybody going
When Jackie Saunders (left) was in movies, this dress was a favorite.

Handloomed tweed is used to fashion this three-piece suit, as worn by Barbara Stanwyck, seen at left.

And in for bulky sleeves or a high waist at the same time—simply 'because my dear, it's being done!' Girls are going to be absolutely emancipated. If you think you look better in a long waist and flounced skirt you'll wear that no matter what Mrs. Jones has on—and the world of clothes will be far more interesting.

Adrian may be right. But, personally, I don't see how it can be much more interesting than it is right now! These Juliet gowns that are going to be even more devastating in the spring than they are now; the silky, slinky dresses with their harem skirts; the period costumes that positively make your pulses leap. Cleopatra is meeting Catherine de Medici and Helen of Troy on many a ballroom floor—and liking it! Travis Banton showed me just how it was done, the other day, when I flitted into his office over at Paramount. He's taken six of the great women of history, given their clothes a modern twist, and the results are exciting beyond words.

Incidentally, it was Travis Banton, you know, who put us in fine feathers again. Literally. Feathers are a hobby with him and he does exceptionally beautiful things with them. In fact, the last time Travis was in Paris, Lucien Lelong, the famous French couturier, came over to him with voluble thanks. "You're the person to whom we owe the feather vogue," he acknowledged. And he meant what he said.

Feathers, of course, have a large place in period outfits. You should see what Orry-Kelly is doing with them in Ruby Keeler's next picture. For weeks, he buried himself in research books because he wanted the style show in Colleen to be completely ultra. Judging from the glimpse I had of his sketches, it's going to be a world-wide sensation! There's the little black seventeenth century English model that has an entirely 1936 chic for street wear. It has a Stuart collar, and a stove-pipe hat with a coq. [Continued on page 76]
Katharine Hepburn resents hero worship. She wants to hurl stones at pomp and pretense.

As seen in Sylvia Scarlett, Katharine Hepburn is clowning.

Why Katharine Hepburn is Different

By William F. French

Many will tell you that Hepburn is different, but few will venture an opinion why. Yet there is nothing mysterious about it, once you get her viewpoint. It is easy to understand.

And that viewpoint is simply this: She refuses to do what she has so often been accused of doing: "make believe"; and she has a genuine horror of being misrepresented. For that reason, she has refused to permit an illusion to be built around her—even though she knew that many a star's popularity is almost entirely due to the mystery, glamour and personality that such publicity myths have created for them.

Dreading the ordeal of being set up on a shaky pedestal, Katharine Hepburn resents the whole system of idol building and hero worship—just as a person who has a terror of height resents the performance of a flag-pole artist or a human fly. Her resentment of this thing that she fears has spurred her to trample Hollywood traditions and to find satisfaction in puncturing over-inflated celebrities.

Not knowing about her inclination to join the small boys and throw stones at pomp and pretense, fans often misunderstand her reason for refusing. [Continued on page 82]
The TALK of Hollywood

Who's who in Hollywood and who is doing what? Here is your chance to know all of the very latest inside answers!

SALLY O'NEIL

After three years absence from screen, she is star now in Too Tough to Kill

LATEST published reports show that the sales of Shirley Temple books have passed the three million mark. Not published, but nevertheless true, is the authentic report that Mae West's She Done Him Wrong, in novelized form, has reached close to two million in sales. Shirley's books circulate through the dime stores. You have to pay a dollar to get a copy of Mae's book.

THE making of a film comeback at the age of ten is worthy of mention. You folks who have wondered whatever did become of little Dickie Moore, the child who was a sensation with Al Jolson in The Jazz Singer, may have seen Dickie, not much grown up either, in Peter Ibbetson, a recent Paramount picture.

Dickie's folks, at the time of his first success, had had salary ideas which had not met with the producers' approval. So Dickie lost the possible chance of winning a fortune. But he is now distinctly on the way back.

LEO CARRILLO & HERBERT MARSHALL

They waited on the If You Could Only Cook set while Leo knotted Herb's tie
I

WORD comes from Ralph Ince, in London, stating that Walter Huston has scared one of the most sensational hits of his screen career in a Gaumont-British production titled Cecil Rhodes, the Empire Builder, and based on the life of the famous Diamond King.

Joel McCrea & Miriam Hopkins

Love? It's a habit with them, as seen in Splendor

ELEANOR WHITNEY

She tops Eleanor Powell's taps, some say!
Her toes tap tunes in Millions in the Air

LOT. Holding hands as they crossed the lot, after these tête-à-têtes, they caused comment. Yes, Shirley Temple and Freddie Bartholomew seem to be "that way" as the columnists would have it.

ADD to your Success Stories—under a handicap—that of Raymond Griffith, now top producer with 20th Century-Fox Productions. A very successful juvenile on the New York stage, Ray toured the country in a stage production, The City. Each night, his rôle demanded that he shriek hysterically for a long period. One night, the strain told. He lost his voice and, since then, has never been able to speak above a whisper. He came to Hollywood and became a star of the silent screen. Then came the talkies. What should he do? He began to write for the screen; he directed; and, eventually, he became a producer and a mighty good one. That is what might be called meeting an emergency and topping it.

IT SEEMS as if every Will Rogers' story, that could be told has been told, but here is one that even Irvin Cobb has not been told. When Irvin Cobb first came to Hollywood and tried to crash the picture game, there were no bidders for his services. So Will Rogers [Continued on page 72]
Captain Blood

Captain Blood is an epic tale of pirate life, made from the Rafael Sabatini novel of the same title. Heading the cast are Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland. The supporting players include Guy Kibbee, Basil Rathbone, Lionel Atwill, Ross Alexander, Henry Stephenson, and also J. Carroll Naish.
It's Clear Sailing Now for Edward Arnold

"I had three reasons for succeeding," says Arnold. "My children!"

BY LYNN FAIRFIELD

THERE are some men who use fatherhood as an alibi for failure. "Of course if I hadn't been hampered by having a big family to take care of"—they begin in a martyred tone, and go on to explain (if you're still there) that they would undoubtedly have been famous authors, or successful engineers, or millionaires. Looking at his Diamond Jim—bland, effulgent, superb—you wouldn't call Edward Arnold exactly hampered, would you? Nor yet thwarted? Nor even inhibited?

And if you ask Edward Arnold, as I did, how little Guenther Schneider, always ragged, usually hungry, managed to make the trip in forty-four years from that dark, dismal tenement on the East Side, teeming with feckless life on the stairs, to that luxurious home on Beverly Crest, he would answer you, as he answered me—with a tremor of profound pride in his booming voice—

"I have had three reasons for succeeding. I might very easily have let life swallow me up, as it has the other urchins who played with me, in the Houston Street gutters, but I couldn't because of my children. I couldn't let them remember the things I remember. Even now, I wake up in the middle of the night sometimes, thinking I hear sounds that were familiar to me in my childhood, women crying, children screaming, men shouting drunken curses. My father was a helpless invalid when my mother died and left us—six children. I was seven and there were three younger. At eight, I was selling papers to help support them. At ten, I was working twelve hours a day in a cellar, soldering jimcrack jewelry for three dollars a week. At twelve, I was a bell-hop in an elegant club, running errands all day and half the night till the bones of my feet—East Side children have bad bones—collapsed and had to be imprisoned in casts for six months."

Edward Arnold's face grows stern when he speaks of those early years of beginnings and beginnings-again. They were not pretty emotions that carved out that strong face. There is grimness in every line,—endurance, dogged resolution. And there is the shadow of something else, the strangest sacrifice, I think, that any actor was ever called upon to make.

To understand the peculiar bitterness of this sacrifice, you must understand the man a little better, this gargantuan chap with the very visage of Diamond Jim Brady.

"I envied Jim a little while I was working in the rôle," Arnold confesses cheerily. "Any man would. Still, I wouldn't exchange my life for all his diamond and garnet sets and terrapin, even for all the beautiful women who called him 'dear.' You see, I'm a domestic sort of fellow. I call up from the set to ask my wife whether Dorothy Jane has her heavy sweater on, when the weather changes. I bring home the steak for dinner under my arm. I wouldn't know how to go about buying terrapin! I like to do these things. I'm fond of my work, but my worth as a human being lies in being a father. That's been my real job for seventeen years.

"When Dorothy Jane was less than one year old," he said abruptly, "I realized that the way things were, I was getting nowhere. I knew that unless I could make headway during the next few years, I never would get anywhere. I would never be able to take my children out of the dinginess of life in furnished lodgings and cheap [Continued on page 96]
I DREAM TOO MUCH
—AAAA—

Lily Pons, one of opera's most colorful and interesting personalities, appears as a real star of films in this, her first picture. Even without her magnificent voice, Miss Pons would be considered a "screen find." Her natural comedy instinct and her delightful accent give a distinctive charm to her appealing performance. Although many of the scenes in the picture could have been improved by shortening them, and although the story, itself, is not important, Lily makes the film a fascinating one. Cast, as the wife of a composer, she finds that her wish to have babies is checkmated by her husband who wants her to sing in opera. Henry Fonda, as the husband, performs capably.—RKO

SO RED THE ROSE
—AAAA—

Made from a well-known novel, this is a story of the Old South before, and during the Civil War. Margaret Sullavan, cast as the daughter of a plantation owner (Walter Connolly), is the heroine—and a very lovely, gay and effervescent one. Her cousin is Randolph Scott. And she's very much in love with him, but he considers her a mere child. When the Civil War begins, volunteers enlist in the Southern army. Margaret's brother goes to war and is killed. Her father leaves, too, and comes to the same end. Although Randolph Scott is against the war, because he has friends in the North, he fights, too. As a vivid story of the trying Civil War days in the South, this is superb.—Paramount.

THE BRIDE COMES HOME
—AAAA—

This is a sparkling comedy-drama that has everything: perfect performances, brilliant direction, delightful dialogue, convincing story and infectious comedy. And emotional power! The plot provides one hilarious situation after another. It's the story of a society girl who goes to work. And the job that she gets is a surprising one. She becomes assistant to an editor who's an ex-bodyguard. Fred MacMurray is perfectly cast as the pugilistic editor. He gives the best performance of his career. And Claudette Colbert, as the girl, is great!—Paramount.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES
—AAAA—

Ronald Colman has had a long and distinguished film career. But never before has he presented so flawless a characterization as he does here. Deserving of high praise, too, are Elizabeth Allan, Blanche Yurka, Donald Woods, Basil Rathbone and Henry B. Walthall, who are in the supporting cast. There are great, spectacular scenes in this newest screen version of Dickens' famed novel, but there are also intimate dramatic scenes, excellently interpreted. The taking of the Bastille is a spectacle that you'll long remember. And the death of Colman on the guillotine will touch you deeply.—M-G-M
AH, WILDERNESS!

—AAAA—

Following faithfully the Eugene O'Neill play, this picture gives as interesting and as authentic an insight into small town family life in the early years of this century, as anyone could demand. No attempt is made to develop a plot. Instead, the producers have been content, and wisely so, to present, with appropriate dramatic emphasis, simply the incidents in the daily life of one family. Eric Linden, as the son in that family, gives such an accomplished performance that he can now properly be considered as a likely candidate for Academy honors. Lionel Barrymore, as the understanding father, is excellent in a difficult rôle. Wallace Beery has little to do, as the tipsy uncle, but does that effectually.—M-G-M.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

—AAAA—

Morbid, grim and depressing though this picture is, it will appear in screen history as an outstanding artistic triumph. Not only is it distinguished because of the profound psychological study that it attempts, but also because it presents Peter Lorre, one of the finest character actors of the day. His is the capacity to present real individuality with such consummate skill that you see, not Lorre, but the man whose part he plays. Even without speaking a word, Lorre could give you a fine insight into the character of anyone whose rôle he might portray. In this picture, he brings you a murderer, a tortured being, filled with remorse. Edward Arnold, as police inspector, deserves high praise.—Columbia.

THE LITTLEST REBEL

—AAA½—

The Littlest Rebel is undoubtedly a film that will appeal to every single Shirley Temple fan. And to many others as well. The story deals with plantation life during the time of the Civil War. John Boles, as Shirley's father, is a plantation owner who, after going to war, risks his life to see his dying wife in a shanty. While doing this, he is captured by Jack Holt, a Union officer. When both John and Jack are under sentence of death, Shirley wins a pardon for them from Abraham Lincoln, played by Frank McGlynn, Sr. Bill Robinson and Shirley go into a couple of dance routines that you will certainly enjoy tremendously. They are fascinating to see as they tap and turn together.—20th Century-Fox.

THE STORY OF LOUIS PASTEUR

—AAAA—

This is the profound, human story of the great Frenchman, Louis Pasteur, whose struggle to prove his theory that germs are the spreaders of disease was heroic. Paul Muni, as Pasteur, gives a fine, nicely sustained characterization. Intense realism is featured here, both in the story itself and in Muni's interpretation of it. Though great obstacles are placed in the famed scientist's way, he is, in the end, honored. Josephine Hutchinson, as Pasteur's wife, gives a beautiful portrayal, while Anita Louise, as his daughter, and Donald Woods, as his ally, add romantic interest to the authentic and impressively constructed tale. Direction and photography are excellent.—Warner Bros.

MISTER HOBO

—AAA½—

There is a fascination in this picture that is characteristic of all those which deal with men who lead the seemingly carefree life of the tramp or hobo. Excellent photography adds to the appeal and attraction of the many outdoor scenes. In the rôle of a hobo is George Arliss. On him, the woes and worries of the world rest lightly. His only concern is with the next meal and the next night's shelter. But then complications arise. Arliss and his companion, Gene Gerrard, are arrested for fishing in a private stream. Soon afterward, Arliss becomes a bank president through the machinations of a crook, Frank Cellier. You'll like this light-hearted story.—G-R.

SPLENDOR

—AAA—

Frankly designed as a "woman's picture," this new Miriam Hopkins-Joel McCrea film should please the great majority of theatre-goers. To a few, however, it will be disappointing, because the story is not convincing. The plot concerns the self-sacrifice of a wife who engages in an affair with her husband's employer, in order to advance the family's fortunes. Miriam Hopkins, though, has never given a better performance than she does here. It is a sensitive and keenly analytical interpretation that she presents. And it is remarkably fine. Joel McCrea is satisfactory in his rôle, but he does not equal his outstanding Barbary Coast delineation.—United Artists.

(Note! You will find additional brief reviews of current pictures on page 6)
Progress in the Movies Through Twenty-five Years

By Producer SAMUEL GOLDFWN

As told to HENRY LANGFORD

YOU ask me to tell you the story of these past twenty-five years in motion pictures! It is a task, before which far more competent historians than I, would quail. It is a work which would require volumes, not a condensed space. I can't, here and now, tell you the story of the screen's past quarter century. But I can tell you that what has happened in this screen world in that quarter century fills me with a pride. A pride that the industry, of which I am happy to be a part, has advanced, progressed so enormously.

It would be easy and understandable, in that pride, to overlook the fundamental, inescapable keynote of that advance. But even in my proudest moments, it comes to me with unshakable force that nothing I, myself, have done, nothing that any individual producer or even group of producers has done, has really mattered much in the onward march of the motion picture. The force that has advanced movies from the tinpan nickelodeon clap-trap, of twenty-five years ago, to the world-wide force that the screen constitutes today, is the work of you yourselves! You, the public, who go to the picture theater, pass the verdict on everything we attempt—you are the ones who have made movies what they are today. To you, I bow!

AND now, to review the quarter century which I have seen and in which I have been proud to play my part. It wasn't quite that long ago when, one afternoon on Broadway, in New York, I sneaked into a dime movie show. When I say "sneaked," I mean it literally. In those days, a man peered furtively right and left before entering a movie theater—lest some of his friends see him and ridicule him. Inside, a tuneless piano tinkled. Peanut shells covered the floor. On the screen, a "western," in two-reel length, leaped crazily. In that setting, there came to me a vision. I imagined great actors, a great story, a long and well-told tale instead of a stupid thing that ended before it well began.

I want to tell you of some of the milestones in the progress of the screen industry. Some of these things will be interesting, some startling, some amusing—they all played their part in the drama.

The first great forward step in the making of pictures was the development of the multiple-reel drama. A quarter century ago, a two-reeler was the longest film there was. Most of them were so-called "westerns," and they were all the same. The stories were the simplest; you knew from the start, just what was going to happen: Not only I, but others,visioned the longer films to come. Just about twenty-five years ago, the change really came. Adolph Zukor imported a four-reel picture, starring Sarah Bernhardt, called Queen Elizabeth. He thought it might give the legitimate stage some competition. About the same time, came Quo Vadis. The Birth of a Nation followed. My part in this milestone's erection was the production, with Lasky as my partner, of The Square-Man which ran a whole hour! It was the screen's first [Continued on page 92]
YOU ask me what changes and developments the next 25 years will bring in motion picture entertainment. My first impulse, in answer, is to say: I wish I knew now, definitely, what changes the next year alone will bring! In this business, where millions of people throughout the world decide the success or failure of changes and developments in pictures, revolutionary alterations come with lightning speed. The advent of talking pictures shows this. When I realize that, ten years ago, the industry's best brains laughed at the very thought of talking pictures, as something preposterously impractical, I wonder what I can dare to predict may come in the next quarter century.

But of one thing, I am positive—That is that twenty-five years from now—and even a hundred twenty-five years from now, so far as that goes—there will still be theaters. Television in the home is a certainty. It will come within five years. Many persons predict that the advent of television in the home will mean the end of the theater as we know it. They contend that no one will go to a theater when he can sit at home, turn a dial, and get entertainment there in sound and vision. But that is not true.

Despite any invention that may come, entertainment-seekers will still want to go to some community place—whether we call it a "theater" or by some other name does not matter; it will be a community gathering place, an auditorium—where they can get away from home and sit in the midst of other people and enjoy entertainment in groups, and that will be true whether that entertainment be in the flesh, as on the legitimate stage, or on the screen, or in some other form.

NOW, what will go on in that community place of the future, regardless of its form, will be entertainment, fundamentally. To produce entertainment, there will have to be entertainers, and to supervise the entertainers, there will be those who direct them—directors, and producers. And so, it is obvious, that come what may, the basic form of entertainment and the theater as we know it today, will persist.

That means that there will always be actors. And that means that there will always be stars, because it is human nature—unchanging, inevitable human nature—that in any field, there will be transcendentally superior individuals. In the acting profession, they are called "stars." And so the "star system" will continue, because it is simply beyond the power of mortal man to change it. The same general statement holds true as to the basic nature of the entertainment that we will have twenty-five years from now—or forever, for that matter. Basically, we will still have a story, and that story will be of the same immutable fundamental form as the story of today. Basically, the changes that have been made in screen stories are merely superficial. The successful picture of today is still the successful picture of fifteen years ago.

[Continued on page 94]
MOTION PICTURE

Celebrates Its TWENTY-FIFTH Birthday

Twenty-five years ago, a nineteen-year-old girl, just out of Smith College, was walking along a Brooklyn street, looking for the address of a new publication, Motion Picture Magazine. She was going to see her first editor, with her first manuscript, a poem entitled "Dear Dimples," extolling the smile of the 1911 model heart-breaker, Maurice Costello. Behind, in her boarding-house room, she had written the first chapters of The Great American Novel with a Gibson girl heroine and a "strenuous" hero. But it takes time to write a novel, and, meanwhile, writers must live, and if one must do pot-boilers for a few months why not for a magazine about the movies? She might even meet Pearl White, or Theda Bara, or the Unknown Vitagraph Girl. Or even—she gasped at the daring thought—that superb Arthur Johnson, whose pictures she had often cut classes to see at the Lyric in Northampton, Massachusetts.

And so, twenty-five years ago, that girl (who is I) hitched her wagon to the stars. The novel was never finished. Instead of becoming famous, herself, she likes to think that she has helped in a small way to make a hundred other names. She takes pride in believing that along with hundreds of others who have ransacked the lexicons in the last twenty-five years to find words to describe the men and women of the movies, she has had a hand in building up this strangest, most powerful, most fascinating business in the world.

It is a shock to me to write those words—twenty-five years, for the world I have lived in so long is timeless. Its inhabitants are always young, always beautiful, always successful. Last night, I went to see a new picture. In the cast, in a secondary rôle was a beautiful girl. Not a shadow, or a line, marred her radiant girlhood. I went out into the world of 1935 afterward, marveling. The first time that I interviewed her was in 1912. Two generations of movie fans have sent burning love letters to Crane Wilbur, Wally Reid, John Gilbert and Clark Gable since that occasion. Rudolph Valentino was discovered by June Mathis, had his few years of glory when he has ever come to any other movie star, has died, and has been almost forgotten in his narrow marble crypt beside that of the kind, brilliant woman who set him on his road to fame. A great war has been fought, a world destroyed and remade since then. And, remembering the picture I just saw, there stood this beautiful girl before me on the screen, slender, unmarked by experience—and she has had some harrowing experiences since Motion Picture first presented her in its early issues. Twenty-three years have passed, and she has remained triumphantly, indestructibly eighteen.

A silver anniversary allows certain liberties of boasting. Be tolerant if I speak of this birthday of Motion Picture Magazine with pride. I think that I am the senior—in point of movie interviewing—of all the breed known as fan writers. Louella Parsons was a youthful sce-
The first film magazine in the world—that’s Motion Picture, born February, 1911. It was first to foresee a great future for an infant industry that’s since grown to gigantic proportions!

**BY DOROTHY CALHOUN**

nario editor at Essanay in those days. Gladys Hall was scribbling school-girl verses when she wasn’t writing fictionalizations of movie plots for Motion Picture. Adela Rogers St. John, a young modern of her day, was going to college proms with a California youth, a handsome Santa Clara senior who was torn between studying for the priesthood, and becoming an actor. In those days, they called him Ed Lowe. At a time when the studios weren’t much more than shanties, and the players had to be kidnapped from Broadway because they were ashamed of the nickelodeons with their wooden kitchen chairs and shirt-sleeved piano-wallopers, yet, with these handicaps, all of us in the Motion Picture Magazine offices believed in the movies. When some movie dignitary with a flair for prophecy remarked at the time that someday, people would be paying two dollars to see a motion picture, Motion Picture did not join in the ridicule. (Did you read about those eleven dollar tickets for the premiere of *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*)?

WITH my prim New England background, the movies had a sort of fearful fascination for me. I blush now when I think of the good advice I have given these glittering, gay children of destiny. There was the long-engaged couple who used to give joint dinner parties to their friends. Theirs was one of Hollywood’s truest love stories, as I came to know later and, after a long standing obstacle had been removed, they became Hollywood’s most devoted married couple. But when they honored me with an invitation to dinner, my Puritan ancestors dic-
tated my answer: That I was sorry but I could not accept a situation of which I did not approve. Later, when we became good friends, we were to have many a laugh over it, and I think I was the first to receive an invitation to their wedding.

I bought this bungalow where I am writing this, twelve years ago. This was about the time I came to Hollywood as Motion Picture's representative. Every room, every article in the house has some memory connected with a name known around the world. At my kitchen table, head on outstretched arms, sat a he-man actor of several years ago, sobbing his remorse for a spectacular quarrel with his beautiful actress wife who sat a few rooms away, calmly making up before a mirror. No one would have guessed by watching her carefully beading her lashes, that she had ever had an emotion in her life. I have never ceased to wonder at these amazing people.

On my davenport, at least a dozen boys and girls, have confided to me what they intended to do when they became famous stars. Many of them actually did become famous not only through their own efforts, but also through the boosting efforts of Motion Picture Magazine. But none of them ever did what he or she had planned in front of my fire. One would say, "I'm going to live simply and save my money," ... and then would say: "no marble swimming pools and all that swank for me ... after a few years I'll retire." But, alas, you ought to see their gorgeous swimming pools!

IN THAT armchair, Maurice Costello, the "Dear Dimples" of that early poem, looked through my bound volumes of Motion Picture Magazine for pictures of two little girls, the Costello kiddies, while tears ran down his cheeks. "Look at them!" he said, "they were lovely children, weren't they? Life has hurt them both and I couldn't help. I couldn't help—"  

In the tiny patio, I have given many players their first interview. There was the British Tommy whose rugged face... [Continued on page 79]

Maurice Costello, above, with his wife and daughters, once spent a pleasant day with Dorothy Calhoun
Edna had too many pimples — but not for long

Don’t let Adolescent Pimples make YOU feel left out!

Between the ages 13 and 25, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. Waste poisons in the blood irritate the skin. It breaks out in pimples.

But even bad cases of adolescent pimples can be corrected—by Fleischmann’s Yeast. Fleischmann’s Yeast clears the skin irritants out of the blood. And when the cause of the skin eruption is removed, the pimples disappear.

Eat Fleischmann’s Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until skin clears. Start today!

clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants out of the blood
NOW YOU'LL KNOW ALL THE ANSWERS
Just Ask the Cinema Sage

Cissy is the coming picture that Grace Moore's making with Michael Bartlett, at left

Robert Donat—He was born at Welling-ington, Manchester, England, Mar. 18, 1905. His recent picture is Thirty-Nine Steps and his coming film is Ghost Goes West with Jean Parker. You can address him at Gaumont-British Pictures, 1600 Broadway, New York City. (F.P., Oak-land, Calif.)

Ruth Chatterton—Her birthday is Christmas Eve, Dec. 24. After attending Mrs. Hazen's School, Pelham Manor, N.Y., she left to go on the stage. She had her first role at the age of fourteen, and at eighteen, she was a star on Broadway. She was born in New York City. Not only does she act, but she writes and composes. too. You can write to her at Columbia Pictures Corp., 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. (V. L.R., Natick, Mass.)

Clarence Brown (Di-rector)—He was born at Clinton, Mass., May 10, 1890. He was educated at the Knoxville (Tenn.) high school and at the University of Tennessee in the same city. He has been a di-rector for many years, becoming famous as the director in charge of Greta Garbo's pictures. (F.N.V., Oklahoma City, Okla.)

George Barbier—His birthday is Nov. 9. He was born in Philadel-phia, Pa. In his thirty-five years on stage and screen, he has played more than 750 roles. It was Barbier's original intention to be-come a clergyman. After speaking two lines in a theological seminar pageant, he changed his mind, deciding that he would become an actor. Barbier's height is five feet nine inches; his weight is 185 pounds. He has blue eyes and gray hair. (A.P., Los Angeles, Calif.)

James Cagney—He was born in New York City, July 17, 1904. His new picture is Frisco Kid in which he appears with Margaret Lindsay. He is also one of the many stars, appearing in A Mid-summer Night's Dream. (A.R., New Rochelle, N.Y.)

Marion Davies—Her coming picture is tentatively titled, Glorious, in which Dick Powell plays opposite her. Her recent film was Page Miss Glory. She was born in New York City, Jan. 3, 1900. (A.R., New Rochelle, N.Y.)

Robert Taylor—He was born at Filley, Nebr. The date of his birth is Aug. 5. He is six feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. As most actors do, he uses make-up in films. So far as known, he is unmar-ried. His family name is Brough, his father being Dr. Brough, a physi-cian. Magnificent Obsession with Irene Dunne is his new pic-ture. His eyes are blue; his hair, brown. (P.M., Lansford, Pa.)

If you want information about a movie star, ask this department. Your answer will appear as soon as space permits its inclusion. Or, if you prefer an immediate personal reply, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address your letter to The Cinema Sage, MOTION PICTU-RE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

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For Years
I Suffered
in Silence!

AN AFFLICTION
THOUSANDS SUFFER,
BUT FEW
TALK ABOUT!

HEMORRHOIDS or Piles are one of the worst afflications. They not only harass and torture you, but they play havoc with your health. They tax your strength and energy, wear you down physically and mentally and make you look haggard and drawn.

Piles, being a delicate subject, are often borne in silence, and allowed to go untreated. Yet, no condition is more desperately in need of atten- tion. For Piles can, and often do, develop into something serious!

REAL TREATMENT
Real treatment for the relief of distress due to Piles is to be had today in Pazo Ointment. Pazo almost instantly stops the pain and itching. It is effective because it is threefold in effect.

First, Pazo is soothing, which tends to relieve sore and inflamed parts. Second, it is lubricat-ing, which tends to soften hard parts and also to make passage easy. Third, it is astringent, which tends to reduce swollen parts.

Pazo is now also put up in suppository form. Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo the most satisfactory. All drug stores sell Pazo-in-Tubes and Pazo Suppositories, but a trial tube is free for the asking. Just mail coupon or post card.

Grove Laboratories, Inc. Dept. 26-T, St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen: Please send me free PAZO.

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Motion Picture for February, 1936
"Friends Admirer
My Sunny Golden Hair"

That's the story told by delighted girls, proud of the fresh bright appearance soft golden hair gives them. To gain new attractiveness your friends will admire, to regain the bright natural tints of early youth, make sunny golden hair the secret of your own alluring charm. Rinse your hair at home, secretly if you like, with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

You Would Be More Popular Too, with Sunny Golden Hair

BLONDES: Natural golden beauty restored to dulh faded or streaked hair. To lighten your hair to an alluring sunny shade, secretly and successfully at home, rinse with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

BRUNETTES: Sparkling highlights make your dark hair fascinating. Add a lively glowing sheen to your hair with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Or gradually lighten your hair as desired, in unobserved stages, to any golden blonde hue.

BLONDES AND BRUNETTES use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash to make unnoticeable "superfluous" hair on face, arms or legs, Marchand's blends "excess" hair with your own skin coloring. Always use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash to keep your arms and legs dainty and alluring.

Start using Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Get a bottle at any drug store—or use coupon. Today. Try Marchand's at home, and start without delay.

TRY A BOTTLE—FREE!

(A use coupon below)

A trial bottle of Marchand's Castile Shampoo—FREE— to those who send for Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. The finest health treatment you can give your hair. Marchand's Castile Shampoo makes your hair fresher and more charming. Send for a bottle today.

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH WILL NOT INTERFERE WITH PERMANENT WAVING

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY, OR USE COUPON BELOW
CHARLES MARCHAND CO., 221 W. 19th Street., New York City
Please let me try for myself the SUNNY, GOLDEN effect of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents (use stamps, coin, or money order as convenient) for a full sized bottle. Also send me, FREE, trial sample of Marchand's Castile Shampoo.

Name
Address
City State F. P. 236
HER PIMPLY SKIN SCARED MEN AWAY until she learned about a famous "Wonder Cream"

FINE FEATURES—beautiful clothes—an appealing personality—and still a poor complexion destroys a woman's charm.

That's why thousands of women today are successfully turning to a famous medicated skin cream as an aid to healing and refining the skin. First prescribed by doctors for the relief of burns, eczema and similar skin troubles, now over 12,000,000 jars of Noxzema Medicated Skin Cream are used yearly.

How to use

If your skin is marred by Large Pores or Blackheads—by Pimples* or any other Skin Irritation from external causes, then by all means make this simple test and see if your skin doesn't show a big improvement in ten days.

Apply Noxzema at night after removing makeup. Wash off in the morning with warm water. Then apply cold water or ice. Follow this with a light application of Noxzema as a protective foundation for powder.

Do this for ten days. Note the difference—feel how much softer, finer your skin is—how much clearer. Noxzema is astringent, helps reduce pores to exquisite fineness. Its gentle medication soothes most skin irritations and helps Nature heal these disfiguring skin flaws.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER—Get a jar of Noxzema at any drug or department store. If your dealer can't supply you, send 15¢ for a 25¢ jar to the Noxzema Chemical Company, Dept. 62, Baltimore, Md.

Wonderful for CHAPPED HANDS

There is nothing like Noxzema for red, rough, badly irritated Chapped Hands. Noxzema is not a lotion or a perfumed cream—it's a medicated cream that brings quick relief, that softens and whitens hands overnight. Test it yourself. Apply Noxzema on your hand tonight. Note the difference between the hands in the morning.

Noxzema

62

HOLLYWOOD Home Hints

- ELSA BUCHANAN, English actress who plans to make her home in Hollywood, is fast learning American ways of doing things. "I was so surprised the other day," she said, "when a friend suggested that I use paper napkins and doilies at my bridge luncheon instead of the conventional tablecloth and napkins. I went down to the store with her to have her show me what she meant by 'paper things' and received my second surprise. Then and there, I purchased a complete supply of lace bridge luncheon sets-enough to last me for several bridge parties. The reason that I purchased so many sets was to have each set different from every other and thus have an entirely new motif each time I give a party!"

- THE Worcester Salt Co. suggests the following additional uses for their product: Cut flowers keep longer when a pinch of Worcester Salt is added to the water in which the flowers are placed. The way to avoid the ring caused by cleaning with gasoline may be avoided by rubbing the spot with a strong solution of Worcester Salt before applying gasoline.

- Since Binnie Barnes' husband has come over to America to stay, Binnie has had the carpenters busy on her house—re-decorating and brushing things up a bit. Binnie says that it is no trick at all to do her house over completely with the new designs of wallpaper at her disposal. "I thought that wallpaper was a rather recent thing," says Miss Barnes. "I was surprised to learn that not a few of their designs date back to the time of Lafayette. For my own room, I chose a pattern called 'Frost,' a lacy tracery of ferns and flowers on a deep maroon background. You know, it is reminiscent of those stately high ceilinged rooms of England. I simply adore these new designs that have come to the front in the last few years. Not only that, but the low-cost of wallpaper allows one to re-decorate completely whenever one feels in the mood."

- THERE is one thing that Hollywood is really old-fashioned about—its choice of washing soaps. Hollywood's favorite is your favorite, Fels Naptha. There is nothing tricky or fancy about this soap. But it is the one soap that will banish forever, the "tattle tale grey" that is left on the clothes when they are washed by an inferior soap. It is gentle and can be used on your daintiest things without fear. You will be pleased by the fresh clean smell that it gives to your clothes.

- EVALYN KNAPP is delighted with her new tumbled, indexed recipe box, supplied to her by the makers of Pompeian Olive Oil. It saves so much bother. Her favorite recipes are right in front of her while she is cooking. The card index idea saves the bother of looking through the pages of a cookbook when the hands are a bit soiled from cooking. Then, too, there are recipes for everything imaginable—from vegetable salads to jellies and preserves.

- MONA BARRIE is completely "sold" on the idea of baking in glass dishes. "An idea that I have found to be very practical is that of baking fruit cake in covered Pyrex dishes," Says Mona. "It is the easiest way that I have ever found to bake fruit cakes evenly, for the cover keeps in the moisture, and the top, bottom and sides bake evenly. I find it so convenient to be able to look through the glass and see the progress of the baking, too." Another advantage in baking fruit cake in Pyrex glass dishes, is that the glass top may be sealed with paraffin and preserved for an indefinite length of time. Just try Pyrex once. You'll like them!

Motion Picture for February, 1936
Amazing Profits
For Those Who Know
OLD MONEY!

Many of these coins are now passing from hand to hand in circulation. Today or tomorrow a valuable coin may come into your possession. Watch your change. Know what to look for. Don’t sell your coins, encased postage stamps, or paper money to any other dealer until you have first seen the prices that we will pay for them.

**WE WILL PAY FOR 1909 CENTS UP TO $10.00 EACH**

- 1860 Cents $50.00 — Cents of 1861, 1864, 1865, 1869, 1870, 1881, 1890, $20.00 each — Half Cents $250.00
- Large Copper Cents $2000.00 — Flying Eagle Cents, $30.00 — Half Dimes $150.00 — 5c Pieces $100.00 — 5c before 1873, $300.00 — 5c before 1879, $750.00 — Silver Dollars before 1874, $2500.00
- Trade Dollars $250.00 — Gold Dollars $1000.00 — $2.50 Gold Pieces before 1876, $600.00 — $3 Gold Pieces $1000.00 — $5 Gold Pieces before 1888, $5000.00 — $10 Gold Pieces before 1908, $150.00 — Commemorative Half Dollars $6.00 — Commemorative Gold Coins $115.00.

**PAPER MONEY** — Fractional Currency $25.00 Confederate Bills $15.00.

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**CUT FILL OUT AND MAIL TODAY!**

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Gentlemen: Please send me your large illustrated list for which I enclose 10c in cash carefully wrapped.

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NAME ____________________________
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CITY ______ STATE ______
Max Factor Has Made Up Stars Since 1909

By Mark Dowling

For twenty-six years, working with every great star Hollywood has known, a small, patient man with many of the attributes of genius has conducted a search for make-ups that would bring greater realism to the screen. Max Factor has been Hollywood's foremost creator of make-up and hair-dress since 1909—and his story makes one of the most fascinating pages of motion picture history.

"To create make-ups that would define rather than exaggerate the features of stars like Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson and the Talmadge girls has been my aim," Factor told me. The famous faces that passed constantly before him, through the years, did not become mere backgrounds for grease paint and powder. Each was a vivid, living personality.

"During my years of work, I have enjoyed friendships with stars, from the early days to the present," he said, "friendships that are worth more to me than anything else in the world."

I sat with him in his large office in the new $500,000 Factor studios in Hollywood and listened to his stories of the early days—a far cry from the elaborate make-up rooms where, now, as a gray-haired man whom success has brought world-wide fame, he still personally attends to the beautification of such stars as Joan Crawford, Ginger Rogers, Claudette Colbert, and many others.

Motion Picture for February, 1936
"From the early days to the present, I've enjoyed friendships with the stars," says Max Factor.

"I began in a little room in the old Pantages building in downtown Los Angeles," he told me. "The first stars that I remember making up were Alice Joyce, Mabel Normand and Florence Lawrence, famous idols of other years. I used bright yellow paint for the cheeks and smears of dark grease paint for the eyebrows. You may recall the terrifying effects of this exaggerated make-up on the screen!

"Many of the stars of that day, such as Maurice Costello and J. Warren Kerrigan, came from the stage and brought their own ideas of make-up with them. I soon found that these would not do for pictures. My first improvement was an eye-brow pencil which gave lighter lines than a greasepaint stick. This pencil, incidentally, was the forerunner of the eyebrow pencils now in world-wide use.

"Next, I found that the heavy consistencies of old-fashioned grease-paints gave a mask-like effect to the cheeks, and, for years, I conducted research to perfect a lighter make-up. I tried every known form of ingredient—and experimented with the Gish sisters, Blanche Sweet, Louise Fazenda and others. Gradually, I developed a liquid make-up, and its use was another milestone in the art of screen cosmetics.

"The next step forward came right after the World War, when I began putting up make-up in tubes instead of greasepaint sticks. This was really a revolutionary step—easier to use, forming a thinner coating over the skin, and above all, it was more sanitary.

"Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., inspired another idea when he asked me to give him a perspiration-proof body make-up for The Thief of Bagdad. Recalling his gymnastic style of acting," Factor smiled, "you can understand why he found this necessary."

Almost overnight, Factor delivered what Fairbanks had asked for. He came through again when Rex Ingram asked him for a make-up that could be used under water and still not come off—for Marc Nasstrom. Each year brought successes.

And the new "satin-smooth" make-up is Factor's newest achievement!"
Pattern After a Star!

Get
Strength-Building
IODINE
into Blood
and Glands!

Thousands of Weak,
Nervous, Skinny
Folks Have Found
This New Way to
Add 5 Lbs. in 1
Week or No Cost!

If you are weak, skinny
and rundown—if you go
around always tired, nervi-
ous, irritable, easily upset,
the chances are your blood
is thin, pale and watery
and lacks the nourishment
needed to build up your
strength, endurance and
the solid pounds of new
flesh you need to feel
right. Science has at last
got right down to the real
trouble with these condi-
tions and explains a new,
quick way to correct them.

Food and medicines can't help
you much. The average person usu-
ally eats enough of the right kind of food to
sustain the body. The real trouble is an
improper, the body's process of con-
verting digested food into firm flesh,
pale and watery. Tiny hidden gland
controlled this body building process—
lands which require a regular ration of
NATURAL IODINE and the ordinary
mineral elements iodine, but the
iodine that is found in tiny quantities in
tomato, lettuce, etc. The iod-
ines in these vegetables and
other foods are not the
precious needed substances in Kelp-
amalt, the astonishing new mineral con-
tent from the sea. Kelpamalt is
1200 times richer in iodine than
oysters, hitherto considered the best
source. With Kelpamalt's iodine, you
quickly normalize your weight and
strength building glands, promote
assimilation, enrich the blood and
build up a store of enduring strength.
Kelpamalt, too, contains twelve other
precious, highly needed body
minerals without which good digestion is
impossible.

Try Kelpamalt for a single week.
Notice how much better you feel, how
well you sleep, how your appetite
improves, color comes back into your
cheeks. And if it doesn't add 5 lbs.
of good solid flesh in the first week, the
trial is free. 100 jumbo size Kelp-
amalt tablets—four to five times
the size of ordinary tablets—cost
but a few cents a day in size. Get Kelpamalt
today. Kelpamalt costs but little at a
good drug store. If your doctor has not
yet received his sample, send him for
special introductory size bottle of 60
tables to the address below.

Kelpamalt Tablets

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Write today for fascinating descriptive 6-page book on How to
and Special Samples, Kelpamalt Corporation, 134 West 28th St.,
New York City. No obligation. Good for weight
and height charts. Send for free mini
Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 66, 1936.
Let Hollywood's queens of style help you dress!

At left: Pattern No. 865—Gay Frock. New for spring! Distinctly smart, gay and eminently practical is this little crépe silk frock with tiny self-buttoned down front of the bodice. It is perfume green, suggestive of Grasse, the famous perfume center in southern France. A fresh accent is the white crépe collar, that is repeated in cuffs and trim of the slit pockets. This dress is also attractive in crépe silk prints. Worn by Helen Mack. Designed for sizes 14, 16, and 18 years; 36, 38 and 40-inch bust.

At lower left: Pattern No. 867—Town or Country. Here's one of the useful little woolen costumes that smart women call a "find." It's so youthfully becoming in Bleu de Paris (muted grayish blue) woolen with its slender straight skirt and tiny buttons, right down the front of the sleeveless gilet. The dashing jacket blouse, that opens in Tuxedo effect, is medium grey with pencil stripes of the blue shade and boasts a rather wide red suede belt. Worn by Binne Barnes. Designed for sizes 14, 16, and 18 years; 36, 38 and 40-inch bust.

MOTION PICTURE Pattern Department, Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn.

For the enclosed...... cents, please send me a pattern of the:

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All patterns are filled promptly. If you enclose ten cents (10c) with this coupon, you can get a pattern of either of the two dresses described. For fifty (50c) cents you can get four. Place check mark in the box provided above to indicate what you wish to have sent to you. You can purchase these patterns directly at most any draper's or haberdashery. If you wish, if you reside in Canada, mail this coupon to Motion Picture Pattern Dept., 133 Jarvis St., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

Motion Picture for February.
Grace Moore's Husband Tells It All

(Continued from page 37)

playing backgammon on the deck with another young lady, her secretary. As she banged one of her men on the boards, it bounced up and fell to the floor. I happened to be taking my customary promenade and was just walking past them, so I picked it up and gave it to her.

"Thank you!" she said, in a thrilling voice, as our eyes met. I walked on, and they continued to play.

"STRANGE, how the most important events in our lives happen unexpectedly, just like that." He snapped his fingers. "This trivial incident was to change the whole course of my life. I was, what you might call, a man of the world. I had met many beautiful and accomplished women, but none of them had made any real impression on me, and I didn't think I'd ever marry, that I was doomed to lead a single life, unable to find a mate. But now I was in love, in love with one whom I just saw for a moment. I knew I had met my ideal, the girl I had been seeking everywhere. I wondered of what nationality she was. English, perhaps, I thought.

"I couldn't find her the next day. I was furious. Then, as I was walking around the deck with the captain, she fluttered past us. My heart missed a beat. She seemed to recognize me, but I didn't dare greet her. 'I'd like to meet that young lady,' I said to the captain. He made no reply, and just smiled.

"On the following day, a famous prima donna, one Grace Moore, of the Metropolitan Opera, was to give a benefit concert, after which she was to be honored by the captain at a banquet. But I didn't care to attend either the concert or the banquet as I wasn't feeling very well, being a little sea sick.

"I met the young lady who had played backgammon with the girl whom I had fallen in love. She was making preparations for the concert, and said to me, 'Of course, Monsieur, you will be present.' I told her, I didn't think I would, that I wasn't feeling very well. 'Do you remember the young lady you saw playing backgammon with me?' she asked. 'The blonde?'

"'Oh, yes,' I said eagerly. 'Where is she? I'd like to meet her.'

"'But tonight, Monsieur, you have a magnificent opportunity of meeting her, dinner the captain will give in honor of the concert.'

"Grace Moore! There was another prima donna on the boat, and I thought it was she who was the blonde, and not my blonde. The captain introduced me to her at the concert. My English was inadequate to express my admiration for her so I asked her if she spoke English. She did, marvellously! Ah, that was a relief indeed! Now I could talk to her freely, pour out my heart to her.

"That night, we sat out on the deck talking until three o'clock in the morning, our feet wrapped up in a blanket, while a glorious moon lighted the sea.

"Our romance continued in Paris, and I wrote to my family in Spain that I was in love with an American prima donna and planned to marry her. They advised me against it. They were positive our marriage would not, could not, turn out happily. They thought American women were brought up too freely to suit us Spaniards, and this American girl, whom I loved, could not possibly make a good wife for a Castilian.

"And, to tell the truth, I used to have the same ideas about American women before I met my wife, and believed no Latin man could be happy with an American woman. Why, in Granada, Spain, where I was born, the girls had to talk to their boy friends with their fingers, like deaf and mute people, from the baselessness of their homes. The freedom, so prevalent in America, did not exist there.

"'But I knew the American girl I was going to marry was different—I knew it even before three weeks after we had met—she told me everything about her life, as I told her about mine, from my childhood up. There were no secrets between us. Our friendship was based on absolute modesty and sincerity. And I knew I was going to marry her for life. It wasn't going to be a temporary thing, cracking up after a few months. She was my destiny; of that, I was sure. The wedding ceremony took place at Cannes. And when I took her to Spain to meet my family, they all fell in love with her. 'She is just like a girl of our own town,' they said. When, later, I visited her family in Tennessee, I felt as if I were among my own people. Life in the South has a grace, reserve and gentility about it that recalls the old world.

"I am not a fatalist. But it seems to me that certain things in life are pre-ordained. Originally, I had booked passage on the Paris and not on the Ile de France. But I changed my mind and wanted to stay a few days longer in New York, and decided to travel on the latter ship. Grace Moore, too, had originally booked passage on the Paris and, like me, had cancelled it and had taken the Ile de France.'

Miss Moore had felt that something thrilling—and wholly unexpected—was going to happen on her trip, that she wasn't going to leave the ship as the same person she was when she got on. Just a premonition. When the dark, handsome stranger picked up that backgammon man and strode off, she said to her secretary: "There is the man I

Picture for February, 1936.
AFTER being selected as the winner of a beauty contest in Roswell, New Mexico, last summer, Miss Betty Jean George was awarded a trip to the San Diego Exposition and to Hollywood. Eighteen hundred girls from the states of New Mexico, Oklahoma and Texas had competed in this contest. And seventeen-year-old Betty Jean from Bartlesville, Okla., had triumphed. Then, after arriving in Hollywood and after having taken successful screen tests, Betty Jean did the unusual. She was offered a film contract and, instead of accepting, she refused it! She had been crowned “Queen of the Southwest” before she reached the cinema city. And, to her own Southwest, she was determined to return. And she did!

Though she did not wish to seek film fame, Betty Jean had a good time in Hollywood. It was thrilling, for instance, to be tested at Paramount with Douglas Blackley, then a Paramount contract player. It was thrilling, too, to meet Guy Kibbee on the Warner lot. When she visited the Captain Blood set, she was introduced by Kibbee to Olivia de Havilland, who is featured with Errol Flynn in that picture. Her most thrilling moment, however, had come to her before reaching Hollywood—when she had been pronounced “Queen of the Southwest”!

Don’t hesitate... choose the lamps that stay brighter longer. You’ll know them by this mark .......

It is a scientific fact that lamps marked with the ® Monogram stay brighter longer than so-called “cheap” lamps. 480 checks and inspections in manufacture guard against the imperfections found in poor lamps—imperfections resulting in dollars being wasted for current which is not converted into light.

General Electric’s research and development has resulted in lamps of greatly improved efficiency and lower price. Edison MAZDA lamps now cost as little as 15c — only 26c for the popular 100-watt size. For good light at low cost—for sight-saving light—always ask for these good lamps by name.
That Colbert Courage—It Made Her a Star
(continued from page 42)
charge. Bad notices, broken contracts,
months of unemployment—their only
effect was to send her back fighting
harder than ever—fighting to make an
actress of herself, fighting to make peo-
ple recognize her name as an actress.
And at last, by dint of the fight-
ing spirit that combined with her other
qualities, she drained her way
through the wall and into the world she
had set out to conquer.
Today, she's on top of that world—
one of the half dozen biggest draws in the
film business, winner of the Acad-
emy award, bombarded with appeals
from ace producers and directors to
grace their pictures. But if you were to
say: "Your fighting days must be
over. Of course, it's smooth sailing
now," her brown eyes would dart you
a rueful look, her lips would curve into
a smile, half amused, half ironic. "You
tell me, don't you?"

But not for long, since she's both
too kind and too honest to abandon you in
an awkward position, not entirely of
your own making. Her smile loses its
mastery. "You're kind of a jolly, jolly,
don't you think? I don't think it will ever be
smooth sailing for me," she tells you. "I'm
afraid I was born to battle, and I'll probably
go on battling till the day I die."

"But what is there left to battle for?"
you may wonder. There's always
something, Claudette assures you. Only
don't misunderstand her. "I don't mean,"
she explains, "that I'm a fighting fool or
that I go around with a chip on my
shoulder. At 'Your fighting days must be
over,'" her low voice warms with
its undertone of laughter, and she throws
you a glance that invites you to laugh too—
"if I do. I deserve to be severely
punished."

"No," she continues more soberly,
"this is what I mean. The movie busi-
ness is like any other. In any business
you've got to be on your toes—you've
got to go on, to keep yourself from
going back—you can't ever rest on your
 laurels. It's not a question of beating
all your competitors—I think that's non-
sense—but it is a question of beating
yourself, of making tomorrow's work
better than yesterday's, of—oh, I don't
know and I hate a lot of those preachy
words—but you've got to sort of stretch
yourself to reach a place you've never
reached before. Look—" she leaned
forward in her earnestness, "—if I had
a friend, however close, or even a sis-
ter or a mother, and she gave me the
only piece of advice I'd ever take the liberty of
giving. And if she were half the girl I'd
like her to be," she said laughingly
to me as she passed through one of those
swift transitions from grave to gay that
you love to watch on the screen, "she
wouldn't need my advice. Her own
instinct would tell her better than I,
just what to do."

With her softly rounded face in its
frame of curling hair, she looked rather
like a child herself, however little she
sounded like one—a child who dropped
her lashes, then raised them demurely
as though she were about to say something
nursery-like.

"Of course," she began, innocently
enough, "there are sometimes things out-
side yourself to fight—stories, for in-
stance, that you'd like to fling in the ash
can. Because," she hinted gently, "when
it comes to a choice of the ash can, for
either the story or yourself, well—" and
finished the sentence with a shrug. "Be-
cause this I firmly believe—no matter
how good you are, you cannot carry a
poor story to success. There was a
time when I felt that one more sweet society
girl would finish me. What are you
squeaking about? people would ask me.
'You're getting your salary, aren't you?'

"But that was just the point," she
burt out eagerly. "I felt they were
paying me too much for what they were
giving me to do. So when I was handed
another colorless part, and I told I'd have
to do it or go off salary, I went off sal-
ary. I have to fight...."

"One Colbert movie, I went into
ancient history with Cecil B. De
Mille. I was on the set—"...La Marseillaise..."

Nashville, Tenn.—B. A. Stephens of this
city has confessed that he tried a medicine called
NACOR just to please his wife. He had not been
able to get relief from his asthma and
—read his own words.

"I have been intending to write
you for some time to tell you what Nacor
has done for me. I have chronic asthma
and could hardly get my breath. I spent many
dollars on many different medicines and could
not make any headway. My wife ordered a
bottle of Nacor. To be frank, I could not
believe in the results, but my wife
insisted on it, and I used it, and the
miracle occurred, and the results
were beyond my belief."

FREE—Why suffer the torments of
asthma attacks or a bronchial cough when
blessed relief may be yours? For years Nacor has helped
thousands. Letters from grateful people and
booklet of information sent FREE. Just write
today to Nacor Medicine Co.,
594 State Life Build.,
Indianapolis, Ind.
enough not to want to do It Happened One Night," she continued.

IF she'd meant to explode a bombshell, she succeeded, and now she sat back to enjoy the effect. "Oh," she said airily, "I thought it was cute and charming, of course—and totally unimportant. So I was wrong," Her hands and eyebrows sketched a gesture that said: "Do me something?"

"Do you know what I'd really like?" She paused in mid-speech; the glow in her eyes faded, then returned. "I'm afraid it may sound arrogant—but I'll take the chance. I'm not comparing myself with Will Rogers, you understand—but surely there can be no harm in aiming at the goal he set. I'd like to live as he did, win people's hearts in my own small way as he did. That's the height and depth of my ambition," she concluded simply, "if I can put it into words—to be a likeable human being, off screen and on."

I met Claudette Colbert about five years ago, when she was an ardent girl on the threshold of her career, a little confused and uncertain as to how to grapple with life's complicated problems. It needed no magic to discover from this second meeting that the years had brought her a new wisdom and serenity. "Feeling, as I do, that even film stars have a private right to their lives, I didn't ask what had wrought the change. But as I was leaving, she said: "I'm happier than I was five years ago. I was groping then. Now, I feel that I've found my way."

And if you could have seen the softness in her eyes, the warmth of the smile that lighted her face to sudden radiance, you'd have wanted—as I did—to bid her Goodspeed on any road she might take.

THEN—In 1910, Norma Talmadge came to pictures. Her mother and her other two sisters, Constance and Natalie, lived on Ocean Avenue in Brooklyn. The mother and her girls naturally haunted the studios over there. Norma finally got into pictures, in a manner, for she was engaged to pose for song slides and her first appearance was on a set of song slides for an Irving Berlin number Sleep! Sleep! Actually, her first was a one-reeler, The Household Pest, a Vitagraph film, with Maurice Costello in the lead. Norma's next picture was The First Violin, a two-reeler, also with Costello and eventually, a feature picture, A Tale of Two Cities. Norma went far, after that, and eventually brought along her sisters, Constance and Natalie, both excellent players but forced into the shadows by Norma.

NOW—Norma Talmadge has retired from the screen, divorced Joseph Schenck, and married George Jessel. Irving Berlin is still active and recently wrote the hit numbers for Top Hat. He and Norma are neighbors in palatial homes at Santa Monica, Calif. Constance is married to Townsend Netcher, dry goods tycoon of Chicago, and Natalie recently divorced Buster Keaton.

JOIN THE CROWD WITHOUT A FEAR!

"I'm so scared"... "I don't dare dance!"
... Never again need those fears haunt you. A new kind of sanitary napkin is here. Modess—the one and only napkin that is certain-safe! The napkin that stays soft—stays safe!

End "accident panic"—ask for Certain-Safe Modess!

Yes—you're truly safe—with Certain-Safe Modess. No striking through—as with reversible napkins. No soggy edges! For Modess has a specially treated material on sides and back. Wear the blue line on moisture-proof side away from the body—and complete protection is yours.

Try N-O-V-O—the new safe douche powder. Cleansing! Deodorizing! (Not a contraceptive.)
(At your druggist or department store)

Motion Picture for February, 1936

71
KILL KIDNEY ACIDS

Win Back Pep,
Clear Your Skin,
Look Younger.

Women Need Help More Often Than Men

When Acids and poisons accumulate in your blood you lose your vitality and your skin becomes coarse and cloudy—you actually feel and look years older than you are. And what is worse, functional Kidney disorders may cause more serious ailments such as Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Lumbago, Swollen Joints, Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Dark Circles Under Eyes, Headaches, Frequent Cold, Burning, Smarting, Itching, and Acidity.

The only way your body can clean out the Acids, poisons, and toxins from your blood is through the function of 9 million tiny, delicate tubes or filters in your Kidneys. When your Kidneys get tired or down because of functional disorders, the Acids and poisons accumulate and thus cause much trouble. Fortunately, it is now easy to help stimulate the diuretic action of the Kidneys with a Doctor's prescription. Cystex (pronounced Siss-Tex), which is available at all drug stores.

Doctors Praise Cystex

Dr. Geo. B. Knight, of Camden, New Jersey, recently wrote: "When Kidneys don't function properly and fail to properly throw out all the waste matter strained from the blood, acids develop in the muscles and joints, the appetite suffers, sleep is disturbed, and the patient is generally rundown and suffers with lowered vitality. Cystex is an excellent prescription to help overcome this condition. It starts its beneficial action almost immediately, yet contains no harmful or injurious ingredients. I consider Cystex a prescription which men and women in all walks of life should find beneficial in the treatment of functional Kidney disorders."

And Dr. T. J. Roselli, famous Doctor, Surgeon, and Scientist, of London, says: "Cystex is one of the finest remedies I have ever known in my medical practice. Any doctor will recommend it for its definite benefits in the treatment of many functional Kidney and Bladder disorders. It is safe and harmless."

World-Wide Success

Cystex is not an experiment, but is a proven success in 31 different countries throughout the world. It is prepared with scientific accuracy and in accordance with the strict requirements of the United States Dispensatory and the United States Pharmacopoeia, and because it is intended especially for functional Kidney and Bladder disorders, it is swift, safe and sure in action.

Guaranteed To Work

Cystex is offered to all sufferers from functional Kidney and Bladder disorders under an unlimited guarantee. Put it to the test. See what it can do in your own particular case. It must bring you a new feeling of energy and vitality in 48 hours—it must make you look good and feel years younger and work to your complete satisfaction. In 4 days or you merely return the empty package and your money is refunded in full. You are the sole and final judge of your own satisfaction. Cystex costs only 5c a dose, and as the guarantee protects you fully, you should take chances with cheap, inferior, or irritating drugs or with medicines that your druggist has guaranteed Cystex (pronounced Siss-Tex) today.

The Talk of Hollywood

[Continued from page 49]

went to Hal Roach, his life long friend, and sold him the idea of putting Cobb into a couple of reeleeurs to try him out. Roach did. The two reeleeurs were not Eugene, but Hal. Cobb clicked and is now sitting pretty. What Cobb did not know was that the late beloved Will had offered to make good any losses the shorts might entail. Roach never brought that up, however.

METRO expects that Eleanor Powell will be available for another picture early in 1938, and has proceeded with plans to feature her in "Hats in the Air." I don't know the idea of the story, but I do know that one big number will find Eleanor topping in unison and in competition with rapid fire guns. That should be a real dancing novelty.

JIMMY SAVO, the sad-faced comedian, will next be seen on the screen in a Hal Roach feature length comedy titled, "Auntie Mame." Aw, Jimmy, you will not wear the baggy pants associated with his act and costume for so many years. It was figured that, about the same time as Jimmy's picture would be ready, there would be another picture around with another star wearing baggy trousers, the name of the other chap being—Chaplin.

THAT alleged romance between Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall is as cold as an agent's heart. Marshall plans a return to the stage and is slated to appear in a production with his wife, Edna Best.

WINFIELD SHEEHAN, former head of Fox Studios and the man who really discovered and developed Shirley Temple has found another protege in the juvenile line. While in Vienna, he discovered Trudy Stevens, a five-year-old Viennese girl, and is bringing her to this country under personal contract and this means that Shirley will have competition.

THEN—In 1910, the first motion picture to be made in its entirety in California, was "In the Sultan's Palace." It was made in the cellar of an old mansion, located at Eighth and Olive Streets in Los Angeles. The leading role was played by Hobart Bosworth.

NOW—Hobart Bosworth has been active in pictures for the past quarter of a century and is in demand every week in Hollywood. He has made a personal appearance tour throughout the East and it was a brilliant success. But Hobart Bosworth takes his morning canter on his famous white horse on the bridle path at Beverly Hills.
Your chance for MOVIE FAME

SEARCH FOR TALENT

Extended!

HOLD-BOB Bob Pins, Universal Pictures, Motion Picture and Screen Play extend the Search for Talent to February 1st, 1936

Due to the large number of entries the Search for Talent has been extended to February 1, 1936! ...and instead of guaranteeing 6 persons a trip to Hollywood, we are guaranteeing that at least 7 persons will be brought to Hollywood, all expenses paid, for a chance in the movies!

It's simplicity itself to enter the Search for Talent... just fill out the entry blank (or facsimile) printed right on the back of the HOLD-BOB card, attach your photograph and send to the Search for Talent headquarters. A local committee will select from these photographs the most likely prospects for a screen career. When the Search for Talent truck arrives, those selected will be given a FREE screen test which will be forwarded to Universal Studios for final judging. Winners will be brought to Hollywood, all expenses paid, for a final studio screen test.

Remember, one of Hollywood's first requirements is a well groomed hairdress. Do as the movie stars do, use HOLD-BOBS, always. They insure a perfect hairdress because they have small, round, invisible heads; smooth, non-scratching points; flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped—and are available in colors to match your hair.

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. CO.
Sol H. Goldberg, Pres.
1918-36 Prairie Ave., Dept. F-26, Chicago, Ill.

THE SEARCH FOR TALENT MOVIE TRUCK

Motion Picture for February, 1936

73
It's the 

SAME GIRL

LOVELY

MARIAN MARSH

COLUMBIA PLAYER

ILLUSTRATES

TWO HOLLYWOOD CURLER 

HAIR STYLES

* Whether you want lots of curls or just a few, Hollywood Rapid-Dry Curlers will give

them to you quickly, easily, and beautifully right in your own home. Add new charm to your personali

ty with a smart, flattering hairdress made with

"The Curlers used by the Stars."

FREE

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HOLLYWOOD Rapid Dry Curler

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FREE FOR ASTHMA

DURING WINTER

If you suffer with those terrible at

tacks of Asthma when it is cold and 
damp; if raw, Wintry winds make you 
choke as if each gasp for breath was 
the very last; if restful sleep is impos
ible because of the struggle to breathe; 
if you feel the disease is slowly wea
ring your life away, don’t fail to send 
at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method.

No matter where you live or whether 
you have any faith in any remedy un
der the Sun, send for this free trial. If you 
have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of 
without relief; even if you are utterly 
discouraged, do not abandon hope 
but send today for this free trial. It 
will cost you nothing. Address: Frontier Asthma Co. 96-A Frontier Bldg., 462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Up Through the Years with Harold Lloyd

(Continued from page 40)

imagine he's used horn-rims by the gross 
in his two decades of what he calls his 
"glass character." He says he hasn’t 
used up even seventy-five pairs. And 
most of those seventy-five were "doubles" 
for the three that are his most prized 
possessions. He still has that first pair 
which he chose from among the thirty 
that he tried on in a tiny shop in 1917, 
but they’re too battered now to be 
worth any work. It’s when he looks at 
them, now and then, that he tells you, "there’s more 
magic in a pair of horn-rimmed glasses than the 
opticians’ dream of, nor did I guess the half of it when I first put them on in 1917.

"With them, I’m Harold Lloyd, with

out them, a private citizen. I can stroll 
unrecognized down any street in the land 
at any time without the glasses, a boon 
granted no other picture actor and one 
which some of them would pay well for.

These rims make low-comedy clothes 
unnecessary, permit enough romantic ap
to catch the feminine eye, and yet 
hold me down to no particular type or 
range of story."

He doesn’t add that before he adopted 
horn-rims, he never received more than 
a hundred dollars per week. Today, he’s 
one of the richest men in the nation, 
one of the most famous men in the world
—and one of the happiest. That’s the 
magic in his horn-rimmed glasses.

The horn-rimless Lloyd—the private life

man—is one of the most fascinat

ing characters in Hollywood. And yet, 
he’s little known. That’s because he’s so

shy. His happiness is his work, his 
home, his wife, his children. He’s been 
marrled to Mildred Davis for a dozen 
years—married her in the midst of the 
picture, Why Worry? And he hasn’t 
worried since!

I can tell you a lot of things about him that you’ve probably never known 
before. And I’m going to. For in
stance, he’s one of the most basically, 
fundamentally religious men in Holly
wood! It doesn’t manifest itself in 
church-going and psalm-singing, but it 
shines through his every act and activ
ity. And particularly interesting is the 
fact that it’s an innate characteristic of his 
children. Gloria, M., Peggy, 10, and 
5-year-old Harold, Jr. Every Sunday, 
the three children hold their own church 
service in the little pavilion on the shore 
of the private lake on Lloyd’s large 
Beverly Hills estate.

Lloyd is superstitious too, but he 
won’t admit it. For instance, he still 
owns and has hanging in his clothes

closet, either at home or at the studio, every costume he’s ever worn in pic

ures. His wardrobe is a reference 
library of his screen career.

He won’t ride through a tunnel in 
an automobile—even if it necessitates 
hundreds of miles of driving to avoid it! 
He insists on leaving a building by 
the same door through which he entered it, 
and has walked innumerable extra miles 
through hotel corridors to do so. "Su

perstition? Not at all," he insists. "Merely my habit."

Lloyd is the most notorious hobbyist in 
Hollywood. And when he takes 
one up, he takes it up with a fervor and 
intensity that brooks no half-way 
treatment. And no matter what the cost might be. He doesn’t care.

His biggest hobby, right now, is mi
niscroscopy. Not long ago, he read Paul 
de Kruif’s work—Microbe Hunters. It 
started him on microscopy. So he’s 
cought two of the most expensive and 
the finest microscopes obtainable any

erwhere in the world. He has a complete 
library on the subject, and has equipped 
one of the world’s most complete micro

scopy laboratories in his home. There, 
he spends innumerable hours, peering 
through his instruments. It's not all play, 
either. As a matter of fact, through his 
microscopic studies of the black widow 
spider, he has become a recognized au

tority on the most effective of that deadly 
insect. Scientists, all over the world, 
confer with him by mail. Lloyd him

self has, through research, found that 
the "mud dauber" wasp is the best means 
with which to combat the black widow 
spider. And that’s his discovery.

Besides his microscopes, perhaps his 
greatest other hobby is golf. He’s such 
a golf-fiend that when he’s making 
a picture, he doesn’t dare even look at 
golf clubs, because he’ll get out on the 
course and the picture will suffer! As a 
matter of fact, he’s a splendid all

around sportsman. That’s one reason, 
most likely, why, at forty-three, he’s in 
better physical trim than most men who 
are ten years younger. He swims, golf s and plays squash and handball with fer

cious excellence. On his estate, he 
has facilities for all—a swimming pool 
that’s a lake; a complete nine-hole golf 
course; professional handball and squash 
courts, and tennis courts so perfect that 
they’re used for tournaments.

Besides that, this private paradise of 
his, has a canine course, a barbecue park, 
a private waterfall, a gymnasium, a set 
of stables and kennels in which he keeps 
his famous Great Danes. At one time, 
he had 60 Great Danes in his kennels. The 
depression came, and Lloyd cut 
down his kennels to about a dozen dogs. 
The money that he saved that way, he 
devoted to relief work among depression 
sufferers.

Lloyd’s money sense, or rather the 
lack of it, is the despair of his busi

ness managers and administrators. He 
can neither think nor talk in terms of 
money. Whatever he wants, he gets. He 
doesn’t care how much he spends on 
a picture, so long as it’s good. When 
talkies came in, he was in the midst of 
making a silent picture called Welcome 
Danger. He pooh-poohed the idea that
talkies were here to stay, and spent more
than a half-million making the silent
picture. Then he realized that he was
wrong. Without a second thought, he
threw away the half-million dollars'
work! "C'mon, boys," he said to his
staff, "let's start all over again, in
sound." His business man tore his
hair, but after all, Lloyd's apparent reck-
less waste was justified. The talkie, W'e'l-
come Danger repaid all costs and more.
So his "money madness" has a method,
after all. He's foolish—like a fox!
His personal habits are ultra-mild.
He gives un-totaled sums to charities,
large and small, but refuses to let any-
body mention it. He gets innumerable
letters asking for help. He reads them,
turns them over to a trusted aide, and
says, "Look this up; if it's OK, take
care of it." He never asks afterward
what has been done about it, and never
complains about any expenditure made
in "taking care" of worthy appeals.

His greatest aversion is posing for
"still" photographs. That's why
you see so comparatively few of him.
That aversion dates back to 1919, when
he posed for some pictures for a Los
Angeles photograph gallery. In one of
the poses, he was to light a cigarette
from the burning fuse of a bomb. Some-
body handed Lloyd a loaded bomb in-
stead of a blank. When it went off, it
injured Harold's right hand and sent
him to the hospital. The experience
has left him with a psychological aver-
sion to posing for "still" pictures under
any circumstances.
He's one of the best-liked men in
Hollywood, even though he has few in-
timates in the movie profession.
As for you, who love him on the
screen, I'll say this: You'll see him
for many more years to come—if you
want to! He doesn't want to retire
from the screen, ever. But he will, he
tells me.
"When three of my pictures fail in
a row, I quit, forever," he said. "One
failure won't make me stop. Two, even,
won't; I'll make a third. But if the
third one's a flop at the box office, then
I'm through. And you'll never see
Harold Lloyd's horn-rims again."

THEN—In 1910, the Biograph Com-
pany knocked them dead with a pic-
ture called The New York Hat. The
critics, of those days, predicted that
the girl in the picture, known only
as "Mary," would be a success. Not
much attention was paid nor given
to the young actor who played the
lead with her. Mary was Mary Pickford. The young actor was,
and is, Lionel Barrymore.
NOW—Mary Pickford is more active
than she ever was and those who
should know claim she can write a
check for five million and it would
be cashed. She is the active head
of the new United Artists Studios,
has written several successful books,
and gets a fabulous salary for radio
appearances. Lionel Barrymore is
the most successful member of the
Barrymore family.

Eight million women have had to always
consider the time of month in making an
engagement—avoiding any strenuous
activities on certain days.

Today, a million escape this regular
martyrdom because they have accepted
the aid of Midol. A tiny white tablet, is
the secret of the eighth woman's poise
and comfort at this time.

Are you a martyr to regular pain?
Must you favor yourself, and save your-
self, certain days of every month? Midol
might change all this. Might have you
your confident self, leading your regular
life, gloriously free from periodic pain and
the old discomfort.

The smallest degree of relief you might
get from Midol means a great deal to
your comfort.

Midol is taken any time, preferably
at the first sign of approaching pain. This
precaution often avoids the pain alto-
gether. But Midol is effective even when
the pain has caught you unaware and has
reached its height. It's effective for
hours, and it is not a narcotic.

Get these tablets in a trim little alumi-
num case—they are usually right out
on the toilet goods counter. Or, a card
addressed to Midol, 170 Varick St., N.Y.,
brings a trial box in plain wrapper.

The 8th WOMAN
...gets more out of life

ALWAYS HERSELF

That enviable woman who is never at
a disadvantage, never breaks engage-
ments, never declines dances (unless
she wants to) and whose spirits
never seem to droop! She is apt to be
that eighth woman who uses Midol.

Motion Picture for February, 1936 75
Fashions—Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow

[Continued from page 46]

feather completes it. The Louis Quinze suit is something you'll dream about with its flared coat and huge bow at the neck. Orry-Kelly is emphasizing swathed necklines and sleeve interest in everything he's doing. You see it particularly in the French-military suit that has a stock collar and brightly braided cuffs.

HERE is the Recipe for Smartness, 1936, which is the choice of every Hollywood designer:

1. Perfect grooming. It's neatness that first of all makes the stars stand out. Their clothes look as if they'd just been brushed and placed correctly. Their hems even. "Too many women," says Bernard Newman, the chap who's done such exciting things recently for Katharine Hepburn and Ginger Rogers over at RKO, "strive for outstanding effects—and forget to wear the right shade of stocking!"

2. Know when to stop adding "colorful" and "characterful" touches. It's so easy to overload a costume. The main idea is to stress one particular note. If it is a jewel, a certain trimming, or a particular line, stress it alone. Don't combine.

3. Select clothes that suit your type, both in line and color. It isn't perfection of figure that counts. It's style. And sometimes, it's the women with the biggest physical handicaps who look the smartest. In judging lines, first study your own figure honestly and get the lines that are the best-proportioned and the most graceful. In judging the right colors, study not only the shade of your skin and your complexion and shape of figure, but the reaction colors have upon you.

The above recipe is very important and we'll have much to say about it.

THEN—In 1910, the Kalem company was coming to attention in the picture world. Sidney Olcott was directing. And a member of the company was a young girl who had been a photographer's model and who needed a job. Her name was Alice Joyce. Later Sidney Olcott became the top director in films with such successes as Little Old New York, Monsieur Beaucaire and other hits to his credit. Alice Joyce became equally famous as a star.

NOW—Sidney Olcott virtually retired from pictures five years ago, following a serious injury incurred while he was directing Betty Bronson in a picture at Paramount. He lives at the Hollywood Athletic Club and his name is spoken with reverence. Alice Joyce was active until a few years ago. She recently married Clarence Brown, Metro director. At Metro, under contract, is her daughter, Alice Moore, daughter also of Tom Moore, Miss Joyce's first husband.
How Readers Rate Them
[Continued from page 20]

can criticize. Appreciation, however, is a
different thing. It would be worthwhile to read a review of a picture and see the actors—instead of the grimming critic.—Lois Brown, 819 So. New Hampshire, Los Angeles, Calif.

FILMS CAN EDUCATE
($5 Prize Letter)
By M. R. Amole
I’ve been wondering if the thousands of movie-goers have any idea of how much they can learn, at the same time that they are having an evening’s entertainment? I know a girl who, lacking the usual advantages of college, radio and even books, went to movies “to school.” She told me: “I’ve learned, by seeing it done on the screen, how to make introductions properly, carry on small talk,” except for various occasions, and dozens of the niceties of good etiquette. I’d never had access to good books, so David Copperfield, Little Women, and Les Miserables were a real education for me, literary and otherwise. I model my clothes after Joan Crawford’s, particularly noting the accessories—for they are what make the costume. I couldn’t begin to tell the many things I’ve learned from movies about correct dress, and conduct.”

Incidentally, under film tutelage, she has become just about “tops” in smartness, poise, and attractive sophistication.


Editor’s Note:—Due to space limitations, it becomes impossible to print facsimiles of all congratulatory telegrams received by Motion Picture Magazine upon the celebration of this its twenty-fifth anniversary. However, we take this opportunity to extend our sincere thanks to the following organizations, executives, directors and stars for the evidence of their interest in our anniversary issue, as indicated by their wires to us:


Doctor reveals what 774 Illinois people did to help

KEEP FROM CATCHING COLD!

Test made under medical supervision for 2 full winters

The people lived together, worked together, ate the same kind of food

THE ONLY DIFFERENCE:

one half gargled with Pepsodent Antiseptic; the other half did not!

Proof of results obtained with

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

CAN Pepsodent Antiseptic prevent colds? That was the question put before a reputable doctor noted for practical research. He was asked to find the answer in his own way. To take as much time as he needed. To spend as much money as was necessary. This famous Illinois test is the result of his efforts. He worked for two full winters, with 774 people in all. The people lived together. They worked together. They ate the same foods. In every way possible, this test was made under strict medical supervision.

The results left no doubt that Pepsodent Antiseptic did reduce colds!

The doctor’s report

One half of the people gargled with Pepsodent Antiseptic twice a day. The other half did not gargle with Pepsodent Antiseptic.

And here is the doctor’s report of actual results:

Those who did not gargle with Pepsodent had 60% more colds than those who used Pepsodent Antiseptic regularly.

What’s more, the relatively few who caught cold, even though they used Pepsodent, got rid of their cold in half the time required by those who did not use Pepsodent Antiseptic!

Thus you have concrete proof of how Pepsodent Antiseptic actually reduced colds. Proof that it also cut the length of a cold in half!

Goes 3 times as far

When you buy a mouth antiseptic, remember this fact. The ordinary kind kills germs only when used full strength. But Pepsodent Antiseptic kills germs in 10 seconds, even when it is diluted with 2 parts of water! Thus it makes your money go 3 times as far!

For “Breath Control!” Pepsodent’s extra power keeps the breath pure and sweet one to two hours longer.

Motion Picture for February, 1936
Your Kodak Picture
ENLARGED
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8 x 10 Inch ENLARGEMENT of any Snap Shot
Your favorite snapshots of children, parents and loved ones are more valuable when enlarged to 8 x 10 inch size—suitable for framing. These beautiful, permanent enlargements bring out the details and features you love just as you remember them when the snapshots were taken. Just to aid you, we will enhance your book picture, print or negative to 8 x 10 Inch FREE--if you return the 8 x 2 to help cover our cost of packing, postage and clerical work. This enhancement itself is free. It will also be beautifully hand tinted in natural colors if you wish. We will acknowledge receipting your snapshot immediately. Your original will be returned with your free enlargement. Pick out your snapshot and send it today.

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12 MONTHS FREE LEASE
ONLY 500 SETS AT 30-POINT-GOOD COMPARISON.
Before you buy any radio, write for FREE 30-PAGE 1936 catalog numbered 80 Advanced 1936 Features

SPECIAL FEATURES: Small but powerful, exclusive, explain Midwest Super performance and for home or business. Wide all-wave reception. ONLY one of its kind. To bring in weak distant stations, will call longest wave and fill in for 8 tracks of music or news. 8 TRACK TO FULL DORP in an instant. Shake-proof in almost all environments. Every type of broadcast from North and South America, Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia is pure joy. Send today today $6.50. Design for money-saving family entertainment.

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3 One-Year Guarantees
FREE 30-DAY TRIAL OFFER and 46-page FREE COLOR CATALOG.

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Motion Picture for February, 1936

Mary Pickford Lives for Today

(Continued from page 38)

had been wrong to look for them among memories and dead days and things that were over. All the time, they had been right with me, here in the present moment.

"Now I don't look back or ahead. I don't try to remember times when I was happy, or plan for happiness some day. I am happy now. I don't let myself miss my dear old studio bungalow because I'm so busy liking this new dressing suite. I'm having a grand time being a business woman and an author, sitting up, till all hours, writing on my next book. I'm not making any definite plans to do a picture, myself, but if I do decide to make one, I'll enjoy every moment of it.

"How can I talk about anniversaries when, to me, the motion picture business hasn't any past, but only a present and a future? Every day is a fresh beginning in this work. Every day, the world is made new. It isn't the picture you've made that's important, but the one you're making. That picture is always the best you've ever done. You weren't even writing about the same business in that first Motion Picture Magazine that you are writing about in this twenty-fifth birthday number. The pictures I made at the old Biograph studios have nothing in common with some of today's great pictures like Mirth on the Bounty. Pictures have changed, and they are still changing. They are the only new pictures in this business. The movies are alive. The camera has always seemed like a living thing to me, a kindly, friendly creature, waiting to catch the elusive moment. It doesn't care about the past. Its only concern is with the present."

Mary looked out the garming room where we were talking, at the radiator, the California sky beyond the white, Venetian shutters, the sunshine on the floor, the velvety crimson of the roses in the great jar on the table.

"That is why I have given up the stage for good," she said. "It did something to me, something strange. Every night, when I saw the great curtain going down, it was like something dying. It was an end to light and magic and life. After I had my make-up off and was ready to go home, I had to walk out through the dark, empty theatre. Everything that had been there a little while ago, all the emotions, and the excitement and the thoughts were gone as though they never had been. I can't explain how it depressed me!"

I asked Mary the question that has always puzzled me: "Why is it that the people of the movies never seem to grow older?"

"Perhaps, because, like children, we are always dealing with make-believe," she mused. "You know, there is no such thing as time in a child's world. You never hear children say 'I remember'. They live in the present moment, in the middle of all ways. The difference between them and us is that life does sometimes break through into our make-believe."

"And still," said Mary with intense seriousness, "no matter how real these films may be, and how much they hurt life, they seem, I think that, perhaps, make-believe—dreams, ideals, beliefs are the true realities. Take these last few years, for instance. Nearly everybody has had a terrible time of some sort. Either they have lost money or friends or hope, or have liked to think that motion pictures have helped people through these hard years by carrying them away for a little while into a different world."

Mary laughed, "but don't think I have a message to give. I came back to the movies because I believe that I have had experience that should be useful. This has been the only business in the world where experience never seemed to count, and that has been the movies' greatest handicap. It has forever, been pushing aside its trained people in favor of new-comers. But the industry is changing. Or, perhaps, it is the public that has changed. It will not be possible much longer, I think, to make great screen stars out of people of beauty, but without experience or talent."

Was I mistaken or did I hear Mary sigh, a gentle little sigh of regret for the passing of the age of sentiment in Hollywood. This last year, with box office figures steadily rising, the studios and stars have received only about one-fourth of the fan mail that used to bring, literally, tons of love into Hollywood. Pickford, however, remains the mecca for horde of humble tourist cars, plenty of them dusty and overflowing with children. They come from far away states and foreign countries, just to gaze with awe at the house that is Mary's—the house on a hill with French windows facing the sunset and the sea. Did the Biograph Girl of the first issue of Motion Picture Magazine become Our Mary to millions, only to be known hereafter, anesthetically, as President Pickford of United Artists? No, Mary, other stars may have their coolly critical audiences, but you will keep your adoring fans. The entire motion picture industry may change, but Beverly Hills inhabitants will always be sticking to the drive-in, the wide-eyed, inexpensive car and asked: "Excuse me, Mister, but could you please tell us how to get to Pickfair?" For it is built not merely of boards and plaster, but of laughter and tears, dreams and memories.
Motion Picture Celebrates Its Twenty-Fifth Birthday

[Continued from page 58]

tures had won him a contract. "I'm no actor," Victor McLaglen protested, then. "Do you think I look like an actor?" It was the day of Valentino, and I said truthfully, "No." We were both wrong, it seems, with the country's greatest critics giving this huge ex-soldier, ex-prize-fighter, credit for the passing year's finest work in The Informer.

One morning, some ten years ago, my telephone rang and the voice of a free-lance press agent asked plaintively: "Listen, could I borrow your house just for a couple of hours? It's like this, a client of mine, a swell young fellow from the New York stage is here trying to break into the movies. He's living in a furnished room and we want to get some pictures of him taken—Hollywood star in his home—you know, the kind of stuff, in his shirt-sleeves pushing a lawn mower, playing with the neighborhood kiddies, smoking on his own front porch."

"Sure you're not asking for an interview thrown in?" I asked suspiciously.

"No, all we want is to borrow your house," the press agent assured me, "but you'll be asking to interview him before long. I tell you he's got looks, poise, manners—everything. I'll bet you he's bigger than Earle Williams one of these days!" His name is William Powell."

For two hours, while a cameraman dragged his machine about my bungalow, the young Broadway actor assumed picturesque positions in my doorways, trimming my rose bushes, waving a greeting from my front steps and, finally, cross-legged on the grass, reading to my two children and their friends from a book of fairy tales.

No doubt the editor of Motion Picture Magazine remembers many interviews I have sent him with the assurance that this girl looked like a real discovery, or this boy was certain to make a hit, but my conscience is clear on one story which I bullied him into ordering. I suppose the reason I had felt sure that this eager, young actress from Canada would be Somebody in Hollywood one day was because I liked her the first time I met her. She was wearing a sort of home-made-ish evening gown at a big party where important movie personalities mingled with bit players and reporters.

SHE had said breathlessly, "Isn't it thrilling? I suppose you know everybody—I've read your things for years!" She hurried on to tell me that she was a newcomer, just from New York where she and her mother

[Continued on page 90]
I've Lived a Lifetime in Five Years—
says Clark Gable

(Continued from page 32)

experiences, emotions and education into these last five years, I may look like the same man, outwardly. But inwardly, I'm changed. I think differently, react differently to the people around me, have a completely different viewpoint on life.

“Far a little while, Hollywood almost 'got me,'” Clark added, pausing a moment. His eyes were smiling with his memories. “The sudden applause and flattery went to my head. I wasn't used to it or to the fact that, for the first time in my life, I had the money to buy the things I wanted. I went a little haywire, I'm afraid. But, thank Heaven, it didn't last long. And I'm glad it happened—that short period of self-satisfaction—big-headedness, they call it in high school language. It was one of those experiences that most people live through at some time or another. It was a part of my education. I don't believe that it can ever happen again. I can smile now at the Clark Gable who thought that he was a big shot, that the world was his oyster, because he saw his name in electric lights and read highly romanticized stories about himself in the magazines.”

I LOOKED at the smiling, poised man who was talking and I thought of the Clark of five years ago—unsecure, a little awkward, unfinished. Clark has changed outwardly, as well as inwardly. His face has leaner and more mature lines. He wears his clothes with a careless smartness and ease, a far cry from the self-conscious slouchiness or the too-careful tailoring of his early studio days. Hollywood has smoothed the outer man, rounded the rough corners, added a polish of poise.

One day, about four years ago, I happened to be sitting in a studio office when both Clark and Bob Montgomery came into the room. At that time, Bob was on the top rung of the ladder of popularity and Clark was climbing rapidly to stand beside him. Clark was surprised, amazed, at his sudden fame. He wasn't ready for it and it stunned him a little. Bob was easily friendly and courtious, sure of himself, unembarrassed. He talked fluidly and with sudden flashes of the sparkling Montgomery wit. Clark ate peanuts from a paper sack and listened. Bob held the center of the stage. Clark was a slightly ill-at-ease, but he was a pleasant sort of ill-at-ease.

That couldn't happen today. Clark is as fluent, as sure of himself, as poised as Bob. For a time, he tried to add the spice of wit to his conversation. But he has given that up. Clark is not a cleverly spoken conversationalist. So, wisely, he sticks to his own line, a pleasant, intelligent, commonsense interest in all of life, and leaves the wit and brilliance to Bob and the others who were born with a gift for sparkle.

“I HAVE Mrs. Gable to thank for the smoothing of most of the rough edges,” Clark said, “and Hollywood for the rest of my education. In the early days, I assumed a bluff and rough heartiness which I didn’t always feel. It covered up my real timidity, I guess you might call it. I wasn't afraid of life, itself. I knew that, if the balloon in which I was floating collapsed, I could always earn a living. I had done it before when I worked at everything from lumber jacking to laying pipe lines in oil fields. But I was afraid of the whole business of making motion pictures, of the cameras, the microphones, the other people who knew so much more about the work than I did, the interviewers who came to talk to me.”

The Clark Gable of those days was a source of great worry to the publicity department. His fame was spreading by leaps and bounds. The public demanded to know about this new young man who had struck a new note in masculine appeal. He was besieged by interviewers. Clark was anxious and eager to please and to cooperate, but he had not yet found the secret of being “good copy.”

His sincerity and his armor of bluff heartiness carried him successfully through those early days. Now he doesn't need any armor. He has become that gift to the ladies and gentlemen of the press—‘good copy.’ He talks simply and easily about himself and his work and his ideas. He seems always to know the right thing to say at the right moment. And that is an art which many people fail to learn in an entire lifetime. Clark has acquired it in five years.

WHEN Clark first touched the fringes of fame, he avoided parties and admitted that he was uncomfortable in dress clothes. He appeared only at the important places where the studio requested him to go. I well remember seeing him at the premier of Grand Hotel in one of his rare personal appearances. During the intermission, Clark was surrounded by eager autograph seekers. He stood in the forefront of Hollywood's Chinese Theatre, flushed and perspiring, his Immaculate collar slowly but surely wilting to a shapeless mass. He was a living picture of a man undergoing his most embarrassing and uncomfortable moment.

The Clark Gable of today's public appearance is a very different person. Even the crowds, which tore the buttons from his clothes and the handkerchiefs from his coat pockets, couldn't ruffle his calm and sincere charm. Today he...
ONE day on the stage, when he was making and re-making a scene for *Mutiny On The Bounty*, a scene which required intricate camera work but which demanded only that Clark smile and say a few words, he suddenly turned to a group of onlookers.

"This is a swell way for a grown man to earn a living, isn't it?" he chuckled. "Just standing around for hours with a smirk on my map and getting paid for it."

But later, when the scene was finished, he said seriously, "I realize what a lucky guy I am to fall into a job like this. People else love as good a living? What could I be, if I wasn't an actor? A truck driver, maybe, or an oil field worker. Boy, the cards sure were stacked in my favor."

That's a very refreshing attitude in a town which takes itself and its talents with such terrific seriousness. No wonder Hollywood points with pride to the unassuming Mr. Gable who has kept his feet so firmly on the ground.

"The years before Hollywood were a sort of prep school course," Clark said once. "Hollywood has been my college education. It has taught me to think seriously and, I hope, sanely. Before I came into pictures, I didn't give much thought to the future. I enjoyed gambling with life, living each day as it came along and not worrying about the tomorrows. Something was bound to turn up, I always thought."

"But in Hollywood, I began to realize the shortness of the years of success and of youth. Today, you're on top. Tomorrow, you're forgotten. So now I am planning for that tomorrow as well as anyone can plan anything in this topsy-turvy world. I know that some day I'll be washed up in pictures. Then what am I going to do? That's what I'm trying to figure out."

FOR a while, in my early Hollywood months, I concentrated on hunting and fishing, roughing it in the wilds away from people and all forms of civilization. Then, suddenly, I began to realize that social contact with other people was a vital and necessary part of living," Gable said.

Finally, today, he has become himself—a frank, unassuming, honest and vital Clark Gable with the eager enthusiasm of the young Bill Gable of Hopedale, Ohio, and the mellow tolerance of a successful man of the business and social world. In these last, short five years he has completed a lifetime.

A de luxe Dessert... easy!

**EAGLE BRAND SUKFRISE APPLE CAKE**

Add butter and cinnamon to Graham cracker crumbs. Spread thick layer of crumbs on bottom of buttered spring mold or deep 10-inch diameter cake pan. Beat eggs well, add Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, lemon juice, rice and apple sauce. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into mold. Cover with remaining cracker crumbs. Bake 50 minutes in moderate oven (350 F.). Serve hot or cold.

Tender and moist and deliciously flavorful inside, and nice and crumbly outside—here's a chef's creation. Yet a beginner could make it. But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.

How to Attract and Hold Your Man

**Attract and fascinate the man of your choice**

Any woman or girl of ordinary intelligence, beautiful or plain, can learn from "Fascinating Womanhood" how to be and remain attractive to men. It tells you how to develop the power that is in you. Learn the principles of Charm that men cannot resist. Most cases of social failure and strangeness are due to lack of understanding men's psychology. Married or single you cannot afford to be without this secret knowledge. Send only 10c for the booklet, "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood," an interesting outline of the secrets revealed in "Fascinating Womanhood." Mailed in plain wrapper.

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Old Book in Attic Brings Fortune to Woman

A Massachusetts housewife read an article about valuable old books and next day discovered one in the attic. She sold it for more money than she could save in a lifetime! The American Book Mart, the largest company of its kind in the world, will pay $5,000.00 cash for each copy of this book.

They also want to buy thousands of other old books of all kinds (bibles, almanacs, old letters, etc.) and old newspapers, magazines. Many published only five and six years ago are valuable. A single book that looks worthless may bring you $50—$100—$500 or even $5,000 in cash! Is there a fortune hidden in your old trunks, attic or basement? Better investigate now! Send 10c today to American Book Mart, 140 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 275, Chicago, Ill., and they will send you big list of old books they want to buy and prices they will pay!
Why Katherine Hepburn Is Different

(Continued from page 47)

to join the grand parade of Hollywood. They think it an attitude of aloofness that prevents her from doing as the other players. They are not realizing that it is her sheer democracy that makes her refuse any part of the game of star glorifying. Then, too, there is fear to consider.

"WHEN I first went to New York to find work," admits Katherine Hepburn, "I was always fighting fear. Every morning I would start out, determined to walk into a theatrical office and command the attention of the producer. But invariably, by the time I reached the building that housed his office, I would be so excited and brought up that my first concern was to find a refuge where I could powder my nose and adjust myself mentally.

"After tramping the corridors, I would be so agitated and my makeup would be in such confusion that, in defiance, I would scrub my face with soap and water until it was shiny. Then I would comb my hair straight back and in that guise drive into the office, to have the stenographer come out, take one look at me, and then go back in, closing the door behind her.

"For three full days, I sat in A. H. Wood's outer office, watching others come in of the movie girl and into the private sanctum, and then leave again—while I remained. Yet, I was actually afraid to ask how others got in to see Mr. Woods—and finally gave up in despair.

"But, of course, I've outgrown that now," she added.

Workers in the RKO studios, however, have a decidedly different notion. They will all tell you she is still so shy that she balks at meeting strangers and is actually fearful of going into the studio commissary alone. She will ask anybody that she knows to go in with her, saying: "I can't go in there alone, please come with me. We'll get a table off by ourselves, somewhere." It is that shyness, those who work with her will tell you, together with the fear of giving the wrong impression, that causes her to go so lengthily to avoid interviews. When asked her reason for not wanting to meet the public, and for refusing interviews, Katie said:

"I JUST don't feel comfortable talking to myself, because I think the public is interested in my ability to entertain it on the screen, not in my personal life. And I don't like to be quoted on something I'm not competent to discuss. My opinion on fashion, or beauty, or music, or literature is of no particular interest to anyone—so why should I be quoted on those subjects. When I am so quoted, I feel as if I were pretending to be something I am not.

"Personally, I'd be very well satisfied if nothing was ever written about me except reviews of my pictures and comments on my work. Because, frankly, I believe the public is interested in me only as an actress, as one who entertains it, and not as an individual. I wonder if people realize why the private life of an actress should intrude in her public work, or why her public character should be forced into her private life.

And that is why publicity photographers are never seen on the grounds of Hepburn's home—because she believes public and private life are public and private only when they are kept separate and independent. Of course, it is true, that the press sometimes feels Katie likes to keep her public life private when she is working and closes her sets to visitors.

Her fellow workers, however, claim that this is done only in the making of difficult scenes, and then only because Hepburn is very susceptible to outside influence and visitors distract her. They also point out that while this star avoids meeting strangers, she is always anxious to avoid hurting anyone's feelings.

It is, of course, her own dread of ridicule that infuriates her when another is embarrassed, and thus causes her to be too considerate of the sensitiveness of others. An excellent example of her sensibility to the feelings of others is found in her reception of Charles Boyer, when he came to replace Lederer in Break of Hearts.

THERE had been untrue stories circu-
lated, regarding the reason for Lederer's displacement in the part, one of them being that he couldn't get along with Hepburn. Although untrue, these stories reached Boyer's ears, and led him to feel that he was getting into a lion's den.

"Before coming this, Hepburn did everything in her power to put him at his ease. After the first scene that he played with her, she ran over to him, and said simply: "That's grand."

The two immediately became friends, with Boyer now claiming he has never worked with anyone who put him more at ease than did Hepburn, nor anyone who made his work more pleasant than she did. "She was so friendly and natural," says Boyer, "that it was delightful to work with her."

The first time that I met this unusual star was on a wooden bench, outside a sound stage—after the publicity department had frankly admitted it dared not take me on her set. But, inasmuch as a writeretime working on her picture did the introducing, everything was natural and friendly. All of which proves that—before you will judge Hepburn—you must get her viewpoint and know her as the workers know her—when she isn't terrified at the thought that the public eye is watching her.

And really to know her, you should see her on a set, or at a location. You should have seen her riding forty

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—Without Calomel!—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile from your system daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decomposes your food and this puts you up nights. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisons as if you feel sour, sick and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A more bowel movement reduces the gastric acidity. This will not stop the cause. It will empty the system and get the bowels moving. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two effects. Get this pill morning freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amusing in the bowels. Get it now, quickly. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pill by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. $2c at all drug stores. © 1935, G.M.C. Co.

Motion Picture for February, 1936
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FEELS SICK . . .

SOUR STOMACH WORRIES BANISHED FOR MILLIONS

MILLIONS now know the smart thing is to carry a roll of TUMS, always. Sour stomach, heartburn, gas, and other symptoms of acid indigestion have a habit of occurring at unexpected times. You don't have to drench your stomach with harsh alkalies which physicians have long warned may make the tendency toward acid indigestion worse. TUMS, a real scientific advancement, contain no soda or other alkalies, instead a wonderful antacid that simply neutralizes stomach acidity, the balance passing out of the body inert.

Try TUMS when you feel the effects of last night's party, or when you smoke too much. Pleasant to eat as candy, only 10c a roll. Put a roll in your pocket now.

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OVERLOOKING CENTRAL PARK
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Motion Picture for February, 1936
Why Joan Crawford Married Franchot Tone

(Continued from page 35)

attentions; and as she earned fame and
you fortune, adulteration was poured out
upon her. Not upon Joan, the woman—
—but Joan, the star. And so, she con-
tinued being lonely, continued being the
sensitive Joan with the questing eyes.
That first marriage did not fulfill her
unconscious needs. So, when the break
came, it came with distillation. She was
cynical and bitter.

Then Joan began to change. Imper-
ceptibly, at first. It was evident in a
new objectivity towards herself—in a
lessening of those dark and transient
moods which destroyed her happiness
and made a cross-word puzzle out of
her emotions. Her career, she had al-
ways considered in the light of cold
reason—but herself, as a human being,
never! However, her new stability was
not a phase—to be played as a part be-
fore a camera and as quickly relin-
quished when the last scene was fin-
ished. Rather, it was a mark of the
new Joan who had developed so quietly
and so soundly—an indication of a new
influence. That influence was Franchot
Tone!

THIS unobtrusive young man had
come quietly into her life. He had
been brought from a New York store
to play opposite her in Today We Live.
Joan was wretched at the time. The
last thing that she wanted was a camera-
untrained actor in a starring produc-
tion of hers during a period of personal
stress and strain.

When they met, however, she asked
him to tea. A departure for Joan, who
makes friends slowly, and is never stam-
peded into instant intimacies. But
somehow, in some strange manner, this
self-contained person called Franchot
Tone gave her an immediate sense of
peace.

Then her divorce from Doug, Jr.,
came. Joan was in a state of turmoil.
Desperate, as she was during those days
when all her values had to be re-
justed, Franchot’s calm companionship
was a harbor in a turbulent sea. More
and more frequently, they began to
spend their leisure time together. There
were long evenings of restful talk be-
fore a comforting grate fire in Joan’s
library. About books and people—about
human relationships and the motives
which prompt the behaviour of the aver-
age person.

Often Franchot would read aloud
from books which interested him—books
which had something to say. Joan’s
formal education had been of the sketch-
iest kind. Franchot’s had taken him
through fine preparatory schools,
through Cornell University and to a
Phi Beta Kappa (honorary scholastic
fraternity) key—to a degree which pre-
pared him to teach philosophy. Joan
would listen. Franchot’s comments were
pertinent, sound, compelling. A
new world opened to Joan—a world
without gusty air-currents—a serene
and a shining world. Franchot and Joan
were friends. They liked each other—
knew each other’s personalities and pos-
sibilities—long before they loved one
another.

JOAN did not need love then. But
she did need understanding and con-
sideration, and a security in friendship.
Franchot gave her that. He aided the
quiet, the thoughtful, the latenly phi-
losophical Joan. His scintillating, well-
trained mind stimulated hers. And she
respected him for his knowledge, his
experience, his background, as she had
never respected the knowledge, the ex-
pertise, or the background of any
other man. Thus, a friendship grew
between a man and a woman, based
primarily on congeniality, on a unity
between two similar spirits. They both
had much to give to each other in the
realm of understanding. And they achieved a singular happiness.

There was no thought of love as yet!
Joan fervently expressed herself on the
subject of marriage. She would never
marry again. Love was not to be
trusted. It had betrayed her. Friend-
ship alone was safe, meaningful. And
what chance had marriage in Holly-
wood?

As a matter of fact, Joan and Fran-
chot were building more soundly for
their marriage than they realized. Joan
was happy for the first time in months!
Here was someone who could under-
stand all her cherished dreams—who
could understand ambition and the de-
 sire of a woman to go on toward great-
er and ever greater accomplishment:
who knew not only the woman she was
—but appreciated the woman she might
become. Joan bloomed! Not only as
an actress, but as a woman. For the
first time in her life, she knew the
meaning of content. Of deep and abid-
ing peace. For the first time, life was
without overwhelming tension.

FRANCHOT taught Joan an appre-
ciation of herself as a human being.
Even though fame had come to her,
even though the world had been at her
feet, she had had those dark moments
of self-questing which genius must al-
ways experience. Now, Franchot was
a balance-wheel, a constant commentor
and an interpreter not only of external
facts, but of the character of the hid-
den Joan Crawford. Together, they
achieved true serenity. In each other,
they found a refuge from loneliness—
and presently discovered that they need-
ed but few others to complete their
lives. Then, and then only, I believe,
did Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford
realize they loved each other.

Under Franchot’s tutelage, Joan
achieved perspective, balance.
am going to marry.” It was, for both, love at first sight, which, if you ask them, is the only safe guide in choosing a mate. Mr. Parera told me that he would have married her even if she were a simple maid and not a world famous personality.

THERE is such an air of tranquillity about this chap, that I couldn’t help wondering if, envously there was no excited, gesticulating Latin. Obviously hot-blooded, he was yet as restrained as a philosopher during the entire afternoon that I spent with him at the mansion in Beverly Hills.

“I’ve learned that when I go slowly, I arrive first,” he said, smiling. “I used to be very restless before my marriage.”

“Like your wife,” I interposed.

“Worse. In her case, it is perfectly natural to be so, and not the least of her charm. She couldn’t have arrived where she is today without her intense nervous energy. But I had always wanted to overcome my nervous temperament, and my marriage enabled me to cultivate the repose I desired.”

“Marriage requires a great capacity for adjustment. I have spent most of my life in Paris, so maybe I am more cosmopolitan than other Spaniards, and can readily adjust myself to the psychology and mode of life of other people. In our own case—Grace’s and mine—our national differences have not been a cause of discord, and indeed, speaking for myself, have contributed to our happiness. The important things in marriage are the little things we are apt to disregard—also honesty and mutual respect. By respect, I also mean respect for the individuality of the other. My wife is still Grace Moore, and I am still Valentin Parera.”

“Professional jealousy simply does not, and could not, exist in our case. My wife’s success as a motion picture actress makes me very happy. Indeed, I consider myself her ‘discovers.” When I saw her on the Broadway stage in The Da Barry, I told her that she would be a sensation in pictures. She said her first venture on the screen had been a flop, that she wasn’t the right type for pictures. ‘When we go to Hollywood,’ I said, ‘you will be in pictures in two or three months!’”

AND so it happened. Harry Cohn, of Columbia, saw her in Pagliacci and signed her to a contract, producing the memorable One Night of Love.

“When I saw the second scene of that picture in the projection room at Columbia, I told Mr. Cohn that it would be a sensation, the world over. They thought it was my love for my wife that made me so enthusiastic. But it wasn’t so. I am my wife’s severest critic,” Parera stated conclusively.

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Dick Powell—Everybody’s Pal

[Continued from page 41]

Smith in Footlight Parade, he was subjected to a lot of unkind and unjust criticism. It wasn’t his fault. Yet he went into the front office and begged them to give Stanley another part in another picture. But they didn’t give it to him, and he doesn’t regret it. He started out to build a place costing $7500 at the most. Right now, he has between seventy and seventy-five thousand sunk in it.

He asks everyone’s advice about everything but seldom takes anyone’s. If he makes mistakes, he chalks it up to experience. I’ve never heard him moan because he hadn’t listened to someone’s advice.

There are few people, as appreciative as he, who know hard that is done for him. When he returned from location on Shipmates Forever, after being away three or four weeks, Joan Blondell and George Barnes gave him a welcome home party. There were tears in Dick’s eyes, the night of that party when he said to me, “This is the first time I can remember that anyone has ever done anything like this for me. I get such a kick out of doing things for other people, I suppose, that I never expect them to do anything for me.” I could fill this article with an account of beautiful gestures Dick has made!

He is the one person that I know who has no bitterness in his heart. If he resents things that people have said about him, or done to him, no one knows it for he never talks about it. I’ve never seen him out of sorts—no matter how tired he was, no matter how hard working it was.

The only time that I have ever heard him grumble is over being forced from one picture, right into another. He came out here, three years ago, to make Blessed Event, returned to Pittsburgh for six months, was in the two and a half years that have elapsed since then—he has made seventeen pictures. During the past year, when his popularity had mounted at an amazing rate, he made seven and (with the exception of Happiness Ahead which took about four weeks to make) every one of them was a big production with a six or eight weeks shooting schedule.

He has introduced more song hits than probably any other one person in the country in a similar time. Some of the numbers he sang for the first time and that have since become popular are “Blessed Event,” “I’ll String Along With You,” “Dames,” “Making Hay in the Moonlight.”

Dick doesn’t realize his popularity. Until now, he hadn’t had a day to himself for a long time. His radio broadcasts take one night a week and he hears them for two other nights. In addition, he makes phonograph records of all his song hits. Anyone else would have broken under the strain, but Dick goes along serene and unruffled.
John Boles Looks Ahead

No press agent hailed him as one of the world’s great voices. He simply sang. And slowly, but certainly won his way into the consciousness of the public. The public, by its approval, made him a singing star. He, by dint of honest toil, completed study, consolidated his position. His success is as solid as the rock of Gibraltar.

The goal he has now set for himself—concert work—is not a nebulous ambition. He is ready for it. He has received offers. His new contract with 20th Century-Fox provides for it. “During 1936, I want to devote at least six weeks to a concert tour,” he explained. Picture assignments will probably force its postponement until later in the year. I shall sing poetic things—romantic things—ballads—for I have learned from experience and from my fans that that type of song is preferable for me.

I remember the day when Fox entertained all of the girl athletes participating in the 1932 Olympic Games. The girls were seated at long tables in the Café de Paris on the lot. John Boles entered.

“My Boles!” they shouted in chorus. “Sing for us, John! Sing Sylvia!” Taken by surprise, John hesitated—and the demand swelled to a deafening chant.

“Sylvia! Sylvia! We want John Boles to sing Sylvia!”

AND so, he sang Sylvia and followed it, in deference to other chanted demands, with One Alcove, The Desert Song and a long list of the other songs which he had sung from the screen. It is from the knowledge gained by just such experiences that he has formulated the program plans for his concert tour this year. Characteristically, he proposes to sing what he knows his audiences will want.

“I plan to include also some Negro spirituals and folk songs, for those were the first songs I ever learned to sing, when I was a youngster in Texas. Everyone loves those old melodies …”

He started to sing softly …

“Keep a-inchin’ along, inchin’ along.”

“Jesus will come by, and he’s——”

“Keep a-inchin’ along—like a po’ inchworm.”

“Jesus will come by, and he’s——”

I couldn’t help but think that the philosophy expressed in that song is closely akin to the philosophy which has ruled John Boles’ life and career. He has never been impatient, never lacked confidence that the rewards would come when he had earned them. John Boles is a strange paradox for he is at the same time one of the best known and one of the least known men in the world. Everyone knows the actor-singer; very few, even here in Hollywood, know the man.

One afternoon, sitting in his dressing room while he meditatively smoked his pipe, he expressed the essence of his philosophy in the following terms:

“W HAT are we here for? By that, I mean, what are we in this world for—what are we supposed to do with ourselves? I’m forever trying to find a satisfactory answer to that problem. Take an ordinary life. It starts by chance. It matures more or less haphazardly. It follows the lines of least resistance and exhausts its energies in routine activities, and ends, usually, without the realization of any splendid objective. Moreover, splendid objectives usually lose their glamour when they’re realized.

It seems to me that the supreme joy is in steady, progressive development. I like to feel the consciousness of day-by-day improvement—mentally, spiritually, physically. It means something worthwhile to sense that we are stronger, happier, healthier, more kindly, more understanding and more able to master ourselves as we go along through the world. I have never presumed to force events in my life. I do not believe in doing that. If I feel that something is the thing for me to do, why, then, I try to do it. In any event, I keep on trying to do the best I can to the best of my knowledge. That is my philosophy.”

And he has made it work and pay dividends—in friendships, in success, in happiness. There’s no man in Hollywood who does more for other people and no man who performs his good deeds with such lack of ostentation, such self-effacement.

W HEN I talked to him last, he had just come from a morning’s hard and unnecessary work, acting as foil for three girls whose film future depended on the success of a test. He didn’t need to help them; he had volunteered and, in doing so, had sacrificed previous plans for the day. Not many stars would have done as much. You see, his answer to that perpetual question, “What are we here for?” includes the joy of helping other people.

Destiny solved the problem of his own career one night in 1918, in a smoke-filled Y.M.C.A. entertainment hut in France. Before an audience of tired boys in uniforms—Frenchmen, Englishmen, Canadians, Frenchmen, Belgians, Americans—Private John Boles, American spy, sang Dixie—and sang it as only a homesick Southerner can sing it. When he had finished, there was silence, broken only by the sound of the rain, the distant drumming of the big guns, and the frank sobbing of another lad from below the Mason Dixon Line.

The soldier standing next to John, had been a noted voice teacher in London before the war. He told John that there was a career in his voice.

And that night started John Boles on the road to fame.
I Don't Want a Million Dollars—Says Bing Crosby

[Continued from page 36]

sounded, I knew Bing really meant it, and that he wasn't merely throwing out a smoke screen if he was elating. So I asked: 'You know me, Wally; I like just to go along and take things easy. I don't want to be worrying myself to death over money. Too much of that stuff is almost as bad as too little of it. If you have too much, it keeps you from doing things you want to do, and "sics" the whole world on you.

"But the principal reason that I don't want a million dollars is because of the kids. Having too much money isn't fair to them. Oh, don't think I'm kidding—I'm not. I want my three children to grow up into normal Americans—and they can't if they don't have a normal childhood. Anyone can see that. So I don't want money to rob them of the chance to do the things other kids do. The things I did.

"Besides, what is there to a lot of money, anyway, and what'll it give me that I haven't had? I love my home and my family, and I want us to keep on being just plain folks, so I can wear old trousers and soft shirts and stop in the street to talk to chauffeurs or bootblacks, if I take the notion. I don't want to have to live up to a million dollars. In fact, I don't want to be a millionaire.

"So you're going to tell the nasty men you won't take the old money when they pass it out to you, eh?" I said.

"Oh, I'm not figuring on doing anything ridiculous. But I am going to see to it that I don't get a million dollars. I'll earn less; a lot less. I'll do half as many pictures—and make half as many records, and take half as big a radio contract. I'll get cocky, and then other studios won't be interested in me—and I'll have a little time to catch up on my golf, and to do some heavy loafing. In other words, I'm not going to work so hard and I'm going to taper off my earnings.

"You know me, I don't need a lot of money. I can be happy with my friends, so long as I can get up in front of a microphone and make a few dollars when I need it. I've discovered that the more I do, the more I earn, and that the more I earn the more I have to do to keep up with what I earn. It's getting to be a full time job, looking after my money, so that I won't do foolish things with it. My idea of a good time isn't playing watchman to a bank- roll, or sitting around trying to prevent people from gypping me, or having to turn down hundreds of propositions that are put up to me every month.

"Money doesn't mean enough to me for that. Besides, I don't want more than my share of it. I'd rather take less, and let somebody else make a little more. So I'm beginning to let down, right now."

"Not kidding yourself, are you Bing?" I asked. I'd known Bing long enough to realize he really meant what he said, he wanted his old easy-going ways back again, and that money didn't mean everything to him. But I certainly didn't think he would actually set about to cut down his income.

"You bet your life I'm not kidding myself," he replied. 'If you think I am, just watch the number of pictures and recordings I make from now on. And notice how often you see me out here knocking the ball around—or hanging around home, taking life easy. I don't want a million dollars, and, by golly, I'm not going to have it."

"That was over a year ago. Since then I've seen Bing taking it easy, and I know he is making fewer pictures at his own studio and that he has turned down pictures for other studios. So, the other day, I decided to ask him about it again.

"Well, Bing," I wanted to know, "how'd you come out on your resolution not to make a million dollars? Didn't you find it such a tough proposition, did you? Tell me about it, Bing."

"Bing shook his head in silence, and made a wry face. Then, after a minute, he took a deep breath and started to laugh. "It's like this, Wally," he admitted, '"I got in sort of a mess over that."

"The idea, that I had, about making fewer recordings suited the record people perfectly. They were convinced that the fewer Crosby recordings there were on the market, the more valuable they would become, and the more they could afford to pay me for them.

"My studio figured I'd be worth more to it, if I didn't make so many pictures, and indicated it was perfectly willing to pay me more money for my work. So, since then I've been figuring that maybe I'm like the farmer that is getting the government checks, and the less I do, the more money I get. Now, it looks like the only way I can stop from getting a million dollars is to do fifty pictures a year, and spend all my spare time making recordings."

"And how did you come out with the radio people?"

"I didn't dare go near 'em." That's the end of Wally Ford's story. Draw your own conclusions.

THEN—August 15th, 1910, Essanay started a feature length picture in Santa Monica. The title was Tag Days. In the cast were Agnes Newton, Carney, Harry Todd, Arthur Macken- len, Fred Church and William Russell.

NOW—The only one of that group that won success was Big Bill Russell, a star for many years and recently deceased, who played parts as sheriffs, in westerns, for years before he passed on.
beauty at a social function in Mexico City, asked her to play in a picture, she agreed. She was nineteen and married—one of those youthful marriages that made her own mistress, so that she could over-ride the shocked protests of family and friends and go her own way. 

"I never had any desire to work for the screen," she explained, the words tumbling out eagerly, "I never thought of it, any more than I thought of being an acrobat. But when Mr. Carewe made me the offer, I thought it would be fun, exciting—which it was.

The picture was Joanna and I played what they used to call the vamp. Well, luckily for me, it was successful. Suppose it hadn't been!" She grimaced in mock dismay. "Wouldn't that have been awful! What would my Mexican friends have said then? But when you have some everybody forgives everything, don't they? Such a funny world." She spoke not at all in scorn, but rather as an indolent parent might speak of a child who still has much to learn.

"Well, by that time," she continued, "I really became interested. I found I liked doing it, and I decided to stay and work hard and study and take it seriously. And that was funny too," she said, brows arched in amusement, "because it all started as a lark.

One triumph followed another—What Price Glory, Evangeline, Ramona, Resurrection. "But do you think I was happy?" she asked me, and answered with an emphatic "No! I had no time to be happy. Things were coming too fast. First, there was all the excitement of being a star, and then I could never enjoy the success of one picture, because I was always worrying about the next. This one is good—all right," I said to myself. "But what of the next? Will it be a flop? Are they going to like it? I had no time even to think. I had no time to worry.

"Then came the talkies, and I made two poor pictures. As I look back on it now, the worry of it all was just a nightmare." She shook her head in amazement over the Dolores of another day.

"Then, suddenly"—she said, going back to her story, "suddenly, I was sick. One moment I seemed to be quite all right, and the next moment I felt a terrific pain, and two or three hours later, I had a fever of a hundred four and became unconscious. The doctors didn't know whether I'd get well or not. For eight months, I lay in bed. And then it took me—eight months to recover. That was on top of those first poor pictures! Imagine! I certainly picked the worst time for getting sick. After a great success, they'll wait for you. But when you make two poor pictures you may stay away from the screen for a year and a half, then try to come back—well!" She laughed at her own breathless piling of climax on climax.

"then you're up against something.

"But one thing you can be sure I didn't think about while I was ill—and that was my movie career. I didn't think of anything at all. I didn't call it thinking, the crazy things that went on in my head. But when my mind grew clearer, I had only one wish—one great, great longing—to be well. For the first time, I realized that the most important thing in life was health. Acting? He in his hands went out in a gesture of finality. "Finished. It didn't matter. Nothing mattered except to get well again. It wasn't too easy, you know—after eight months on my back, I was like this—"

She drew her hands together to indicate the dimensions of a stick. "I weighed almost nothing. I had to learn to walk again—like a child, Isn't it funny?" The gallant little phrase seemed an instinctive rejection of pity from herself or from anyone else.

"You know," she said, "I don't want to be what you call here a Pollyanna. And, of course, it was terrible to go through all that suffering. But now I know it was a good thing for me. It had a reason. It made me more human, more sensible.

"Because, while I lay there, slowly getting better, I had for the first time a chance to think— to look at myself and my life. I could see so clearly—so many things I was blind about before—what's worth holding in life and what isn't—the foolishness of worrying—" Her eyes were looking straight ahead, as though she were seeing again the things her illness had made clear. "Of course," she said, a lovely glow lighting her face, "Cedric was with me. Cedric helped me. I don't know if I could have managed it without him."

IT HAD been just before she had fallen ill that she had married Cedric Gibbons, art director for M-G-M. It's one of those things you don't hear much about because happy marriages in Hollywood, like happy nations, have no history.

Miss Del Rio hesitated a moment at this point in her story, then seemed to make a sudden resolve. "Will you understand what I mean when I say I like my husband so enormously. I love him, of course, as every happy wife loves the man she marries. But, besides that, I like him to enjoy talking to him and hearing him talk—if he weren't my husband, he'd still be my best friend," she said to me.

I've always thought of Dolores Del Rio as a beautiful Mexican movie star. I've always thought of her as a person of varied charm—with a child's clarity and something of a child's mischievous spirit, with a girl's eagerness and the serene poise of a woman who has thought beyond the valley of death; the secret of living. I'll always think of her as a lovely figure, standing free under the sun and the sky, her arms stretched out to life.
Motion Picture Celebrates Its Twenty-Fifth Birthday

(Continued from page 79)

had gone to make a career for her. So we went home and wrote the editor, and he wired reassuringly: "Okay on the Canadian gal, but remember our fans want to read about the Big Stars (he always capitalized them) like Helen Chadwick or Constance Griffith. You know, yourself, that most of these little unknowns are never heard of after a bit in a picture or two.”

I told myself that, rather disgustingly, as I sat on a cold doorstep in a bungalow court waiting for my doctor into my home and he interviewed. It was not an expensive court, and the naked plaster lady in the dry fountain basin before me was peeling dismally. Along Sunset Boulevard, I heard the chatter case of the Movie Great whirled by... among them Valentino's Isotta, long and startlingly white, with a blonde head beside his dark one in the driver’s seat. The new Viennese star, Vilma Banky, was the sensation of the moment. Why, I asked myself, was I wasting time on unimportant little newcomers with funny looking clothes? Didn’t she know, I asked myself, that the doorsteps grew harder, that you didn’t keep an Important Interview waiting?

Then she appeared, running up the walk, breathless with apologies. They had called her for retakes but she thought she’d be back in plenty of time, and Mother was always home! Where did she suppose she’d left the key? We looked under the mat, felt above the door instead, went around to the back and climbed over garbage cans, shook the screen door and gave it a pull. There, on the front steps, I did my first interview with a little screen actress named Norma Shearer, who confided in me that she meant to succeed. She wasn’t going to make the usual mistakes you read about in fan magazines. She was going to watch and learn and plan. That was eleven years ago.

The other day, I went to a premiere. Down the aisle of light before the Chinese Theatre came a great star, superbly chiseled, perfectly groomed, not a gram of dark hair out of place...with her good-looking young producer-husband, Irving Thalberg, beside her. In their beautiful home were two beautiful babies. Ahem of her were the two most coveted roles in the coming year—the immortal Juliet and the tragic Marie Antoinette. And again, as often before, I was thrilled to think that I was a part of this incredible business that, in ten years, could achieve the miracles that is Norma Shearer today.

IT was a year ago, after my doorstep interview with Norma, that I had lunch in the old Montmartre restaur-

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ant with a young actress who had just made a small hit in a picture of the Flaming Youth type. She had recently, she told me, taken off thirty pounds and, perhaps, it accounted for her curiously tragic look. Yet—I thought—she was conscious of it, herself, and revelled in it. F. Scott Fitzgerald, the novelist of the Lost Generation, might have written her as she suddenly, without warning, flung out her arms and spoke with such intensity that every head in the restaurant turned our way.

I saw her again the other night in her latest picture. From an ordinarily pretty girl she has become one of the authentic beauties of the screen. She has developed qualities infinitely more difficult to attain—that of poise and culture. But that curiously tragic look is still on her, and, once, when she flung her arms wide—she is still playing reckless young moderns—I thought vividly of that day in the Montmartre when I asked her what she wanted out of life . . .

When I look backward across twenty-five years as writer and former western editor for Motiox Picture, it is moments like these that stand out—not the days of their triumph when they walk the earth as though some cosmic camera were turned always upon them, with smiles of determined brightness on their lips and a town car waiting.

I REMEMBER John Gilbert, not as the swaggering, swashbuckling hero with a flashing smile for an admiring world, head in the air and feet on the clouds, but as a curious young father with tears in his eyes as he sat in a tumble-down summer-house on a back lot at M-G-M and told me how he had had to nurse a bride when Leatrice Joy's baby was born to let him see his own small daughter.

I remember Rudolph Valentino, not as the sad-eyed, scornful screen star, lonely on his Olympus, but as a solitary walker on some sleeping street on Whitley Heights, a Great Dane bounding at his side.

I like best to think of Clark Gable, not as the marvellously tailored movie hero, waving his superb fedora at a crowd of fans and flashing his boyish smile, but unshaven, (hobo style) plodding along a desert by-path in corduroys and sweater, and a bundle on his back—who locked up with startled recognition as we passed and, finger on lip, made us a fellow conspirator of his escape from Fame.

Motiox Picture Magazine and I have grown older together. We have watched some stars come and go, and others come and stay, exempt from the years that put their mark on most human beings. To the world, they have been Great Lovers, Dream Women: to us they have been charming children to be helped, and praised and sometimes scolded for their own good. I have lived through more drama with them than I could have put on paper in a dozen novels!

Motion Picture for February, 1936
Be Your Own MUSIC Teacher

Learn at Home

by wonderful impressed method. Simple as A. B. C.—a child can learn it. Your lessons consist of real melodic instead of tiresome ex-rercises. When you teach one of these difficulty old lessons, you can teach the new to our students. You read real notes, such as in the many of our 100,000 students are band and orchestra LEADERS.

PLAY BY NOTE

Progress in the Movies
Through Twenty-Five Years

[Continued from page 54]

hour-long picture. And it made money.

THAT phrase—"it made money"—is the measuring stick by which producers can ascertain whether or not you want what is shown to you. If The Square-Man, and the other long films of the day, had not made money, you probably would not have had long pictures today. You probably would still have had ten or fifteen-minute-long shorts. Or maybe you’d never have had movies at all!

Then the high-priced production came into being. It was in 1913 that George Kleine hired the Astor Theater on Broadway and dared charge one whole dollar to see a movie. Qui Vade was the picture. Before that, ten cents was the usual price; sometimes twenty-five. The public paid its dollar. That was the second big step. The Square-Man cost us $55,000 to produce. Today, I am spending a million and a half in producing Shoot the Chutes. That stream of dollar-bills over the box office till of the Astor Theater in 1913 was the public “Okeh” that made it possible for movies to advance the intervening financial distance. To see The Birth of a Nation they paid two dollars apiece.

Knowing that the public would pay, and gladly, for quality entertainment from the screen, the trend switched from high-prices to costly theaters, each with a huge seating capacity, where the scale of charges would not be so high, yet the total income big enough to warrant the cost of the kind of fine picture that the public had shown it wanted.

For some other milestones:
One of the greatest was the exploitation of personalities. I remember when Mary Pickford was anonymously famous as "that Biograph Girl." Later she was "America's Sweetheart." Only much later was her name more important than the impersonal designation. I remember that Charlie Chaplin was "that funny fellow in those Keystone comedies."

It seems that all producers in the field, then, got the same idea simultaneously—the procuring of great names of the stage and opera for the screen. Today you marvel that Lawrence Tibbett and Lily Pons and Gladys Swarthout and Nino Martini, and other great ones of the opera, "condescend" to play on the screen. In 1916, I hired Geraldine Farrar, then the outstanding star of the Metropolitan Opera, to play in three pictures! Even the great Caruso played for the camera—and flopped miserably.

Other "names" followed those of

Motion Picture for February, 1936
No Joke To Be Deaf

Every deaf person knows that being deaf can be the most trying experience of life. There was a deaf, twenty-five-year-old man, who felt that his hearing was gone for good. Night after night, week after week, he went to bed and cried. He was positive he was going deaf. His doctor assured him that he was not. But the tears would not stop. One day he decided to do something about it. He bought a hearing aid and started using it. He was able to hear again, and he was overjoyed. He realized that there was hope for deaf people. He started a deaf support group and helped many others who were experiencing the same problem. Today, he is a successful deaf person who helps others who are going through the same experience.
"I have REDUCED MY WAIST 8 INCHES WITH THE WEIL BELT!"

written George Bailey

Wear the WEIL BELT for 10 days at our expense! You will appear many inches slimmer at once and in ten days your waist line will be 3 inches smaller than 3 inches of fat gone or not gone! I reduced 8 inches...wrote Geo. Bailey. "Lost 50 lbs. with T. Anderson...Hundreds of similar testimonials."

REDUCE your WAIST 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS or we will pay $25. You will be completely comfortable as its massage-like action gently but persistently eliminates fat without any move! Gives an erect, firm, strong figure. Carriage supports abdominal walls...keeps digestive organs in place...greatly increases endurance.

No Hair Loss—No Harming

No Experience—Direct Free of Extra Charge
Can earn exact earnings hours. Writing to your order is the safest and surest way to make money. Send me full particulars by return mail. Offer for trial only.

HARFORD FROCKS, Dept. X-14 Cincinnati, O.

DIVORCE EYE CRUTCHES!

Get RID of the Spectacle Frame. The NATURAL EYESIGHT SYSTEM makes Victory over Glasses Possible.

You are the Judge—your eyes the Jury—when the Natural Eyesight System goes on trial in your home for your first month on our 100% Money Back GUARANTEE.

Natural Eyesight Institute, Inc.
Dept. 62-A
Los Angeles, Calif.

NEW EASY WAY BURNS AIR

The 1935 sensation! New Diamond speed iron amazes woman everywhere. Easy, fast, cool ironed eyebrows in house, yard or on tour. Self-heating element burns both hurs, no dangerous wires. Double-pointed, all round bottom head, 120 million pound hair, actually beautiful in half time. Burns 95% Air. 95% removes (or) hair, actually ironed fancy wash for $5.00, 30-DAY HOME TRIAL. Your results in 30 days. 50c or 25c a day.

TORY TRIAL OFFER! Nothing paid, made. Write at once.


Looking Forward in the Movies—Twenty-five Years

(Continued from page 55)

Technically, we have given it speech, finer photography and projection, more brilliant writing, luxurious splendor in settings and in the theaters of presentation. But basically the fundamental appeal is identical. Audiences still go for the story wherein the hero is successful in his quest wherein romance is culminated successfully, where, in short, the happy ending remains the happy ending.

IT IS true that, today, we tackle subjects of modern appeal that weren't screen fare in the past. It is equally true that twenty-five years from now, subjects will be dealt with on the screen that are not used today. But, underneath these facts remains the basic fact that whatever the subject, the audience-appeal will remain the same.

And so, actually all we have done to date, in the development of motion picture entertainment, is not of no importance whatsoever, dramatically speaking. But technically, there will inevitably be tremendous changes. In that field, what can any individual, no matter how aware of scientific research and progress within the industry, dare predict for a certainty? I believe it very likely that, before the next quarter century has passed, everybody will have a machine in the home into which to drop a quarter, turn a dial and pick from a specified list of titles, a televised talking motion picture. That will inevitably come. But as I have pointed out, it will not mean the end of the theater. It will merely be home paradise, the radio today.

Another technical development which is in the air now is, of course, color. I would be foolish to deny that color will replace today's black-and-white, within twenty-five years. Nevertheless, as yet, as you know, no one has successfully brought color into pictures! Technicolor has come closest to it, but I think (and I am sure that they themselves do, also) that they are not yet even near fulfillment of their aim. I do believe that if we are ever going to have color on the screen, universally, it should come within the next five years.

ALMOST as moot a question is that of "depth" in pictures. Call it the "third dimension," if you wish. Now, I'm not enough of an oculist or physicist to tell what goes on inside the human eyeball and in the mechanism of vision, as its being however, or not, it is technically possible to produce effective, adequate "depth" on the screen. But I do remember that a decade ago, they would have laughed at sound on the screen, and I dare anyone to laugh now at the idea of "depth" on the screen.
And now arises the question of whether or not these possible changes will actually come to pass in picture theaters, even if they are developed scientifically. My answer is yes—that the motion picture business can assimilate anything that science develops and assimilated sound in one year—even though it meant the virtual scrapping of all equipment, both in production and projection of pictures, throughout the world; though it meant, in both, total revolution.

But—no similarly revolutionary change ever can or will come to motion picture entertainment unless you, the public, demand it, and make it possible. Scientists can develop anything they want—perfect color, perfect three-dimensional pictures, other improvements—but they will not be used in motion pictures unless the theater-goes say "Okey, we want it."

And so, I say, that whatever changes come in pictures must come not from science, not from producers, but from the public office response. These changes must be so big, so terrific, so revolutionary—and so good—that theater-goes will demand them, like they did talks. And that no matter what color has not yet been adopted. And, as a result, it is safe to say that the next twenty-five years will see no unimportant changes, but only such changes as are revolutionary. It talks, for instance, had created nothing but a ripple of interest among theater-goes, as color has so far, we've had silent pictures still today. I was with Warner Brothers when talks began. We had no idea, when we made our first talk shorts, that we'd ever produce features in sound! That's why today, despite the fact that such a full-length color features as Becky Sharp has produced only a mild interest, I will not condemn color as a failure or passing fad. I say that when color becomes marvellous enough so that people will demand and pay to see it, color will become as universal as sound.

As far as changes in the way that pictures are made is concerned, I can't see anything revolutionary. We'll always have actors, and we'll always have to find them, just as today, by the hunt-and-discover system. We'll never be able to manufacture them. Some visionaries imagine a future wherein producers will have talent-schools in which raw youth will be taught to become great actors. This is foolish, impossible. Certainly, we'll have schools to improve actors, but never to create them. Theories can imagine many future possibilities. A double sound-track, for example, whereby one track reproduces the voices of the players and is projected from behind the screen, on the stage. It is not at all unlikely that this will come to pass, as well as innumerable other and revolutionary changes.

Motion Picture for February, 1936
It's Clear Sailing Now for Edward Arnold

[Continued from page 51]

hospitals and give them the things I had dreamed of for their beautiful home, good private school, health, travel, the start in life I never had myself.

I HAD been playing in a stock company when I married their mother, but stock was disappearing and with it, any hopes for a permanent job for an actor. The best that I could get was short engagements—road shows or movie work with the old Essanay Company—in the days when stage actors were ashamed to admit they were working in the flickers for thirty-five a week and up. I was carrying my family around with me, and the sight of the two older children in surroundings not so much better than mine had been torture to me. Unhappiness was breaking down my faith in myself. An actor's strike that kept us without a pay check for nine months, with a new baby to provide for, was the final straw.

"I reasoned it out quite coldly. If I accepted the offer of a long engagement on tour, I could send home enough money to keep them from actual want. And once without the daily reminder of my failure as a father in front of me, to destroy my morale, I might just possibly make the success I had always had a sneaking belief I was capable of, and eventually earn real money for my children's upbringing. Perhaps my own background of suffering and misery as a child had warped my sense of proportion. But, at least, I knew that it was the hard part that I was choosing for myself.

"Probably, if I had not seen after the first year, that I was in a fair way to realize my ambitions, I would have hunch that whole thing, the loneliness, the empty afternoons when I should have been taking my children to the Zoo, the Christmases that were real torture, and gone back to my family to struggle along as so many hundreds of unsuccessful actors do struggle, never quite up in the rent of miserably apartments, trying to put up a brave front of success which deceives nobody, saving off landladies, haunteding cheap agencies, while the children grow up somehow, till they're old enough to work and help out.

"But, almost immediately, I began to get better parts. There was something psychological about it, no doubt. I was desperate. I'd persuaded myself that I just had to be successful to earn my babies back. With every dollar raise, I'd think to myself, 'This shortens the time till I can get a nice house and have them again.' I sent back home all that I could spare, to keep from thinking of anything except the career that had sent me away from everything that I cared for in the world. But whenever I saw a fat little girl with her hair in pigtails, going to school, in some strange city, or a freckled boy, holding his dad's hand, the two of them looking into a top shelf window, I actually wriath. What was I doing? I'd think furiously, a thousand miles away from grubby little boy hands and wide-eyed little girls? The baby had been too small when I left for me to care for, but when I remembered all the baby tricks I was missing, I could have cried. Maybe I did. I wouldn't swear to it!"

Some of this emotion got into his acting. The undistinguished young leading man began to make a name as creator of clear-cut, vivid characters. And now, offers of parts came quickly, sometimes two and three at a time, though the pay checks seemed, with his impatience, maddeningly slow in growing. Not yet, he thought as he made a hit in The Storm which came dangerously near to typing him forever as a "Western" with a drawl and a checkered shirt. Not yet, he told himself grimly when he embarked on a vaudeville tour that was to last for two long years. Strange postmarks on the gifts that arrived on the children's birthdays were all that reminded them now of a dimly remembered knee that rode them to Bambury cross of a booming voice that told marvellous stories.

TWICE in the five years of separations, Edward Arnold met his children, but the meetings were heart-breaking. Their solemn eyes regarded their father without recognition; they were polite, dreadfully polite. They said "Yes sir," and "Thank you" and "I'm in the Third Grade," in chilly little voices. He fed the small strangers ice cream, filled their unresponsive arms with toys, kissed them good-bye—and after the second time, he gave up seeing them. The day was very near now when he could make a home for them. When, as it was destined, his marriage came to an end in court, his request for the custody of his children was granted, and so life began for Edward Arnold.

"It wasn't quite the beautiful home that I'd planned at first," he admits, "just a sunny, four-room flat in a quiet neighborhood. But, perhaps, that was just as well for us—people can't stay strangers long in close quarters."

"When I signed my first movie contract, I got a car and drove through the hills, hunting for the house I'd dreamed of, lost it. I recognized it at once—the sort of place just made for children. It's the noisiest spot in Beverly nowadays, but I like that too. When I'm not at the studio, you'll usually find me at home. It's so funny to be home, to be doing something more like a miracle! The critics were good enough to say that I was doing Jim Brady in my last picture, but they were wrong. You see, I'm just a family man."
When a man and a woman have been married for twenty-five years, there is usually a little party to celebrate their achievement. Not every couple can get along famously together for so many years. And now that Motion Picture Magazine has been allied with the motion picture industry for twenty-five years, we are in the mood for celebration, ourselves. After all, no other publication has equalled our achievement. Motion Picture is the movies' first and oldest friend.

Back in 1911, when we first fell in love with motion pictures and saw their possibilities, we were alone in our enthusiasm. It was considered smart to laugh at this new form of entertainment—to scoff at it as vaudeville humor. It was looked down upon by the lorgnette-or-carriage-trade as entertainment for the masses, who didn't have much money to spend, didn't mind sitting on hard chairs in small meeting halls and shooting galleries—and didn't mind drama that was always elementary and comedy that was always slapstick. Stage actors who made pictures between plays were popularly supposed to sneak in the studios by the back doors—and screen actresses were not considered the world's most beautiful women. There was no glamorous town, named Hollywood, devoted to the making of motion pictures.

Yet in that year of 1911, a magazine dedicated to this new form of entertainment, and the people who were providing it, appeared on the newsstands. The publishers were playing a hunch that would make pictures were more popular than the carriage-trade suspected—and popular with a more intelligent audience than even the producers suspected. And the hunch was correct. That magazine—the grand-daddy of the magazine that you are now holding in your hand—was an instant success.

So, in looking back—and up to the present and into the future—we point with pride at Motion Picture. Through hard times as well as good times, it has held its audience, adding new readers each year and, best of all, keeping these readers, old and new, satisfied. If we ever set out to calculate the number of people who have read Motion Picture, the total would be staggering. And certainly that many millions of readers can't be wrong.

Motion Picture was the first publication, anywhere, that put across the point that good acting was to be seen on the screen. . . Motion Picture was the first publication, anywhere, that told what screen players were like in person. . . Motion Picture was the first publication, anywhere, to emphasize the physical attractiveness of screen players. The whole world is doing the same thing today—or are I telling you something you already know?

In the span of twenty-five years, Motion Picture has seen screens move from nickelodeons into picture palaces—has seen color and heard sound come to the screen—has seen screen drama become dramatic art—has seen salaries of screen players rise from seventy-five dollars a week to thousands of dollars a week.

When the history of the early part of the twentieth century is written, these facts cannot be omitted: This era saw the development of the greatest, most universal entertainment that the world has ever known; and this era might well be called the Golden Age of the Actor. Never before in history have actors and actresses been so esteemed, so idolized—and never before have they been paid so well.

The greatest acting talent in the world is now drawn to Hollywood as to a magnet. The same is true of writing talent. The movies have grown up. No longer are they a circus sideshow; no longer are actors ashamed to countenance this shadow medium. Hollywood is truly their Journey's End. When it's reached, it brings independence, financial security and fame that is as lasting as anything can be in this world where Father Time calls "Action! Cut!" on all of us. And, today, the movies are an art.

If you want proof of that fact, you need look no further than Mutiny on the Bounty—an epic of the sea if there ever was one. Another is A Tale of Two Cities, based upon Dickens' masterpiece and re-creating the terror and tragedy of the French Revolution. Another is A Midsummer Night's Dream, Shakespeare's fantasy which Reinhardt endowed with more flow and life than it ever had before. The list of recent films that are likely to linger in the memory, as fine books and plays would, includes Les Miserables, Becky Sharp, Lives of a Bengal Lancer, The Story of Louis Pasteur, Crime and Punishment, Ab, Wilderness, The Dark Angel, So Red the Rose, The Informer, David Copperfield, Diamond Jim, Ruggles of Red Gap, The Crusades, Naughty Marietta, Private Worlds. The list can be extended indefinitely.

No matter where you live, today you can see the greatest players in the world. They are either in Hollywood or England, making pictures: Actors like Charles Laughton, Leslie Howard, George Arliss, Charles Bover, Lionel Barrymore, Peter Lorre, Paul Muni, Fredric March, Edward Arnold, William Powell, Ronald Colman, Warner Baxter, Freddie Bartholomew, Sir Cedric Hardwicke—and actresses like Elisabeth Bergner, Garbo, Claudette Colbert, Katherine Hepburn, Luise Rainer, Ann Harding, Bette Davis, Miriam Hopkins.

The greatest singing voices may be heard on the screen today: Tibbett, Swarthout, Pons, Moore, Martini, Eddy, Ellis, MacDonald. The world's greatest dancers on the screen today: Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell, Bill Robinson, Ruby Keeler, Ginger Rogers, Tamara, Maria Gambarelli.

The movies no longer concentrate on melodramas or slapstick. Everything from literary classics to today's news stories is grist for the movie mill.

Everything of importance, that is happening in the world today, is pictured by Hollywood. And Motion Picture, as always, will continue to cover the entire film front. It has seen twenty-five years go by. We look forward to presenting our Golden Anniversary number twenty-five years from now. We anticipate a future as colorful as has covered the eras of the past and the present.

Larry Reid
I'm going to pan-handle my first dime. I hate to, but I've got to eat!

Here, fella, you still look hungry, eat this extra bowl of soup!

Thanks! Here's my dime before I forget it!

Say, this dime looks kinda funny! There's an old duck who eats here every day who saves coins. He sells 'em to a man named Mehl. Down in Texas. He gave me a book that shows what coins are worth. I'll get it, I'd like to see a fellow like you get a break!

Let's see, pennies, nickels, dimes 1890-91-94 — here it is! 1894 dimes with the mint mark 'S'! Say!! It's worth $2.50 bucks in hard cash!

Ah, you're kidding me!

No, you need it — and I'll stake you till you get your check from Texas. Mr. Mehl will send your dough by return mail. He's a great guy! I guess every coin collector in the world knows him!

Now I can get a new start!

I'm going to split with you!

I pay big cash Prices for old money coins — bills — stamps

Post yourself! It pays!

I paid J. D. Martin, Virginia, $200 for a single copper cent. Mr. Manning, New York, $3,500 for one silver dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams, $740 for a few old coins. I want all kinds of old coins, medals, bills, and stamps. I pay big cash premiums.

Will pay $50.00 for 1913 Liberty Head Nickel (not Buffalo) and hundreds of other amazing prices for coins. Get in touch with me. Send the coupon below and 4c for Largill Illustrated Coin Folder and further particulars. It may mean much profit to you. Send today.

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Desp Mehl. Please send me your Large Illustrated Coin and Stamp Folder and further particulars for which I enclose 4 cents.

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City:

State:

Copy, 1936

There are single pennies that sell for a hundred dollars; nickels worth many dollars; dimes, quarters, half-dollars and dollars on which we will pay big cash premiums. Many of these coins are now passing from hand to hand circulation. Knowing about coin pays. Andrew Henry of Idaho was paid $900.00 for a half dollar received in change. Today or tomorrow a valuable coin may come into your possession. There are old bills and stamps worth fortunes. Learn how to know their value. An old 10c stamp found in a basket was recently sold for $10,000.00. There may be valuable stamps on some of your old letters. Send coupon for Big Illustrated Coin Folder, full of valuable information on the profits that have been made from old money, bills and stamps.
Luckies a light smoke
of rich, full-bodied tobacco
ask your doctor about a light smoke
THE TWENTY LOVES OF FREDRIC MARCH

Hollywood Trip Prize in Knitting Contest

PLANNING SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S NEXT TEN YEARS
WHY SHOULDN'T I TAKE IT EASY ON WASHDAY
WHEN THERE'S A MODERN SOAP THAT
SOAKS CLOTHES WHITER AND BRIGHTER
WITHOUT SCRUBBING OR BOILING? NOT ONLY THAT, BUT—

Rinso actually makes my clothes last 2 or 3 times longer. That's because Rinso's active suds safely lure out dirt and get clothes whiter and brighter without harsh washboard scrubbing. Even stubborn dirt on cuffs and edges yields to a little gentle rubbing between the fingers.

Rinso gives thick, sturdy, lasting suds—even in hardest water. No chips, bar soaps or powders ever needed. Wonderful suds for dishwashing and all cleaning. They get rid of grease like magic. Dishes don't have a greasy film left on them. And Rinso is kind to your hands—it doesn't make them red, rough looking. Try Rinso—and see!

Grand for washers, too
Rinso is recommended by the makers of 33 famous washers for safety and for whiter, brighter washes. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Buy the BIG economical household package.

THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA

THE GRANULATED SOAP

Here's my true confession about "B.O."
I opened it and found—a cake of Lifebuoy! My face flamed. In a flash I realized my trouble—"B.O."

Somehow I couldn't please my patients. Time after time I would be dismissed from a case after a few days

Then I took care of a doctor's wife with a broken hip. She always insisted on Lifebuoy for her bath. When I left she gave me a mysterious package

I can thank Lifebuoy for that!

Miss X, I never cease to marvel at the fresh clearness of your complexion!

Protect your complexion with gentle, deep-cleansing Lifebuoy lather! See your skin grow smoother, younger! "Patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women prove Lifebuoy is 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

A timely warning!
This letter in picture form, from a real nurse, is a real warning to all to use Lifebuoy! It purifies pores, stops "B.O."

Patch tests on the skins of hundreds of women prove Lifebuoy is 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.
A DEBUTANTE AND A DENTIST QUARREL ABOUT A RIB OF BEEF

But the civilized way to combat "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" is IPANA and MASSAGE

In this picture, you see a girl chewing vigorously on a rib of beef. Viewed from the angle of good manners, it’s pretty bad... And the debutante is right when she says, "It’s simply savage!"

But the dentist is right, too. And it needn’t surprise you to hear any dentist say: "That’s a good, common-sense demonstration of the healthy way to use teeth and gums."

In modern dental circles, it is freely admitted that the lack of coarse foods and vigorous chewing is largely responsible for a host of gum disorders. Naturally, gums grow sensitive on a soft food diet. Naturally, they grow flabby, weak and tender. And, naturally, that warning “tinge of pink” eventually appears upon your tooth brush.

"Pink Tooth Brush" Tells the Truth
And the truth is—your teeth and gums need better care. You should change to Ipana plus massage... You should begin, today, the double duty you must practice for complete oral health. So start now to massage your gums with Ipana every time you brush your teeth. Rub a little extra Ipana into your gums, on brush or fingertip—and do it regularly.

For Ipana plus massage helps stimulate circulation. It helps your gums win back their firmness. It helps them recover their strength and their resistance. They feel livelier, better, healthier. And healthy gums have little to fear from the really serious gum troubles—gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent’s disease.

So be reasonable. For your smile’s sake, for the sake of your good looks and your good health—begin today with Ipana plus massage.

Motion Picture for March, 1936
Again they thrill you with Glorious Melody!

You Belong To Me! I Belong To You!

The singing stars of "Naughty Marietta" now lift their golden voices to excite all the world with the immortal melodies of the most vibrant and stirring musical of our time—"Rose Marie"...The romantic drama of a pampered pet of the opera and a rugged "Mountie" torn between love and duty, whose hearts met where mountains touched the sky...How you'll thrill with delight as they fill the air with your love songs—"Rose Marie, I Love You", and "Indian Love Call"! It's the first big musical hit of 1936—another triumph for the M-G-M studios.

Jeanette Macdonald and Nelson Eddy in

Rose Marie

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

with

Reginald Owen • Allan Jones

Directed by W. S. Van Dyke • Produced by Hunt Stromberg

'Song of the Mounties'

300 rugged male voices led by Nelson Eddy in the most stirring song of our time!
MOTION PICTURE

ROSCOE FAWCETT
Editor

LAURENCE REID
Managing Editor

MARCH, 1936
volume li, no. 2 Twenty-fifth Year

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A dull skin, blotches, and bad breath—these may be warnings of constipation—accumulated poisons in your system. When you notice such telltale signs, do as millions of others do—place your confidence in FEEN-A-MINT and the “three-minute way.” The “three-minute way” means that you simply chew delicious FEEN-A-MINT for three minutes,* preferably while going to bed—and in the morning you will find gentle but thorough relief. The very act of chewing makes FEEN-A-MINT better. Its tasteless, medicinal content mixes thoroughly with saliva and goes to work easily, gradually—not all at once. No unpleasant after-effects. And the children love it for its clean, refreshing taste. Get a box for the whole family, 15 cents and 25 cents—slightly higher in Canada.

*A longer, if you care to

Better because you chew it

The three-minute way—Feenamint.

**I rely on this truly modern laxative.

PERHAPS you are tired of my everlasting insistence on naturalness. But I do think it’s so important for most of us to beware of highly spectacular effects in hair, make-up and dress that I simply can’t stress it enough! And now, Jean Harlow has provided me with a new outlet for my favorite theme by dyeing her world-famous platinum hair a soft, light shade of brown! Women are just bound to sit up and take notice when she makes beauty news!

While the Jean of the silvery bob was startling, I’d advise synthetic blondes to imitate the exquisite Jean of the new natural looking hair (She says it’s changed for good!)... This subdued tint softens irregular features marvelously, takes several years away from your age and makes you considerably more attractive. (After all, your family, friends and co-workers can become rather tired of seeing a very artificial you... Haven’t you ever bought an extreme hat and then grown utterly sick of it, as you were forced to wear it, week after week? It’s the same idea!)

It’s an idea that you’ll like!

POSSIBLY the soundest reason why you should copy the new shade of Jean’s locks, rather than the old, is that it will be easier on your hair! Jean’s hair happened to be very blonde at the start, but most of the girls who have platinum locks, had what they loved to call “drab, mousy” hair—meaning that it was brownish with no particular color. And, in order to transform it to pale platinum, they had to bleach it too drastically.

Hydrogen peroxide is the usual bleach, and it is applied in various ways. Ordinarily, however, it is mixed with a white powder which, in itself has no effect on the hair, but which is utilized because it forms a paste, with the peroxide, which does not “run” as a liquid would. The darker, the original hair, the longer this mixture must be left on the hair to remove the natural pigment or coloring from it. It corrodes as it bleaches, too. That’s why hair that has been over-bleached looks as stiff and lifeless as straw. The action of the peroxide has removed all the natural oils that keep it supple—along with the pigment. [Continued on page 64]
MARLENE DIETRICH, more alluring than ever, GARY COOPER, more casually exciting than ever, in their first picture together since Morocco... a yarn about a beautiful lady with a very bad habit of stealing very expensive jewels and a young American motor car engineer who steals the lady's heart.

Just an old European custom... but we'd like to be John Halliday, the gentleman who's doing the hand kissing.

Marlene seems to be going in for jewels in a big way... also note the pom-pom hat. It'll set a style.

This ought to be in color, for those star like spots in the crisp black taffeta jacket are a really ravishing shade of pink.

This shot is from the picture. Gary apparently has said something pretty tough, for that's a real handkerchief and those are real tears.

Marlene shows she's still loyal to the beret, this time, a novel black antelope affair, designed by Travis Banton Paramount's Fashion Expert.

Frank Borzage talks over a scene from "Desire" with Marlene and Gary.

Motion Picture for March, 1936
EXCITEMENT RIDES THE Hollywood RANGE... AS THE "TRADE" CRITICS Preview

PAUL MUNI'S sensational new success throws the spotlight on some important personalities you never knew till now.

WHAT is it that even the most conscientious film fan never hears about—yet is as well known and important in "picture business" as famous stars, directors, or producers?

Answer—a movie "trade paper" publisher.

If you were in the movie business the publications presided over by these gentry would be as familiar to you as your daily newspaper. Their reviews of new pictures are the first impartial comments published anywhere and usually have an important influence in determining at what theatres a production will be shown and for how long.

Being steeped in picture affairs to the eyebrows, these "inside" reviewers never hesitate to call a spade a spade and a flop a flop. Praise is the exception rather than the rule and it's rare indeed for the boys to agree unanimously in favor of any one production.

So you can understand why the film industry practically in toto sat up with a jerk one recent morning when they picked up paper after paper and found every one of them not only praising, but gushing like schoolgirls about the same picture—Paul Muni in The Story of Louis Pasteur.

FOR instance, they found seasoned, cynical Jack Ali- coate's Film Daily notifying the world that "The Story of Louis Pasteur is distinguished and gripping drama that blazes a new trail in pictures. Warner Bros have fashioned a story that grips from the start. Muni's performance is something to cheer about William Dieterle's direction deserves lavish praise."

Veteran publisher Martin Quigley's Motion Picture

Motion Picture for March, 1936
Magnificently Muni re-creates the famous hero of humanity who fought a jeering world that we might live through.

Herald simultaneously informed the industry that "in The Story of Louis Pasteur the screen makes a great departure from prosaic formula...There is not a single trace of theatrical artificiality....Expertly acted and directed, its power to create and hold interest immediately, gripped the preview audience and kept it in hushed silence all the way through....Here is a picture the worth of which is almost certain to impress both class and mass alike."

At the same moment Motion Picture Daily under the editorship of peppy, astute Maurice Kann was broadcasting the news that "the theme of The Story of Louis Pasteur is so absorbing that the film is sure to win terrific word-of-mouth endorsement."

The daily edition of youthful, aggressive Sid Silverman's famous Variety chimed in with the unqualified statement that "in The Story of Louis Pasteur Warner Bros. have made a truly great picture...It stands among the significant works of the screen...Told in such fashion as to grip every audience it will reach, The Story of Louis Pasteur is headed for big acclaim. Profoundly stirring as sheer drama, it will widen the range of picture venturings. Muni is superb....Seldom has a picture preview shown so strongly-shared interest of men and women. Men were openly in tears of emotional response throughout the audience."

And dynamic, hard-hitting "Chick" Lewis of the Showmen's Trade Review informed his followers that "this outstanding hit will send patrons away talking. A powerful production, impressive entertainment and a stand-out characterization by Paul Muni make this a prestige picture of importance with world-wide appeal"

THESE are strong words, dear listeners. But we subscribe to every one of them! And we've reprinted them here as the most impressive tip-off we can give you on the extraordinary importance of this brilliant Cosmopolitan production.

Naturally it's been the talk of film circles ever since these remarkable reviews appeared. And you're going to hear a lot more about it before it's released by First National late this month.

Motion Picture for March, 1936
Choice morsels of gossip and news about the latest and liveliest goings-on in Hollywood

PAULA STONE PARTY
Offering candy to the hostess, Paula Stone, is the late Thelma Todd. Seated, at right, are Jeanette MacDonald and Orry-Kelly, W-B designer.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT sent Shirley a picture of himself, autographed "For Shirley Temple from Franklin D. Roosevelt." ... In Captain January Shirley sings in five languages! ... Miriam Hopkins had never seen Shirley on the screen, so she had a special private showing of one of Shirley's pictures, has named his race horse "Shirley Temple" and hopes it'll be a winner! ... And just to show that Shirley's popularity is neither temporal, racial nor otherwise limited, a Japanese film magazine brought out an issue devoted to stories and pictures about Shirley alone—and sold a million copies, breaking all Japanese records! ... And, in North Carolina, they've named a new theater, "The Shirley Temple."

Cupid's Arrows
GEORGE GIVOT and Alice Faye step out, all the time together. But sometimes it's Alice Faye and sometimes, Alice White,—so what? ... Tom Brown and Frances Drake are halter-bound. ... Raoul Roulien and Conchita Montenegro are honeymooning in Argentina. ... Now that Evelyn Venable's baby has arrived, Cameraman-Hubby Hal [Continued on page 12]
agent for 1852, their melodrama Spanish r. Boles, as i also sings excellent, the dialog Fang and "Bring-'E has made a tiger ir, ing a pyt less horrf than in B are man wild be&. What v.i less, is * Three L the time isn't allj appariti^ soldiers / they ha and vf place ard M-G-. Lady, tellin, of th daugl killer belie Rut! cast port mat dial, The vei
Double the beauty of your hair with a DUART wave

It's Hollywood's choice - it can be yours, too!

When you see a beautiful permanent wave on the screen, don't envy it — copy it! Simply follow the advice you would get from any Hollywood star. Ask for — and insist that you get — a genuine Duart Wave. It is easy to be certain. Duart waving pads come in individual SEALED packages. One for each patron. Your permanent waver will let you break the seal yourself. Then you'll know the pads are fresh, clean, never used on another person's hair. You'll know that your wave is to be a genuine Duart — the choice of the Hollywood stars. The same snug little curls, and soft lustrous waves, that everyone admires on the screen, will adorn your own pretty head.

To copy a screen star's hairstyle, send for the FREE BOOKLET showing the Hollywood stars' newest spring coiffures. Sent free with a full size, two rinse package of Duart's Hollywood Hair Rinse. It adds attractive glint and sparkle. Choose from 12 lovely tints. Not a dye. Send 10 cents to cover cost of wrapping and mailing.

DUART WAVES ARE THE CHOICE OF THE HOLLYWOOD STARS

Motion Picture for March, 1936
New
"MARVELOX"
Grip
found exclusively in
HICKORY
Sanitary Belts

Adjusts in an instant—is permanently secure—you'll appreciate its marvelous convenience. This "Marvelox" grip, found only on Hickory Sanitary Belts, is tiny, lightweight, without bulk, unobtrusive.

The easy stretch Lastex webbing, too, is a revelation in comfort. Gently hugs the figure—won't bind or slip. Ask for "Marvelox" at your favorite notions counter. Lastex styles 50c. Other styles 25c.

If your dealer hasn't "Marvelox" send us his name with your remittance and we will supply you. Specify Small, Medium or Large size. Address 1143 West Congress Street, Chicago, Illinois

A. STEIN & COMPANY
CHICAGO • NEW YORK

The Picture Parade
REVIEWS OF THE LATEST PICTURES

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION
—AAAA—

Telling the story of a doctor's widow who becomes blind as the result of an automobile accident, soon after her husband's death by drowning, this is a film that will bring you both tears and laughter—and something more. It will recall to your mind that there can be joy in giving without thought of return. Robert Taylor, first as the spendthrift millionaire's heir and then as a distinguished doctor, presents so skilful a portrayal of his rôle that he is certain to be considered as a star of major importance. Irene Dunne performs very capably.—Universal.

PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER
—AAA—

Although the plot here is rather improbable, this picture will be considered an excellent evening's entertainment. There is comedy; there is suspense; and there are delightful love scenes. Victor McLaglen, cast as a rough and ready character who is continually looking for trouble, accepts the job of kidnapping a boy king, Freddie Bartholomew. He does capture Freddie but then Freddie is taken and re-taken by others. Finally, however, McLaglen saves Freddie from certain death. In the cast is Gloria Stuart, who is a lovely heroine. Michael Whalen, a newcomer, will impress you favorably, while the balance of the cast is uniformly capable.—20th Century-Fox.

[Continued on page 16]
AND why shouldn't she be... for she holds romance in her hands—hands that reflect the perfection of her grooming and the fastidiousness of her nature. For hands do express things that mere words cannot say. If you would be irresistible (yes, hands can be irresistible) with graceful, tapering, satin-smooth nails, then use PLAT-NUM, the favorite nail polish of millions of lovely women. Whether you prefer a creme or transparent polish, you may choose from 12 different true-tone shades, any one of which will blend with gown, complexion, lipstick or rouge. PLAT-NUM is really a superior polish. It goes on smoothly, sets evenly and has a lasting quality. It conceals nail imperfections and does not crack, chip, peel or discolor. Gives to your nails a soft, shimmering, shell-like surface. Try a generous, oversize 10c bottle of your own particular shade today. PLAT-NUM is on sale at any 5 and 10 cent store. See the newest shades.

PLAT-NUM
Nail Polish

PLAT-Num LABORATORIES 80 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK
CAPTAIN BLOOD

—AAAA—

This red-blooded Sabatini tale of pirate adventure in the Caribbean sea brings to
the screen a pleasing, dynamic personality in Errol Flynn. Although he has
appeared on the screen before in minor roles, this is the first time that he has
had an opportunity to perform in an important part. He does highly credit-
able work. Olivia de Havilland, daughter of a plantation owner, is the love
interest. Her part is slight but her presentation of it is more than adequate.
Despite certain scenes of questionable credibility, this picture is excellent spec-
tacte entertainment. You will fight Flynn’s duel with him and you will live
each adventurous incident with him as he creates it on the screen. If you come
to criticize, you will remain to enjoy!—Warner Bros.

KING OF BURLESQUE

—AAAA—

Featured in this hit musical are de-
lightful dialogues a real path to clever dance routines and new songs. As the picture
begins, the trio of leads—Warner Baxter,
Jack Oakie and Alice Faye—are members
of a vaudeville partnership which makes a success in neighborhood the-
atres. However Baxter soon feels the urge to seek greater glory on Broadway.
Marrying a society matron, Mona Bar-
rice, he manages to secure backing for a
new show. But both the marriage and the show are failures. Meanwhile, Alice
Faye, who has won London triumphs, re-
turns to New York. Finding that Baxter and Oakie are broke, Alice induces Bax-
ter to prepare and present a burlesque.
Thus, the old partnership is restored.
And a happy ending is achieved.—20th Century-Fox.

FIRST A GIRL

—AAA—

This is the highly improbable story of
a messenger girl in an exclusive Lon-
don gown shop who becomes a singing,
dancing sensation on the European stage.
Being stage-struck, the girl, Jessie Mat-
thews, attires herself in an expensive
gown. Then she tries to win a singing
audition. But she fails. Meeting Sonnie
Hale, a female impersonator, she tells
him her story. Arrived at Hale’s room
Jesse tries to make her exquisite gown
look as if it had been pouring rain and had
drenched it. Finding himself unable to
speak above a whisper, because of a
severe cold, Hale is in a sad state. He
has a chance to get a job, but his in-
ability to speak prevents his acceptance.
Then he thinks of Jessie. And she’s a
hit as a female impersonator! Jessie Mat-
thews’ fascinating personality saves this
picture—not to mention her twinkling
toes1—C.-B.

CEILING ZERO

—AAA½—

Playing the part of an amorous avi-
ator who is something of a rascal, Jimmy
Cagney gives an excellent account of him-
self here. Jimmy is anything but an ad-
mirable character in this film. But you’ll
want to see him make his role in this
picture, bringing a vivid account of oper-
atons on today’s airlines. Melodramatic
though the film essentially is, there are
comedy scenes in it, too. Pat O’Brien,
as chief of an airline’s operations, gives
an accomplished performance. Others
whom you can applaud in the cast are:
Stuart Erwin, a brave pilot who’s afraid
of his wife, Isabel Jewell; Cary Owen,
an ex-pilot; and June Travis, a student
pilot, who falls in love with Cagney.
Ceiling Zero is a touching, dramatic film
that you shouldn’t miss.—Warner Bros.
“Strictly Personal...
but thousands of women asked me to explain why Kotex can’t chafe... can’t fail... can’t show”

Mary Pauline Callender Author of "Marjorie May’s Twelfth Birthday"

Can’t chafe
Because the sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton—all chafing, all irritation is prevented. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is left free to absorb.

Can’t fail
Because Kotex has a special “Equalizer” center whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives “body” but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton.

Can’t show
Because the ends of Kotex are not only rounded, but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility—no tiny wrinkles whatsoever. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no telltale lines.

NOW 3 TYPES OF KOTEX
All at the Same Low Price

IN THE BLUE BOX—Regular Kotex. Ideal for the ordinary needs of most women. Combines full protection with utmost comfort. The millions who are completely satisfied with Regular Kotex will have no reason to change.

IN THE GREEN BOX—Junior Kotex. Somewhat narrower than Regular. Designed at the request of women of slight stature and younger girls. Thousands will find Junior Kotex suitable for certain days when less protection is needed.

IN THE BROWN BOX—Super Kotex. For more protection on some days it is only natural that you desire a napkin with greater absorbency. The extra layers in Super Kotex give you extra protection, yet it is no longer or wider than Regular.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX A SANITARY NAPKIN made from Cellucotton (not cotton)

Motion Picture for March, 1936
popular male star gives his reasons for choosing the Tangee girl

GARY COOPER, star of "Desire," a Paramount Picture, picks the most kissable lips in lipstick test.

We presented three lovely girls to Gary Cooper, one wore the ordinary lipstick, one no lipstick, the third Tangee.

"Her lips look kissable," he said, choosing the Tangee girl, "because they look natural.

And other men agree. They don't like to kiss lipstick either, and that's why Tangee is so much in vogue today. Tangee makes your lips glow with natural color, but it avoids "that painted look," because Tangee isn't paint. If you prefer more color for evening, use Tangee Theatrical Try Tangee. In two sizes, 39c and $1.10. For, a quick trial, send 10c for the special 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES... when you buy. Don't let some shrew mix cream with you and substitute... there's only one Tangee.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
New FACE POWDER
Ends that painted look

4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET
THE GEORGE W. LUITF COMPANY F-36
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Cream Rouge Face Powder. I enclose 10c (stamps or coins). 15c in Canada, Check Shada [ ] Flesh [ ] Rachel [ ] Light Rachel.

Name: ____________________________
Address: ___________________________
City: ______ State: ______

The Picture Parade
(Continued from page 16)

RIFFRAFF

Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy are teamed here in a waterfront story, based on comparatively recent strike activities on the Pacific Coast. Jean is a cannery worker, while Spencer is a tuna fishermen. Jean is impetuous. And Spencer is egotistical. They're both authentic characters. You won't think of them as actors, merely portraying characters, but as the real originals of those characters. Profound and tender though their love is, it is marked by many a tempestuous lovers' quarrel. Life in the canneries, in the hobo jungles, and in a waterfront hovel is painted in true colors in this picture. In the able supporting cast are Joseph Calleia, Una Merkel, Roger Imhof, and Mickey Rooney. —M-G-M.

Sylvia Scarlett

The impression that you receive when you see this film is that Katharine Hepburn is consciously going through all of the gestures, and speaking with all the vocal inflections, which she has at her command. The story itself is slight, dealing with the worthless career of Hepburn's worthless father, Edmund Gwenn, and with the effect upon Hepburn of that career and that father. As the result of petty thievery, Gwenn has to leave France to avoid prosecution. Hepburn goes with him and they meet Cary Grant, a petty crook with a cockney accent. Living by their wits, the three become involved in many difficulties, some of them due to the fact that Hepburn is posing as a boy. It is Cary Grant who gives the outstanding performance in this picture. Brian Aherne is in the cast. —RKO.

The Passing of the Third Floor Back

This is a simple story, simply told. And it is superb. Dealing only with the daily events in the lives of a number of people who reside in a middle class boarding house, there is no apparent effort made to develop a plot or to force dramatic situations. There is plot, as there is plot in the lives of all men everywhere. There are tense dramatic situations, too, but only such as might occur anywhere at any time. Kindness and cruelty are seen; smiles and tears appear; sunshine and clouds. One man dies and murder is suggested. Conrad Veidt, known only as the Stranger, occupying a room in "The Third Floor Back," unobtrusively brings sunshine, smiles, kindness. No sermon is preached in this film, yet it has the power of thousands of pulp words. Veidt performs with fine sympathy, great understanding. The balance of the cast is extraordinarily capable and well chosen.

—G.B.

(Note! You will find additional brief reviews of current pictures on page 11)

If You Could Only Cook

Columbia established a precedent with its hilarious It Happened One Night. Now, the same studio scores again with another comedy drama that compares favorably with its predecessor. There's comedy; there's romance; and there's drama—all in thoroughly delightful proportions. Herbert Marshall, millionaire auto magnate, bored with his social obligations, turns butler and takes Jean Arthur along as cook. For Marshall, it's all mad adventure; for Jean, it's serious business. As butler and cook, Herbert and Jean are hired by Leo Carillo, a swindler with a heart of gold. Nothing turns out as it should—except the final love scene. But it's top-notch entertainment. It's a picture that each and every member of the family will like.

—Columbia.
The dress sensation of the year! As practical as it is popular! This smart Key Chain Lighter is seen at the big openings...on the set...with dress and everyday clothes...a wonderful gift for a boyfriend.

Like all other Lektrolites, Key Chain ignites your cigarette utterly without flame. Instead, there is a never-failing glow—magic and mysterious—against which you simply press your cigarette, and puff.

This gentle glow is 1200 degrees cooler than the flame you get with old-type lighters or messy matches. Consequently it does not release from tobacco, the high temperature coal tar products which are the real cause of throat irritation and yellow stains on teeth and fingers.

When you light the flameless way, your smoke is far more fastidious, it's cooler, and the flavor is better.

Believe it or not, you have to hunt to find a match in Hollywood since Key Chains became the vogue. Wouldn't you like one for yourself, or to give away? At your dealer's, or fill out the coupon below.

Platinum Products Corporation, Dept. M-3, 521 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N.Y.

Gentlemen: Enclosed please find check □ money order □ for $—for which please send me postpaid □ Key Chain Lektrolite; □ Lektrocase; □ Glolite.

Name:

Address:

City State:

Motion Picture for March, 1936
"I know now why HOLD-BOBS are accepted by Hollywood. The movie camera "picks up" those straggly ends that mar an otherwise perfect picture," says charming Ruth Martin Chrastka of Chicago.

Miss Chrastka was given a screen test recently, in the nation-wide "Search for Talent" sponsored by Universal Pictures, HOLD-BOB Bob Pins, Motion Picture and Screen Play.

An attractive, well-groomed hairdress is just as important to a movie star as her make-up or clothes. That is why hold-boys have been chosen by Hollywood as the only bob pin that will keep their hairdress lovely at all times.

You, too, can have the lovely, well-groomed coiffure of the movie stars by using hold-boys—the only bob pin with these exclusive, patented features: small, round, Invisible heads that cannot show in the hair, smooth, round points that cannot scratch the scalp, flexible tapered legs, one side clipped, which hold the hair securely in place. And—only hold-boys come in all colors to match every shade of hair.

Look for the name hold-boys. It is your assurance that your coiffure will be lovely always. Try hold-boys today.

Final winners of the "Search for Talent" will be announced shortly.

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. CO.
311 H. Goldberg, Pres.
1918-36 Prairie Avenue, Dept. F-36
Chicago, Illinois
Straight Style HOLD BOB

SMALL, INVISIBLE HEADS.

Coved Shape Style

HOLD-BOBS are available everywhere...they're easily identified by the Gold and Silver Metal Foil Cards. Also sold under the brand name of BOB-ETTES.

Movietone City is the mammoth plant at which many 20th Century-Fox pictures will be in the making, when the Movieland Tour reaches Hollywood!

All Aboard for HOLLYWOOD

Don't miss the Second Annual Movie Tour. Meet stars personally!

WOULDN'T you like to see little Shirley Temple? See her as she is in real life? You've loved her on the screen. And you'll adore her when you see her in person! And that's what you'll have a chance to do if you join Motion Picture Magazine's Second Annual Movieland Tour—the Movieland Tour of 1936! The big special train, carrying Motion Picture's tourists, will be made up in Chicago, leaving there on July 19th, and passing through the Twin Cities (Minneapolis & St. Paul, Minn.), Yellowstone National Park and Seattle. At each of the places, just named, stops will be made. Then the train will continue on its way, down the Pacific Coast, to Hollywood.

Arrived in Hollywood, Motion Picture's tourists will make their headquarters at the famous Roosevelt Hotel. Since arrangements have been made to open the gates of 20th Century-Fox Studios to Motion Picture's visitors, they will have a

You'll see Rochelle Hudson soon in Everybody's Old Man. Appearing in the film with her is Irvin S. Cobb

Motion Picture for March, 1936
Young, whose next film is tentatively titled Lighting Strikes Twice; Ronald Colman, who is scheduled soon to make Under Two Flags with Simone Simon, petite French actress; Claire Trevor, whose new film is My Marriage; Victor McLaglen, whose current picture is Professional Soldier; and many others. John Boles, for instance, is likely to be at work on Random at the time when this Second Annual Movieland Tour reaches Hollywood. And then, there's Alice Faye, that dazzling blonde star, whose recent picture is King of Burlesque.

You'll want to meet Alice, and all the others, especially Shirley Temple, the biggest little star in Hollywood! (Shirley's coming film is Captain January)

However, stars are not all that you will see at the mammoth 20th Century-Fox Studios. There's Movietone City, perhaps the most beautiful of all Hollywood studios; its area is a hundred and ten acres. You'll see the biggest ocean liner that's ever been constructed for film use. You'll see castles and mansions. And you'll see the dressing room of the late Will Rogers, as well as the lovely little cottage used by Shirley Temple. Since 20th Century-Fox has scheduled one of the most ambitious programs ever attempted by a major studio, Motion Picture's visitors will see many films in production and many stars before the cameras. It will be an experience that no member of the Tour will ever forget!

Since reservations for Motion Picture's Second Annual Movieland Tour will be all sold, long before the special [Continued on page 75]

A Message to Garcia is John Boles' coming picture. Wallace Beery and Barbara Stanwyck co-star with him.

They also were lovely to look at...but

She was so Dainty...so
Alluringly Fragrant

She knew this lovelier way to avoid offending...fragrant baths with Cashmere Bouquet!

How wise to guard your personal daintiness this lovelier, more feminine way! Bathe with this exquisite scented soap that keeps you always fragrantly dainty!

Cashmere Bouquet's deep-cleansing lather frees you completely from any danger of body odor...Makes you so immaculately sweet and clean.

Then—long after your bath—the delicate, flower-like perfume of this creamy-white soap still lingers...Clings about you glamorously, giving you new, appealing charm.

You will want to use this fine, pure soap for your complexion, too. Its rich, luxurious lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it goes down into each pore and removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics...Keeps your skin radiantly clear, alluringly smooth.

And Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10¢ a cake. The same superb soap which, for generations, has been 25¢. The same size cake, hard-milled and long-lasting...Scented with the same delicate blend of 17 rare and costly perfumes.

Why not order three cakes today? Sold at all drug, department, and 10¢ stores.

Now only 10¢ the former 25¢ size

Bath with

Cashmere Bouquet

The lovelier way to avoid offending

Motion Picture for March, 1936
Do you know the 8th WOMAN?

Why be miserable, or even uncomfortable certain days of every month? Be that eighth woman who lets Midol carry her serenely through those difficult days. There used to be eight million sufferers every month. Today a million women are smart enough to use Midol and escape this regular martyrdom to pain.

You can depend on Midol. Tiny tablets, perfectly pleasant to take. Not narcotic. A merciful medicine which specialists recommend for regular pain. Nature doesn’t make the woman who uses Midol give up a cherished “date” for the theatre—or even a dance. It means freedom!

This truly remarkable medicine may be taken any time, preferably at the first sign of approaching pain, to avoid the suffering altogether. But Midol is effective even when the pain has caught you unaware and has reached its height. It is effective for hours, so two tablets should carry you through your worst day.

You get these tablets in a trim little aluminum case. All druggists have them—they’re usually right out on the toilet goods counter. Or, clip coupon:

An enjoyable evening, no trace of pain; the time of month forgotten—thanks to Midol.

Try it. It’s free!

For the proof that Midol does relieve periodic pain, send for a free trial box to MIDOL, Dept. C-36, 170 Varick St., New York.

Name
Street
P. O.

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YOU CAN WIN $600 for a Trademark!

Pickford-Lasky Productions need a trademark. You can win money by providing it!

COULD you use five hundred dollars? Or one hundred dollars? Or both? Mary Pickford asks this question of readers of this magazine. And if the answer is, “yes,” America’s Sweetheart asks you to participate in a big contest which is designed to find an original and appropriate trademark for the recently organized Pickford-Lasky Productions, in which Mary shares ownership with Jesse L. Lasky, pioneer Hollywood film producer.

Mary is offering a Grand Prize of $500 and five additional prizes of $100 each. These latter prizes will be awarded to the winners of individual contests, conducted simultaneously in five of the magazines published by Fawcett Publications, Inc., and Motion Picture Publications, Inc. These five magazines are Motion Picture, Screen Play, Hollywood, Screen Book and Movie Classic.

The idea behind this great contest is a simple one. Readers of the five individual magazines will submit their trademark suggestions. These need not be in drawings. A simple, understandable description, from which a drawing can be made, will suffice, although a rough sketch might simplify the task for the judges.

The judges in this contest are Miss Pickford, Mr. Lasky and Captain Roscoe Fawcett, editor-in-chief and general manager of the five magazines named. They will select one winner from each of the five publications. From these five winners, each of whom will be awarded $100, the judges will select the trademark which will be used by Pickford-Lasky Productions. The person among the five winners who submits the finally accepted trademark will be given the Grand Prize of $500.

The contest formally opens on February 1, 1936, and will close on April 15, 1936. Readers of this magazine are urged to submit their trademark selections as early as possible, in order that the judges may have as much time as possible to study the suggestions.

In addition to winning a handsome prize, the reader who submits the trademark finally selected by Miss Pickford, Mr. Lasky and Captain Fawcett for use by Pickford-Lasky Productions will have a lasting screen
monument to his or her talent. Each time that a picture made by Pickford-Lasky Productions is thrown on a screen, the trademark will be used. Wherever a film produced by this organization is advertised, the trademark will stand out as a mark of quality and distinction.

Hollywood film producers have long realized the benefits of trademarks which distinguish reliable screen fare. In the early days of films, every scene was labeled. There was the Lubin bell, which was prominently displayed on every set. The Pathe rooster could be found on every picture "frame." The Vitagraph and Biograph trademarks found their places on every set and in every picture. All that is history.

As films progressed, these trademarks were taken out of the pictures themselves and used only at the beginning of the film and in advance advertising. Today, the Paramount mountain, the RKO-Radio lightning flashes, the M-G-M lion, Columbia's Miss Columbia, the Universal globe, with its airplane, and many other trademarks are known wherever pictures are shown or advertised.

All of these great trademarks have romantic and interesting backgrounds. For instance, there was the day, back in 1914, when Paramount Pictures Corporation was formed. W. W. Hodkinson was in charge. A name had not been decided upon, but Mr. Hodkinson looked out of a window, saw the name, Paramount, on an apartment building and wrote it on a piece of paper. Almost playfully, he traced a mountain over the name. Thus was the well known Paramount trademark born.

Harry [Continued on page 77]
How Readers Rate Them!

HEARTACHES HEALED
($15 Prize Letter)
By Daisy McCullough

SUCH a happy little family—ours was! Daddy, mother and daughter—daddy with a good position. Then, through mistaken judgment—the position gone. Oh, the heartache and bewilderment. Then from Ohio to Florida. A new position for daddy. And the family reunited. The sun for a moment—then clouds. Disaster. Our daddy snatched from us in a sudden illness. For the second time, the world gone topsy-turvy. A little doorman allows daughter and I to slip in to see the pictures, because we are friends and he knows we can't pay. Gloria Swanson in The Trespasser. It's unforgettable drama. Laurel and Hardy in their very hilarious way, serving the salad "undressed," helped in an immeasurable way to make us forget for a while. And to be almost happy. Now, after several years, we have become adjusted. We have good positions and see nearly every good picture. Have pictures helped? Ask us! We know.—Daisy McCullough, 13 Wayne St., Kenton, Ohio.

THEY DISAGREE
($10 Prize Letter)
By Julia Williamson

At a family dinner table, representatives of three generations discussed their favorite movies. Grandma chose Dissa; her son, Uncle John, hesitatingly named Les Miserables; her daughter, Jane, felt that David Copperfield was unsurpassable; grand-daughter, Nancy, sophisticated sub-deb, was certain that Noel Coward's Scoundrel—in story, acting and photography—was the outstanding movie of the age; while Harry, rough and tumble, schoolboy, loudly voiced his approval of The Crusades. It was realized that no films with leading actresses had been chosen. Why? Are men more capable as actors? Are better films possible for men than for women? Are men chosen for ability? And women, for appearance? Hepburn, Garbo, Lillian Harvey and Mae West were mentioned. But no picture, in which they had acted, was considered as being first rate. Again, why?—Julia Williamson, 2302 Spruce St., Philadelphia, Pa.

CASTING THE STARS
($5 Prize Letter)
By Ruth King

Have you ever read a story which, you felt, was just written for a certain player? That no one else—regardless of how good he, or she, might be—could possibly fit into the leading rôle? I have. And wonder how many fans will agree, or disagree, with me. Here's the list:

1. Francis Lederer—Christopher Columbus
2. Charles Boyer—Pasteur, the French scientist
3. Otto Kruger—Ellery Queen
4. Sam Hinds—Dr. Thorndyke
5. Gene Raymond—Inkwine
6. Fredric March—Joseph (from the Bible)
7. Edna May Oliver—Tish
8. Nelson Eddy—Lief, the Lucky
9. Ruth King, 2 Hamilton Ave., Cranford, N. J.

NOVELS ON THE SCREEN
($1 Prize Letter)
By John H. Dauer

I HAVE been a movie fan for twenty-five years and have watched with interest the progress made by the movie industry, but have always wondered about one thing. That is:—The majority of pictures, made from famous novels, seem to be made with the one thought in mind that the books have been read by everyone in this country. Often rather important parts are omitted, leaving the audience in doubt. I have often read books, hoping they would be made into pictures. Often they would be and I lost no time seeing them, trying to compare the two, but nine times out of ten, I came away disappointed due to the omission of parts which to me were very important in the book. I know they cannot make a film exactly as conceived in the book, but I do think they should realize that many people have not read the book and the skipping over of important parts should not be in order. Probably some omissions occur in the cutting room. But, from what I have been able to determine, most of them occurred during the filming of the story, because of the erroneous assumption that the book had been read by all.—John H. Dauer, 1217 So. Charles St., Baltimore, Md.

MORE COLOR WANTED!
($1 Prize Letter)
By John Barrett

I'VE seen many films called "colorful." Only one can really claim the adjective: Becky Sharp. Yes, we've had color films [Continued on page 63]
THE STAR OF "DAVID COPPERFIELD!"...THE HERO OF "WHAT PRICE GLORY!"

THE DIRECTOR OF "CHINA SEAS!"

Together they give their greatest in Damon Runyon's story of rollicking and exciting adventure!

VICTOR McLAGLEN
Freddie BARTHOLOMEO

IN

PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER

Timely as a radio news flash! Tender as a big brother's love! Thrilling as a machine-gun's rat-tat-tat! Uproarious and romantic as only a Damon Runyon yarn can be!

with

GLORIA STUART • CONSTANCE COLLIER
MICHAEL WHALEN • C. HENRY GORDON

A DARRYL F. ZANUCK
TWENTIETH CENTURY PRODUCTION
Presented by Joseph M. Schenck
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith • Directed by Tay Garnett
Turning the Spotlight on Pat O'Brien

By John R. Baldwin

William Patrick O'Brien has two great ambitions. One is to be the best husband and father in captivity; the other, to be a not too important actor.

The first ambition is well on the way toward fulfillment, thanks to the former Eloise Taylor, once an important actress on the New York stage, who is now Pat's wife. She and Pat have one daughter, Mavourneen, who—at the ripe old age of eighteen months—has a strange hold on the affections of her dad to such an extent that she is practically the only subject upon which he will talk for any length of time.

Mavourneen [which in Gaelic means "sweetheart"] has considerably changed the life of her father. Having finished Ceiling Zero, an air drama, he decided to take a short vacation in New York. Ordinarily, he would have hopped a plane and had his feet on Times Square in a few hours, but as a father, he couldn't take any chances, exceedingly slight though they might be. He took the train.

Pat O'Brien's second ambition, too, is nearly achieved.

"I want to play better parts and in better pictures, but I don't want to be starred. And that's a fact." The statement is clipped from between teeth which grip his habitual long, black cigar. "My new contract has a clause in it which gives me top male billing in all pictures except those in which I appear with a star of major importance."

To illustrate, O'Brien's name would be featured first on marquees in connection with such a picture as Oil for the Lamps of China, in which he was featured with Josephine Hutchinson, but if he were to appear with Garbo, his name would appear second. That, he figures, is good insurance against the necessity of purchasing a larger hat. "I'm no star," he says. The emphatic statement is accompanied by a challenging glint in his pale blue eyes. "I don't want to be. Just give me a good role to get my teeth into—that's all I want." And that's just what he means.

Oil for the Lamps of China is his idea of a near perfect picture. "Swell part," he says, enthusiastically. "I wouldn't have had it, either, if it hadn't been for Spencer Tracy. The studio wanted to borrow him [Continued on page 60]
Freddie Bartholomew in the title rôle of *Little Lord Fauntleroy* is no sissy. He's all boy! In the novel, from which the picture is being made, his lordship wore 'goldilocks', but Freddie won't wear curls! Appearing as Freddie's mother, in this story, is fair Dolores Costello (Barrymore).
Glorified Beauties held the center of the stage when Ziegfeld ruled his noted Follies, as they do, above, in *The Great Ziegfeld*.
When the late Flo Ziegfeld, popularly known as "Ziggy", created his Follies, Ann Pennington, Fanny Brice, Harriet Hctor and Ray Bolger played prominent parts in them.
Jean Hersholt plays the part of the doctor who brought the quintuplets into the world.

You'll be seeing—and hearing—the Dionne Quintuplets on the screen soon. They're starred in The Country Doctor. Above, from left to right, are Yvonne, Marie, Cecil, Annette and Emilie. It is only once in fifty-seven million births that quintuplets are born. And so, the Dionnes are justly famed indeed. But that is not all! No other quintlets in the entire recorded history of the world have lived even one hour after birth. However, the Dionne babies, having been born May 28, 1934, are now well on their way to their second birthday. They're a miracle of the modern world.
The Quints Become Movie Stars!

By F. L. Perrett

MARIE, EMILIE, CECILE, ANNETTE, and YVONNE—those are the names of the Dionne Quints, "the world's sweethearts."

Quintuplets, occurring only once in every 57,000,000 births, the Dionnes, born May 28, 1934, are a truly remarkable group. They are also the only quintuplets to survive for more than a single hour. Their mother is Elzire Legros Dionne, aged twenty-six, and their father, Oliva Dionne, thirty-one, both French-Canadians, born and brought up in northern Ontario. It was Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe, a little country doctor who had practiced for twenty-seven years in Callander, two and a half miles from the Dionne's small farm, who was called in, and he is solely responsible for the survival of the quint and their mother.

The quints have endeared themselves to the whole world. And, a few months ago, Charles Blake, a reporter who had covered the quints from the first, conceived the idea that a great motion picture could be produced with the quints as stars. Blake wrote the story and submitted it to a Hollywood studio. But it was turned down. Then Darryl Zanuck, 20th Century-Fox's young production chief, heard of the story, read it and bought it.

IN NOVEMBER, the Honorable David Croll, Minister of Public Welfare for the Province of Ontario, and the provincial government's official representative on the board of guardians, announced that an agreement had been reached whereby 20th Century-Fox would be permitted to film The Country Doctor, starring the quints.

In December, a location company arrived in North Bay, Ontario, a dozen miles from the Dafoe hospital. Included in the party were Director Henry King, Jean Hersholt, who plays the rôle of a doctor, and Dorothy Peterson, who portrays the part of a nurse. Snow was falling when the two special cars were cut out of the train at the North Bay Station. And the Hollywoodians reached into their bags for galoshes, mufflers, fur caps and fur coats—and they needed them. It was five below zero. And, during the day, the thermometer skidded to twenty below. Director King talked with Dr. Dafoe at once at his small but comfortable brick-and-frame house in Callander, ten miles distant, at 9 o'clock and this meeting proved one of the turning points of the project. And when Dafoe learned that the studio did not want to turn the existence of the quints upside down, he was pleased.

(Continued on page 88)
Love Comes to Leslie and Bette in The Petrified Forest

It's a strange love story that brings together the stars of that widely discussed film, Of Human Bondage. Based on a play that was a Broadway success, with Leslie Howard as its star, The Petrified Forest is a motion picture that should arouse audience response, the country over. As the lovers, Leslie and Bette are seen here.
Planning SHIRLEY'S Next Ten Years

What's in store for Shirley Temple? Her mother tells her plans!

By SONIA LEE

BEFORE the tiny feet of Shirley Temple, a large number of roads opens into the future! No one can prophesy, even with half-certainty, what even the next year will bring her: Whether it be a continuation of the spectacular Fame that is hers today; whether it be semi-seclusion while she makes the transition from childhood to adolescence and to maturity.

To meet every eventuality of the bounding years, George and Gertrude Temple have formulated for their miracle-daughter, a ten-year plan! A cautiously-conceived plan, it is—one which will not only safeguard the niche that Shirley has carved for herself in the hearts of the world, but will also husband her amazing talents and even further develop them. This plan is not fixed but flexible.

Gertrude Temple's eyes are far-seeing and wise as she discusses her baby's tomorrows. There is tenderness in her eyes as she listens to the sounds, coming from the other side of the thin partition where Shirley... [Continued on page 66]
Errol Flynn Takes to Adventure

One thrill after another, that's Flynn's story!

By Tom Sherwin

Warner Brothers have under contract, one of the world's most romantic adventurers. His name is Errol Flynn. He is Irish, as what adventurer isn't. And he was chosen for the coveted rôle of Captain Blood. Many others wanted the part.

Errol Flynn also has the distinction of being the husband of the glamorous Lili Damita with whom he eloped to Yuma, not so long ago. The marriage was the result of a courtship which began when he was on the way to America from England. Later, he and Lili flew down to Arizona's Gretna Green and the marrying judge, Earl A. Freeman, tied the knot. He was quoted by local papers as declaring them, the most nervous of all the many movie couples that he had married. From the chatter and small-talk, heard around town, it is evident that the Flynn's are very devoted to one another.

Sabatini is quoted as remarking that Flynn is the ideal type for Captain Blood and that Flynn's own adventures equal anything Sabatini's fictitious. [Continued on page 82]
Those who think that no man can take such glory as Eddy’s in stride, do not know the real Eddy!

"As an actor, I am a good singer."—Eddy

What Has Hollywood Done to Nelson Eddy?

By Eric L. Ergenbright

What has Hollywood done to Nelson Eddy? You hear such a question often about stars like the big, good-looking, golden-voiced ex-reporter, copy-reader, copy-writer, cartoonist and what have you in the way of professions—stars who have soared to fame in pictures almost literally overnight.

People wonder how one human being can absorb so much glory, so much adulation, so much prestige, so many of the myriad advantages of film success—and disadvantages, too—in such a short while. They shake their heads.

"No one could take such a thing in stride," they are likely to say. "Such triumphs would change and distort the character of a man of iron."

But those who say that about stars in general don’t know Nelson Eddy. The question: "What has Hollywood done to Nelson Eddy?" should really be changed to: "What has Nelson Eddy done to Hollywood?" Because, for the present, at least, Nelson Eddy has deserted Hollywood. He has gone away on a concert tour. He refused an opportunity to make a fortune on a single picture because of this concert tour—refused it with a shrug of the shoulders. To pleadings and propositions that would have turned the head of almost any veteran top-notchers, he was adamant. He was going. He went. That was that.

And, though he is coming back, it may not be for long. Nelson Eddy has his eyes on horizons beyond Hollywood’s beguiling, purple-tipped hills. To him, Hollywood, which is the Rainbow’s End to thousands of ambitious fortune-seekers, is only a stop along the road to another and different destination—a stepping stone, not a pinnacle; a milepost, not a goal.

Music, and music alone, is the destiny that Nelson Eddy visions for himself. He likes Hollywood. He is grateful to Hollywood for giving him his big chance at last, after the two years he spent as one of the lesser contract players at his studio. But still, Hollywood is only a means to an end as things look to him now.

It is strange to find a man offered glory, riches—everything, it seems, that any one person could wish—looking beyond these to an apparently less significant ambition. But Nelson’s ideas are definite about it all.

"For one thing," he said, [Continued on page 80]
PRIZES

Following is the list of prizes to be awarded in this great nationwide knitting contest: 1st Prize, roundtrip all-expense railroad tour to Hollywood and return; 2nd, airplane trip, New York to Hollywood (or Hollywood to New York), value $288; 3rd, Mendocino leaver coat, value $100; 4th, Tavanne wrist watch, value $100; 5th, one year's supply of shoes (A. C. Lawrence), value $75; 6th, one hooker rug (Fleisher), value $75; 7th, one Afghan (Bernard Ulman Co.), value $75; 8th and 9th, two one year's supplies of Moquin Classic-sha silk stockings, value $48 each; 10th, one year's supply of L'Entheric Perfume and Cosmetics, value $50.70; 11th, one evening ensemble of Cora Pearls, consisting of neckline and bracelet to match, by Cohn & S. Jberg, value $50; 12th, one year's supply of Maidens Foren brassieres and girdles, value $50; 13th, one Grumo wrist watch, value $50; 14th, one year's supply of Corday's perfume (Voyage a Paris), value $32.50.

RULES

1. To compete in this contest, you may knit any garment pictured here or in the Motion Picture-Movie Classic Knitting Instruction Book.
2. The Motion Picture-Movie Classic Knitting Instruction Book may be obtained at any department store, selling Fleisher, Bear Brand, or Bucilla yarns. The price of the book is 25 cents.
3. The contest opens February 1, 1936, and closes May 1, 1936.
4. The garment that you knit will be your entry in the contest—and it will be judged solely for quality of workmanship by nationally famous women. Their decision will be final.
5. At any time between April 1 and the closing date of the contest, wrap your entry carefully and mail it, postage paid, to Knitting Contest Editor, 20-22 Greene St., New York City, enclosing enough stamps for its return to you by parcel post, insured. The sponsors of this contest will not be liable for loss or damage to any garment submitted, but will take every reasonable precaution to insure its safe return. All entries must reach the above named address on, or before May 1, 1936.
6. All entries must be accompanied by all the bands from Bear Brand, Fleisher, or Bucilla yarns used in knitting your garment, or by facsimile of them.
7. Before sending your garment as an entry in the contest, you must reserve space for it by mailing the application blank (or facsimile) shown here on page 41. This does not obligate you to send a garment later. It merely reserves space for your garment.
8. In case of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
9. The judges are: Grand Duchess Marie, Mrs. James Roosevelt, mother of the President, Miss Winifred Oakes and Tobi, fashion authorities, and Mrs. W. H. Hoppin, New York society leader.
10. This contest is open to everyone, except employees of Motion Picture Publications, Inc., Fayett Publications, Inc., Warner Brothers-First National Pictures, and the manufacturers of Bear Brand, Fleisher, and Bucilla yarns, and their families.

Garment No. 924: Bette Davis chose this smart knitted ensemble in cream and strawberry red, woven so that it resembles tweed. Bear Brand Paislee Tweed is the yarn that was used, with Bear Brand French Zephyr for the trimmings.
Garment No. 925: Desert tan is the color of the attractive sports frock which Alma Lloyd models here. Belt and trimming on sleeves are in soft tile red. This dress is made from Bear Brand Crêpe Bouclè. It will flatter your figure.

Garment No. 920: It's a two-piece, hand-knitted spring ensemble that Joan Blondell wears here. Her hat is white felt, trimmed with black patent leather. The yarn used in making this chic ensemble is Bear Brand French Zephyr.

**KNITTING CONTEST**

Warner Brothers-First National star. Five of these are shown on these pages. There are, however, eighteen others—a total of twenty-three! You can knit any garment you like.

These twenty-three garments which you will want to knit for yourself are described in detail in the new Motion Picture-Movie Classic Knitting Instruction Book. This is the first book of its kind. It features styles worn by the famous film stars of Hollywood! In this great book are described not only the five dresses which stars are seen wearing here, but also all of the other eighteen. The volume costs 25 cents.

Perhaps knitting has been only a pastime of yours. But now you can make this hobby pay! Read the rules. Then enter this big contest! It is a golden opportunity!

Here's a golden opportunity to visit Hollywood free! Just knit a dress and win a prize! It is your big chance!

**APPLICATION BLANK**

Knitting Contest Editor, 
MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 
20-22 Greene St., 
New York, N. Y.

This is to let you know that I am interested in your knitting contest and that I am likely to knit a garment and enter it in your contest. I should, therefore, like to have you reserve space for my garment, if I should decide to send one to you in order to enter this contest. I understand, however, that this application does not, in any way, obligate me to knit a garment and enter the contest.

My Name Is

My Address Is: Street

City State
Destiny Controls Warner Baxter's Life!

Baxter says that he can’t direct his life as he might wish—and tells why!

By Henry Langford

From Warner Baxter’s own lips, I have just heard him confess his own helplessness in arranging his life! As the hero of millions of women—who hail him as the forceful, unswervable director of his own destiny and career—Baxter admitted, simply and frankly, that he knows that he cannot control or direct the things he says, does, thinks, feels! He’s in the hands of destiny.

He was telling me about his creed of life—his basic belief and faith. It is a creed of fatalism; the creed that everything that happens to him—bad or good, big or little, private or public, everything—must so happen, and that nothing he has ever done, or ever hopes to do, can change that. He, himself, is quite helpless.

It is, so far as I can learn, the first time that Baxter has ever publicly revealed this faith of his, this supreme fatalism. And, perhaps, it was because, literally, he was in shackles as he spoke, that he broke the reserve of years to tell it. For it was on the set of The Prisoner of Shark Island at 20th Century-Fox studios, that we were talking.

It is, as you may gather, a prison set—but the bleakest, most hopeless, most soul-degradingly depressing prison set that I have ever seen erected in Hollywood. It had a dark air of doom.

Historically accurate, this grim set portrays the interior of the Shark Island prison of the Union Army during the time of the Civil War. Every wall is brutal; the caked ground underfoot seems to have been trampled hard with the corpses of thousands of men’s broken souls; the air is sickening with hatred and fear and bestiality and hopelessness of escape. Of course, I knew it was just a set. And yet, in a few minutes, I felt permeated with the inescapability of it. I felt I wanted to get away—outside the set—outside the big sound stage—outside, where I could be not only physically free, but mentally free. Such was my reaction.  
[Continued on page 68]
At extreme left: Evalyn Knapp is seen in a chic evening ensemble. It is of navy crêpe. The revers and cuffs are made out of white mousseline. Lettie Lee designed it!

At left: It's navy blue, this smart spring frock, worn by Anya Taranda. In creating the garment, a sheer crêpe was employed. Also, a white piqué. It's Lettie Lee creation.

Glamorously Yours

At left: For the gay spring evening, Lettie Lee wears a gown of delicate Chantilly lace. It's in pale green.

Above: Sally O’Neil models a street dress that’s youthful and appealing. Featured here is a casual neckline that is edged in white piqué. This dress is a Lettie Lee design.

At left: It’s a stunning ensemble which Kathleen Burke models here. The three-quarter length coat and dress is in black crêpe with white bodice relief (Lettie Lee style).
Chart Your Wardrobe

There's going to be nothing drab about colors used in the coming spring style creations. The season's hues are going to be vivid

By VIRGINIA T. LANE

ALL the old stand-by shades and combinations have disappeared with the coming of glorious new ones. Just as Bette Davis said, "It's good fun—and good fashion—to experiment in colors and I'm going to do it! For years, I've been wearing pastels and conventional blacks because somebody told me a blonde should. But here's where I jump the traces!"

And she did—with the most stunning suit of the season. A year ago, she would have selected the customary gray or mild blue. But now, it's a Chevron tweed suit in a bright American beauty color and royal blue. And it's altogether lovely. You have to see those colors actually combined on a little feminine blonde type to know how wonderful they can be. Incidentally, brilliant shades look best in a rough material like tweed, because it takes away from that too-bright look. And did you know that a rough texture makes the complexion seem finer? Bette likes the suit particularly because it's one of those handy three-piece models. The top coat is a shadow check in rose and royal blue, lined with royal blue crépe. She has a blue waist to match. And a rose crépe waist to match the jacket and skirt. Her hat is suede in royal blue.

Right now, the color line-up goes something like this: Flower tones for tailored frocks; jewel tones from Renaissance hues for the more formal jacket dresses; floral prints, emphasizing wide...
Colors for Spring——

bouquet patterns with dramatic sashes for the dance.

BETTE'S jacket dress—in a ribbed crêpe — is of that flame-coral shade that you see occasionally in opals. It has the new high waist-line and flat circular tucks give it that fitted appearance instead of the usual side seams. Remove the jacket, with its sweeping Kolinsky collar, and you have a very formal gown with a halter neck and no back. And the single ornament is a gold leaf clip which Bette accents by wearing gold kid sandals.

Designer Orry-Kelly says that those quaint taffeta frocks are definitely an expression of the new mode, the afternoon dress-that-can-be-worn-for dinner. He made these frocks for Bette Davis to wear in Dangerous and she promptly fell in love with them. They're in two-toned taffeta, an excel-

lent material. One such frock shimmers from silver to deep garnet red and has black velvet dots. And Orry-Kelly has put deep folds at the waistline, in place of tucks or pleats to give the dress fullness. The severe neckline, he softens with a little white pique collar. Another such frock is in saffron gold and black and has a unique square-neck treatment of black velvet. Wide belts are featured on both. This is a style that you're going to see a great deal, and it's bound to add a fresh, youthful vigor to any wardrobe.

It's queer about colors—what they do to personalities. One would naturally think that Winifred Shaw, with her blue-black hair, would choose bright colors a great deal more often than Bette. But no, the clever young woman of Broadway Hostess fame chooses the deep, more mystic tones like green-black [Continued on page 84]
JOAN Dares to Break the BENNETT Tradition

By GERTRUDE HILL

OF ALL the stars whose brilliance scintillates across the Hollywood horizon, Joan Bennett is the most unbelievable, the most contradictory, and the most audacious. She is truly extraordinary.

With a courage that no one would suspect, Joan has dared to carve out her life entirely differently from the Bennett tradition of tempestuous arrogance and haughty glamour. She has dared to break away from the kindly dominance of an emphatically successful sister and father, who had already established the route that the Bennetts travel to stardom.

It hardly seems credible, does it? Because of her Dresden china figure, tender eyes and petulant mouth, Joan is the ideal heroine of a nineteenth century novel. She is the girl in the white dress and blue sash whose portrait hangs in all the better galleries, typifying sweetness and light of an unwordly, old-fashioned nature. A Greuze come to life. She is the eternal ingénue. Until you know her better. There is a story behind Joan that shows her up for a sly minx.

In the days when Richard Bennett was sweeping across the American stage, demanding all the hearts due the most handsome matinee idol of his time, his youngest child, Joan, was sitting at home listening to big sister Constance tell her just what to do and how to do it. Connie was pretty sure of herself, even then, and usually right, so little Joan found that life was much simpler and more peaceful if she did what Constance told her. And what sister Barbara told her. And what her mother and father told her.

JOAN was a gentle little thing, not the least like the stormy Bennetts. But they loved her all the more for it, and probably put all sorts of things over on her with their tender tyranny. Such was the childhood of Joan.

There was never any doubt that Constance “belonged” to the Bennett tradition. When she was sixteen, her beauty was as much acknowledged as her father’s name, and she was deluged with theatrical offers. It was merely a question of which she would accept. Her first rôle cast her in the part of a sophisticate, and she has been illustrating the finer points of sophistication ever since.

Now, mind you, Connie was sixteen when she first, publicly, established her type. Actually, she was utterly inexperienced; she knew nothing of life: she had [Continued on page 86]

In spite of the fact that Joan Bennett looks like the typical ingénue, she wishes neither to appear sweet nor babyish. “I’m always struggling to seem more mature,” she says. Joan becomes angry, too, but doesn’t explode!
CREATED BY...

Lettie Lee
OF
HOLLYWOOD

(Left) LETTIE LEE, the famous Hollywood couturiere, designs a Spring formal of black Martial over a hand blocked silk print of red and black on white by FRANK ASSOCIATES INC., NEW YORK. Note the very new applique touches on the sleeves. Glamorous! Worn by Anna Grey.

(Left) LETTIE LEE combines navy sheer crepe and white pique in a Spring ensemble whose flared hip length jacket features a double cuff and a bodice of white pique with tiny navy buttons. Worn by Mona Barrie.

(Above) LETTIE LEE creates the perfect Bridal frock of soft gray crepe with inserts of gray Chantilly lace.

(Above) LETTIE LEE brings the brilliance of a thousand flowers in this gay dance frock of hand blocked silk print in orange, red and green on a white background, by Frank Associates Inc., New York. The ruffled front, bare back, save for four narrow straps, and slim waisted effect are most flattering. Worn by Anna Grey.

Only original LETTIE LEE creations bear this label. Look for it.

A list of stores in your city who feature LETTIE LEE gowns will be found on Page 62
The TALK of Hollywood

Who's who in Hollywood and who is doing what? Here's a chance to know all the latest inside answers!

I WONDER how many who remember, with so much pleasure, the dancing of Rudolph Valentino in *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* could tell you the name of the pretty girl who danced with Valentino in that picture? In case that question ever occurs when you are in a betting mood, place a bet on Rosita Gonzales. That was the name of the girl. You can be sure that your money will be on the right girl. Bet on Rosita!

One thing that is beyond all understanding is the case of Jimmy Savo, the little comedian and pantomimist. For years, in musical productions and in vaudeville, Jimmy has been considered a great bet for pictures, many even going so far as to predict that Savo would be the logical successor to Chaplin. Hecht and MacArthur thought so, too, and backed their convictions by starring Savo in a picture called *Blue Moon*. But the picture was a box office failure. Hal Roach sensed possibilities in Savo and brought him to Hollywood to do a feature called *Alas! Alone!* After

Ralph Bellamy & Party

At Palm Springs Racquet Club, Ralph Bellamy serves lunch for George Bancroft, Charles Farrell, Paul Lukas and Crawford Kent.

Just because pretty Mary Taylor came to Hollywood to visit her aunt, the Countess di Frasso, for the Christmas holidays, the gossipers tried to revive the New York story about a romance between her and Clark Gable. This is quite untrue. Miss Taylor and her aunt have been close friends of both Clark Gable and wife. But that's all.

Joan Blondell

Joan gets her exercise, these days, by taking a long ride on a bicycle.
GAIL Patrick
Here's a close-up of Gail in The Lone Wolf Returns

SIMONE Simon
Under Two Flags is first American film for Simone

STEFFI DUNA
Playing the part of Neleta in the coming film, Anthony Adverse, Steffi is a fascinating siren

ONE WEEK ago, Roach abandoned the film. It seems, however, that there must be a producer and a director, somewhere, who could bring out that certain spark that this young chap certainly has. Just where they can be found, however, nobody knows!

HOLLYWOOD is still talking about that delicious remark that Wally Beery made on a recent radio broadcast. Those who were in the studio, at the time, heard Wally, reading from script, a colorful introduction for the operatic star, Helen Jepson. This done, Wally folded his script. Then, he continued in his own words: "And now, folks, Miss Jepson will sing some of that dandy music by Tannhäuser!" Later, Wally learned that Tannhäuser was an opera, composed by Richard Wagner!

A YEAR ago, at the Hollywood Playhouse, a play was produced that lasted only a few weeks, aroused little more than passing interest, and then folded. Today, that play is a real hit on Broadway and Warner Brothers are said to have paid $50,000 for the picture rights. It is called The Night of January 16, and the stage producer is Al Woods. To those who might wonder why some studio did not buy it when it was playing in Hollywood, the answer is that the Hollywood production lacked direction, cast, staging and—above all—the smart idea of picking a jury from the audience.

SMART girl, Loretta Young! While the gossips were trying to figure out all about Loretta's illness, and without much success, Loretta silenced all rumors, very [Continued on page 74]
Mae West—
a Member in Good Standing

Mae West, as seen in her coming picture, Klondike Lou

Mae's a real joiner! She belongs to hundreds of clubs!

By Marian Rhea

Mae West, the honorary captain of the Mae West Curves—baseball team of note in Buffalo, N. Y. and other points east—powdered an already powdered nose in the absent manner of one burdened with far more serious problems, then reached a languid, diamond bedecked hand for a packet of letters on the floor by the pink satin chaise longue.

"Yeah," she sighed, "it was swell while it lasted but it's all over now."

She undid the string that bound the letters and they fell into her white satin lap. She sighed again.

"Look at 'em," she remarked, sadly. "They're all invitations which I can't accept. Invitations to join things. Here's one that invites me to be a Rotarian in some little town in China—I didn't know till now they had Chinese Rotarians. And here's one that asks me to be honorary commander of an American Legion post in Idaho, and here's one from Nome, Alaska that asks me to be a member of the Northern Lights Association of Sour Doughs. I'll bet it isn't every girl that gets a chance to be a Sour Dough. And I gotta turn 'em all down!

So many invitations, I thought. It seemed a pity to refuse them all. I asked her why it must be done—why she must decline these honors. What was the reason?

She explained. "Paramount says I must. They say I belong to too many outfits already. They say I take such things too seriously and that it interferes with my work. They say I'm wearing myself out. They say—"

I interrupted. "To how many do you belong already?"

"Oh, maybe eight or nine hundred," she answered casually. It seemed no great number to her.

I gasped. "Good Heavens! Do you go to meetings often?" I was astounded. [Continued on page 72]
"Randy" and Harriet Hilliard in Follow the Fleet, new film

Above: "Randy" Scott and Margaret Sullavan in So Red the Rose

No More Westerns for Randolph Scott

"Randy" Scott’s cowboy days are over. He’s winning new triumphs!

By Gordon Crowley

THE Randy Scott who was so long the strong, silent man of the Great Open Spaces is gone and in his stead is Randolph Scott, Virginia gentleman. Now, he wears a silk toppler instead of a ten-gallon sombrero and tails instead of hair-pants. Randy has ridden in his last round-up. No more will the tall, rangy Randy head his cow pony down the dangerous trails or sing to the night herd.

All this is a way of telling you that Mr. Scott has forsaken the "westerns," which so long claimed him, and has become one of Hollywood’s most promising young leading men. Right now, he is definitely headed for stardom.

It was in the picture Roberta, as the football hero who inherited a gown shop, that Scott attracted attention. That one rôle put him in seventh place on the exhibitors’ list of box-office draws among young leading men. Then Scott appeared in A Village Tale. Later, he was the hero in She. Hepburn, who had been watching him in all his RKO rôles, demanded him for the part of her leading man in Alice Adams but Paramount had already decided that he was the man to play opposite Margaret Sullavan in So Red the Rose.

SIX feet two inches tall, with the shoulders of a weight-tosser and the hips of a sprinter, Scott stands and walks with the muscular ease of [Continued on page 74]
NOW YOU’LL KNOW ALL THE ANSWERS

Just Ask the Cinema Sage

starring with him. (F.S., Trenton, N.J.)

Loretta Young—She was born at Salt Lake City, Utah, Jan. 6, 1912. Her family having moved to Los Angeles, she was educated at Ramona Convent there. Entering films at the age of sixteen, Loretta completed her education under private tutors. Her next picture assignment has not been definitely decided. At present, she is tentatively scheduled to appear in Ramona for 20th Century-Fox. Although she is not a great sports enthusiast, Loretta enjoys swimming and horseback riding. Her ancestry is American-English-French. (F.S., Trenton, N.J.)

Carole Lombard—Pt. Wayne, Indiana, is her birthplace. The date was Oct. 6, 1908. Her height is five feet two inches, and her weight 112 pounds. Her real name is Jane Peters. (J.M., Oakmont, Pa.)

Henry Fonda—Born at Grand Island, Nebr., May 16, 1865, Henry will soon be thirty-one years of age. He is six feet two inches tall and tips the scales at 170 pounds. His hair is dark brown; and his eyes, blue. (L.C., Cheraw, S. Carolina.)

Jean Parker—Her weight is 105 pounds. You’ll see Jean soon in The Ghost Goes West with Robert Donat. (L.C., Cheraw, S.C.)

Joan Crawford—She attended Stephens College, a small denominational institution at Columbia, Mo., only as a freshman, leaving there when she was still sixteen. While attending college, she worked as a waitress to support herself. (V.R., Murray, Utah)

Gary Cooper—Born at Helena, Mont., May 7, 1901, Gary was brought up in Montana. His name, at that time, was Frank J. Cooper. His hair is brown; and his eyes, light blue. (R.F.C.)

Merle Oberon—Having been born in the town of Hobart on the island of Tasmania, February 19, 1911, Merle will soon be twenty-five years old. She attended school in Bombay and Calcutta, India, completing her education at La Martiniere College in the latter city. At this college, she studied French, Hindustani and Latin. Her real name is Estelle Merle O’Brien Thompson. Her father was an English army officer. (G.F.S.)

You’ll see Virginia Bruce soon in The Great Ziegfeld, big M-G-M film

Frances Dee—Her real name, at present, is Mrs. Joel McCrea. Her birthday is Nov. 26. She was born at Garvanza, Calif. Her hair is brown; her eyes, blue; her weight, 108 pounds. There is no picture scheduled for her at present. Her recent one was Gay Deception with Francis Lederer. (D.R.H., Central Valley, N.Y.)

Anita Louise—the color of her eyes is light blue; her hair, blonde. She weighs 106 pounds and her height is five feet, three and a half inches. She was born in New York City, Jan. 9, 1915. Anita enjoys all outdoor sports, especially tennis, horseback riding, swimming and fencing. Her coming picture is Anthony Adverse. (H.G.L., Shenandoah, Pa.)


Clark Gable—His ancestry is Pennsylvania Dutch. Having been born at Cadiz, Ohio, February 1, 1901, he is thirty-five years of age. His next picture is Wife vs. Secretary with Jean Harlow and Myrna Loy.

If you want information about a movie star, ask this department. Your answer will appear as soon as space permits its inclusion. Or, if you prefer an immediate personal reply, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Address your letter to The Cinema Sage, Motion PicturE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.
I'm sure Jim likes me—yet he never takes me out anymore.

Boys can't be proud of a girl with pimply skin—

I'd so much rather take Nan—But those pimples!! It's got to be a swell-looking dame for this party!

There's Jim with a stunning looking girl, gorgeous skin! I thought Nan was his one and only.

Oh, Nan's a sight these days! Pimples all over her face.

Next day:

Oh, mother, how can I get my skin clear and smooth again? The girls say that last night, Jim—

We'll go straight to the doctor and find out.

Why of course you can do something about those pimples. Just eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's yeast every day—before meals—until your skin is cleared up.

Later:

Then I'll call for you tonight, it's going to be a swell party.

Sounds like fun! Well, I'll be seeing you.

Just like old times—now my skin is clear again.

—clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants
out of the blood

Don't let Adolescent Pimples keep YOUR boy friend away

Pimples are all too common in the years that follow the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to the age of 25, or even longer. Important glands develop and final growth takes place during this time. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin, causing pimples.

Clear up these adolescent pimples—with Fleischmann's Yeast. This fresh yeast clears the skin irritants out of your blood. Pimples go. Your skin is fresh and smooth again . . .

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals—plain, or in a little water—until your skin clears. Start today!

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated
 Lovely hands

DEMAND A POLISH
THAT DOESN'T STREAK OR PEEL

GLAZO'S AUTHENTIC COLORS
WEAR 2 TO 4 DAYS LONGER

WHAT are the things that every
smart woman expects of her nail
polish? It must be outstandingly
lovely! It must apply easily and evenly,
without streaking. It must wear long
and gracefully, without peeling or chip-
ing—or your nails will soon look
shabby.

Glazo's glorious colors are approved
by beauty and fashion authorities.
Glazo has solved the streaking problem
—and it's the easiest to apply, with its
special, improved brush. And because
Glazo is so superior in quality, it wears
days longer than you've been accus-
tioned to expect.

Just try Glazo, and discover how
lovely your hands can be. Formerly
much more, Glazo Manicure Prepara-
tions are now only 20 cents each.

GLAZO
... The Smart Manicure

HOLLYWOOD
Home Hints

Mona Barrie's flowers are artifi-
cial. But they look real! And they
match the motif of her living room

FLOWERS always match Mona
Barrie's Spanish living room motif
throughout the year. ... Look closely
at those about which Miss Barrie is
so thrilled. Wouldn't you think that
they are the real thing? Well, to tell
the truth, Miss Barrie's friends think
they are the real thing too, until they
are told differently. ... Here's the
secret. ... They are artificial and are
manufactured by the California Arti-
ficial Flower Company of Providence,
R. I. This firm can match any room
in your house and can supply you
with almost any type of flower that
you might want.

JUST A WORD about Holly-
wood's most popular washing soap—
Fels-Naptha. The basis of Fels-
Naptha is good old-fashioned golden
soap combined with naphtha. Naphtha,
of course, is that chemical your clean-
er uses on your dresses when you
send them to him to be cleaned. The
naphtha in Fels-Naptha cuts the dirt
and the golden soap gently and thor-
oughly washes it away. ... No com-
bination could be better, either for
the hands or the wash, for it is the
one soap that is double acting in its
purpose.

MRS. JACK DURANTE (Molly
O'Day) weighs her baby every day
and you should see how he's gaining.
And Molly makes sure of her baby's
gains, by weighing him on her new
Counselor scales. These scales play
a tune, Rock-A-Bye Baby, every time

that Molly puts her baby on them,
because they are equipped with a lit-
tle music box. The music box is hid-
den away inside, so baby can't tamper
with it in his spare moments. By all
means, next time you go shopping,
note this novel device.

EDWARD ARNOLD is one of
Hollywood's greatest cooking fans.
Ed's wife says that he always takes
complete charge of the kitchen when-
ever anything special has to be done.
He just loves to have his way and
just so, and he is insulated if his guests
don't bring a hearty appetite to the
Arnold house when they are invited
d for dinner. If you are anything like
Ed, you will like this: Never
serve meals or cocktails without a
dash of Angostura. ... Angostura will
improve the taste of many a dish,—
be it fish, soup, or salad. It will pay
you to investigate Angostura.

IT IS POSITIVELY amazing
how far the various electrical equip-
ment companies have progressed in
the last few years. For example, the
no-toasters and electric irons use
twice the electricity that the new ones
do. You really ought to know about
the progress which the Proctor &
Schwartz Company has made in that
direction. They've even developed an
electric iron that has a dial control
to regulate the heat of the iron. ... 
Turn the dial to the word "cotton" and
the iron will never get hot
enough to spoil the cotton goods
that you may be ironing. ... There is a
different degree of heat for cotton,
silk, wool and linen.

ADRIENNE AMES has some-
thing interesting to say on the sub-
ject of polishing furniture. "We have
all found that polishing with a dry
cloth does little or no good," she says.
In this connection, Liquid Veneer
might be mentioned as being the one
polish that will stand up to the white
glove test. In other words, it con-
tains no grease and therefore leaves
no greasy film on the furniture.

HERE are a couple of new uses
for that popular antiseptic, Zonite.
For the removal of onion odors from
the hands, merely wash them in a
mild solution of Zonite and all trace
of the odor will vanish at once.
Zonite is also most useful in the re-
moval of ink stains. Simply prepare
a mild solution and dip the article in
question in the solution, and the
stains will vanish. Care should be
taken, however, in the case of dye-
goods, making sure that these are
dyed in fast colors.
Three Columbia Stars Reveal Hollywood's Beauty Secret

Blonde, brunette, brownette, redhead!...

here is a new make-up to emphasize the individual color attraction of your type.

WHAT a thrill to see a new, a more beautiful, a more charming personality reflected in your own mirror. And this is what you may confidently expect with your own personalized color harmony in this new make-up created by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius. For imagine how perfect it must be... each shade of face powder, rouge and lipstick actually created to flatter the beauty of famous screen star types.

Face Powder Creates a Satin-Smooth Make-Up

As you may know, screen stars will entrust their beauty only to a face powder that adheres perfectly...so you may be sure Max Factor's Face Powder will create for you a satin-smooth make-up that will cling for hours. And the lifelike color harmony shade will actually enliven the beauty of your skin, creating an appealing loveliness that will delight you.

Rouge, Like Artist's Color Tones, Beautifies Naturally

Actual lifelike color tones, that is the secret of Max Factor's color harmony Rouge...and you will discover the difference in the natural beauty it brings to your cheeks. Your correct shade harmonizes with your powder and complexion colorings...as you blend it, you'll note how creamy-smooth it is, like finest skin texture.

Lip Make-Up That Lasts and Lasts

Because it's moisture-proof, because it gives to the inner and outer surface of your lips the same alluring, beautiful color harmony tone... Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick is the one that keeps lips lovely for hours; yes, it is the lipstick that Harbourdeau knows will withstand every test.

Now the luxury of color harmony make-up, created originally for the screen stars by Hollywood's make-up genius, is available to you at nominal prices...Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar...featured by all leading stores.

Max Factor Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP: Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick In Color Harmony

FOR personal make-up advice...and to test your own color harmony shades in powder and lipstick, mail this coupon.

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Eye make-up
DONE IN GOOD TASTE

Maybelline eye beauty aids have been the choice of fastidious women the world over for more than 18 years. From chic Paris to smart New York, these pure and harmless cosmetics may be found on the dressing tables of the most exquisitely groomed women. The name Maybelline is synonymous with highest quality and absolute purity. To insist on Maybelline is to be definitely assured of eye beauty at its best. All Maybelline eye beauty aids are obtainable at leading ten cent stores.

Maybelline

MOTION PICTURE Pattern Department, Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn.

For the enclosed __ cents, please send me a pattern of the

<table>
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Name
Street
City
State

All orders are filled promptly. If you enclose twenty-five (25c) with this coupon, you can get a pattern of either of the two dresses described. For fifty (50c) cents you can get both! Place check marks in the squares provided above to indicate what you wish to have sent to you. You can purchase these patterns directly at any store handling Screen Star Patterns, if you wish. If you reside in Canada, mail this coupon to Motion Picture Pattern Dept., 133 Jarvis St., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

Motion Picture for March, 1936
Below: Style No. 900—Smart Suit for Spring. There seems to be no limit to the use of contrasting fabrics and colors this season. Here's a charming example in thin nubby weave woolen that links plaid jacket with flecked monotone skirt. Another scheme is dark plain woolen jacket in black, brown or navy with pale neutral shade for the skirt. Oxford grey or lighter grey woolen is new neutral shade that promises much popularity this season, and would be especially effective for this simple-to-sew jacket suit. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust.

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

MAKE sure you don't have bad breath! Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes all the decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums and around the tongue—which dentists agree are the source of most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate's. If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will gladly refund TWICE what you paid.

HEART-BROKEN
... until she took her dentist's advice

I WAS A FOOL TO CALL HIM! HE'S SO COLD AND DISTANT THESE DAYS.

NO USE STRINGING HER ALONG. SHE'S A SWELL GIRL...BUT HER BREATH!

IT'S TRUE! AND I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THE CAUSE OF MOST BAD BREATH...MAKES TEETH WHITE, TOO!

OH, THANK YOU SO MUCH...

AND NOTHING EVER MADE MY TEETH SO CLEAN AND BRIGHT, EITHER!

Motion Picture for March, 1936
Skinny, Weak
Rundown
Nervous...

HOLLYWOOD
Takes the Stand
with WINIFRED AYDELOTTE
who tells you things you never knew till now

Q. What was Dixie Lee's real name before she married Bing Crosby?
A. Wilma Wyatt.
Q. If I should spend my next summer in Hollywood, as I am hoping to do, tell me in what section rents are cheapest?
A. Well, that's not so simple as it sounds. However, here are a couple of don'ts. Don't look for an inexpensive house or apartment in Beverly Hills, or near Wilshire or Hollywood boulevards. Small places are found easier in Los Angeles than in Hollywood. A small, furnished apartment may be rented within street-car-riding-distance of the film center for from $25 to $45 per month. You can get furnished rooms, even in Hollywood—and attractive rooms, too—for from $4.00 per week up. Some of the hotels offer very attractive rates. I know where there is a cute little nest you can rent for $40 a month, if you're interested. It has everything, including a private theatre.
Q. Who are the casting directors at the various studios?
A. Ben Piazza, M-G-M; Fred Datig, Paramount; Dan Kelly, Universal; William Perlburg, Columbia; Fred Schusler, Radio; Lou Schrieber, 20th Century-Fox; Bobby Webb, United Artists, and Max Arno, Warners.
Q. Do any of the stars still insist upon playing important scenes behind screens on the set?
A. Not many, no. The only two, of whom I know, are Anna Sten and, of course, Greta Garbo.
Q. Are any of the studio commissaries open to the public?
A. Yes, two. The one at Universal and the one at the Fox plant at Western and Sunset Boulevard. All other studio commissaries are open only to stars, workers on the lots, executives and anybody fortunate enough to have secured a pass by hook or crook.
Q. Are stars as extravagant as most people think they are?
A. It depends upon what you call extravagance. Not many of them throw their money away foolishly. Most of them, after taxes, living expenses, agents' fees, etc., etc. are paid, have very little left. But there are some stars who spend a good deal of money on what can be called, sweepingly, hobbies. Look at Colleen Moore's dollhouse that cost a half million. Buck Jones supports a boy's thirty-piece orchestra. Edward G. Robinson spends hundreds on phonograph and piano records; Joe E. Brown had an entire soda fountain installed in his home for his children; Ann Dvorak and her husband spent a lot of money rigging up a biological labor in their house; Warren Williams raises prize wire-haired terriers. A good many stars have bought airplanes. However, you might think of this way: The stars put an awful lot of money into circulation.
Q. What do the stars act like on the set between shots?
A. They go around talking and muttering to themselves. You see, the learning of dialogue is a tricky business for those stars who have not had stage training, and the dialogue is so often changed at the last moment. The stage veterans sit around and read or talk, or get a lot of business accomplished with their secretaries.
Q. What do the stars do with their old clothes?
A. The clothes of the stars very seldom have a chance to get old. Evening things, especially, must be replaced after only one or two public appearances. These are given either to other members of the family, to friends, or are donated to the several shops that offer the clothes for sale at ridiculously low prices. Extras who must be well-dressed may buy hundred dollar evening gowns at these shops for as little as $20, or fifteen dollars. The stars cling to their sports things much longer, sometimes nursing a particularly beloved outfit along until it is a disgrace, even as you and I might do.
Q. Do they serve real food and drink in eating scenes on the screen, and do these scenes have to be re-created?
A. Certainly, to both. And sometimes it works quite a hardship on the poor consumer. Do you remember the story about Joe E. Brown rehearsing on doughnuts for Elmer the Great until he reached the point

How NATURAL IODINE Builds
Worn-Out, Pale, Sickly Folks
Into Strong, Red-Blooded Men
and Women!

Kelpamalt, New Mineral Concentrate from
the Sea, Rich in NATURAL PLANT IODINE, Feeds
Stunted Glands—Nurtures Build Rich, Red Blood,
Put on Lbs. of Solid. 'Stay-There' Flesh, Give
Steady Nerves and Day-long Energy in First
Week or Trial is Free!

Here's new hope and encouragement for thousands of
even naturally thin, weak, worn out, hard-boiled
men and women whose energy and strength have often
been tapped by overwork and worry, who are nervous, irritable,
always half sick and ailing. Science says the principal
cause of these rundown conditions is GLANDS STAYING
FOR IODINE. When these glands don't work prop-
ertly, all the food in the world can't help you. It
just turns into flesh. The result is, you stay skin-
ing, pale, thin and rundown.

The most important gland—the one which actually con-
trols body weight and strength—is the thyroid gland, whose major
function is to regulate the body's use of iodine. When the thyroid
system gets out of order, you feel tired, weak, under-
weight, and worn out. Iodine is the vital element
in the thyroid system. Iodine does not create the
gland, but does vital things with it. You can't
get iodine from the sea, but you can get it in
Kelpamalt—new recognized as the body's
source of this precious element. All a Kelpamalt
tablet contains is 150 micrograms of iodine. A
reputable medical, scientific authority states that
the amount contained in a Kelpamalt tablet is
entirely safe and does not contain the elementary
iodine which is injurious when inhaled.

To get NATURAL IODINE by conversion, concentrated and
marketable form, take Kelpamalt—new recognized as the world's
richest source of this precious element! All a Kelpamalt tablet
contains is 150 micrograms of iodine. A reputable medical, sci-
fic authority states that the amount contained in a Kelpamalt
tablet is entirely safe and does not contain the elemental
iodine which is injurious when inhaled. You can't get iodine
from the sea, but you can get it in Kelpamalt—new recog-
nized as the body's source of this precious element! All a
Kelpamalt tablet contains is 150 micrograms of iodine. A
reputable medical, scientific authority states that the amount
contained in a Kelpamalt tablet is entirely safe and does not
contain the elementary iodine which is injurious when inhaled.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER.
Write today for free advertising opportunities to Bob T. Morgan at
How to Add Weight, Publisher, 16 W. 45th Street, New York City.

Kelpamalt Tablets
Manufactured under exact standards of the U.S. Pharmacopoeia, and
with the care and skill that have made the Seashell Brand the
choice of doctors and pharmacists everywhere. These tablets are
suitable for men and women. Can be taken by persons on
diets; won't cause weight gain. For those who are often
weak and thin; are hard to get around; have no appetite
for food; feel tired and weak; have a nervous system; lose
weight; have no energy; have a goiter; are underweight;
and for general systemic care. Send 10 tablets to the
address below for this free offer.

Motion Picture for March, 1936
where he was unable, forever after, to look a doughnut in the hole? Hard liquor, however, is not served in scenes, for very obvious reasons, although real beer is generally used. The extras are the ones who really enjoy eating scenes. There, they are in their element. Millions of sandwiches, hundreds of gallons of beer, trillions of peanuts, pop, and hot dogs, are consumed annually by the extras in the name of art!

Q. How many opera stars are now appearing in pictures in Hollywood?
A. Lawrence Tibbett, Lily Pons, Gladys Swarthout, Mary Ellis, Nino Martini, Marion Talley, Grace Moore, Schumann-Heink and Michael Bartlett.

Q. Are there any churches on Hollywood boulevard?
A. There are six: the Fifth Church of Christ, Scientist; First Baptist Church; Hollywood Congregational Church; First Presbyterian; St. Thomas Episcopal Church and the Mac M. Taylor Church.

Q. Have most of the stars more than one car?
A. Yes. Most of them have two or more. A small car when they wish to drive themselves, and a large car that requires the services of a chauffeur. Many of the stars maintain a miniature motor fleet—cars for errands, for friends, for relatives, for train-meetings, in addition to their own personal conveyances. Some stars have many cars, indeed.

Watch for the WINNERS in the Search for TALENT CONTEST

EVERYWHERE throughout the length and breadth of the country, there has been a tremendous popular response to the big search for Talent Contest which Motion Picture Magazine sponsored in conjunction with Universal Pictures and the makers of Hold-Bob bob pins. When this great contest closes on February 1st, the huge sound truck, which has been touring the country in an effort to find new screen talent, will return to Universal City.

Then the real search for new faces in the new films will begin. Casting directors at Universal Studios will scrutinize the screen tests which have been made throughout the entire country. Because there has been such a large number of these tests made and because of the evident ability which many of them will undoubtedly show, the executives at Universal will have a big job on their hands in making a final decision as to just who the seven lucky winners will be. Consequently, it is impossible, as this issue of Motion Picture goes to press, to say just exactly when the names of these winners will be announced. However, every effort will be made to pick the seven who will be awarded trips to Hollywood for additional tests at the earliest possible moment. Watch Motion Picture Magazine for the date!

NOSE PORES

Largest Pores on Your Body—
A Test of Your Cleansing Methods!

by Lady Esther

The pores on the nose are the largest on your body. For this reason, if allowed to become clogged with waxy secretions, they will become conspicuously large and noticeable.

The pores on your nose, therefore, are a good test of your skin-cleansing methods. If the pores are plugged with waste matter and gapping large, it’s a sign your methods are insufficient.

By keeping your pores—and this includes the pores of your nose—thoroughly clean, you can keep them normal in size, invisibly small.

A Penetrating Cream Required

To get at the dirt and waste matter that accumulates in your pores, you must use a face cream that penetrates, one that actually works its way into the pores. Such a cream is Lady Esther Face Cream. It does not merely lie on the surface of your skin. It actually penetrates the pores, and does it in a gentle and soothing manner.

Penetrating the pores, Lady Esther Face Cream goes to work on the imbedded dirt and waste matter. It dissolves it—breaks it up—and makes it easily removable. In a fraction of the usual time, your skin is thoroughly clean.

Cleansed perfectly, your pores can again function freely—open and close as Nature intended. Automatically then, they reduce themselves to their normal small size and you no longer have anything like conspicuous pores.

Lubrication, Also

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin, it also lubricates it. It re-supplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft and smooth.

Make a test on your face of Lady Esther Face Cream. See for yourself how thoroughly it cleans out the pores. Mark how quickly your pores come down in size when relieved of their choking burden. Note the new life and smoothness your skin takes on. One test will tell you volumes.

See For Yourself!

All first-class drug and department stores sell Lady Esther Face Cream, but a 7-days’ supply is free for the asking. Just mail the coupon below or a penny postcard and by return mail you’ll receive the cream—PLUS all five shades of my exquisite Lady Esther Face Powder. Write today.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

FREE

Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Please send me by return mail your 7-days’ supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

Name______________

Address______________

City______________

State______________

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

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Turning the Spotlight on Pat O’Brien

[Continued from page 26]

for the rôle. He couldn’t do it, but he put in a good word for me.”

Spencer Tracy, incidentally, is one of Pat O’Brien’s closest friends. Both are native sons of Milwaukee, and they enlisted and served eighteen months in the Navy together. They were classmates at the American Academy of Dramatic Art in New York City at the same time that William Powell was trying to find his Tiberian sea legs in the same institution.

Pat O’Brien isn’t an ex-Broadway actor. “I’m from the sticks. I had a couple of plays on Broadway, but most of my work was in stock all over the country.”

ON THE subject of his experiences as a stock player, Pat readily expands. His choice anecdote concerns an incident which happened while he was playing in Gertrée. “Funniest experience I ever had,” he recalls, “was being locked in a trunk on the stage. The act called for me to climb out of the trunk at a cue from an actress. When the cue came, I shoved at the lid. It wouldn’t open. I got frantic and shove so hard that the trunk bounced around. The audience howled. Fortunately, the actress had the presence of mind to ad lib. ‘Can it be that there are ghosts around here?’ she asked. ‘Not yet,’ I yelled, half suffocated, ‘but there will be if you don’t get this trunk open.’”

Like most Irishmen, he likes to be liked. Walk down the street with Pat O’Brien and he’ll find a dozen people to whom to say, “hello pal,” even in a strange city. Few actors have more walks of life. Perhaps little things like taking all the bell-hops at the Lamb’s Club in New York to the Fordham-New York University football game on Thanksgiving day has something to do with it. O’Brien likes to go to prize fights and football games with a big gang and shout with the rest of the crowd.

There is a good reason for his football enthusiasm. He played quarterback at Marquette University and, while captain of the team in his senior year, he carried the ball sixty-seven yards in one play to score a winning touchdown against Notre Dame.

Oddly enough, one of his best friends is Osgood Perkins who played the same stage rôle in Ceiling Zero that Pat has on the screen. Pat was a little worried about what Perkins might think of his performance because he considers that actor one of the best in the business. In a class, he says, with Walter Huston whom he most admires.

Few actors will comment on the work of others for fear of getting their necks out.” Not so with O’Brien. “My wife has forgotten more about acting than most of them will ever know,” he says, half in jest. “Josephine Hutchin-

son is one of the most remarkable of the younger actresses. Bette Davis makes more progress than any of them. Each of her performances is definitely better than the last, and in a few years she will be incomparable. I would have liked to see Thelma Todd in the rôle of Lilian Russell in Diamond Jim. She would have been superb. And no actress appeals to me more than Helen Hayes.

A MONG the comedians, Pat swears by Joe E. Brown. “When Braddock staged an exhibition match in Los Angeles, a while back,” he says, “the crowd really came to watch Brown.”

One of the most frequent visitors to the beautiful Brentwood home of Mr. and Mrs. Pat O’Brien is a swaggering gentleman of low comedy by the name of Ted Healy. Pat likes Ted’s “wise guy” act. He thinks the tall, leanest actor alive and would rather have Mr. Healy announced than the Prince of Wales, although he would probably like him too.

Actors, in order to put on a “front,” frequently develop a fine literary appreciation after they have reached the point where they no longer are forced peripherally to shock their watches. But most of the books in their expansive libraries turn yellow at the edges with the dust of uncut. Not so with O’Brien. He likes to read. He reads everything. Recently, he decided to build a library in his home to house his large collection of valuable tomes. “I’ve always wanted one—a place in which I could spend a few quiet hours commuting.”

After several years in Hollywood, O’Brien cares as much for the larger judgment of his public as he does for the reports of screen critics. “Oil for the Lamps of China wasn’t a box office hit but it was well received everywhere. That is the test of a really good picture. A film that scores on Broadway and flops in Des Moines can hardly be considered a success. That’s why Broadway critics can’t always be right.”

N E VER interested in clipping his own notices, there is one notice, however, that Pat won’t forget, concerning, as it does, his favorite play, Overture, which won him his chance in Hollywood. David Carle, who had a reputation for sardonic criticism, wrote of O’Brien’s work in this production: “Pat O’Brien’s performance is memorable: he plays with an ease, a power and control, unmatched on our stage; he contrives to be the likable—perhaps a more exact word would be attractive, even when his assignment requires that he should be a deep-dyed villain.” And that description applies to all of O’Brien’s screen work. He is no Gable. He doesn’t want to be. But even when engaged in cinematic dirty work,
he has the audience with him. His studio has realized that, and in the last two O'Brien films, Stars Over Broadway and Ceiling Zero, Pat wins the girl. And it's about time.

Pat is pleased about the change in his roles in pictures. He believed, until recently, that he was in danger of appearing in one too many of the same type—the kind that has Jimmy Cagney taking his girl away and vice-versa. Regardless of the inference in a recent newspaper interview or two, Pat has no quarrel with Cagney. They are the best of friends, and this is evidenced by the fact that, while in New York recently, Pat took time out to entertain Jimmy's sister.

There are no blanks in the date of Pat O'Brien's birth. He readily states that he was born on November 11, 1899, which gives him just four years more to reach the age at which a recent book claims that life begins. Without fear of contradiction, it can be stated that William Patrick O'Brien's life is just beginning. This mild Irishman, who is not too mild to pack a hefty punch in each hand should the occasion arise, is reaching the top. Craftily, he avoids too great success so that he may last longer in his profession, proving that an Irishman's head is not always only in his heart.

When you are still being entertained by an actor by the name of O'Brien, twenty years from now, remember this story. Then his astonishing career won't appear only a matter of luck. You will know that he planned it, from the first cue to the last.

The Talkie Town Tattler

[Continued from page 12]

Star Dust

BUSTER CRABBE eats five meals a day—to keep his figure! Lupe Velez has just dropped fourteen pounds and looks Marvelous!—Through a fake report, Claudette Colbert was mourned as dead in an auto crash for hours, recently, until she turned up safe, unaware of all the excitement.... In Edward Arnold's house are a number of chairs, each marked with a metal plate, naming the picture from the proceeds of which he bought it. . . . Joan Crawford gets two hundred letters a week, on the average, wherein her fans tell her what they dreamed about her! . . . When Virginia Bruce retires from the screen, she's going to be a professional interior decorator. She's been studying it for years. . . . Jean Harlow never changes the basic design of her evening gowns. . . . Jean Hersholt is a famous breeder of prize cows. . . . Jackie Searl is such an ace rider that he won $750 at rodeos in California, the past season.

• "Oo-hoo, Mother! Come right away—Sister's getting all fixed for a big cry. And you know how catching it is! If she cries, I'm going to, too—'cause she's my own twin and I feel so sorry!"

• "See here—this woolly sweater's making her a little bit prickly. How well I know the feeling! Wouldn't a few shakes of our slick, smooth Johnson's Baby Powder be just the thing?"

• "Some for me, too? Oh, how nice! I just love to feel that soft, slippery powder going all tickly down my neck. Let's not have it just at bath-time—let's have it often! Then we'd never cry!"

• "I'm Johnson's Baby Powder... the best caretaker for babies' tender skins! My silky smoothness wards off chafes and rashes—for I'm made of finest Italian talc. No gritty particles and no orris-root... Try Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil, too."
Cleans Teeth
Spongy, bleeding gums reveal the dangers of half way care of your teeth. Don't wait for this to happen. Begin now to use Forhan's, the tooth paste that does both jobs - whitens teeth and safeguards gums at the same time.

Saves Gums
Forhan's is different from all other tooth pastes. It brings you the famous formula of Dr. Forhan - now used in concentrated form by dentists everywhere to combat gum troubles. It gives you two-fold protection, yet costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes. Why take chances with half way dental care? Begin using Forhan's today.

DOES BOTH JOBS
THE ORIGINAL TOOTH PASTE FOR THE GUMS AND TEETH
K. F. FORHAN

What SHE Told
Worn-Out Husband
She could have reproached him for his fits of temper - his "all in" complaints. But wisely she saw in his frequent colds, his "fagged out," "on edge" condition the very trouble she herself had whipped, Constipation! The very morning after taking NR (Nature's Remedy), as she advised, he felt like himself again - keenly alert, peppy, cheerful. NR - the safe, dependable, all-vegetable laxative and corrective—works gently, thoroughly, naturally. It stimulates the eliminative tract to complete, regular functioning. Non-habit-forming. Try a box tonight. 25c—at druggists.

FREE: Beautiful September 1936 Calendar-Thermometer, All-4-colors of NR and Tonic. send 10c (postage paid) to A. H. Forhan Co., Dept. 803-C, St. Louis, Mo.
The whole world is diligently striving to educate women to develop greater personal charm and beauty — and the now recognized outstanding beauty secret is the Linit Bath, for its results are immediate, and it is amazingly economical.

Just imagine stepping out of your bath and after drying, finding that your skin is soft and satiny smooth as a rose petal.

Prove to yourself this claim made for the Linit Bath, by making this simple test on your hands. Dissolve some Linit in your basin water, wash your hands as usual and, after drying, feel your skin. It will be soft and smooth as the rarest old velvet. This is also the immediate result obtained when Linit is used in your tub water, for the Linit Bath accomplishes the same thing for the entire body.

And remember, the Linit Beauty Bath does away with the damp or semi-dry feeling of the skin that usually follows an ordinary bath. Linit leaves on the skin an exceedingly fine porous coating of powder which absorbs perspiration without clogging the pores, makes dusting with bath talcum unnecessary and imparts to the body an exquisite sense of personal daintiness.

Don't overlook the directions on the Linit package—recommending Linit for starching. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.

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TATTOO
YOUR LIPS
with transparent South Sea red,
as the tropic enchantress does.

Busy Housewife Earns
$400

Mrs. F. McG. (Pawky)
thought it was too good
to be true when she
read that Chicago
School of Nursing
students were often able
to earn $15 a week
while learning "practical"
nursing. However,
she sent for the
booklet offered in the
last number of the
school's magazine.

And her much careful thought
decided this month
before she had completed the
second month of her first ease—in
three months she had earned $400.

Think of the things you could do with $400!

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

HATEROUS

BUSY HOUSEWIFE

$400

Beauty

Hair can be bleached slightly
kept in fairly healthy condition—
this is a feat for an expert hair
—nothing that you can do
operator can bleach hair to
because she uses a mild solution
peroxide; she leaves it on the head
second longer than is necessary
and she can prevent "overlapping"
touches. This means that
she can keep the bleach solution
running down on the already
portion and ruining it.

And you may be sure that a
sort of skill commands it.
Movie stars, who always have
ed hairdressers at their disposal,
have to worry about bleached
hair—but it's different for you!

BEAUTY ADVICE

Your beauty problems may
most puzzling to you, but quite
Miss Caine, our beauty
Why don't you write to her
You may ask her for advice on any
phase of beauty that might be troubling
you. This service is free, of course.
All that is necessary is a stamped,
self-addressed envelope for Miss
Caine's personal reply to your letter.
Simply write to Denise Caine,
Motion Picture, 1501 Broadway,
New York City.

BESIDES the danger of ruining the
texture of your hair by bleaching it,
you run the risk of making your face
look hard. It's trite to say so, but
Nature usually knows what she's doing
when she selects our general coloring.
The shade of our hair, eyes and skin—
to say nothing of the facial contour—
forms a harmonious whole that shouldn't
be changed drastically. Skin that looks
very nice with brown hair, too
sometimes ceases and sallow with pale blonde
locks.

I suppose that you want to know how
a change in hair coloring like Jean's
can be accomplished. It's quite simple and
quite important to anyone who has tired
of her bleached hair and wants to revert
to her own shade—without enduring that
tortuous and embarrassing growing-out
period! The thing to do is to go to a
reputable beauty shop and have the
bleached hair dyed to match your own
shade—and if it's done right, you'll
never be able to find a line of demarcation
between art and nature.

There's a reputable hair dye on the
market that is the correct type to use.
It comes in about twenty natural looking
shades, so there can be no difficulty in
matching your own hair perfectly. It's
the two-bottle type of dye and it gives
your hair a permanent tint that won't

Cram, transparent, highly indelible
color for lips... instead of牢记 cosmetic. That's what
TATTOO! Put it on like lipstick...
jet off a moment... then
wipe it off, leaving nothing
on your lips but color, temping
South Sea red that only
time can remove... and that
will give your lips a touch-bon
softness they've never had before. Five luscious shades... each named for the spirit of
red adventure. Make your
choice at the Tattoo Color
Selector by testing all five
on your own skin, CORAL...
EXOTIC... NATURAL...
PASTEL... HAWAIIAN.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

Dept. 81, 100 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free booklet and 24 sample lesson pages.

Name______

City______State______Age______
Do you know anybody who deserves this tag?

MEN avoid her. Girls refuse to bother with her.

"A careless, untidy person who is unpleasant to be with"—that's the way they think of the girl who carries the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

Too bad. For she misses so many good times. Her real—friends would like to tell her what the trouble is, but after all, they feel, the girl of today should be alert to the danger of underarm odor in herself.

She should know that the underarms need special daily care. Soap and water alone are not enough.

And the modern girl knows the quick, easy way to give this care, Mum!

Half a minute, when you're dressing, is all you need to use Mum. Or use it after dressing, any time. For Mum is harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

And you should know this—that Mum prevents every trace of perspiration odor without affecting perspiration itself.

Don't label yourself as "the girl who needs Mum." Use it regularly every day and you'll be safe! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO and you'll never have a moment's worry about this source of unpleasantness.
Planning Shirley's Next Ten Years

[Continued from page 33]

and Buddy Ebsen are practicing their eccentric dance routine for a sequence in Captain January. They whirl past the open door of the office where Mrs. Temple is sitting—Shirley in diminutive sailor pants and blouse and cap—and Buddy as her gan-gly, grown-up sailor playmate.

And, as she dances, Shirley is more than a gifted little girl. She is the flesh-and-blood embodiment of the latent goodness in our hearts, and the freshness with which she turns thoughts. She is a symbol of the heights to which our dreams can travel. It is almost inconceivable that she will ever grow up.

"But she will grow up, you know!" Mrs. Temple said, intuitively sensing my unexpressed thought. "In planning for her future, her father and I have considered first, Shirley as an individual, and her career as only secondary. We want to preserve her steps, naturally. All parents do that for their children. Yet, we want to be sufficiently objective to let her develop normally, soundly, and individually. Mothers so frequently make the mistake of trying to live their own lives, of realizing their own frustrated ambitions in their children. That, we will not do. Shirley, first of all, must follow her own certain and definite star."

"Shirley is almost seven now. I have thought that she might remain in pictures until she is, perhaps, nine. If, however, I begin to feel that, with an added year or two, her popularity is decreasing, even only a very little, then I will instantly take her out of pictures. Her contract provides that I may do so, under those circumstances. Unless she continues at the top, I will not permit her to remain in pictures, not only in fairness to her, but to the audiences who have so lovingly accepted her."

"It may be that, as she grows older, vehicles which have succeeded, completely, the growing Shirley. If that should be the case, then, of course, we plan an education which will parallel her development, and which she can acquire even though her screen career proceeds. Later, a college education is definitely on her program, no matter what turn her career takes. The studio educational system offers grade and high school work. If Shirley is still in pictures when she is ready for college—which should be when she is about sixteen—then we will make some arrangements whereby she can proceed, without interruption of her work, into college studies. Perhaps we can do that by letting her take extension courses at a local university. Perhaps by means of a private tutelage of professors from accredited institutions."

"On the other hand, if her present screen career should be termi-

Motion Picture for March, 1936
Do This to Ease Sore Throat Instantly

Relieve Soreness in 3 Minutes This Easy Way

1. The moment you feel a throat irritation, crush and stir 3 BAYER ASPIRIN Tablets in % glass of water. Gargle twice. Do not rinse mouth.

2. If you have a cold, take 2 BAYER ASPIRIN Tablets and drink a full glass of water. Repeat if necessary, according to directions in package.

If you want the most astonishing and quickest relief from sore throat, you have ever experienced, just do this:

Crush and dissolve three Bayer Aspirin Tablets in % glass of water for use as a gargle. Gargle your throat twice with this medicated mixture, holding the head well back to allow its going deep into the throat. That’s all! Relief will come almost instantly. For the Bayer Aspirin will act like a local anesthetic to ease throat pains. And, at the same time, will soothe and quiet irritation.

People by the tens of thousands are combating sore throat this way. Doctors endorse it. And scientists acclaim it as perhaps the most effective gargle yet discovered — for it provides a medication, and it takes medicine to combat a sore throat.

If you have a cold with your sore throat — take two Bayer Aspirin tablets with a full glass of water at the same time you gargle.

When you buy, though, be sure to get real BAYER ASPIRIN TABLETS. They dissolve fast and work fast; bringing quick relief.

Why BAYER Aspirin Works So Fast

Drop a Bayer Aspirin tablet into a glass of water. By the time it hits the bottom of the glass it is disintegrating.

IN 2 SECONDS BY STOP WATCH

A Genuine Bayer Aspirin tablet starts to disintegrate and go to work. What happens in these glasses happens in your stomach — Genuine BAYER Aspirin tablets start “taking hold” at pain a few minutes after taking.

NOW REDUCED TO 15¢

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AND it was there, on that set, that Baxter told me of his fatalism—told me with his hands in shackles, for he is playing one of the greatest roles of his career—that of Dr. Mudd, who, for treating the wounded assassin, John Wilkes Booth, as he fled after the murder of Lincoln, was arrested and became "the prisoner of Shark Island."

This was a Baxter whom I'd never seen before. Gone was the swaggering, handsome heart-flutterer of the screen. In his stead, I saw a Baxter whom, at first, I failed to recognize. His hair was matted; his face, devoid of screen make-up but smeared with oil to represent sweat, was lined and bitter; on his chin was a three-weeks' growth of beard, caked with dirt; it lay entangled in the hair of his chest; his clothes were in tatters. And on his wrists, those shackles. They clanked as he gestured. And he didn't even smile. He just raised his arms and let them fall, hopelessly. The man who could do at that moment—a prisoner! My mouth must have opened ludicrously, for he laughed—and the spell of horror was broken.

"So help me," he laughed, "I really do feel like a prisoner—and yet, para-doxally, this role is the greatest escape of my life. It's my escape from silly, inane handsome-hero roles into this which, I believe, will be the greatest part of my career, and, I hope, the turning point of that career. In this picture, we—on the set—feel that the director, John Ford, has captured, in even greater force and quality, the same spirit that made The Informer magnificent. And I, for my part, am grateful and thankful to destiny for having given me this role."

"To destiny?—you mean to Zanuck, don't you?" I remarked, naming 20th Century-Fox's executive boss.

And it was in answer to that question of mine that Baxter loosed his tongue.

"No," he said, seriously, "I mean to destiny. Because I believe that my life—everything that has ever happened to me from birth, and everything that will ever happen to me until the moment of my death—and thereafter, too—has been predetermined. Believe it," he continued, "because I have experienced things that, to me, cannot be interpreted except as proof of that belief.

"How else, for instance, can you explain this: that I have seen actors, better qualified than I, for success, fall down and never rise again, under blows of adversity that were weaker than those which I, less worthy, have survived to win through to this comparative success which I enjoy today? For what I am, for the position I hold, for my stardom, for my money—for none of these things do I take any credit. I only believe they are an unchangeable part of the pattern that was laid out for my life by some governing force in everything—a force far greater than our puny human mentalities can imagine.

"I have always been conscious, in an undefined way, of this certainty and inevitability of my career. Always, from far back in childhood as I can remember, I knew success would come to me. I don't mean that I was cocksure, or arrogantly certain of my own ability. It was something different—it was something inside me that told me, exactly as it told me to see and walk and eat as I worded, in spite, no matter what I myself did or did not do. I believe that nothing I ever did, or even could have done, would have made one whit of difference in what and where I am today. More than that—I do not believe I could ever have done anything differently than I did—because everything I did was pre-ordained from the start."

"THROUGHOUT the most desperately unhappy parts of my life, throughout pretty tough times that I never want to think of again, I was always certain of the inevitability of success for myself. And I knew that neither my trying hard nor my shirking utterly the job on hand at the moment would make the slightest difference in what was to come!"

I looked at Baxter in amazement. "You mean," I asked, "that whether you did your best, or your worst, the outcome could have been the same?"

He nodded. "It is," he said simply. "It is, most probably, the lazy man's point of view," he added. "Certainly it isn't a constructive creed or belief. In fact, I'm a little ashamed of it if you want to know. But—there it is."

He shrugged his shoulders, then continued.

"But, all the same, I've always tried to do my part, at whatever moment life found me, in the best way that I knew how. In my screen work, I've always given a sincere performance, in the best manner I knew. But—beyond that, I haven't worked for anything that I have, or am, today!"

"And," I persisted, "you still maintain that even if you had not tried as you would still have been where you are today?"

He turned to me, patiently, like a teacher trying to clarify a simple point to a very dull pupil. "Look here," he said. "I have just told you that I do firmly believe that I should, in everything, give my best and that I have tackled everything with some certain intensity of effort on my part. But I also believe that that is part of the pre-ordained set-up. I mean that, even if I had wanted to 'lay down' on a part, it would have been my pre-destiny not to be able to do it. Do you get what I mean? And that is why," he continued, "some of us are fore-doomed to failure; others to success. I don't think it's anything we do. I think we think..."
I ASKED her about other organizations which she had joined in the good old days before the studio turned thumbs down. She mentioned several. She is a member of the National Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, of the Associated Sportsmen of California, of the Goody Goody Club of New York and of the Clovis, N.M., Luncheon Club, to say nothing of the Sunshine Sewing Society, of Gloucester, Scotland; the Sydney, Australia, Girls' Outing Club and the Park Ridge Rifle and Pistol Club, of Chicago.

"I was dubious about the Goody Goody club, but they haven't asked me any questions so far," she confided. "As for that Chicago shootin' club—I've never had to use a gun yet. But you can't tell. I might sometime!"

Still another organization that claims Mae as a member is the Kansas Restaurant Men's association.

"That," she said, proudly, "is something! It means that I can eat for nothing in any restaurant in Kansas!"

"How come?" I asked.

"Because I believe in food for women. I've never had much use for the 'rag, bone and hank o' hair' idea of female beauty, and have advocated eating three square meals a day, The restaurant men appreciated it. They said other women were following my example and the result boosted their business. So they sent me a meal ticket, good anywhere in the state, as sort of a token of their regard."

Kansas is all right, but I was interested in Mae's other joining activities.

"There's that CCC camp up near Saugus, Calif. I'm an honorary colonel of that," said Mae.

IT WAS tea time, now, and the butler wheeled in a loaded cart. Mae dropped the little notebook on the floor and reached for a buttered scone. I had tea, too, but I wasn't forgetting those other seven or eight hundred organizations with her name on their rosters. I finally picked up the notebook myself and read. But I can't write them all down here. There were something like eighty-seven Rotary clubs, seventy-five Lions' clubs, more than a hundred Kiwanis clubs, the Ladies' Elocution club of Davenport, Iowa, the Lodi, Calif., Eagles, the Stanley club of the General Electric Company, eighty or ninety American Legion posts, the Crown Hunting club of London, England, the Busy Bee Knitting club of Delhi, India [membership: 16 little girls in a missionary school], the Youth and Freedom League of Tokyo, Japan, and some sixty dramatic clubs.

Finished with it at last, I handed back the notebook and she put it in the desk.

"Quite a record, I suppose," she concluded, "and I guess I shouldn't kick about not being allowed to take on any more. Still there's one thing I'll always be sorry about. I can't join the Marines!"

---

MANY a woman has earned her enviable reputation for being attractive by giving particular attention to good grooming. And while we're talking about grooming—let's think of hosiery for a moment. With most of us there has been little choice—it's first one kind—and then another. I'm told that's because (B.A.) silk hosiery has all been made by about the same methods. But now, through a secret process of giving a high but mysteriously balanced twist to silk thread, ADMIRATION offers a hose which gives longer wear, better fit and new beauty."

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* Before Admiral.
The Talk of Hollywood

[Continued from page 49]

quickly. In her smartest gowns, Loretta toured the night clubs, danced, dined and thoroughly enjoyed herself. Then she reported for work at the studio which has her under contract. So that was that!

At the Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles, with a seating capacity of sixty-five hundred, every seat was occupied, and all the available standing room taken, when the big Will Rogers Memorial Benefit was staged. Every celebrity in films, and on the stage, appeared. But the smash hit of the big show was a little girl and an ebony hued dancer. Yes, indeed, Shirley Temple and Bill Robinson were the hit performers. It was Shirley's first appearance in public since she started to make pictures.

EARLY this spring, Ernst Lubitsch, now production head of Paramount, will personally supervise and possibly direct, his first picture since taking charge of production at the big studio. This is chiefly because The Countess of Luxembourg is, and has been, a pet production idea of his.

No More Westerns for Randolph Scott

[Continued from page 51]

the trained athlete. He has strong, regular, typically American features. There is a twinkle in his keen, brown eyes.

He is as much at home in the center of a drawing room crowd as in the saddle of a cow pony.

Like Constance Bennett, William Powell and Carole Lombard, he feels that the Government's income tax is unjust to movie stars because it fails to take into consideration the relatively brief period during which they have a high earning power.

"A business man can turn his business over to his son and his income keeps on coming," insists Scott, "but when a movie star is through, he's through! There ought to be something done."

But, despite his dislike of income taxes, Scott is a good-natured, easy-going man who has a smile and an iron hand, and can even smile for most strangers. He laughed heartily, for instance, when a ragged urchin stopped him as he left the studio, not long ago, and said, as Randy reached for his autograph book, "Now! It ain't you I want. I jes wanted to ast you where I kin find Cary Grant!"

Motion Picture for March, 1936
train leaves Chicago on July 19th, you are urged to apply at the earliest possible moment. If you want further details, whether you intend to make the trip this year or not, just address your inquiry to Mr. Joe Godfrey, Jr., Movieland Tour Manager, Motion Picture Magazine, 360 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Be sure, however, to enclose a three-cent stamp for use by Mr. Godfrey in his reply to your letter of inquiry.

There are plenty of treats in store for those who make this trip. For instance, Max Factor, who has been cosmetics expert for movie stars for over a quarter century, has already invited Motion Picture's tourists to be his guests at a reception to be held at his new beauty salon, where they will meet many of the most prominent stars in the entire film colony. Next month, you will read in these pages about the extensive plans that are being made for a big private party to be held in honor of Motion Picture's visitors. Watch for further news of this great event!

Mr. Godfrey, who also managed Motion Picture's First Annual Movieland Tour, last year, says that every member of that First Tour had the time of his life, not only in Hollywood, itself, but also on the trip from Chicago and back again. Especially at Raquel Torres' magnificent private party, did they enjoy themselves. And at the Universal Studios at Universal City. Incidentally, Mr. Godfrey wishes to announce that he will conduct another tour, called the Movieland Special. This will leave Chicago, August 9th, and members of this party will visit Universal Studios instead of 20th Century-Fox.

Write to Mr. Godfrey today. Let him plan your vacation for you! You will have a grand time!

You've always wanted to see Hollywood, and here's the chance of a lifetime! Plan now to join the second Annual Movieland Tour for the most thrilling vacation trip that can be imagined!

You read about last year's trip in the movie magazines. How the entire party was entertained at a big cocktail party at the home of Raquel Torres . . . dancing at Coconut Grove . . . visited Universal studios and saw sound sets in action . . . met Irene Dunne on the set where she was filming "Magnificent Obsession."

The tours this year will be even more thrilling. Plans are under way for parties at the homes of Movieland's most famous stars. Parties at the Ambassador's Coconut Grove . . . in the Blossom Room of the Hollywood Roosevelt . . . dinner and entertainment with the stars at the famous Brass Rail . . . visits to the homes of movie folks in Beverly Hills. The gates of 20th Century-Fox and Universal studios will be thrown open, you'll see pictures in the process of "shooting."

This is the kind of vacation money alone could never buy. Fawcett Movie Magazine, sponsoring these Tours, make it possible for you to see and do things no ordinary traveler could hope for. Sightseeing jaunts on the way West will show us some of the most gorgeous scenery America has to offer. We'll travel in luxurious style on private trains. Parties strictly limited to 200 persons—just one big happy houseparty. And the entire two weeks' trip costs very little. You pay a flat sum which includes everything—transportation, meals, hotels, entertainment; all details of travel looked after for you.

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Motion Picture for March, 1936
The Twenty Loves of Fredric March

[Continued from page 37]

speaking parts to be cast, but there was—well, there was Anthony Adverse, himself. How many millions of readers had followed him through how many hundreds of millions of pages! And that meant just as many differing dreams of the ideal they held for him. And to complicate things further, every actor in Hollywood coveted the part. Every actor except one—except Fredric March. However, that gave the Warner Brothers quite a list from which to choose.

THEN, suddenly, it was remembered that Fredric March had never been typed as any particular kind of lover. In Cellini, he had been tempestuous, a dare-devil. In The Barretts of Wimpole Street, he had been poetic. In Death Takes a Holiday, he had been dark and sinister. In Smilin' Through, he had been the eternal lover whose love had transcended death. Thus, putting March's many roles together—they fitted the character of Anthony Adverse. Yes, Freddie was the ideal choice. Approved by everyone, except Freddie.

But why was he so upset? For the simple reason that all his picture-life, he had fought against great-lover roles. He has always wanted to be known as an actor, preferably a character actor, rather than just a romantic leading man. His favorite pictures are pictures in which the love interest, (for him, at any rate) was submerged. Les Misérables, for example. Freddie enjoyed doing that more than anything that he has ever done. He doesn’t want to appear on the screen as a ‘ladies man.’ And that’s why the title role in Anthony Adverse frightened him at first.

However, Freddie might have retracted from worrying that night on the train if he had only recalled the problem of picture length. To solve this problem meant that the script, which Freddie had been reading would have to be cut and cut and cut again, before the film reached the screen.

Consequently, Freddie was pleasantly surprised when he returned to Hollywood, and discovered that matters had been pretty much settled to his liking, and that the number of girls in Anthony’s life had been limited to four. Florence, played by Alma Lloyd; Angela, played by Sylvia de Havilland; Nelela, played by Steffi Duna; and Faith, played by Gale Sondergaard. That was better. Freddie breathed a sigh of relief.

BUT there was still that other matter of Freddie’s age to consider. He told me about it, one afternoon.

I was amused. But I was also amazed, because Freddie actually does look younger than I have ever seen him look. But that was only part of my amazement. His sense of humor and his lack of false pride awed me.

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Motion Picture for March, 1936
You Can Win $600 for a Trademark

[Continued from page 23]

Cohn, production head at Columbia studios, lived for many years in New York City. And in New York City, everyone is familiar with the Statue of Liberty. It seemed natural that, when he decided to call his concern Columbia Pictures, he should think of the great statue, with its shining torch, promising democracy and enlightenment for all who enter the portals of the United States.

One of the best known of all trademarks is the famous lion of M-G-M—Leo, by name. Samuel Goldwyn, who is now associated with Miss Pickford and others in United Artists, was for many years one of the leaders in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. He realized the necessity for a good trademark and, being a former Columbia University student, had the idea that the lion, symbolic mascot of his Alma Mater, represented strength and superiority. An artist supplied the circle about the lion and the Latin word. In the first package bearing "Art for Art's Sake", were added. Today, Leo, the Lion, roars on thousands of screens all over the world and children just learning to talk can quote the great M-G-M motto.

Universal pictures have been shown since the very early days of the motion picture industry—long before Hollywood was important. In 1907, Carl Laemmle, Sr., realized the need for an adequate trademark. The name of the concern practically suggested a drawing of the globe, with a circle around it. Years later, when airplanes came to represent so much that is modern, Mr. Laemmle pictured a plane, winging its way around the world.

The skyscraping, modern lettering which is identified with every picture produced by 20th Century-Fox was the brain child of Darryl Zanuck and Joseph Schenck, who wanted their film product to be easily identified as being thoroughly modern. The radio dots and dashes spelling out RKO Radio had the same significance.

And now, with the birth of a new and great picture organization to be known as Pickford-Lasky Productions, the famous initials of this organization look to the readers of Screen Play, Hollywood Screen Book, Motion Picture and Movie Classic to supply them with a trademark which will identify their pictures.

Production of the first Pickford-Lasky pictures already started. It is One Rainy Afternoon, a romantic comedy starring Francis Lederer and featuring such well-known players as Ida Lupino, Edward Everett Horton, Hugh Herbert and Mme. Schumann-Heink. Lederer will make his debut as a singer. Lederer, by the way, was the first star put under exclusive contract by Pickford-Lasky.

Motion Picture for March, 1936
Stitching Alone Does It!

I Hope This Year Will Be My Best—Jean Harlow

[Continued from page 38]

or great. Now, if we have learned to meet trivial annoyances with fortitude, with a steadfast and unbroken spirit which is also equal to helping us over real bumps, we’re lucky, that’s all.

"I want this year to be hard because it will make me work with an added zest. I love the screen. I’m more than willing to sacrifice everything necessary to become more efficient and, while every year is significant, I feel this will be especially important and will offer many new opportunities. Naturally, I hope for a versatility in my roles. I want to learn to feel and understand all the heart throbs of humanity, to interpret the finer feelings, the subtleties, the hidden forces, and thus be able to bring them to the screen. To become a really fine actress is the work of a lifetime and I hope someday to prove worthy of the title. I enjoyed Red Lights because I had had to learn to dance. I had never danced before and therefore, I had to spend long hours practicing intricate steps. And here’s a heart break. Some of the reviews said I had doubles for both my singing and dancing. That hurt, because it was not true. Whatever singing and dancing I was supposed to do in the picture, I certainly did myself. There wasn’t a double even in sight! While I never expect to be a sensation as a dancer, I’m keeping up my dancing lessons, because I want to be as proficient as possible."

As Jean talked, I watched her. She was a lovely picture in a white clinging negligee, a shaft of sunshine, that crept through the Venetian blinds, touched her white, rounded throat and her curls, held in place with a blue velvet ribbon. She is really more beautiful off the screen than on,—dainty and thoroughly feminine.

She had become very serious. One of her most striking characteristics is her complete honesty with herself. And she is superb in her sincerity. More than any actress in pictures, audiences seem to confuse the real Jean with the parts that she plays. She would be a big surprise to most of her fans. For one thing, there is nothing particularly sirenish about her and no coquetry. She is, instead, rather matter-of-fact, wholly without pretense, an unschooled, generous, warm-hearted girl who prefers outdoor sports to night-clubs.

It is the tricky camera that captures a certain warm vitality that envelops her and exaggerates it into an exciting quality that we call allure. This has brought her fame, independence and the work that she deserves. Yes, and a lot of criticism, too, that hurts. But, I believe, Jean considers that the joys of her career far exceed its sorrows.

People—all kinds of people—fascinate her. (In Rififi, she plays the part of a canny worker.) She is interested in the drama of their lives, but she never

Motion Picture for March, 1936
gossips. Nor does she resort often to slang or any unbecoming phrases. In fact, she uses beautiful English and, when she speaks, she has something really worthwhile to say.

I SOON discovered that Jean doesn't demand much of the world. If she wants something, she tries to get it but, if it doesn't come her way, she does not worry about that. She's learned not to let disappointments disturb her too much.

"What's the use of fretting if things don't happen to please us?" she asked, when I mentioned this.

"If I can go to Honolulu for a vacation, that will be fine. If I can't, I'll stay at home and swim, play golf, study my dancing and French, and have a grand time with my friends whom I'm too busy to see when I'm working."

"Gaining material things, before we are ready for them, never brings happiness. Unless we have learned to appreciate them, they mean nothing to us. If we don't understand music, the finest orchestra wouldn't give us pleasure.

"Life isn't something that belongs to the future, something to enjoy at a later day. It is here now—this very hour—and the best way of getting what we want is to prepare ourselves to receive it, when it does come.

"A man doesn't sit before a piano and announce he is going to be a great pianist. Instead, he studies and practices and when his opportunity comes, he is ready. We are all apt to ask for favors without being willing to do our share in making ourselves eligible for them. The fact remains, that we have to earn everything we get.

"Instead of looking for something big to happen, I've learned that it is each day's little events that make up life. The joys and triumphs that—in retrospect—become high-lights in my memory; the little word of thanks for some trivial favor that spurs me on to greater good deeds; the little hurt, unwittingly given, that teaches me to be more careful with my words and acts. These make up life!"

"We live in heart throbs. That's what makes the years so thrilling—each day brings some new experience. If we knew what our final chapters contained, the zest would be gone. But we do not know even what the next page holds. There may be a glorious surprise, perhaps a disappointment, or some lovely moment waiting at the next turn, all giving variety and color to our lives."

JEAN says one of her happy surprises is her fan mail. It is truly amazing how many write that they wish she would, just once, play herself on the screen. They tell her, they are sure that she is not the hard-boiled, heartless, "gold digger" she so often portrays. It is easy to guess what this means to her. her.

"It is true," said Jean, with a merry grimace, "that my roles are usually those of ordinary girls. However, these roles that I have played have been interesting and sometimes they have expressed a brand of nobility and self-sacrifice that one does not find in drawing-rooms."

---

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Motion Picture for March, 1936
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What Has Hollywood Done to Nelson Eddy?
(Continued from page 39)

"I'm no actor, and you have to be an actor—and a good one—to stay at the top in pictures. I may be all right in straight parts, or in parts that have a semi-comic tinge, but in roles in which acting, not singing, would be the really important thing, I'd be a decided flop. Fancy me in a costume role, for instance—all dressed up in frills and satin and lace such as men wore in the sixteenth century, and trying to act natural. I should look ridiculous and what is worse, I should feel ridiculous. Maybe if I had studied dramatic art, I could have learned to act. But I didn't. I studied singing. And as an actor, after all, I am a good singer—nothing else."

I object to this because, personally, I think Nelson did a fine job of acting in both Naughty Marietta and Rose Marie. He smiled.

"And, for another thing," he said, "the position of an actor is precarious. He is here today and gone tomorrow. He is an idol today and forgotten tomorrow. And such a situation eventually would drive me into a bad case of the jitters. Besides, as I said, I am a singer. I want to be a better one. I want to be the best, someday."

STOPPED, lighted his pipe, puffed thoughtfully.

"I don't mean that you haven't an opportunity to sing in pictures," he amended. "But I want to be a singer and nothing else. I want to go abroad and work sixteen hours a day—in Germany, probably, where teachers are strict and will brook no loafing from a student. Then I'm going to study."

"The Metropolitan?" I asked.

"Yes, when I'm ready."

"You're not now?"

"Heavens, no! I've had offers to sing there. Several. But I know what would happen. I should be just another baritone. Say, when I go to the Met, if I ever do, I want to do something more than carry a spear in some operatic chorus."

He grinned. "I suppose there is nothing to get all steamed up about," he apologized. "The Metropolitan will, no doubt, be able to bear up until I get there. But still, I want to be on my way."

"Then I guess Naughty Marietta and Rose Marie, and everything else that has happened to you out here, haven't made much of an impression?" I made the remark tentatively.

He sat up straight. "Great Scott, yes! There's a lot of that," he exploded. "Plenty of impression. Being in Hollywood has been like going to school—a good, strict school, too. You see, I was here two years before Naughty Marietta was made. And I never did a thing! A disconcerting experience, to say the least, and one that I'll not soon forget!"

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Study of Home
I was terrible! I couldn't figure out why the powers that be took up my opinion after my first contract expired. Certainly no one was going into ecstasies over me. They made some tests and nobody liked 'em, including myself. 'He can't act,' the casting director said. I agreed. They figured I was washed up before I ever began. I was of the same opinion.

"ALL of that wasn't particularly conducive to self-esteem," he continued. "If I had been elated over getting my screen contract in the first place, I soon got over that. The whole situation was one big kick in the pants! And so, when a break finally did come, and Naughty Marietta was a success, my fingers remained neatly crossed. Sure, the picture was a big success, but—so what? Sure, I began to get fan mail and so on—but—again—so what?"

"So it isn't going to your head?" I interrupted.

He laughed heartily. "Lord, no. At least, not that I know of. I can't see why it should. Of course, I would be an absolute fool if I didn't admit there are advantages in being a film star. But, honestly, the greatest thing that motion pictures have done for me is to help me in my singing—my concert singing.

"I mean this: Where once I got a nominal sum for singing over the radio, I can now get practically my own price. Where once I received a nominal sum as a concert singer, I can now command literally ten times as much. You may think this sounds mercenary, but I want money for just one thing and I enjoy money for just one reason—what it can do for me."

"Money means that I can study my singing intensively, under the best teachers. That I can have every chance to be the real singer that I hope to be. Money has made it possible to care for my mother in the way that I always have wished. Money is buying a little trust fund which will provide for her and for me in any future emergency."

I THOUGHT that this would be a good chance to lead the reticent Mr. Eddy into talking about something he has been notoriously loath to mention: Love and marriage.

"Such as supporting a wife, perchance?" I ventured.

But I had no luck. "No you don't," he returned. "I don't want to talk about love or marriage or girl friends. I'm not married. I've never been married. I don't know that I ever shall be. But even though I were contemplating such a thing at this very minute, I insist that my private affairs be kept private. Publicity, although harmless enough, has been the cause of breaking up a couple of cherished friendships between myself and girls I have known, and I don't want that to happen any more."

And that was that!

Nelson Eddy's concert tour is going to take four months. He is going to sing before some sixty-five or seventy audiences during that time.
Errol Flynn Takes to Adventure

[Continued from page 34]

captain ever did. Flynn is only twenty-six years old. And he must have spent most of those years spectacularly. He was educated in London and Paris. Tall, stalwart, athletic, he was an English contestant in the Olympic boxing championships at Antwerp, Belgium, in 1928. He is a man who can take care of himself under any dangerous circumstance as he has had to do more than once.

His next step, after he left the ring, was to join the British consular in New Guinea. Then he was his job, often alone, to subdue the fierce headhunters and cannibal savages of that fierce isle which is one of the largest on earth although white men are few.

HERE is one story of his adventures there, which he has never before told. He was stopping in Kabul when he met the man who is now one of his best friends, a young German physician, Dr. Beissen. Beissen was unable to sleep and strolled down to the town's only bar. He found the place empty, except for a tall Irish strolling, named Flynn, seated at one of the tables, waiting. He was not drinking, just waiting. In response to the doctor's knock, Flynn opened the door and the physician proceeded to help himself to brandy, leaving the price on the bar. He introduced himself and asked Flynn why he was waiting up so late?

"Waiting for a man to come and kill me, or try," said Flynn with a smile. "He had poor luck last night."

He continued to relate to the doctor that the gargantuan stoker of an Australian tramp steamer had become abusive and that he, Flynn, had taken him outdoors and had knocked him down three times. The big man had promised that he would return the next evening at midnight and tear Flynn's heart out with his bare hands. And Flynn was there, calmly waiting for the giant who outweighed him by a hundred pounds and was hardened by the heavy work of the stove hole. But the man never appeared. He had had enough of Flynn.

At an earlier time, Flynn, a canoe, manned by a native crew, capsized on a rock, in the rapids of a jungle stream, full of huge thirty foot crocodiles. Flynn, a fine swimmer, managed to reach shore, but three of his men were killed. Once Flynn bought a schooner to transport freight and passengers from islands which few steamers visited. But disaster followed. In the difficult passages of the outer islands, without the proper navigation instruments, his ship was wrecked. Flynn was saved, then he and his small crew nearly perished in the breakers before a trader picked them up and landed them in Australia.
New Guinea. He went alone, fighting or bluffing native head-hunting chiefs. Eventually, he found a rich strike, made the journey safely back, with war drumming beating every night nearby. For a while, wealth was his. Then he sold his claim to the representative of an English mining company.

After his money had gone, Flynn introduced a friend in Sydney to purchase a small sailboat and together they began picking up copra and delivering freight on distant islands. Although they were making money out of this business, Flynn wanted to return to New Guinea to search for gold. Finally, they made the long sea voyage, eventually reaching the capital of New Guinea. Flynn's persuasive arguments, and the lure of gold, induced several men who knew the country intimately to accompany him as guides for shares. Once more, his luck held. He found gold.

Then a seemingly trifling incident turned him into an actor. A British producing company chartered his boat and crew to make pictures of the head-hunters at home, at work and at war. He acted in the explainer in that film and learned from England that the public was clamoring to see him on both screen and stage. Meanwhile, Flynn and his men sailed among dangerous reefs, finally finding a spot forgotten by pearl fishers for centuries. They got divers and equipment and struck a fine old bed which yielded many beauties. Once more, Flynn had found wealth.

A wire from a British producer asked Flynn to meet his company in Tahiti to play a role in the American version of an English film. That decided Flynn. Leaving his partner to handle his affairs in the South Seas, he left for England.

It seems remarkable to both stage and screen directors that Flynn is so perfectly natural as an actor, since he has had so little acting experience. He played in a half dozen good stage roles in London’s best theatres with the ease and accomplishment of a veteran of many years. Irving Asher, head of Warner Brothers in England, saw him on the stage and subjected him to an extensive test. The result was that he sailed for America. Meanwhile, he had marketed his share of pearls.

It was on the boat that he met his romantic fate in Lili Damita. By the time they reached New York, they were sure they were in love but since they were both bound for Hollywood, they delayed to postpone the marriage a few months. He had made only two previous pictures, both for Warner Brothers. In one, he played the husband who came back and was killed by the interloper in The Case Of The Curious Bride and a small part in The polished Blonde. And yet his work was so good, his talent so splendid, that Warners gave him the title role in Captain Blood.

One can only imagine how many other tales of adventure and romance in those South Seas, Flynn could tell. At the age of 26, Errol Flynn had lived several lifetimes of adventure and romance.

ALONE AT LAST...

ROMANCE PAST!

"TUMS" SAYS FRIEND...

HAPPY END!

TUMS

FOR THE TUMMY

handy to carry

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changed my name from "Miss" to "Mrs."

LESS than a year ago I was friendless, lonely, unhappy. Then came the amazing event that changed my whole life. It was at Jane Smith's party. I found myself sitting alone as usual. I had nothing to offer—no musical ability at all. Mary Nelson came over to talk to me. She was a wonderful pianist and the life of every party. "I wish I could play like you, Mary," I said. Imagine my surprise when Mary told me she had never had a teacher in her life. Then Mary told me about the wonderful method perfected by the U.S. School of Music. No teacher, no fancy scales, no tiresome hours of practice. You learn real music right from the start. That very night I sent for the Free Book and Demonstration Lesson.

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I never dreamed that playing the piano was so simple. Although I never had "talent," I was playing my favorite pieces almost before I knew it. Then came the night that proved the turning point in my whole life. A party and this time I had something to offer. My friends were amazed when I sat down at the piano and played songs after song. Before the evening was over I was invited to three parties, and I wasn't long before I met Tom, who shortly afterwards asked me to be his wife.

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INSTRUMENT

Have you

Name

Address
Chart Your Wardrobe
Colors for Spring
(Continued from page 45)
and sulphur-black and very dark purple. With that lovely white skin of hers, they create a striking effect—and make her skin look even whiter. That dinner gown, for instance, is a dull mat crêpe. It's intense black with only that crystal bead cord in front to relieve its severity. And there's the black cocktail dress that she wears with a metal cloth jacket; a boutonniere gives it distinction.

It's helpful to you to chart a correct course through this spring sea of color, I've asked Adrian and Orry-Kelly to give a few tips.

Says Adrian: "Watch out for the colors that make your eyes look dull, your hair faded, and your face pale. The old rule was to 'match the color of the eyes'—but there's so much more to it than that. A black-eyed woman doesn't always look well in black and certainly brown-eyed women often look completely grab in brown! No, colors must be selected more in connection with the actual complexion, the features and the personality than with the eyes.

Light, pure warm colors, when they're draped upon the body, take on yellow high-lights. They're for your gay moods. Duller half-tones like aqua and olive green are for your sophisticated moments. It takes a very vivacious person to compete with active coloring such as the reds and yellows. Too often girls permit themselves to play second fiddle to the color they wear.

"It's true that a soft-featured blonde, if she has an animated expression, can wear almost any shade. But as a rule, blondes should avoid large masses of pure warm color next the face, because they're likely to compete with the delicate tints of the complexion. The reason they look so well in blue is due to the fact that blue accents yellow. Consequently a light golden blonde will look her best in it and in blue-greens, violet and their compounds.

BLACK-haired brunettes, with olive skin, look best in high-pitched warm colors which accentuate their hair. If they want to wear cool blues and blue-violet they'll have to be extremely careful of their make-up because, of course, those shades emphasize the yellow in the face. On the other hand, dull green tends to offset sallowness by emphasizing whatever little flush of pink may be in the skin.

"Suppose that you have dark brown hair, dark eyes and a 'dark' complexion. Then you're classed in the 'orange-red' family for all browns are grayed tones of orange and red. By choosing a complimentary color, you can also browse among the blues and blue-greens. For evening, why not choose a light toned costume from among these shades: a dark toned, for street or business; and a middle toned, for your new spring suit?
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modern and efficient tires are
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Size</th>
<th>New</th>
<th>Used</th>
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<tr>
<td>30x5</td>
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"But, if you have red hair, there are
two distinct ways you can dress—either in
greens and blacks to add contrast to
the warmth of your hair, or in "harmony
tones" like amber and red-gold to
give you an extremely attractive monotone effect."

Orry-Kelly points out that the figure
too is among the first considerations in
selecting a color. Everybody knows that
bright shades and patterned materials
add pounds—and what a boon they are
to the thin person! But grayed tones
and dark ones in plain materials subtract
pounds. He explains certain tricks.

For example, don't wear shoes and
stockings of a shade that contrasts sharply
with your hat, unless you wish to
transfer interest from your face to
your feet. And, if you want to soften
your features, don't wear a severely con-
trasting color that accentuates the edges.

Use a collar or trimming of soft, blend-
ing hues at the neck. A dark edging at
the throat makes too sharp a frame for
the olive-skinned girl or the blonde with
chiseled features.

HERE are some of the colors and
combinations that are going to be
in style, this season: Coral colors are the
newest. Also the yellow tones with
a great deal of beige from the light tints
to greige and oatmeal: light blue with
midnight blue and a splashy touch of
dark yellow makes an interesting cos-
tume; pea green and melon-rose: burnt
orange with chamois; blush tints with
cobweb gray: sport dresses in French
corn-flower, saffron gold, almond
green and geranium; topped with short;
white knitted coats: gold little jackets of
gaily striped transparent velvet, worn
over monotone crépe afternoon dresses:
blouses of chartreuse crépe, doubling the
chic of your Scotch tweed: period dresses of
tuchas taffeta, worn with a
purple velvet wrap.

Here's another hint: Maroon and
deepest blue is considered the smartest
Continental combination. That's what
Virginia Bruce chose for one of her
new outfits. The skirt—in two tona-
red and blue. Merlot crépe and the waist
is in the maroon shade. These
tiered pleated skirts are the present ace
up fashion's sleeve! Another of Vir-
ginia's street frocks is entirely in the
maroon, with a clever gold buckle and
clip to add dash. And, with that, she
carries the very last word in purses—a
tether saddle-bag.

And have you heard the news about
Norma Shearer's new wardrobe? It's
almost sentimentally dramatic, both as
color and cut. One of her evening
gowns obviously belongs to the Shearer
of Private Lives. It's a molded gold
lame, perfectly plain, and it has one
sleeve. The other is startlingly absent.
With it, she wears a little turban of
gilded cow feathers.

Another formal, just as obviously,
belongs to the Barretts of Windpelle Street
Shearer. This is a picture-book black
velvet with a little bodice, full
skirt, and sleeves that are almost leg-o'mutton
in style and pointed at the wrist. It
does a delightful effect.
Joan Darcos to Break the Bennett Tradition
[Continued from page 46]

not "lived". Still, no one even thought of her as anything but a very modern young woman who not only knew all the answers but who actually wrote them down in the back of the book, herself. Joan, on the other hand, made her stage debut eight years later, when she was eighteen years old. She went theatrical not because she wanted to act so much as she wanted to be independent, she believed. Yet at eighteen, when most girls are still in school, sweet Joan had been married, divorced, and was the mother of a baby.

OFCOURSE, no one would have ever suspected Joan of such a past. Constance, yes, but never Joan. You see, Constance has the Bennett flare for graceful haughtiness. She follows the tradition. Today, she is the tradition, and when Joan differs from her in any way, just so much is Joan plotting her own course and turning away from the hallowed path that the Bennets have followed.

Joan doesn’t want to be sweet and babyish. “I’m always struggling to seem more mature,” she told me the other day. “I deeply resent my face. For instance, when I was tested for The Man Who Reclaimed His Head, there was some doubt as to whether I was old enough to play the part of the girl. She was supposed to have a three-year-old child. I told them my Diana was six, but that was not important. They said I didn’t look old enough to be maternal. I got the part, but what a silly argument!”

I asked Joan if she would rather be like Constance than like herself. The question did seem foolish, of course, Joan is regarded as one of the screen’s most beautiful stars. However, she jumped at it. “Of course,” she said. “Who wouldn’t want to look like Constance! She makes such interesting reading, too. Like my father, she’s always had a hard life. They glory in their sophistication.”

“What about the Bennett temperament?” I wanted to know. “Constance certainly inherited that. Why didn’t you?”

“It all depends upon what you mean by temperament,” said Joan. “Constance is very definite. She is nervous. If things don’t go right, she becomes excited. I’d like to be temperamental like that, too.” she confided. “But I can’t. I’m definite. I’m nervous. But if it means me no good. My anger turns inward and boils inside of me instead of rushing outward and exploding. My way is much easier on the other fellow, but it is terrific for me.”

Motion Picture for March, 1936

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The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn’t digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas blots up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, suck and the world looks punk.

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DENTAL ASSISTANTS TRAINING INSTITUTE
JOAN has a lot more inside her than inverted tempers. She probably has more downright stamina than any of the Bennett clan, courageous as they are all. Of the whole family, it is Joan who is keeping the Bennett tradition alive, although Constance is the one who follows it.

According to Joan, once she begins a thing, she follows through to the bitter end. "I'll stay on the screen, or stage, as long as I can," she declares. "When I begin slipping, I'll try to retire gracefully. I'd hate to hang on after it was all over."

"I'm very anxious to do more stage work. For the sake of my father and my children, the Bennett name should be in lights on Broadway now and then. Of all the children—Constance's Peter, Barbara's four little ones, and my Diana and Melinda, I think Diana alone will carry on. She is a Bennett straight through, and when she is ready to make her first stage appearance, I want the line unbroken behind her."

When a young and beautiful person—Joan is only twenty-four—looks that far ahead, and seriously plans for her children's future, she decidedly isn't silly. It isn't as though Joan had nothing else to interest her. Her husband, Gene Markey, is a writer whose work is absorbing enough to do for one family.

She has her daughter, Diana, familiarly known as "Ditty", and a cherub of a new baby who is blessed with the mellifluous name of Melinda Markey. Joan's sojourn at home is the sort of place you dream of having when all your horses come in, and Joan somehow combines the qualities of being an alluring, captivating star and an excellent housekeeper as well.

IT PRACTICALLY ruins the Bennett tradition, but Joan actually goes through magazines and clips out recipes and ideas on interior decoration. I had luncheon with her once when everything served was the result of a search through her recipe files. There were all sorts of delicious things like cold soup christened "Vichy Soise" and an entrée of ham mousse, which is ham that has come up in the world and no longer associates with its old friends.

Can you imagine Constance reading articles on good housekeeping? How Joan can do it and still look so delightfully irresponsible, I'm sure I don't know. The longer you know this Joan Bennett, however, the less irresponsible you find her."

Knowing how much her husband and children, her work and her home all mean to her, I asked her if she could make a choice between her immediate family and her career.

She answered slowly, "To lose my work would be like losing a part of myself. But if I had to do it, I could give it up. There would naturally be no alternative if Gene and my children demanded it. It would be a real sacrifice, though, and one I don't like to think about."

Motion Picture for March, 1936


The Quints Become Movie Stars!  
[Continued from page 31]

"I had read in the papers and been told a great many strange things," he said. "They told me the picture people were going to build a new wing on my hospital, that they would build another structure on the property to be used as a studio if they didn't like the idea of doing the filming in the hospital itself, that they had brought a carload of klieg lights—and many other things."

He added, after the quilts had been filmed. "Hollywood could not have sent a finer company of people. They worked in the hospital seven days and their total time there was never more than an hour and a half. The cameras did not actually grind on the babies more than twelve minutes on any day."

King and Clark, the cameramen, had their noses and throats sprayed and donned surgeon's gowns and masks before entering the room where the babies were. Nose and throat sprays were administered to Dorothy Peterson and Jean Hersholt, and their costumes were sterilized daily. Even the technical workers who set up the equipment, when the babies were out of the room, took similar precautions for the babies' sake.

On the first day, Dr. Dafoe inspected with interest and approval, the especially constructed incandescent lights, equipped with blue filters, which Clark had brought just for this production. Clark had tested these lights on two 18-months-old youngsters in Hollywood and the doctor quickly convinced himself they would be in no way injurious to the little stars' eyes.

The quints gained weight, as well as revenue. They were probably paid more dollars per minute before the camera than any screen star. Furthermore, they had no dialogue to learn and rehearse, no costume fittings, no make-up to bother with, and no hazardous stunts to perform.

Dr. Dafoe makes a daily check on the babies' weight and, each Monday, makes public the week's gains and losses. Following is a chart showing the weight of the quints, after their week before movie cameras:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Weight after completion of The Quints in Previous Week</th>
<th>Change over Names</th>
<th>Country</th>
<th>Doctor</th>
<th>прежний week</th>
<th>вес</th>
<th>ранее</th>
<th>вес</th>
<th>изменение</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Marie</td>
<td>19 lbs.</td>
<td>1 oz. gain</td>
<td>21 lbs. 13 oz.</td>
<td>1 oz. gain</td>
<td>22 lbs. 8 oz.</td>
<td>1 oz. gain</td>
<td>23 lbs.</td>
<td>1 oz. gain</td>
<td>24 lbs. 1 oz.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Emma</td>
<td>21 lbs. 13 oz.</td>
<td>1 oz. gain</td>
<td>22 lbs. 8 oz.</td>
<td>1 oz. gain</td>
<td>22 lbs. 8 oz.</td>
<td>1 oz. gain</td>
<td>23 lbs.</td>
<td>1 oz. gain</td>
<td>24 lbs. 1 oz.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cecile</td>
<td>22 lbs. 13 oz.</td>
<td>1 oz. gain</td>
<td>22 lbs. 8 oz.</td>
<td>1 oz. gain</td>
<td>22 lbs. 8 oz.</td>
<td>1 oz. gain</td>
<td>23 lbs.</td>
<td>1 oz. gain</td>
<td>24 lbs. 1 oz.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Annette</td>
<td>22 lbs. 13 oz.</td>
<td>1 oz. gain</td>
<td>22 lbs. 8 oz.</td>
<td>1 oz. gain</td>
<td>22 lbs. 8 oz.</td>
<td>1 oz. gain</td>
<td>23 lbs.</td>
<td>1 oz. gain</td>
<td>24 lbs. 1 oz.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Yvonne</td>
<td>23 lbs.</td>
<td>1 oz. gain</td>
<td>22 lbs. 8 oz.</td>
<td>1 oz. gain</td>
<td>22 lbs. 8 oz.</td>
<td>1 oz. gain</td>
<td>23 lbs.</td>
<td>1 oz. gain</td>
<td>24 lbs. 1 oz.</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;The figures speak for themselves,&quot; Dr. Dafoe</td>
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| "The babies have all shown weight gains and distinct general improvement."

The quints never seemed to be aware of the lights or of the noiseless cameras. "I have been agreeably surprised. However, on one occasion, Marie decided to become acquainted with Dan Clark, the Motion Picture for March, 1936.
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**Motion Picture for March, 1936**

89
Between Ourselves

IF YOU don't believe a little child is leading them then the exhibitors who received your money at the box-offices, didn't know how to mark their ballots. Figures, like cameras, don't lie. From the four points of the compass set squarely in the middle of the USA, Shirley Temple leads all other luminaries of Hollywood's starry kingdom in popular appeal. From the day her personality was captured by the camera she has won a secure place in the hearts of the world and his wife—not forgetting their children.

And though this homage has been paid her from all civilized sections of the globe, yet so carefully is she reared that no suggestion of “spoiled precocity” (so fatal to children blessed with unusual charm or genius) has robbed her of her winsome, childish appeal. She has the world in the hollow of her tiny palm. To adult competitors in the popularity stakes she has become Public Envy No. 1. That the Temple tidings, telling she's tops, have tamed the exaggerated egos of the Temperaments goes without saying; since, the child, leading them, has shown the way to naturalness. In her brief span of stardom she has lifted the exhibitor—and you—out of the doldrums.

Naturalness? It is in the cinema saddle since the stars numbered among the ten box-office leaders, won popular approval because of it. Naturalness spells sincerity—and sincerity spells an understanding humanness that never fails to win public accord. This explains why Wally Beery, Joe Brown, Clark Gable, Joan Crawford, Claudette Colbert, Jimmy Cagney, Dick Powell, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, and the late, lamented Will Rogers follow Shirley in popular esteem.

Also riding high, wide and handsome in the cinema saddle is a wealth of unusually good pictures, carrying strong, substantial moving plots and sound character. The producers are not so self-conscious toward the Up-lifters as they were a year ago. At that time they were conscious that Little Eva not only died, but that she also went to heaven. The chefs were afraid to experiment on anything except Pollyannish guinea pigs in order to cook up a Pollyannish brown betty, or just plain fudge. After making this fudge, with the help of the Rover boys and Mrs. Dinsmore's little girl, Elsie, they found it too saccharine for public taste: So they threw the sweets away and concentrated on dishes more palatable and nutritious—such as filet mignon a la Dickens and breast of chicken a la Shakespeare—dishes easy to digest because they agreed with you.

A FEW years ago, anyone who dared suggest filming Dickens or Dumas or Shakespeare to a producer would have to run to escape the clutching straps of the strait-jacket. The producer who catered to such a fantastic whim would also have to do some tall running to avoid the same reception. Happily, this is all changed now—the change for the better having taken place the past year due to the screen's realization that it had outgrown swaddling clothes.

The sorriest, most debilitating expression ever coined concerning the movies has been the oft-repeated—"they're still in their infancy." Whoever coined it looked apologetically and ashamed at the camera. The coiner had plenty of parrot-like follow-uppers. From the highest pooh-bah to the lowliest underling connected with the movies the expression became the slogan of the industry. The first users of the phrase uttered it shamefacedly; later it became a sentence of ridicule. By shouting the slogan, the shouters, wittingly or unwittingly, set the camera back ten years. The camera kept grinding, but it was out of focus with life. Like a backward child, it couldn't or wouldn't learn.

AND then came sound bringing a new order of things. It developed an art standard overnight. In a short span of five years the talking picture has made remarkable progress, technically and artistically. Now the screen, and what it represents, can stand alongside of the other arts and point with pride to its endeavors. Its best accomplishments have taken place the past year. It is sponsoring the best Broadway plays toward securing them ultimately (and with no strings attached) for the camera; it has wooed and won the best talent obtainable in the literary and acting fields; it has brought forth color and made the screen a canvas of vivid hues; it is bringing forth the master story-tellers of the Ages—so that the Little Nells, David Copperfields, Pickwick, Jean Valjeans, Sydney Cartons, Pucks, Bottoms, Jullets, Becky Sharp's, Anna Kareninas limned in the memory, are instantly humanized. The parade of the immortals of literature is now passing in review—a parade to bring loud huzzahs from the onlookers.

But best of all, the screen's voice has brought a spiritual meaning which had escaped into its very shadow before the advent of sound. The characters on the screen live because the players, who enact them, live—through the sincerity of their voices.

Shirley Temple, without her voice and its appealing intonations to personalize the child, would be just another cute actress. Had she blossomed forth in the silent era on the old shadow screen she probably would have lingered but a little while as a star—and with no voice to find its way into your hearts (a voice that rings true no matter whether it expresses laughter, dialogue, song or solos) you might have yearned for the cowboys and their whoop-it-up action. One of these days little Shirley will grow up. But, meanwhile, she is a cuddly little child who might be your child, or the child you might have. I like to believe she is the symbol of a happy home anywhere. Letting her appeal steal upon you—and is there one so calloused that he could deny her?—well, you realize that a picture—her pictures anyway—can have a soul.

And then take Will Rogers. The same comparison can be drawn. Before the talkies he was just a quaint character actor. With sound his voice brought forth the man and his character. He became the symbol of sincerity and good-fellowship as found in the Neighbor who might live next door.

Larry Reid
MEN! WOMEN! MAKE MONEY THIS EASY WAY!

Wear the

Unique Sensational

PORTRAIT RING

Everybody Wants It!

JUST SHOW SAMPLE RING
AND MAKE DOLLARS BY
THE HANDFUL!

PROVE IT AT MY RISK!

This is the money-making chance you've looked for and longed for! A NEW IDEA—unique, thrilling, fascinating—that literally charms dollars into your pocket like magic! EVERYONE WANTS THE PORTRAIT RING! You simply wear and show your sample ring and take in BIG CASH PROFITS so easily, you'll hardly believe your eyes. It's the money making marvel of the age! And no wonder! Imagine—a beautiful, polished, one-of-a-kind ring on which is reproduced in lifelike natural colors the actual portrait of some loved one. Every man, woman and child in your town wants the moment you show it. Hundreds of men and women, many who never took an order for anything in their lives before, are reaping a harvest of dollar bills. Now the same opportunity is open to you. You can get money—plenty of money—more easily and quickly than you ever dreamed. Spare time or full time, No investment in stock. No sample cost to carry. Just wear the sample Ring and pocket the dollars!

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The PORTRAIT RING is new, and the most sensational selling idea in years. By a special scientific discovery, any photo, picture or snapshot of any size is permanently, clearly and faithfully reproduced in actual, natural, lifelike colors on a beautiful ring. The portrait becomes a part of the ring itself—cannot rub off, fade off, wash off or wear off. Ring does not tarnish, is practically unbreakable and will last a lifetime. Fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, sweethearts eagerly seize this chance to own a ring with the most precious memento in the world—an actual portrait of someone near and dear. The PORTRAIT RING becomes a priceless remembrance, a keepsake to be treasured for life.

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Send no money—just send your order and photo. Just send one photo and you'll get a ring exactly like the one shown in this ad for only $3.00. Take a chance. You have nothing to lose, because if you are dissatisfied you get a prompt refund. Rush orders are handled in 48 hours. Order now and have your portraits made the moment you receive your rings.

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Cincinnati, O.

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By returning this coupon we will mail you a sample ring. Service subject to approval by the company. If not entirely satisfied you may return ring within 5 days and your money will be refunded.

FREE SAMPLE RING OFFER! I will pay postage $1.00 plus five cents postage on delivery. If I am not entirely satisfied I may return ring within 5 days and you will refund my money.

FREE SAMPLE RING OFFER! I will pay postage $1.00 plus five cents postage on delivery. If I am not entirely satisfied I may return ring within 5 days and you will refund my money.

FREE SAMPLE RING OFFER! I will pay postage $1.00 plus five cents postage on delivery. If I am not entirely satisfied I may return ring within 5 days and you will refund my money.

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DISCRIMINATING WOMEN ARE TALKING . . . ABOUT CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

Miss Mary de Mumm
"Camel's flavor is so mild that you enjoy the last one as much as the first. In the enjoyment of smoking and in its effect, Camels certainly make a great difference."

Miss Vivian Dixon
"I always smoke Camels—they're so much milder and smoother. And I never get tired of their flavor. Camels never give me that 'I've been smoking too much' feeling."

Miss Mimi Richardson
"Smoking a Camel is the quickest way I know to relieve fatigue. Camels always refresh me. And I love their taste. They seem to be milder than other cigarettes."

Mrs. Langdon Post
"Enthusiasm is very contagious. Look at the way the smart younger set are all smoking Camels. I think I know why. Camels never affect your nerves."

You either like Camels tremendously or they cost you nothing

We have a vast confidence in Camels. First, we know the tobaccos of which they are made—and what a difference those costlier tobaccos make in mildness and flavor. Then, too, we know the genuine enthusiasm so many women have for Camels.

We are, naturally, most anxious to have you try Camels—to smoke a sufficient number to be able really to judge them. And of course it's only fair that such an experiment be made at our risk. If you don't like Camels, they cost you nothing. If you do like them—and we're sure you will—their flavor, their mildness, the new pleasure you'll get from smoking them, will make this experiment worth your while.

We invite you to read and accept our money-back offer.

Money-Back Invitation to try Camels

Smoke 10 fragrant Camels. If you don't find them the mildest, best-flavored cigarettes you ever smoked, return the package with the rest of the cigarettes in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund your full purchase price, plus postage.

(Signed)
R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.
WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT MYRNA LOY

WHY HOLLYWOOD BEAUTIES APPEAL TO WILLIAM POWELL
"I've found a simple beauty care that really works"

"USE ROUGE AND POWDER? Like most girls, I do," says lovely Loretta Young. "But I never risk Cosmetic Skin."

Avoid dangerous pore choking Loretta Young's way. Use the soap with ACTIVE lather that goes deep into the pores—removes every trace of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Then you guard against Cosmetic Skin—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores.

Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed, use gentle Lux Toilet Soap. This simple care keeps skin lovely—as you want yours to be.
Choose your Permanent Wave just as though YOU were a star

says Perc Westmore, famed hairstylist and cosmetician of Warner Bros. Studios

WHEN your job, your income and your happiness itself, all depend upon your beauty," says Mr. Westmore, "choosing a permanent wave becomes serious business. You can't 'try on' a permanent and once you've got it—it's yours until you can grow a new head of hair. No room for guessing. No time for experiments.

"I think if Duart Waves were to cost $100, screen stars would gladly pay the price to safeguard the loveliness of their hair and to insure a soft, lustrous wave of glorious natural beauty. Fortunately for them and for you, Duart Waves cost no more than ordinary waves. In every city from coast to coast, there are several shops where you can have your hair waved with Duart's Certified Waving Solution and Sealed Waving Pads, the identical materials used in our own Hollywood salons to wave the loveliest, most celebrated heads in the world.

"Choose DUART for your next wave just as though you were a star—it costs no more—yet think of the thrill of knowing your hair will have the same lovely feminine glamour everyone admires on the screen."

Copy a screen star's hairstyle if you like. The new 1936 Hollywood Coiffure Booklet will be sent you FREE with one ten-cent package of Duart's Hollywood Hair Rinse—not a dye—not a bleach—just adds sparkle and tint.
THE GREAT ZIEGFELD

The Life and Loves of the World's Greatest Showman
2 YEARS IN PRODUCTION!
GREATEST MUSICAL HIT!

Now, in one flashing musical comes all that the great Ziegfeld gave the world in his crowded lifetime! American girlhood glorified ... great Ziegfeld stars ... the melodies he made immortal ... and a new "Follies" with all the lavishness of Ziegfeld! You follow his fabulous private life ... his tempestuous romance with Anna Held ... his deep and ardent love for Billie Burke ... All in M-G-M's biggest musical triumph!

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
NO MORE
DANCING FOR
GINGER ROGERS!

Straight dramatic acting is what appeals to Ginger Rogers now! She doesn't want to be only a dancer... her ambitions will not be realized until she finds herself in a role that demands real character portrayal! You'll want to read this new story about Ginger's present hopes and dreams! You'll have a new insight into Ginger's personality when you read this delightful feature in the big May issue of MOTION PICTURE.
OVERNIGHT
I LOST THAT DIZZY
AND BILIOUS FEELING

TIP-OFFS ON THE TALKIES
BY GUNNAR NORBERG

AAAA—EXCELLENT; AAA—GOOD; AA—FAIR; A—MEDIocre

Women Trap—AAA—Gangsters, G-Men and
newspaper men are seen in this story of crime
and criminals below the Mexican border. Head-
ing the cast are Gertrude Michael, a stranded
flirt in Mexico, and George Murphy, a newspaper
reporter on the trail of a murderer yarn. Akim
Tambrell, as a Mexican G-Man, gives the best
performance.—Paramount.

Charlie Chan’s Secret—AAA—Because of the
consistently good characterizations which Warner
Oland presents as Charlie Chan, the pictures in
this series are extremely interesting to all those
to whom films of this kind appeal. This newest
one is no exception. Employed by a woman who
has heretofore to a great deal of money, Oland
has the job of investigating a supposedly dead
nephew of hers, who’s still alive. Murder fol-
lows, solved by Oland.—20th Century-Fox.

Timothy’s Quest—AAA—Though the names of
the players in this picture—of an orphan who
wishes the heart of a labor, aging women—are little
interesting, the film is entertaining. Dickie
Moore is the child, while Elizabeth Patterson is
the old maid whose heart of stone is softened.
Tom Keene and Eleonore Whitney are young
lovers.—Paramount.

The Lone Wolf Returns—AAA—There’s comedy,
romance and intrigue in this amusing drama,
dealing with the efforts made by thieves to steal
jewels. Melvyn Douglas, the most personable of
the two jewel crooks, falls in love with the owner
of the precious stones, Gail Patrick, and thus
romance replaces crime. Raymond Walburn and
Tala Birell furnish comedy relief.—Columbia.

[Continued on page 11]

Men Behind the Stars
W. S. VAN DYKE
Director of Rose Marie

W. S. VAN DYKE has made a great
name for himself as the creator of
adventure romances. White Shadows
in the South Seas and The
Pagan, both filmed in the
South Seas, and Trader
Horn, made in Africa,
were his first big pictures.
And they were distin-
guished achievements.
Recent smash hits of his are The Thin
Man, Naughty Marietta and I Live
My Life. And now, he brings you Rose
Marie, starring Nelson Eddy and
Jeanette MacDonald, a picture that is
proving to be a sensation everywhere.

Known as one of the most versatile
directors in Hollywood, Van Dyke is
also one of the most popular men in the
film colony. His large house in Santa
Monica is often the scene of festive
gatherings. Van Dyke is a hospitable
soul. He only does his work hard, but
he plays in the same way. An
enormous man, he avenges
only three hours of sleep per night.
When he entertains, his democracy
is apparent, “Prop” boys meet stars on
an equal footing at his
house. However, he insis-
t that one rule he ob-
serves, by all of his guests,
whoever they may be,
And that is: Profanity is
forbidden in his house.
But don’t get the wrong
impression of Van Dyke.
He’s a man’s man. He’s
a captain in the Marine
Corps. And he’s as hard-
boiled, terse and direct in his com-
mands as any typical officer in that
sea soldier corps.

VAN DYKE is not only a great di-
rector. He is, in the best sense of
the term, a great man too. And so are
his relatives. Henry Van Dyke, noted
philosopher and writer, is a cousin of his;
and John C. Van Dyke, famed art
critic and professor of archaeology, is
related to him. Born in San Diego,
Calif., March 26, 1887, he was the son
of Laura Winston, well-known actress
of her day. His father was a superior
court judge.

Surprising though it might seem
that Van Dyke states that he would rather
act than direct, it really isn’t surpris-
ing at all. He was an actor first. His
initial stage appearance was made at
the age of seven months in San Fran-
cisco. And in 1915, when D. W. Griffith
chose him as his assistant director, he
was acting on the stage. However,
Van Dyke’s experience is not limited
to the stage and screen. He has been
a miner and a lumberman, too, as well
as a newspaper reporter. The writing
of plays and the creation of original
stories for films are among his achieve-
ments. He’s really great, this man, Van
Dyke. Have no doubt about that!—
G.N.
Mae West answers the call of the wild (Victor McLaglen) in Paramount's "Klondike Annie," a roaring romance of the Northern waists.

You Sleigh Me, Big Boy... Nome was never like this 'till Annie hit town... these sourdoughs were just a bunch of cheap skates before Annie broke the ice... but now... there's a hot time in the Yukon tonight!

Annie Doesn't Live Here Anymore... Tears spout from hardened orbs of Barbary Coast boys as Annie gives 'Frisco the Golden Gate and sails for the wide open spaces of the frostbitten North.

The Big, Bold Miner Stakes His Claim to Annie's Heart of Gold... But Annie can't see him for (gold) dust... he's just one more fur-bearing animal to her... the glamour Gal of 'Frisco is not going to give her heart to any lad in a squirrel bonnet. "Get back to the mines," says Annie.

You're No Eel Painting, But You're a Ferocious Monster... Ah, the secret is out... Annie has given her heart of gold to Skipper Bull Brackett, the toughest lad that ever knocked the teeth out of a gale with a belaying pin. Which proves true love always wins and there's no place like Nome.
The Picture Parade

REVIEWS OF THE LATEST PICTURES By G. N. & E. E.

EYES... that fascinate!

YESTERDAY a wallflower. Today the most popular girl in her set—with invitations, dances, and parties galore. It's the same story over and over again, whenever a girl first discovers the secret of fascinating eyes.

Every day more girls are realizing how unnecessary it is to have dull, lifeless eyes. A touch of Winx Mascara to the lashes gives eyes the sparkle, the radiance, men love!

Winx Mascara makes the lashes appear longer, softer, and more lustrous. It brings out the natural beauty and charm of your eyes. Try Winx Mascara today and see for yourself how quickly it enlivens your whole appearance, how its emollient oils keep your lashes luxuriantly soft at all times.

Winx Mascara is offered in black, brown and blue—and in three convenient forms—Creamy, Cake and Liquid. All are harmless, easy to apply, smudge-proof, water-proof, and non-smearing.

You can obtain Winx Eye Beautifiers in economical large sizes at drug and department stores—or in Introductory Sizes at all drug stores.

Winx Eye Beautifiers

If you find it more convenient, you may order a trial package of Winx direct. Send 10¢ to Ross Company, 213 West 17th Street, New York City. Check whether you wish □ Cake or □ Creamy 79c-50

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

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Rose Marie
—AAAA½—

Glorious music, magnificent scenery, sparkling dialogue, strong plot—this great screen musical, co-starring Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, has everything! It is entertainment superb! Filmed in the "back country" of the high Sierras, with several hundred Indians augmenting the cast, it is both spectacular and intimate drama. The co-stars show a tremendous improvement over their work in Naughty Marietta. And the Rudolph Friml music is enchanting. Particularly outstanding are the scenes at the great totem pole dance with the assembled Indian tribes. Rose Marie, without reservation, is one of the greatest musicals ever screened. Be sure to take the children to see it. They’ll share your enthusiasm!—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Strike Me Pink
—AAAA—

With Eddie Cantor at his uproarious best, the Goldwyn Girls in their most perfect form, and a well-plotted story providing the motivation for every scene, this side-splitting tale of a "mouse who became a man" is the month’s outstanding comedy offering. It violates the tried and proved Cantor formula by featuring story instead of dance routines, but it gains in the process. From the moment when Eddie Pink, the timid little tailor, reads a book on dominating will-power, until the fade-out when he "dominates" the gangsters who have threatened his life, the comedy is riotous. Sally Eilers, Parkyakarkus, William Frawley, Jack La Rue, Ethel Merman, Helen Lowell and Brian Donlevy lend excellent support.—United Artists.

[Continued on page 10]
And what a comedy team this turns out to be! Yet Hugh and Louise are just part of a convulsing cast that includes Marie Wilson, Luis Alberni, Berton Churchill, and Olin Howard.

A DOZEN GREAT STARS

Go 'Round and 'Round in

COLLEEN

The Picture of the Month

Warner Bros.' Stunning New Musical Displays the Terpsichorean Talents of Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, Joan Blondell, Jack Oakie, Paul Draper and—of All People!—Louise Fazenda and Hugh Herbert, While the Rhythm of Four Swell New Song Hits Comes Out Here...

Motion Picture for April, 1936
The Picture Parade

[Continued from page 8]

NEXT TIME WE LOVE

---AAA½---
Telling the story of a wife whose stage career conflicts with that of her husband who is a newspaper correspondent, this picture is one with profound emotional appeal. The film presents Margaret Sullivan in what is, perhaps, her strongest role. There is tender pathos in this tale. It tells of sacrifices made by two in love for the sake of ambition. James Stewart, as Margaret's husband, interprets his part with consummate skill. Ray Milland, as the friend of both Stewart and his wife, performs with distinction. As a touching love story, this is superb. As an understanding analysis of the difficulties encountered in the attempt to adjust careers to love and marriage, it is excellent.—Universal.

ANYTHING GOES

---AAAA---
This, by all odds, is the best Bing Crosby picture to date. Crammed to the gun 'ales with excellent music, colorful dance routines, and hilarious comedy, it leaves nothing to be desired. The plot is insane.—Broadway playboy stows away on ocean liner then falls in love with strange girl and wins her in spite of everything—but the other entertainment values are so attractive that plot will never be missed. Charles Ruggles, as Public Enemy Number 13, trying to escape in the disguise of a clergyman, steals the comedy honors with the best performance he has ever given on the screen. Ethel Merman, Ida Lupino, Arthur Treacher, Grace Bradley and Robert McWade are excellent in strong supporting roles.—Paramount.

THE PETRIFIED FOREST

---AAA---
What will occur to you as the most striking feature of this film is the fact that it departs far from the ordinary fields in which producers usually venture. Leslie Howard is cast as the disillusioned author who feels that his life is futile. Journeying on foot over the country, he stops for food at a desolate service station in the desert, a few miles from the Petrified Forest. There, he meets Bette Davis, daughter of the proprietor. Born in France, Bette longs to return there. Having evident ability as a painter, she finds her longings, only dreams. As she talks to Howard, she feels that he is a kindred spirit. And so does she about her. But his destiny is already doomed, while hers is still to appear. Great thoughts are uttered; great dreams, expressed.—Warner Bros.

THE LADY CONSENTS

---AAA---
With Ann Harding and Herbert Marshall co-starring, this marital comedy-drama promises to score heavily with the more discriminating adult audiences. Briefly, the plot concerns the determined and clever campaign of a divorced wife to win her husband back from his selfish second wife. Some of the story situations are a trifle antique but the sparkling dialogue of Anthony Veiller and the deft performances of the two principals as well as the excellent work of the supporting cast, headed by Walter Abel, Hobart Cavanaugh, Ida Chase and Margaret Lindsay, combine to overbalance plot flaws. If you enjoy sophisticated cleverness, you will enjoy this picture. And if you are an Ann Harding fan, rejoice, for The Lady Consents is her best role in some time.—RKO.

[Continued on next page]
CAPTAIN JANUARY
—AAAA—

There is human interest and humor in this latest—and perhaps greatest—of Shirley Temple pictures. There are thrills and heart-throbs as little Shirley is saved from the sea by an old lighthouse keeper, Guy Kibbee, who becomes very fond of her. Slim Summerville, cast as a light inspector, shares Kibbee's affection for the little Shirley. After winning the adoration of all the simple folk in the nearby town, Shirley is about to be separated from Kibbee by a menacing truant officer when her real relatives are found. Kibbee, as Captain January, and Summerville, as Captain Nazzo, give top-notch performances. Shirley sings, dances and acts to perfection. June Lang and Buddy Ebsen are a pleasing romantic team.—20th Century-Fox.

IT HAD TO HAPPEN
—ADA/+—

George Raft appears as a bewildered immigrant at the beginning of this picture. But he isn't bewildered long. Becoming the political ally of a city mayor, he soon rises to a place of considerable influence. As the result of saving a financial institution from bankruptcy by exposing a grafting official (Alan Dinehart), Raft wins an overwhelming popularity. It is the skilled performances of the actors and the absorbing story which they interpret that make this film a thoroughly satisfactory evening's entertainment. Robert Young, playing the part of Dinehart's wife, gives a most convincing performance. Leo Carrillo, fellow immigrant with Raft, brings you comedy that is played to perfection. Arline Judge, as Raft's secretary, is deserving of high praise.—20th Century-Fox.

[Continued on page 58]

Tip-Offs on the Talkies

[Continued from page 6]

AAAA—EXCELLENT; AAA—GOOD;
AA—FAIR; A—MEDIocre

Seek the Rich—AA—In this farce comedy, dealing with a very wealthy man, his equally wealthy (and spoiled) daughter, and a number of "radical" college students, the characters are afflicted with intellectual ideas of various kinds. It is only mildly amusing. The cast of this Hecht-MacArthur production is headed by Walter Connolly, Mary Taylor and John Howard play supporting parts, furnishing the romantic interest.—Paramount.

Oregon Trail—AA—Outdoor action, adventure and romance are featured in this story of pioneer life. John Wayne, as a cavalry officer, joins a group of people in a wagon train. There are raids and attacks from ambush; there's action; and there are thrills. Western fans will like this picture.—Republic.

Dangerous Intrigue—AA—Ralph Bellamy is a prominent physician who makes the mistake of caring for a patient who is unable to pay when he should have been attending the daughter of an affluent man. Losing his position as a result of this, Bellamy also loses his girl. Later, love comes to the regenerated Bellamy and Gloria Shea.—Columbia.

Freshman Love—AA—You'll find the once typical George Ade situation, "the college widow," brought up to date in this picture, telling about the efforts made by a college to recruit a crack boat racing crew. Patricia Ellis, the daughter of the college president, is used by Frank McHugh, the crew coach, to induce potential athletes to enroll at the institution. Of course, Patricia doesn't know the plan. But it works!—Warner Bros.

More Tip-Offs On Page 17

Tip-Offs On Page 17

Two in love, that's what Eleanor Whitney and Tom Keene are in Timothv's Quest, new Paramount film.

Muss 'Em Up—AA—The killing of a dog begins this mystery thriller and the murder of a pair of chauffeurs ends it. Preston Foster, constantly searching for clues, is the ace actor here. Margaret Callahan plays the leading feminine role. Supporting parts are ably interpreted by Alan Mowbray, Ralph Morgan, and Guinn Williams. There's quite a variety of thrills in this picture—from shooting to kidnapping.—RKO.

Invincible Ray—AA—Strange scientific apparatus and novel rays, that can destroy entire communities, are featured in this latest Karloff-Lugosi vehicle. Frances Drake is the girl who becomes involved in the unholy web which Boris Karloff weaves by the use of his newly discovered element, "Radium X." Bela Lugosi is a fellow scientist of Karloff's, while Frances Drake is Karloff's wife. There's little mystery in this picture.—Universal.

Exlusive Story teams Madge Evans and Franchot Tone in a picture of newspaper men, trailing racketeers.

Hitch Hike Lady—AA—A mother in England, her husband a ponderous, decides to go to California to see her son at San Quentin, California, not knowing that that is a prison. Somewhere in the Middle West, the little money that he has left is purloined. Hitch-hiking the rest of the way, many strange experiences occur to her. Playing the part of the mother is Alison Skipworth, Mac Clarke and Arthur Treacher play supporting roles.—Republic.

Kind Lady—AA—Burdened by too involved a plot, this picture is disappointing from the standpoint of entertainment value. It tells about a kind lady who befriends a stranger, who—in turn—does nothing but torment her. After many tedious scenes, the crook is foiled. And the kind lady's kindness is adequately rewarded. Aline MacMahon and Basil Rathbone enact the leading roles.—M-G-M.
If you had X-Ray Eyes

you'd never again take a harsh, quick-acting cathartic!

You don't need to be a professor of physiology to figure this out. When you take a harsh, quick-acting cathartic that races through your alimentary tract in a couple of hours, you're shocking your system.

Unassimilated food is rushed through your intestines. Valuable fluids are drained away. The delicate membranes become irritated. And you have stomach pains.

What a timed laxative means:
When we say that Ex-Lax is a correctly timed laxative, this is what we mean: Ex-Lax takes from 6 to 8 hours to act. You take one or two of the tablets when you go to bed. You sleep through the night... undisturbed! In the morning, Ex-Lax takes effect. And its action is thorough, yet so gentle and mild you hardly know you've taken a laxative.

No stomach pains. No "upset" feeling. No embarrassment during the day. Ex-Lax is easy to take—it tastes just like delicious chocolate.

Good for all ages
Ex-Lax is equally good for grown-ups and children... for every member of the family. It is used by more people than any other laxative in the world. Next time you need a laxative ask your druggist for a box of Ex-Lax. And refuse substitutes. Ex-Lax costs only 10c—unless you want the big family size, and that's 25c.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

--- TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE! ---
(Place this on a penny postcard)

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170
6th-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

Name...

Address...

City... Age...

(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., 736 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal)

Now You'll Know All the Answers

Just Ask the Cinema Sage

Music Goes Round is the coming Rochelle Hudson picture

Claudette Colbert—Yes, she is a Paramount star. She was born in Paris, France, Sept. 13, 1907. You can address Claudette at Paramount Publicity Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif. Her recent picture is The Bride Comes Home with Fred MacMurray. Claudette looks very much the same on the screen and off. (S.M.S., East Haven, Conn.)

Charles Boyer—By addressing your letters to Paramount Publicity Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif., they will reach this star. (E.L., Arlington Heights, Ill.)

Johnny Downs—Having been born in Brooklyn, N.Y., Oct. 10, 1913, he is now twenty-two years old. His full name is John Morey Downs. (R.M., Los Angeles, Calif.)

Frankie Thomas—He was born in New York City, April 9, 1922. He has appeared in Wednesday's Child and A Dog of Flanders. No advice as to his next picture is at hand. At present, he is appearing in a Broadway play in New York City. (P.S., New York, N.Y.)

Noah Beery—Yes, he is still living. His new picture is King of the Damned, in which he is featured with Helen Vinson and Conrad Veidt. (F.M., Pueblo, Colo.)

Nelson Eddy—Although there is no picture yet scheduled definitely for him, it is likely that his next film after Rose Marie will be Maytime. It is probable, too, that Grace Moore will co-star with him in the latter film. At present, Eddy is on a concert tour. Born in Providence, R.I., July 29, 1901, Eddy is thirty-four years of age. He is six feet tall and weighs 175 pounds. (R.L., Birmingham, Ala.)

Chester Morris—Born in New York City, Feb. 16, 1902, he is thirty-four years of age. His coming picture is Men Without Love with Irene Hervey. Chester's father was an actor, William Morris. (A.A.S., Trenton, N.J.)

Robert Taylor—He was born in Filley, Nebraska. His eyes are blue; his hair, brown; his height, six feet; and his weight, 165 pounds. (S.M.P., Corinth, Miss.)

Ginger Rogers—She was born at Independence, Mo., July 16, 1911. It was when she was appearing in the musical revue, Top Speed, in New York that she was selected to play in her first picture, Young Man of Manhattan. Her new film with Fred Astaire is Follow the Fleet. Her eyes are blue; her hair, red. (E.D., Hammond, Ind.)

Irene Dunne—Her eyes are brown. You'll see her soon in Show Boat. Her recent picture is Magnificent Obsession. She was born in Louisville, Ky., Dec. 21, 1904. (S.T.F., Waikato, N.Z.)
You'll want one too —
these smart new flameless cigarette lighters which Hollywood took to its heart!

No matches, no gadgets, no stains on teeth or fingers when you light with Lektrolites!

* The dress sensations of the year! ... as practical as they are popular ... the smart Key Chain Lighter and the dainty "Gem." Seen everywhere in Hollywood ... at the big openings ... on the sets ... with dress and everyday clothes. They are a delight to own ... wonderful to give.

Like all other Lektrolites, the Key Chain and the "Gem" ignite your cigarette utterly without flame. Instead, there is a never-failing glow — magic and mysterious — against which you simply press your cigarette, and puff.

This gentle glow is 1200 degrees cooler than the flame you get with old-type lighters or messy matches. Consequently it does not release from tobacco, the high temperature coal tar products which are the real cause of throat irritation and yellow stains on teeth and fingers.

When you light the flameless way, your smoke is far more fastidious, it's cooler, and the flavor is better.

Believe it or not, you have to hunt to find a match in Hollywood since flameless lighters became the vogue. Wouldn't you like one for yourself, or to give away? At your dealer's, or fill out the coupon below. Platinum Products Corporation.

---

Platinum Products Corporation, Dept. M-M-4, 521 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Enclosed please find check □ money order □ for $—— for which please send me postpaid □ Key Chain Lektrolite; □ The Gem □ The Quarterly; □ Bridge Glolites in Plastic, $5.00; □ Bridge Glolites in Chrome, $15.00.

Name______________
Address__________________________
City__________________________State________

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Lights 3 months on one filling

BRIDGE GLOLITES
$5.00 & $15.00 A PAIR
Indicates tricks—shows trick score, lights 6 months without refueling

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THE QUARTERLY
$5.00

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THE GEM
$10.00

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KEYCHAIN
$5.00

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HELEN BRODERICK
RKO ARTIST IN
"DON'T BET ON LOVE"

---

WALTER ABEL
RKO ARTIST IN
"TWO IN THE DARK"
HOLLYWOOD Takes the Stand

with WINIFRED AYDELOTTE

who tells you things you never knew till now

Q. What type of shops predominate in Hollywood?
A. Dress shops, of course, with drug stores, banks, shoe-repairing parlors, and dog and cat hospitals running close seconds.

Q. Can you tell me exactly what is a fade-out and a fade-in?
A. A fade-out is a gradual elimination of light from the negative on which a scene is being recorded. And a fade-in is just the opposite.

Q. Can you give me a complete list of every picture that John Boles has ever played in and the studio that produced it?
A. The Life of Virgie Winters, Age of Innocence and Rio Rita for RKO-Radio; La Marseillaise, King of Jazz, Resurrection, Seed, Back Street, Only Yesterday and Beloved for Universal; Child of Manhattan for Columbia; Rose of the Rancho for Paramount; and Love of Sonya, Fazil, Romance of the Underworld, We Americans, Shepherd of the Hills, The Last Warning, The Desert Song, Song of the West, One Heavenly Night, Good Sport, Careless Lady, Six Hours to Live, My Lips Betray, Bottoms Up, I Believed in You, Stand Up and Cheer, Wild Gold, Music in the Air, The White Parade, Redheads on Parade, Orchids to You, Curly Top and The Little Rebel for Fox.

Q. I read some places that stills could be purchased for ten cents. What exactly are stills? What sizes are there? Does each studio have them and do all studios sell them? Are they ever in color? To what department must one write to obtain them? Do they save stills from pictures as old as Rio Rita and The Desert Song?
A. In the first place, stills are eight by ten photographs of posed action from a production, or they are portraits. They are never in color. They are not for sale generally, but if you wish to purchase a certain still, the best idea is to write to the fan mail department of the studio that produced the picture, enclosing twenty-five cents, or write to the studio's exchange in your own city where the still will cost you ten cents. In the files of each New York office of the studios are stills dating back fifteen years.

COMMENT: In the September, 1935, issue of Motion Picture, the question, "Who made the first real motion picture?" was answered to the best of our knowledge as follows: "C. Francis Jenkins, a stenographer, of Washington, D. C., in 1894. His film showed a dancer who was then appearing in a local vaudeville house. His mother, an uncompromising puritan, objected to the subject and was afraid of the invention. His father, naturally, liked both the subject and the invention."

Now comes the following information from Mrs. A. J. Thompson, of 780 West End avenue, New York, N. Y.:

"If you are seriously interested in a correct and authentic reply to this question—I can tell you that my husband in 1889, a student with Thos. Edison, and then only eighteen years old, made the world's first moving film picture. Mr. Edison was turning the crank and shouting at Mr. Thompson to 'kick around, take your hat off, move your arms, etc.' This original film with its funny spacing of slots for the transmitting teeth of the driving wheel is now in the possession of the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, D. C. I have, unfortunately, only one copy of the New York Herald's, or Time's, description by Mr. J. C. Clarke, (an intimate friend of Mr. Edison) then managing editor of the New York Herald under the first and real James Gordon Bennett's ownership, and an eyewitness of the actual taking and final showing of the film through a magnifying lens lying flat on a short wooden column... you may be absolutely sure that this is the one true story of the world's first moving picture."

THEN—In 1910, at the old Vitagraph plant in New York, a photographer told J. Stuart Blackton that he knew a girl who had been posing for patterns in Delineator who was as pretty a girl as he had ever seen and he felt that she would make good in pictures. Blackton sent for her and gave her a job. The girl was Mabel Normand. She did not seem to click with Vitagraph, and left to try her luck with Mack Sennett at Biograph. The rest is history. NOW—Mabel Normand is dead but she still lives in the memories of everyone in Hollywood. Mack Sennett and Blackton are out of films. Sennett is trying a comeback abroad and Blackton has just supervised several pictures for the S. E. R. A.
Choice morsels of gossip and news about the latest and liveliest goings-on in Hollywood

By Harry Lang

All of 'em—Joan Crawford, Gable, Ginger an' Fred, Dick Powell, Mae, the buxom—all of 'em and everybody else on the screen, too, take back seats to Shirley Temple...! Box-office figures show that Shirley Temple drew more people into theaters in 1935 than any other player in pictures!!! Will Rogers ranked second! Then, in order, came Gable, the Rogers-Astaire team, Crawford, Claudette Colbert, Dick Powell, Wally Beery, Jimmy Cagney and Joe E. Brown.

Eunice Healey

Sons o'Guns is the Joe E. Brown picture that brings you Eunice!

And so, Shirley, with her $5,000-a-week pay, will go right on movie-making, thank heaven! ... and that despite the regular tooth-woe that besets seven-year-olds. You maybe didn't know it, but Shirley, dropping baby teeth and growing new ones fast, has to have daily dental attention—and what's more, she has to wear a false front of artificial teeth for the camera, because her own can't be depended on from day to day.

Leap year proposals are pouring in on Hollywood. Jack Oakie and Randy Scott, have reported several. But tops goes to Errol Flynn, the new skyrocketing femme heart-breaker of the screen. Within two weeks after the release of Captain Blood, Errol received 26 out-and-out marriage proposals. Don't they know that Errol is married to Lili Damita?

Incidentally, every time a some newcomer makes a big hit in the movies, the hammer-knockers get busy. Some are saying that Lili Damita deserves credit for Errol's sudden success because she coached him; others say that Michael Curtiz, who directed Captain Blood, worked hour after hour with Flynn, and really rates the credit. But the truth is that Flynn worked under special instructions from the boss—"let him act himself." He did—and so all the credit belongs to him. And what a rave the man turns out to be! What's more, he isn't only an actor, he's a writer, too. A magazine has published his autobiographical tale—

Gilbert & Dietrich

John and Marlene were a happy pair when this, his last photo was made

"From Headhunters to Hollywood," and another national monthly has bought rights to his South Seas novel, titled "Beam Ends." Wattaman...!!! Only sign of what sudden success has done to him is his new moustache. The gals say it accents his sex-appeal 100 per cent!!

Absolutely cuck-razee about Dick Powell, a 20-year-old domestic servant from England saved her money and travelled 3000 miles across the Atlantic, 3000 more across America, just to ring Powell's doorbell. He wasn't home; she tried to force her way in, was arrested instead, for disturbing the peace. The authorities are now dealing with her. It isn't the first time Dick has been up against that sort of thing—more than any other star, he gets countless callers at his Toluca Lake home from fans who travel from far and wide to see him—and they're all girls who [Continued on page 16]
Famous screen star tells why he picked the girl with Tangee Lips

The Tangee girl won when CHARLES FARRELL chosesi love letter while filming Universal Picture, "Fighting Youth."

When you see Charles Farrell wouldn't you want to have tender, soft lips... the kind of lips that would appeal to him... that he would want to kiss?

Three girls were with us when we visited Mr. Farrell. One wore the ordinary lipstick... one no lipstick... the third, Tangee. "Your lips look irresistible," he told the Tangee girl, "because they look natural."

Tangee can't make your lips look painted, because it isn't paint. It simply intensifies your own natural color. Try Tangee. It comes in two sizes, 36¢ and $1.10. Or, send 10c for the 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

Beware of Substitutes... when you buy.

Don't let your sharp saleswoman switch you to an imitation... a imitation... a imitation. But when you ask for Tangee, be sure to ask for Tangee. Tangee is intended only for those who insist on real color and for professional use.

The TALKIE TOWN Tattler

[Continued from page 15]

NORMA SHEARER DANCES!

Because she has to do an Italian waltz in her coming film, Romeo and Juliet, Norma practices with Agnes de Mille, the noted dance teacher.

Know he's a bachelor and that this is Leap Year! They're after him! CLARK GABLE did two things this month that may interest you—he brought back the style of wearing big striped bow ties for street wear—and he slapped down $16,000 for a new Deusenberg auto—and he looks so bored while driving it. Can you imagine that?

TALKING about Dick Powell and Clark Gable in two successive breaths like that brings to mind that Dick'd better look out for Clark. Because the Gable is going to croon... ! ! ! ! In MGM's next revue, Clark's going to warble a specially-written song. That will be something for you to hear.

And on crooners and cash—while Clark spends 16 Grand for a new gasbuggy, Crooner Bing Crosby spends his on hosses—he entered three of them at Santa Anita's recent meet. But Bing holds out at least $2,000 a month to "play ball" with his fans. It costs him that much monthly to handle his fan mail—to every asker, he sends a photo, free, and also a letter. And of his 10,000 letters a month, 8,000 include picture requests. Bing's wife, the cute lil' Dixie Lee, has joined the jeanharlow parade, by letting her hair go dark again. And does she look swell... ! ! !

JOAN CRAWFORD items: She carries a makeup box with her to the studio and location every day, but there's no makeup in it, because it carries her lunch, which she prepares for herself at home—and at home, in the icebox, Joan always has at least one whole roast chicken—for those midnight snacks, or just in case of unexpected company—and in the Joan-Tone house, there's one room that's barred tighter than a studio door to all maids, butlers, moppers-up—because it's Franchot's workroom, where he puts with his hobby of "making things" and nobody is allowed to disturb anything.

[Continued on page 60]
Now they whisper to her
...not about her

Fragrantly feminine

...So Desirable

since she uses this lovelier way to avoid offending...Since she bathes with exquisite, scented Cashmere Bouquet Soap

Such a lovely, feminine way to guard your personal daintiness!
Your luxurious bath with this fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Soap keeps you so immaculate. Its deep-cleansing lather frees you so completely from any danger of body odor.
And then—to make you more alluring—the subtle, costly perfume of this lovely soap clings lightly about you...leaves you delicately perfumed from tip to toe!

Hours afterward, when you dine and dance with him...how gloriously this exquisite, flower-like fragrance still surrounds you!
You will want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion, too. Its rich, luxurious lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it goes down into each pore and removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics. That's why Cashmere Bouquet combinations are so distinctly clear, so alluringly smooth.
And Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10¢ a cake. The same superb soap which for generations has been 25¢. Exactly the same size cake, hard-milled and long-lasting...Scented with the same delicate blend of 17 rare and costly perfumes.

Why not order at least three cakes of Cashmere Bouquet today! Sold at the beauty counters of all drug, department and 10¢ stores.

BAR THE

Cashmere Bouquet

The Lovelier Way to Avoid Offending

NOW ONLY 10¢  the former 25¢ size

Motion Picture for April, 1936

17
EYE-STRAIN picks its VICTIMS YOUNG

Mary Pickford, noted actress, and Jesse L. Lasky, veteran producer, seek a trademark!

$1,000 Given Away in CASH Prizes

Here's your chance to win money for an idea! Just think up a trademark!

BY H. O. STECHAN

THERE is no more romantic story in all the world than the story of the motion picture trademark. By that, I mean the story behind that little emblem which appears on the main title of nearly every photoplay that flashes across the screen," said Jesse L. Lasky, veteran producer, as he knocked the ashes from his briar pipe and loaded it with a fresh charge of fragrant tobacco. An inveterate pipe-smoker, Mr. Lasky.

"Yes," he resumed, puffing thoughtfully, "that little emblem is the very essence of romance. It sums up joys and sorrows, hopes and disappointments, triumphs and failures. If happily conceived, it epitomizes a producing company's very policy, born of grim determination, earnest striving and attempts to achieve.

"Ultimately, the public learns to regard this emblem as the hallmark of the producer that it represents, making it as significant as a man's signature, as individual as the registered cattle-brands in the great open spaces. For that reason, established trademarks have assumed an importance in recent years that cannot be underestimated. They visualize their proponents' ideals."

MR. LASKY paused a moment to reflect. A match flared and his pipe glowed again. We were sitting in his impressive oak-panelled office at United Artists Studios in Hollywood, headquarters of Pickford-Lasky Productions, Inc., of which he is president. This is the new picture company, making its debut with One Rainy Afternoon, starring Francis Lederer.
The talk about trademarks led to
the contest recently launched by Pick-
ford-Lasky Productions, in cooperation
with Fawcett Publications, Inc.,
to interest readers of Motion Pic-
ture, Screen Play, Hollywood,
Movie Classic and Screen Book.
Miss Pickford and Mr. Lasky are
offering $1,000 in cash, to be divided
into six prizes, for suggestions for a
trademark to herald their films.
For many years, Mr. Lasky was
vice president of Paramount, in
charge of production. Now, leaning
back comfortably in his chair, he re-
called the origin of that company's
trademark—a snow-capped mountain
in a circle of stars.
"On the day that Paramount was
organized—first as a releasing agen-
cy, back in 1914—W. W. Hodkinson,
one of the founders, passed an apart-
ment house in New York with the
name 'Paramount' on it," said Mr.
Lasky. "Hodkinson, being a native
of Colorado, had a natural fondness
for mountains. When he reached the
meeting, he boldly sketched a peak
on the back of a blotter and wrote
Paramount across its face. The
other direc-

RULES

1. The contest opens February 1, 1936,
and closes April 15, 1936.
2. Any person, regardless of whether or
not he or she is a subscriber or regular
reader, is entitled to enter, except employees
of Fawcett Publications, Inc., Motion Pic-
tures Publications, Inc., and Pickford-
Lasky Productions, and their families.
3. It is not necessary to submit a draw-
ing of your suggested trademark if you de-
scribe it adequately in words.
4. Do not submit decorated or fanciful
entries.
6. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be
awarded.
7. Address your entries to Pickford-Lasky
Contest Editor, Motion Picture Magazine.
8. A cash prize of $100 will be awarded
to the person who submits the winning
trademark suggestion through Motion Pic-
ture Magazine. This winner will then be
eligible to win the $500 Grand Prize. Some-
one, therefore, will win a total of $600 for
suggesting the trademark which Pickford-
Lasky Productions will use.

Nino Martini,
above; Fran-
cis Lederer,
at the right

Small Picture typifies the girl who neglects her looks • Larger
Picture—the same girl after she has been to the Beauty Shop
•• GO TO YOUR BEAUTY SHOP EVERY WEEK •• AND, IT HELPS TO KEEP
LIFE AND SPARKLE IN YOUR FACE TO ENJOY DOUBLE MINT GUM DAILY

Motion Picture for April, 1936 19
GLAZO IS WORLD-FAMOUS
FOR BEAUTY AND LONG WEAR

Women are becoming more critical, more discriminating in the beauty preparations they use. They expect a nail polish not only to be outstandingly lovely but to apply easily without streaking and to wear for days longer than polishes they used to know.

Because Glazo has these virtues, its fame has circled the world. It is famous for its glorious fashion-approved shades. It is famous for solving the streaking problem and for amazing ease of application. It is famous for giving 2 to 4 days longer wear, without peeling or chipping.

Glazo shares its success with you, and is now only 20 cents. Do try it, and see how much lovelier your hands can be!

Be a
Guest at Our
Hollywood Party!

This is your chance to see Hollywood and meet the stars! Don't miss it!

Motion Picture Magazine could not have selected a more thoroughly charming hostess for its big Annual Party in Hollywood than Paula Stone, daughter of the famed stage and screen actor, Fred Stone. You'll see Paula soon in the leading feminine rôle opposite Dick Foran, the singing western star, in Treachery Rides the Trail. Paula is only a youngster but she is on the road to stardom!

Paula has issued an invitation to all members of Motion Picture's Movieland Tour to be guests at her house when they arrive in Hollywood. It will be a big party that Paula will give. All the film celebrities will be there to meet Motion Picture's Movieland Tourists. Fred Stone, Paula's father, is an excellent entertainer. You'll like him as much as the late Will Rogers did. Fred and Will were close friends for years. Paula has two lovely sisters, too: Dorothy and Carol. You'll adore the entire Stone family! A short time ago, Paula gave a party for her sister, Carol, and it was a real treat for everyone present. Among Paula's guests were Jeanette MacDonald, the famed singing star, who was accompanied by Bob Ritchie; Jackie Coogan and Betty Grable, who had been recently engaged; Grantland Rice, the noted sports authority and magazine editor, who arrived at the party with his daughter, Florence Rice, film actress, and Fred Keating. Others present were Cecilia Parker, Tom Brown, Anne Shirley, Patricia Ellis, Sue
Carol and Howard Wilson. There were literally dozens of Carol's friends from Hollywood's younger set there!

When you come to Paula's big party in honor of Motion Picture's Movieland tourists, you'll meet all of the friends of the Stones. And their friends include everyone of consequence in the whole film colony, because the Stones are very popular indeed in the cinema city!

While visiting Paula's beautiful home, situated in the Hollywood hills, you'll have the time of your lives. If you take your camera along, you'll be able to take pictures that will remind you of your delightful trip for years to come. And if you bring your autograph books, you'll have a chance to fill them with names that are famous throughout the world! You will remember Paula's party as one of the most thrilling events of your life!

Now, the question will naturally occur to you: How can I become a member of Motion Picture's Movieland Tour? What do I have to do?

The answer is simple. Motion Picture is organizing this as its Second Annual Movieland Tour. Starting from Chicago, Motion Picture's tourists will travel by train to Hollywood. The return trip will also be made by train. Since the time which the trip will take is only two weeks, this is the ideal way to spend that summer vacation of yours. Among the places which you will see and remember on this memorable journey are the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis), Yellowstone Park, Seat- [Continued on page 63]
How Readers Rate Them!

Doctor’s Report proves Pepsodent Antiseptic a real help to

KEEP FROM CATCHING COLD!

What 2 winters’ test with 774 Illinois people revealed

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

reduced number and duration of colds

• A Doctor made this famous test—he proved that Pepsodent Antiseptic did
reduce number of colds! And cut the
average length of a cold in half!

He worked for two full winters, with
774 people in all. The people lived
together. They worked together. They ate
the same foods. Half of them gargled
with Pepsodent Antiseptic twice a day.
The other half did not.

Those who did not gargle with Pepsodent,
had 60% more colds than those who used
Pepsodent Antiseptic regularly.

Those who used Pepsodent Antiseptic, and
did catch cold, got rid of their colds twice
as fast as the others.

Goes 3 times as far
Pepsodent Antiseptic is extra powerful,
but safe! It kills germs in 10 seconds, even
when it is diluted with 2 parts of water!

For ‘‘Breath Control’’—Pepsodent keeps
breath pure 1 to 2 hours longer

GREAT ACTOR PASSES
($15 Prize Letter)
By Lars Anderson

Most actors act to live. But John
Gilbert lived to act. The physical
reduction of the fires that burned so in-
tensely within him was his meat and
drink—his staff of life. He was one of
the chosen. Meteorically soaring to his
place in the sun from the lowly status
of extra, the silent pictures were good
to him who was so deserving. Women
loved him; men envied him; and all
united in paying homage to the versa-
tility of one who lived the dynamic
portrayals that flashed across the screen
with such moving force.

Talking pictures were not so kind to
him. His highly sensitive, temperamen-
tal spirit was hopelessly crushed by the
ruthlessness of a fickle Fate, and by the
bitter irony of it all.

All the world’s a stage; he trod
the boards for a little while. Now, the flash-
ing eyes are closed; the brilliant smile,
gone from the face that countless mil-
lions loved. No more will the slender,
dynamic figure scintillate before the
worshipful eyes of those whom he
swayed with his compelling art. But he
still lives in the hearts of those who
loved him—Lars Anderson, 1309 Es-
planade Ave., New Orleans, La.

HEALING WOUNDS
($10 Prize Letter)
By Alan Arden

The dictionary describes the word,
‘‘anodyne,’’ like this: “Anything that
soothes wounded or excited feelings, or
that lessens the sense of misfortune.”
I have concluded that this word is a
fitting description of a good picture
show. Not long ago, through a series of
misfortunes, I was bankrupt—financially,
physically—worst of all—mentally.
I knew that if my dark clouds had any
silver linings, they would all beragged.
I would never laugh again! Just to pass
some dreary hours, I slipped into a pic-
ture house. There, for the first time,
Donald Duck burst upon my startled
vision and, watching his furious de-
termination to ‘‘speak his piece,’’ I laughed
until my sides ached. I was refreshed
and normal for the first time in months.
Maybe the world had something in it
besides gloom and terror and bills! Since
that time, I have found many hours of
pleasure, seeing the lovable idiocies of
Horton, the incredible, dazzling roman-
ticisms of a Crawford film, the tender-
ness evoked by little Curly Top—all the
carefully wrought moments which bring
delight to troubled hearts and take us
out of our own bleak private worlds into
another bright land, or make us weep for others and forget ourselves. Could there be any better "anodyne"?—Alan Arden, c/o Mobley, 1050 Summit Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

QUIVERING SOUL
($5 Prize Letter)
By Mrs. H. A. Seymour

My nomination for the cruelest picture of 1935 is not Mutiny on the Bounty; it is not Les Miserables, The Crusades, The Informer, nor their like. To my mind, Alice Adams is the cruelest picture that I have ever seen.

It is not the baring of our major faults that hurts us most; it is those petty things—the pretenses, the affectations, the silly vanities—which cause us to twist and lie and make fools of ourselves so often. How we have to hate them dragged into the light! That is why I call Alice Adams cruel. Before our eyes, it strips a human soul so naked that we cannot hide it with words and quiver. And we sit and laugh at its quivering.

I can stand to see naked bodies beaten with a lash, or starving men begging for food, if I must. But give me a good long rest before I take another look at Alice Adams' soul!—Mrs. H. A. Seymour, Hillsboro, Ill.

MOVIES, A BLESSING
($1 Prize Letter)
By Nan Pierson Hitt

When I read some of the letters in screen magazines, criticizing movie stars and movie productions, I sometimes wonder if city folks really appreciate the movies as we do who live in the country. We don't get to town often, but when we do, it always means that we'll see a picture. And what a treat for all of us! Truly, it is!

We all have favorite stars and types of pictures. The little girls', of course, is Shirley Temple; the thirteen-year-old boy likes anything savoring of aviation. Dad says that he hasn't found anyone yet to take Will Rogers' place in his estimation, while I enjoy them all so much that I haven't a new favorite each time. I found Luise Rainer, the little wistful-eyed German girl in Escape, very appealing. And the time we heard Nino Martini's glorious voice and saw him in Here's to Romance was wonderful!—Mrs. Nan Pierson Hitt, R.F.D. 3, Twin Falls, Idaho.

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Your opinions on movie plays and players may win money for you! Three prizes—$15, $10 and $5—with $1 each for additional letters printed—are awarded every month for the best letters received. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. And remember: no letter over two hundred words in length will be considered! Address your entries to Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

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Motion Picture for April, 1936 23
TORTURED BY A NATION

THE TRUE STORY OF A NATION'S HIDDEN SHAME
FOR HIS ACT OF MERCY!

Tricked by fate into helping an assassin, an innocent man is torn from the woman he loves...shackled...condemned to a living death on a fever island where brutes are masters and sharks are guards!

THE STARK DRAMA
of "I am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang"

THE MIGHTY POWER
of "Les Miserables"

The Prisoner Shark Island

Starring
Warner BAXTER

with
GLORIA STUART • CLAUDE GILLINGWATER
ARTHUR BYRON • O. P. HEGGIE • HARRY CAREY
AND A CAST OF ONE THOUSAND

A DARRYL F. ZANUCK 20Th CENTURY PRODUCTION

Presented by Joseph M. Schenck • Directed by John Ford
Associate Producer and Screen Play by Nunnally Johnson • Based on the life of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd

Motion Picture for April, 1936
No Office Hours for the COUNTRY DOCTOR—He’s Calling on the QUINTS!

There's no stopping the Quints when it's time to put on the feed bag! That's what Jean (Dr. Dafoe) Hersholt found out when two of them started to lead him to their own private dining room. However, Dorothy Peterson, playing the part of the nurse in the film, The Country Doctor, discovered that one of the Quints was wondering how her sisters happened to take the good doctor away from her. Nearly two years old (they were born May 28, 1934), they're five of the healthiest babies in the world. One day in January the temperature was thirty below. But the Quints still slept comfortably on the outdoor porch! They're miracles of the modern world, these Dionne babes: Marie, Emilie, Cecile, Annette and Yvonne! And like Jean (Dr. Dafoe) Hersholt, you'll be calling on the Quints, too, when you see them in their first picture, The Country Doctor. They're real stars! Will they become tomorrow's Colberts?
Romantic Interlude

*Wife vs. Secretary* is the new film in which you'll see Jean Harlow and Clark Gable as lovers. Myrna Loy is the wife of Clark. Jean is his secretary.

Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler are lovers in their coming picture, *Colleen*. And you'll love them both! Their recent film romance was Warner's *Shipmates Forever*. 
Graduating from college, Merle Oberon begins teaching school. Joel is her sweetheart.

Merle Oberon, Miriam Hopkins and Joel McCrea (left) star in the coming picture, Three.
A Sailor and his Sweetheart

Like all sailors, Fred Astaire has a sweetheart in port—whose name is Ginger Rogers. In *Follow the Fleet* you'll see them dance like they never danced before. Off the portside, south by southeast, sailor Randolph Scott gets shore leave to see Harriet Hilliard.
IT WAS two years ago that plans were first made for screening the life of Florenz Ziegfeld, Great Glorifier of the American Girl. The beloved Ziegfeld, or "Ziggy," as his many friends called him, had died in 1932, so it was necessary to cast about for an actor to portray him—and this promised to be one of the most difficult casting jobs of all time. It would be impossible to find some one who looked exactly like him, and even more impossible to find someone who could play the part with sufficient realism to satisfy the many friends and members of his family, who remembered him so well.

At least, it looked impossible until Billie Burke, Ziegfeld's widow, was consulted, and was asked to "name the man." Without hesitation or reservation, Billie selected William Powell to play the rôle of her husband on the screen. "Not that he looks like Flo," she explained, "or even that he has Flo's physical mannerisms or characteristics—but there is something about Mr. Powell which always makes me think of Flo. I think, more than anything, it is graciousness toward women—especially toward beautiful ones," she added thoughtfully, smiling that sweet, half-sad Billie Burke smile.

That was two years ago, even before the script for The Great Ziegfeld was written, and long even before Billie Burke knew Bill Powell as well as she does now. But now that the picture is finished, there can be no doubt about the fact that Billie's hunch was a perfect one. Even during its making, Fannie Brice, and many others in the cast who also worked closely with Ziegfeld, were constantly remarking and marveling at the great similarity between the two men.

ZIEGFELD'S life, and his career as well, was ruled by his great appreciation of beautiful women. The phrase, "Glorifying the American Girl" was more than just a publicity slogan—it was actually the motivating urge in both his personal and professional life. He never saw a beautiful woman without wishing to make her more beautiful. If he saw her with a professional eye, he placed her on the stage on high platforms, dressed her in the most beautiful costumes imaginable, placed her against a background of other beautiful girls. If he saw her with a per-

Why Hollywood Appeal WILLIAM
sonal eye, he also did everything possible to show off her beauty. He took her to the finest places, drove her there in the finest cars, and saw to it that she had the finest furs to wear. Nor was he ever seen anywhere with anyone but a beautiful woman! And when he married, as he did twice, he married world-famous beauties. First, there was Anna Held, the little French actress, whom he made into a star—and the most talked-of star of the day. Then, after their divorce, there was Billie Burke—a ravishing beauty, and the love of his life. But on both women, Anna first, and Billie later, he lavished the fruits of several fortunes... sables, ermine, diamonds, pearls, orchids all the things that would make them more beautiful.

In the same way, beauty has always been a magnet for William Powell. No one in Hollywood can remember a time when he was interested in a woman who was not beautiful. He certainly married one of the most stunning girls in Hollywood when he married Carole Lombard. And it was Jean Harlow's glittering flawless beauty which more recently attracted him to her... though, in all fairness to Jean, I want to add that while beauty may have attracted it, it was her grand camaraderie which actually sealed the romantic bargain.

A LONG time ago, even before the Ziegfeld rôle came into his life, Bill told me, "I'll always love, and look for, beauty in a woman. It's not sufficient to make a man want to marry, because there must be something else besides beauty. I'd never fall for one of those 'beautiful-but-dumb' girls, nor would I fall for the 'honey-but-smart' type either. There must be a blend,—a blend of brain and beauty. "Above all the various types of beauty, I admire and prefer the 'feminine' type of beauty. I thoroughly dislike painted finger nails, and mannish slacks, and boyish-bobbed hair, and too-tanned skin... and anything that takes away from a girl's softness and sweetness. Yes, I must admit I'm a bit old-fashioned in that respect.  [Continued on page 74]

It was Billie Burke, widow of the late great Florenz Ziegfeld, who picked William Powell to appear in the title rôle of The Great Ziegfeld. "It's his graciousness toward beautiful women that reminds me of Flo!" Billie states

Beauties to Powell
Boys Meet Girl

—and make love as boys will, especially when they are so devastatingly romantic as Gary Cooper and Charles Boyer, and the girl-er-so seductively charming as Marlene Dietrich. Wooing and winning Marlene is an old story to Gary. Surely, you remember their romantic moments in Morocco! And, in Desire, Marlene’s newest, each casts a romantic spell over the other. In I Loved a Soldier, the picture following Desire, Charles Boyer succeeds Gary Cooper as Marlene’s big heart-throb. So, with Marlene giving these boys the “come-hither” in her next two pictures—and the boys responding nobly—you should find romance, too. Dietrich with Cooper—or Dietrich with Boyer makes an unbeatable combination
What You Should Know About Myrna Loy!

Myrna Loy is a sensible woman with a sassy nose. Full of freckles. And of mischief. Which makes it terribly confusing to everyone. Who expect capers and didoes. And get neither.

She's calm. Still. Quiet. Given little to idle chatter. She possesses infinite patience on the set. Never complaining. Or fidgeting. Myrna just waits. For all she's worth. And that's a great idea.

She loves to walk. But does most of it in her sleep. A maid or secretary is constantly going downstairs and bringing Myrna back to bed. Sound asleep. As a child in Helena, she was constantly unbolting doors and wandering out into snowdrifts. In bare feet and night-gown. Montana still can't get over it. Especially the night-gown part of it. In those Montana snowdrifts.

Myrna Loy has a whimsical complex. The only thing in her whole make-up which matches the nose. It has one, too. And that is really something.

From her Welsh-Irish ancestors came her belief, as a child, in “little people.” The kind who toe-danced on rose leaves. And went on at a great rate all over dandelions. And things. So fixed was her belief that she imagined lizards and potato bugs were created solely for her beloved fairies. But, of course, that wasn't true.

She actually carried on long conversations with her invisible (but not to Myrna!) friends. Until the neighbors shook their heads and declared it was too bad for poor Mrs. Williams. Her poor little Myrna must have fallen very flat on her head on the sidewalk. The cement one. She still has a hunch the whole business was on the level. And never wants to get over it. What's more, she never fell flat on anything in her life. So there.

Outside her belief in brownies and such, she has no superstitions. Even signed her first contract on Friday, the 13th. Her ideas are good. [Continued on page 66]
Above: Olivia de Havilland is Angela in the film, Anthony Adverse. Right: Fredric March in the rôle of Anthony

By
Tom Sherwin

Could Anthony Adverse Win Modern Women?

Faith is the name of Gail Sondergaard in the picture being made from Hervey Allen's novel.
Do you think that Hervey Allen’s romantic hero, Anthony Adverse, would appeal to the girl of today? The feminine stars in the film answer here!

**WOULD Anthony Adverse, the fictional romantic hero of Hervey Allen’s popular novel, be a great lover, if he were alive today? Could Anthony Adverse, with his old-world chivalry and the same technique of making love, win modern women as he won those of his own time? That’s a real question.**

Like Valentino, he was born in Italy but had he turned his talent for love-making to the screen, would he have been another Rudolph Valentino? Those questions were asked of the five feminine players who will play various roles opposite Fredric March in Warner Brothers’ picture, Anthony Adverse. And the questions brought the response that Anthony could and would be a great lover, were he alive today, from four of them, with only Steffi Duna dissenting. Four agreed that he would.

"Anthony Adverse was an even more restless lover in Hervey Allen’s novel than will be apparent on the screen," said Mervyn Le Roy, who is directing the film. "Anthony Adverse attracted many types of women. And Fredric March’s Anthony Adverse will bring him thousands of feminine admirers. Yes, Anthony could still be a great lover today," Director Le Roy concluded.

"COULD he?” Olivia de Havilland said, repeating my question. "Why not? In real life, even in this modern age, he would attract all women. If he chose pictures instead of the African slave trade as a profession, he would be another Valentino. How many thousands of women dream of him now as the perfect lover, just from reading Mr. Allen’s book? I do not believe that the technique of making love has changed much since the time of Anthony Adverse. Modern women are not quite so easily convinced as the girls of Anthony’s age were, but—no doubt—women would adore so dashing and daring a lover as he was.” Olivia spoke with conviction.

Olivia de Havilland plays the rôle of Angela Guessippi, the one true love of Anthony’s life. He meets her first as a child of an Italian peasant family who are servants in the home of John Bonnyfeather, who considers him an adopted child, when he is in reality the illegitimate son of their daughter, Maria. Their second meeting takes place when, as a woman, she is a singer for a troupe of traveling opera players. They plan marriage but circumstances cause him to believe that she has deserted him. He finds her, at last, the mother of his son and the mysterious mistress of

[Continued on page 68]
A Favorite of Yours Returns

(DOLORES COSTELLO BARRYMORE)

A FRIEND whom you haven't seen for a number of years is coming back to you. You sighed regretfully when, at the height of her popularity, she took leave of you—a radiant girl, content to withdraw from the limelight for the unspectacular joys of home and motherhood. She earned her spurs as Dolores Costello—she returns, Dolores Costello Barrymore.

Has she changed? The question leaps naturally to your mind as it did to mine. She was so young, so lovely, a golden-haired princess out of a fairy tale. Her beauty was the kind captured often by imagination, rarely by life. "What does she look like now?" you inquire half fearfully. And you wonder about the answer.

You can throw your fears to the winds. You can take your seat in the theatre and wait without misgivings for your first glimpse of her as Dearest in David Selznick's production of Little Lord Fauntleroy. The years have passed over her head without leaving a visible shadow. She seems as youthful as ever.

I caught my own first glimpse of her as she stood at the head of a flight of steps, down which Freddie Bartholomew—the little lord of the picture—bumped excitedly with a velocipede somewhat larger than himself. Standing in the full glare of the sunlight, her white throat and golden head of hair rising from the black, tight-waisted frock of the period, its skirt billowing about her slender figure, she looked hardly more than a child herself as she called: "Be careful, Cedy," and her blue-gray eyes, half laughing, half anxious, wholly tender, watched him go down. [Continued on page 70]

By PAULA HARRISON

Dolores Costello retired from the films at the height of her popularity. Now Dolores Costello Barrymore wins new fame!

Before leaving pictures, Dolores Costello (above) was busy in film, Noah's Ark

As Dolores Costello Barrymore, you will see her in film, Little Lord Fauntleroy
Bob Taylor
Is Wowing Them Everywhere

Bob has what it takes—a winning personality. He is the very latest screen rave

By
HENRY LANGFORD

PROBABLY the most striking aspect of young Bob Taylor's character is revealed in the fact that he lives in a farmhouse! It's a tiny, unpretentious farmhouse, set down in a few acres of half-hidden land up San Fernando Valley way and miles from the glitter of Hollywood.

There are no snooty antiques in it, nor white rugs, nor paintings by famous masters, nor even any lavender-and-apple-green bathrooms in tile and chromium. There are no push-buttons that make hidden radios croon, nor any projection-machine so he can look at his latest picture while his guests applaud. It's in this dinky, little farmhouse that the newest, hottest, biggest screen raver in Hollywood spends his off-screen hours.

"I bought it because two horses came with it. I'm nuts about horses," he told me the other day. "And now they're giving me so much work at the studio, that I haven't got time to ride the horses . . . !"

Besides the horses, Bob's got a whole bunch of cats and dogs, of extremely doubtful ancestry and habits. For help he has an ordinary houseboy who can sort of straighten the place up a bit, and throw together a mess of ham-an'-eggs or beans. There are no British butlers or Jap servants to impress visitors and himself with his importance. And for companionship, this lad finds the most pleasure with one Don Milo—a young fellow like himself. Don is Bob Taylor's stand-in on the job—and off the job he's Bob's buddy.

And there's no "Mrs. Bob Taylor," as yet. Oh, some day, perhaps. For they're after Bob—like nobody's business. He's good-looking and single—and, except for a definite leaning toward Irene Hervey, he's comparatively unattached. Now wonder the manless dianas of Hollywood are out on the trail for Bob! What? You're asking does he tumble? Well—Bob's in his early twenties and human—with a keenly appreciative eye that sparkles when some particularly alluring bit of fluff flounces by his studio restaurant table. But go for them in a big way?—uh, UH—not Bob Taylor. He's no woman hater, mind you. But this college kid from Nebraska knows that a newcomer in Hollywood can stub his toe quicker over a tangle with a dame than in any other way. And Bob's playing the Hollywood game wisely.

A ND that, I may tell you, is one of the most interesting and startling things about this young fellow. Here he is, a nonentity from Nebraska, studying in a little California college that doesn't even get its name in the football scores except on the third or fourth page. And suddenly, from that obscurity, he's yanked to screen stardom and makes good. Instantly, from all corners of the world, sounds the chorus of acclaim. Lovely ladies want to date him; they write him impassioned notes, all the way from India to Ireland.

[Continued on page 72]
Shooting a Famous Story in Color!

When you're seeing *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine*, you'll be looking at the first all-color drama ever made in the great outdoors! It's a picture full of thrills!

*By Gordon Crowley*

Cast as the engineer who's trying to build a railroad, Fred MacMurray finds the mountain people against him!
HIGH up in the beautiful San Bernardino mountains, at an altitude of 6,000 feet, a company of 150 men and women underwent hardships, fighting the elements in producing for Walter Wanger, the famous old story, *The Trail Of The Lonesome Pine*, by John Fox, Jr.—and from which the even wider known song of the same title was written.

The picture has the distinction of being the first ever made outdoors with the new three-color Technicolor process. This is the same process as that used to photograph *Becky Sharp*, but Henry Hathaway, the director who was in charge and who was responsible for that smash hit, *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, says: 

"Unlike *Becky Sharp*’s director, I’m throwing away all vivid coloring in this first all-outdoor color picture. It was made in one of the beauty spots of the world, the heavily-wooded summits of the San Bernardino mountains, near Big Bear Lake, and I have tried to preserve only the natural colors of the region. The leaves of the aspen and manzanita were turning as we shot against this background and this multi-colored pattern, intermingled with the dark green of the native evergreens, was surely a thing of beauty. I have avoided extremes in colorful costumes on the cast and the extra people, and the results show an effect that will do much to set a new standard in color films."

The story of the film is that of the deadly feud between the *Tollivers* and the *Falins*, both families ignorant backwoodsmen of the Blue Ridge mountains. The locations at Big Bear Lake were selected because the scenery there more nearly approximates the real landscape of Fox’s setting than any other spot in California. Sylvia Sidney, Fred MacMurray, Henry Fonda and Fred Stone head the cast. In other important roles are Fuzzy Knight, Beulah Bondi, playing Stone’s wife; Spanky McFarland of *Our Gang* fame. Nigel Bruce and Robert Barrat. The tale is too well known to need re-telling here—that of the efforts of Jack Hale, an engineer, to build a railroad through the *Tolliver* land in order to tap the rich coal beds there, and his struggle against nature and the fighting *Falins*. The romance between Sylvia Sidney and MacMurray, as the central figures, is woven into the dramatic background. And it spells fine entertainment.

But let’s follow the location to Big Bear. We took plenty of warm clothes, for it’s cold at 6,000 feet in winter—even in California. Fifty carpenters spent three weeks there, building the sets. It was at Moon Ridge, on the very top of the mountain, that a replica of the famous *Lonesome Pine* of the Fox novel was found. Near the lake, on a rushing mountain stream, a grist mill, turned by a waterwheel was built. A mountain town, typical of the story’s locale, was constructed—and burned later by the wicked *Falins* and destroyed in a spectacular scene. It was fun to watch this picture being made, but not so funny for the people who figured in the scenes. The workers were up at four each morning and the ice was on the dam behind the grist mill. The players were called at four and breakfast was served at six. Miss Sidney slept in a flannel nightie and a stocking cap to keep from freezing.

[Continued on page 76]
How It Feels to be a Movie Actor
As Told by Fred MacMurray
To Ida Zeitlin

Contrary to popular opinion, modest actors in Hollywood are no phenomenon. I know because I’ve met them, and I believe they’re as numerous as the other brand. But never have I met one who likes less to talk about himself than Fred MacMurray, an actor, to whom the subject brings such discomfort. You can feel him squirming and wiggling away from it, trying desperately, on being led back, to satisfy your desire for information and his own instinct for escape at the same time, scuttling back into himself when he’s finally released, like a child who’s consented to have his tooth out and may now look...

"I've quit worrying about the 1st and tenth of the month," says Fred

Despite his quick success, Fred MacMurray is still wearing the same sized hat. Stardom is not turning his head!
Are Girls Safe Today in the Spotlight?

Margo, captivating eighteen-year-old Mexican senorita, answers this intriguing question!

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

Robin Hood of El Dorado is Margo's new film. Warner Baxter plays the title rôle

"Are girls safe today in the spotlight?" That is the question I asked Margo, who has been a dancer since she was thirteen—and who, naturally, could speak with authority. Her dark, exotic beauty of Spanish extraction is admirably suited to appear opposite Warner Baxter in Robin Hood of El Dorado. Her name, a combination of Margarita (her given name) and Bolado (her surname) sets her apart in the same manner as Garbo—and it's not an affectation, either. In fact, Garbo and Margo have the distinction of being the only one-name actresses on the screen. (Greta is rarely used.)

In answer to my question she leaned forward on the divan, her lithe, young body as pliant as a flame and said: "It all depends on why they want a career as a dancer or an actress. That is most important.

"If it is just for excitement, or restlessness, or a good time, or even just to make money they would do better to stay at home. But after all, are they always safe at home? Once it was enough to be young and pretty to succeed on the stage, but not today. There are thousands of girls prettier than I am! The desire must be deeper than that—a part of your very soul. If I hadn't danced I think that I would have died!

"I understand the feeling you speak of better than most girls," she added. "In Mexico where I was born it is still thought terrible for a girl of a good family to want to go on the stage. People whisper. She is no longer invited out in society. When I told my parents I was going to be a dancer, they were horrified! Everyone was against me except my grandmother. Only the old understand the very young! They wanted me to go back to school, but school was like being buried alive, away from light and beauty to me. I had to dance, and at last I made them understand." She talked very earnestly.

When Margo speaks of dancing her voice is passionate and shy, like a young girl talking about love which is given emphasis through the silky sounds of Spanish vowels. Her mouth is fascinating. It frames full, firm lips shaped like those of some antique marble. When Robin Hood of El Dorado was finished she flew to New York to appear in her first Broadway play. With aunts and cousins and maids and girl friends and the boy friends of the girl friends surging about the crowded apartment she seemed as withdrawn as a medieval maid in her ivory tower. Somehow she makes one think of romance!

"I have seen photographs of one of the famous Broadway dancers of the nineties lying on white bearskin rugs," Margo mused. "We must have changed since then. We are serious about our careers today, as though we were studying to be lawyers or private secretaries. All my friends are as much in earnest as I am. We work a full day and don't have time for temptations if there are any! It is only the past year that I have ever been out in the evening with a man and then only with those I have known a long time. Do you know many girls of eighteen who could say the same?"

[Continued on page 80]
Make Way for the HOLLYWOOD FOLLIES!

By SARA HAMILTON

Hollywood goes on, amusing the world. It never allows itself to become bored. The stars jump on every new fad or hobby—and in this Leap Year we review their jumping. In any case, it's all in fun. Let this be understood before the start, just so Hollywood can say—"we can take it!"—Editor.

WHEN Alice popped through that looking glass and found herself in as screwy a piece of real estate as ever existed, we all know, of course, exactly where she landed. It's no longer any secret. It was the Red Queen who gave it away when, seizing Alice's hand, she panted as she ran, "We've got to run twice as fast to stay right where we are." True words!

That couldn't be anywhere, but Hollywood
Hollywood's Passing Show goes on and on and on. It is just one hobby after another—and all in fun!

Illustration by
JACK WELCH

(After the characters of John Tenniel.)

where everybody runs like mad to keep up with the fads and fancies of yesterday and twice that fast to get in on today's doings.

Nobody stays put. Nothing remains the same overnight. Tomorrow's pastimes are next week's memories. Sports (no, Gertrude, not Georgie Raft), games, fashions, fads and crazes, everything moves with the speed of a delirium on parade. Exactly as if a doublespeed camera had been turned on the whole business and no one knew how to turn it off.

For instance, there was that Malibu beach craze. Someone set up a two-by-four cottage on a far off stretch of the Pacific break, at one time. And overnight, shacks, rabbit-like, grew and multiplied. From Hollywood and Beverly Hills, people came tearing like mad. Mansions with red and white trimmings sprang up on an amazed and seaweedy shore. Everyone in the place became Malibu-conscious. And then, suddenly, Annie didn't live there anymore. Annie lived in Palm Springs. Bathing suits were exchanged for sun suits. People who had gone about stepping from one land crab to another, now stepped on cactus buds. The parade was on.

In the meantime, someone (who are these unsung pioneers, anyway?) dug an old bicycle out of the attic and they were off. The bicycle craze swept the town. Bicycles flew up and down the sands of the desert; bicycles flew up and down the highways of Beverly Hills; bicycles flew up and down the back of Charley Laughton who never quite overcame the idea that bicycles were to ride him instead of him riding the bicycles. That was really a shock for him.

People who set out to learn the newest, hottest fad, finally emerged, triumphant, to discover no one was riding bicycles any more. It was passé. Done for. Everyone was roller-skating. Skates flew around skating rinks, up and down sidewalks, in and out patios. Hollywood hadn't done so much violent sitting since the day of the slapstick. The nicest people just sat down. No sooner, however, had the less talented inmates mastered the sport than there was no one left to skate with. Everyone was far out on the Pacific, hanging over a yacht rail. Pea-green, but happy. That was another hobby. They all liked it.

Yachts simply polluted the ocean. Odd people, who

If Alice and the inhabitants of Wonderland had ever visited Hollywood, they would have become startled. New fads and fancies hold the stage!

[Continued on page 82]
HAVEN'T you always wanted to visit Hollywood? To meet the stars? To see how pictures are really made? If you have, opportunity is knocking at your door—right now! Just knit any one of the garments shown on this page, or any one of the twenty additional garments described in detail in the Motion Picture-Movie Classic Knitting Instruction Book, and you may win... [Continued on page 64]
Michael Bartlett Knows Where He’s Going — and How to Get There

Above: Recent photo of "Mike" Bartlett. His coming film has not yet been selected. Left: Camera caught Bartlett while singing on a broadcast. Jack Benny is with "Mike"

Once "Mike" Bartlett was headed for a business career. But he wanted to sing...And did!

By John L. Haddon

This is the story of a very puzzled young man—one Michael Bartlett by name. You’ve heard of him. He sings. Remember him? On the radio.

Several years ago, at the pressing invitation of Fox, he came to Hollywood. In his pocket was a contract—so fat a contract that it made the pocket bulge and his spirits soar. In a baggage car was a large number of trunks. And in the Bartlett retinue were secretaries, servants and all of the other appurtenances of operatic and cinematic stardom. An entourage, that’s what it was!

His arrival in Hollywood was heralded by publicity trumpets. He established himself in a Beverly mansion and entertained lavishly. And once a week, he journeyed to the studio and received a check which would have made Midas turn green with envy. That was all he did.

But not once did he step in front of a movie camera! The days stretched into weeks, the weeks into months, while the studio powers-that-were blithely forgot that a singer named Michael Bartlett was scheduled to play opposite Janet Gaynor in a picture. It seems that another studio had made a musical. And it hadn’t made money. And so, studio officials reasoned, the public didn’t like musicals.

This Michael Bartlett continued to draw his salary, and wondered why he wasn’t allowed to earn it. Some people would have dismissed the whole business with a gleeful shrug. But Michael wasn’t—and isn’t—that sort. He suffers from a chronic ailment called "sincere ambition," for which unearned money is never a satisfactory reward.

Within a month, he was dissatisfied; in two months, he was disgusted; in three months, [Continued on page 84]
"Clothes do not make the woman," said Norma Shearer emphatically. "Woman makes the clothes!"

Norma had just left the Romeo and Juliet set and she looked like a slim princess from some medieval painting. But what she had to say was more than modern. It was a startling new thought in style!

"Here's the way I look at it," she explained, "Until you get into a dress, it's only a piece of material with maybe an eye-catching trim of some kind. The design may appeal to you but you have to lend it that certain something which makes the dress outstanding! In other words, the dress has to fit you mentally as well as physically. That is most important!

"I think that's why such girls as Joan Crawford and Claudette Colbert and Jeanette MacDonald always look so exceptionally smart. They imbue their clothes with their own individuality. They know how to give them a distinctive air, charm.

"And that, of course, is the secret of chic. You know how it is—you can put on a dinner gown which everybody else wears and look like a hearer's—of Wearing

By Virginia T. Lane
Secret Clothes!

and Juliet. is seen in her clothes!

the most attractive frock in the world on two different girls of the same proportions and coloring. On one, it will be negative. On the other, it will suddenly come to life and seem to be an actual part of her personality. *Because she knows how to wear it!*"  

There's no better way to learn just how to wear clothes, Norma pointed out, than to follow Adrian's *five gospels of dress.* Adrian—who knows more about turning little gray ducklings into superbly smart swans than any man alive!  

His gospel No. 1 is this:  

[Continued on page 86]
Who's who in Hollywood and who is doing what? Here is your chance to know all of the very latest inside answers!

GRETA GARBO has reaped a million dollars' worth of publicity about the secluded life she leads, but there is a male star in Hollywood whose private life is even more mysterious than that of Garbo's and it has never brought him a dollar's worth of publicity.

Reference is made to Ronald Colman, and—other than Dick Barthelmess, Bill Powell and Warner Baxter—it is doubtful if any other star, male or female, has ever been entertained within the portals of Colman's beautiful home. Colman has two sisters and one brother living in England. They have never been in Hollywood.

THAT Alice Faye—Rudy Vallée romance which has been on and off more times than can be numbered is on at the moment. It was decidedly off a couple of months ago and then came a bit of tragedy into the life of the blonde Alice. She went to New York and it was Rudy who proved her best friend, advisor and counselor by straightening out what might have been a serious misunderstanding. Alice is back in Hollywood and the resumed romance will have to be rather a long-distance affair, for Rudy, due to his pressing engagements, is in the East.

TIME was when it was a custom, if not a habit, in the studios to give jobs to former gridiron heroes—jobs such as film cutters, assistant directors or even actors. The idea back of it all was for executives to be in a position to secure choice football tickets for the big games through the former footbal-lers. But that is all off now. The recent Rose Bowl game found the biggies in the movies unable to get tickets without paying an exorbitant price to...
London Bound!
Thirteen dancers had to be chosen for a London chorus. At left, above, are eleven!

Glorified Girls
You'll see these chorines (above) in The Great Ziegfeld, which stars Bill Powell and Alexander Korda before thinking of matrimony or contracts for further film work. and what is more important, her divorce from Barrymore does not become legally effective until October, 1936.

If you read Anthony Adverse you remember that it took quite a while to wade through the some 1,400 pages of the novel. Well, it is going to take you some time to see the picture on the screen. Mervyn LeRoy, the director, claims that the story will be

Marie Wilson
Marie is a charming comedienne. She plays a featured rôle in film, Men on Her Mind!

Jean Parker
The Ghost Goes West and Farmer in the Dell are Jean's new pictures!
Play-Rooms of the Stars

Joe E. Brown keeps hundreds of sports trophies, all autographed by celebrities, in his new den. Caricatures adorn the ceiling.

Extreme modernity is featured in Glenda Farrell's lounge. Metal and opaque glass chandeliers provide the indirect lighting.

Hunting trophies cover the walls of Carl Brisson's game room. As you can see, his quick trigger finger brings down big game.

Simplicity and refinement characterize Marlene Dietrich's private party room. It's chic, being designed by Marlene, herself.

There's an appearance of rustic comfort in Arline Judge's informal play-room, where friends can relax to end a perfect day.

A bar, a piano and numerous photos feature Pat O'Brien's play-room. It's intimate—and just the spot for Pat and his pals!
"My Life Is My Own!—" says MARGARET SULLAVAN

Margaret doesn’t want her private affairs told in headlines!

By ARTHUR BLYTHE

"SHE came in here like a whirlwind," said the talkative sales person in a Hollywood shop, "and with a girl friend—and they were giggling and skylarking like a couple of kids. Her hair was all mussed; she was tanned up and without a bit of make-up. And she wore sun-glasses, hoping, I suppose, to be mistaken for a movie star! "I must say she bought a lot of things; dresses, a suit, and other odds and ends. But I know she doesn’t amount to much because she told her friend that she was tired of playing secretaries and phone girls and small rôles like that and the girl friend said, 'Yes, but maybe now that...

"What conceivable interest could my purely personal affairs have for strangers?" Margaret asks interviewers

Margaret Sullivan was actually asleep when the camera caught her here! The bed, in which she is seen, is one that was used on the set for Margaret’s current picture, Next Time We Love you are getting some new clothes you can get better parts.' Well, if you want my opinion, that girl never will amount to anything in pictures."

"What was her name?" asked the customer.

"Oh, you probably never heard of her. Let me see—her girl friend sometimes called her Peg and sometimes Maggie and—oh, I know—her last name was Sullivan because I know she said it was spelled with an 'a' and who ever heard of Sullivan being spelled that way?"

"YOU dope," screamed the customer, feelingly if inelegantly, while laughter convulsed her, "that was Margaret Sullivan, one of the greatest movie stars!"

The customer knew Margaret Sullivan. She mentally pictured the kick Margaret got out of baiting the know-it-all clerk. Not that Margaret felt the clerk should recognize her, because, with sincere modesty, she minimizes her importance. Her greatest pleasure in the prank probably came from actually considering herself as a little unknown buying a wardrobe to advance her career—from the acting she was doing at the time.

Margaret takes her work seriously. Like all true artists, she is never satisfied with what she has done. Despite the acclaim given her, [Continued on page 88]
HOLLYWOOD

Home Hints

Kensington is Anne Grey's favorite brand of table ware!

• ANNE GREY is busy between pictures furnishing her new apartment. While thus engaged, a picture of her was snapped when she was at one of the local stores shopping. Kensington, as can be plainly seen, is Anne's favorite for table ware, ash trays and candle sticks and Anne disliked passing the Kensington display without purchasing one of the Kensington articles. Kensington, you know, is that new metal that will not tarnish or stain. It is our guess that your local store has a display like the one in the picture. You will like this table ware!

• GRACE MOORE, who has just returned from a long stay in Europe, brings us back some valuable information on the care of the clothes. For instance, she tells us how to take care of colored clothes, and how to keep the colors from running when the clothes are being washed. Grace says that some streaking comes from putting colored clothes to soak, allowing them to remain in the rinse tub for an extended period, permitting them to remain wet in the clothes basket or even letting them dry slowly on the line. She adds that a little care in the washing and drying of colored clothes is well repaid by fresh, bright colors even after repeated washings. That's true, too. You will realize that very quickly.

• AND WHILE we are on the subject of clothing, we might also mention a soap that is a favorite in Hollywood. Rinso is made by the same people that make Lux—Hollywood's favorite facial soap. Rinso is the one soap on the market that requires no bluing, because it washes clothes so white. However, if bluing is desired, it should be added to the last rinse water. The clothes should be worked around in the rinse, then wrung out and hung out to dry. That's the real system!

• DID YOU ever try the Zonite method for taking the smell of onions off your hands? If not, try this simple plan: Merely put a few drops of Zonite in a basin of water and wash your hands in the solution. You will be surprised how clean and white it makes your hands, while removing all trace of the onion smell. Zonite performs really remarkable services!
CLEANLINESS plays an important part in all phases of beauty. . . . Hair is its loveliest only when dirt-film is removed. Personal daintiness can never be achieved without a daily bath. No matter how well-manicured, hands that look a little dingy forfeit their charm. And we all know that the smartest frock loses its smartness when it is over-due at the cleaner!

But it is in preserving or attaining a smooth, normal complexion that cleanliness plays its biggest rôle. A sallow, oily skin with coarse pores, blackheads and pimples can be so much improved if scrupulous cleansing methods are employed, along with other corrective measures. . . . And, on the other hand, its practically impossible to alleviate a skin condition like this if the proper cleanliness is lacking?

If your skin is the type that is given to “breaking out,” then you should exert extra vigilance in keeping it clean. Cleanse it—not once—but two or three times a day, and put out of your life forever, such insidious things as dirty powder puffs, soiled towels for removing make-up and wash-cloths that have been used repeatedly. Apply powder with fresh cotton or freshly washed puffs, use tissues to remove make-up and wash your face with a fresh or disposable wash-cloth. Then you'll begin to make some headway against the blemished type of skin that looks, and, frankly, probably is, a bit dirty!

SKIN eruptions, to some of us, seem very mysterious and baffling; but if we understand their origin, they become easier to deal with. A pimple is the result of an oil gland becoming clogged with sebaceous oil and then infected. To prevent this state of affairs, the entire body mechanism should be kept functioning properly. Diet should be sensibly light, outdoor exercise should be indulged in regularly and the skin surface should be cleansed of dirt and skin secretions, so that their presence will not aggravate and promote infection. Touching an erupted skin with not-quite-clean fingers only spreads and intensifies infection, and should be avoided.

It seems unnecessary to warn you that when blackheads and pimples begin to appear in earnest, you should consult a dermatologist—to prevent a full-fledged case of acne; but I know that many girls neglect to do this, thinking that the condition is only temporary. This nonchalant attitude, sadly enough, is responsible for many acne-scarred faces, which cause their owners daily torment.

There is an excellent acne remedy on toiletry counters that's been made from dermatologists' prescriptions for several years, but only recently introduced to the public. It is a medicated cream, containing several ingredients that are antiseptic and healing, and it has a companion preparation. [Continued on page 54]
ANY NOSE IS CONSPICUOUS
without moisture-proof powder

Combat shine, floury streaks, clogged pores with Luxor, the truly moisture-proof and shine-proof face powder 6,000,000 women use!

So many women are cheated of poise and charm by shiny nose, floury streaks, clogged pores! Yet a simple change to Luxor, the moisture-proof face powder, often clears up these conditions like magic!

The secret is simple. Tiny pores on your face give off moisture. If face powder absorbs this natural skin-moisture, a paste results. Nose and face look shiny, floury streaks form, and often pores themselves clog up.

So discard, today, whatever face powder you may be using. And try Luxor on our money-back guarantee.

Make this test. Put a little Luxor powder in a glass of warm water. Note how it stays soft and fine—wont mix into paste. Thus you know Luxor won't mix with skin moisture and cause shine and blemishes. To induce you to try this marvelous face powder in a range of smart modern shades, we offer this gift at any cosmetic counter:

A Free 3- dram Flacon of Perfume
La Richesse by name, and selling regularly for $1 an ounce. Both powder and perfumes are wrapped together, and sell for the price of the powder alone, 5c. Small sizes of Luxor powder at all 10c stores. Try it today.

Cleanliness for Beauty
(Continued from page 53)

in a medicinal face powder. I have tested both of these preparations and found that they had a beneficial effect, not only on confirmed acne cases, but also on the type of skin that "breaks out" occasionally around the chin, forehead and cheeks. The manufacturer-chemist advises that his cream be applied at bedtime and left on overnight. This skin has been thoroughly cleansed with a bland soap and water. For a very sensitive skin, the cream, he says, should be applied every other night for approximately two weeks, then every night.

The face powder, which continues the good work of the cream during the day, can be mixed with your regular face powder, for skin-matching purposes. Although medicinal, it has no odor and, like any good powder, dries the skin to a shine. It has astrin- gent properties, too, that help to keep an oily, large-pored skin presentable.

...If you are interested in learning the trade name of these products, do write to me. The cream and powder come in large sizes at $1 each, in inter-mEDIATE sizes at 35 cents (cream) and 55 cents (powder), and in a small 20 cent package.

I must tell you about the new make-up (powder, rouge, lipsticK, mascara and eye shadow) keyed to the color of your eyes.

And it happens that the color of your skin and hair are definitely related to the color of your eyes. I saw the make-up for blue-eyed girls used on a blue-eyed blonde and on a little Irish girl with deep blue eyes and black hair—and it matched both types perfectly! A girl with soft brown eyes and honey-blonde hair and another one with dark brown eyes and red-gold hair were made up before my eyes (in mercilous daylight, not be- fore the mirror!) with the make-up for brown-eyed girls—and the result was perfection in both cases. . . . So you see, there's a sound basis for this new color idea.

There are four groups of eye-matched cosmetics—for blue eyes, brown, hazel and gray—and it's the rare woman who doesn't belong in one of these classifications! As for the quality of the cosmetics themselves, it is beyond reproach. The face powder is fine-sifted and clinging; the rouge is as soft as powder in texture; and the lipstick, creamy and lasting. The cake mascara is safe, goes on easily (you can regulate the amount to suit the occasion) and stays on, while the eye shadow, in soft, transparent shades, is creamy and easily blended.

Another nice thing about this new eye-matched make-up is its price—55 cents for each item. For a limited time, the manufacturer is offering an introductory kit containing junior size of each of the five essential cosmetics at the very moderate price of 55 cents. It provides you with an inexpensive method of trying out the ensemble before buying the regular sizes. If you wish, I'll give you the manufacturer's address so you can send for a kit.

Although we like to think that Spring is just around the corner, we know very well that there will still be several weeks of cold, wintry weather that can do ugly things to hands. So don't let your supply of hand emollient dwindle. I've been using a lovely hand cream recently that you might like to hear about.

It happens that I am very fussy about hand beautifiers. To please me, they have to be triple-threat products—softer, whitening and nourishing. . . . And I must admit that this particular cream does all three things!

Probably you realize the importance of using a softening hand preparation after you've had your hands in water—but I wonder if you know how important it is, in preserving hand beauty, to apply a protective film before you begin washing the dishes, cleaning out dresser drawers, sudsing hose or dusting off the picture frames? A clinging film of this emollient cream will prevent dirt and alkali from sinking into the skin.

This cream comes in an attractively designed jar of green and white that is most generously proportioned and it costs only 55 cents. The cream goes on effortlessly, without a lot of rubbing, and leaves no residue of stickiness. If you're a "home-body," I'd advise a jar in the bathroom and another in the kitchen; if you're a business woman, a jar on your bathroom shelf and another in your office desk. Then your hands won't shout, "Forty!" when your face and figure proclaim, "Twenty-one!"

There was a time when floral perfumes—those poetic fragrances of violet, rose, lily of the valley and lilac—were the only ones made and, of course, the only ones worn. Then came a flood of "mysterious" scents, heavier and more seductive. But this Spring, there's going to be a return to blossom perfumes, especially for day-time wear. So if you want to be in vogue, you'll select a delicate flower odor that you particularly love or feel expresses your personality.

Violet perfume will probably lead the Easter parade, because fashion favors violet shades in Spring clothes. A perfume that was one of the sensations of last season is bringing out a procession of

[Continued on page 63]
But Aunt Laura comes to the Rescue

It may sound catty—but I must say Miss Phillips' niece has a dreadful skin.

Later

HeLEN, I hear. You're starting out very well in your job—I might add, I hear your boss's son dates you!

You heard right, Aunt Laura, and something tells me owe it all to my bee-utiful new complexion! Isn't that Fleischmann's Yeast marvelous?

Don't let Adolescent Pimples give YOU a job problem

From the beginning of adolescence—at about 13, until 25, or even longer—young people are frequently worried by pimples. Important glands develop and final growth takes place during this time. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples pop out!

But you can overcome these adolescent pimples. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears the skin irritants out of your blood. Unsightly pimples disappear.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals—plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.
Pattern After a Star!

Let Hollywood’s queens of style help you dress!

No wonder Hollywood stars insist on HOLD-BOBS—an alluring hairdress is necessary in every close-up, and these invisible bob pins insure a neat, natural appearance,” says glamorous Roberta, featured vocalist with Carlos Molina and his orchestra.

Roberta was given a screen test recently in the famous Search for Talent, sponsored by HOLD-BOB Bob Pins, Universal Pictures, Motion Picture and Screen Play.

The stars of Hollywood know how important an attractive well-groomed hairdress is...it’s just as important as complexion, make-up and clothes. That’s why Hollywood is so enthusiastic about HOLD-BOBS, the bob pin that keeps coiffures lovely at all times.

Wherever you are—your hair attracts the same attention as the coiffures of the movie stars on the screen. Keep your hairdress looking neat and well-groomed by using HOLD-BOBS. They’re available in colors to match all shades of hair; their small, round, invisible heads do not show in the hair; their smooth, round points cannot scratch the scalp; and their flexible tapered legs, one side cramped, hold your hair securely in place.

Insist upon HOLD-BOBS...there’s no bob pin like them!

Final winners of the Search for Talent will be announced shortly.

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. CO.
1918-36 Prairie Avenue, Dept. F-16
Chicago, Ill.

At right: Style No. 916—YOUTHFUL PLaits And SCarf NECK. Tempting! Isn’t it? It’s a dress that will make you look slimmest as a reed. Printed crêpe silk trim accents the smart scarf neckline and the attractively shaped pockets. There are unlimited possibilities that you can work out in this youthful model in color and fabric combinations in linen, cottons or silks. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years; 36, 38 and 40-inch bust.

MOTION PICTURE Pattern Department,
Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn.

For the enclosed...cents, please send me a pattern of the:

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Name
Street
City
State

All pattern orders are filled promptly. If you enclose twenty-five (25c) cents with this coupon, you can get a pattern of either of the two dresses described. For fifty (50c) cents you can get both. Place check marks in the spaces provided above to indicate which pattern you wish to have sent to you. You can purchase these patterns directly at any store handling Screen Star Patterns, if you wish. If you reside in Canada, mail this coupon to Motion Picture Pattern Dept., 121 Jarvis St., Toronto, Ont., Canada.
Above: Style No. 917—Soft Type Suit. You'll want a soft type jacket dress of gay print crépe silk for spring. It's always so useful. Wear it to town, and then for late afternoons for tea or cocktails and right into the evening for informal theatre, if you please. It's simple enough for even an amateur at sewing to copy it. Designed for sizes 11, 13, 15 and 17 years.

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

MAKE sure you don’t have bad breath! Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes all the decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums and around the tongue—which dentists agree are the source of most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth...your gums...your tongue...with Colgate’s. If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will gladly refund twice what you paid.

Colgate's makes your breath sweeter
THANKS FOR THE TIP, ED

Next Day—Ed gives Paul a Tip

Make sure you don’t have bad breath!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

Boy! My mouth never felt so fresh...and my teeth never looked so bright!

Colgate's makes your teeth sparkle.

Now—No Bad Breath behind his Sparkling Smile!

Motion Picture for April, 1936
EYE MAKE-UP done in good taste

Beautiful eyes are the most important feature of any woman's charm—that is why fastidious women who wish to be exquisitely groomed in eye make-up demand Maybelline eye beauty aids. They know that the modern magic of these fine cosmetic creations gives them the natural appearance of beautiful eyes. Not to use Maybelline eye beauty aids is sheer neglect of charm. When you see what lovely long, dark lashes, neatly shaded lids, and gracefully formed eyebrows Maybelline eye beauty aids can give you, you'll adore these exquisite eye cosmetics. You will want the entire line of Maybelline eye beauty aids to effect a perfect harmony in your complete eye make-up. Try them today—they will open your eyes to new beauty—eye make-up done in good taste!

Maybelline
Dye Shadow... Eyebrow Pencil
Eyelash Tonic Cream... Eyebrow Brush

KING OF THE DAMNED
—AAA½—

Telling a vivid story of prison life on the imaginary island of Santa Maria in the Caribbean Sea, this is a penetrating tale of human misery and suffering. Cast as the leader of the convicts is Conrad Veidt. And his performance is magnificent. Appearing as the boss of one of the huts in which condemned men live, Noah Beery interprets his role with genuine conviction. He is Veidt's rough and tough lieutenant. And he looks and acts the part. Helen Vinson, as the daughter of the ailing prison commandant, is somewhat inadequate in a role which demands sensitive, dramatic interpretation. Believing that every man, sentenced to Santa Maria, is doomed to die there, Veidt plans revolt. When it takes place, tense drama results, Veidt's distinguished characterization will affect you deeply.—G.B.

THE MILKY WAY
—AAAA—

Of this thoroughly delightful Harold Lloyd comedy, it can be said that everyone who had anything to do with its making has done his work to perfection. Not only is Harold at his best, but Adolphe Menjou, Verree Teasdale, William Gargan and Lionel Stander are, also. You will find this one of the most completely amusing pictures that you have seen for years. When Lloyd teaches a society woman how to avoid being hit, and when Verree Teasdale instructs Lloyd in boxing technique to the tune of a waltz, you'll be in hysterics. The plot concerns a timid young milk man who, quite by accident, acquires a reputation as a fighting champion. Menjou, cast as a prize fight manager, proceeds to make a formidable boxer out of the milk peddler by various and devious means. It's a riot!—Paramount.

Win A Studio Date with Clark Gable!

You'll find all details of this great opportunity in APRIL SCREEN PLAY ON SALE AT ALL NEWS STANDS

Motion Picture for April, 1936
 Parade

COLLEEN

—AAA—

Mildly disappointing in view of the great effort expended, this latest Warner Brothers song-and-dance extravaganza will still please certain audiences, though hardly likely to gain new fans for Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, Jack Oakie and Joan Blondell, who head the all-star cast. Miss Keeler, who has never failed to score in her solo dance numbers, teams in this picture with Paul Draper, who, though a famous stage dancer, is new to the screen. The result is a bit disappointing. The real high-lights of the picture are the comedy situations handled by Hugh Herbert, Louise Fazenda, Jack Oakie and Joan Blondell. Two very fine song numbers by Dick Powell do much to redeem the film's faults. —Warner Bros.

BRIDES ARE LIKE THAT

—AAA—

Ross Alexander and Anita Louise bring you a light, gay comedy in this picture. Dealing with the life of ordinary people, it tells about the successful wooing and winning of Anita by Ross, a young man who is simply bubbling over with enthusiasm and effervescence. Cast as her parents are Kathleen and Gene Lockhart, who interpret their parts very well. After marrying Anita, Ross has the problem of earning money to confront. Ross, however, goes optimistically about his work. Inventiing a new packaging device, he manages to sell his idea successfully. White Ross is going about the business of marketing his idea, he manages to create a hilarious farce of the domestic kind. What produces all the wholesome fun is Ross' basic aversion to work of any sort. You'll enjoy this little comedy. —Warner Bros.

(Note! You will find additional brief reviews of current pictures on page 6)

It's upsetting to every woman—that haunting fear of embarrassment. It hampers you at work or at play.

And yet—there's no excuse for "accident panic" now. The new Modess is certain-safe. It's one sanitary pad that can't betray you!

Have your fun without a fear!

End "accident panic"—ask for Certain-Safe Modess!

The Improved Sanitary Pad

Try N-O-V-O—the safe, easy-to-use, douche powder in its new Blue and Silver Box. Cleanses! Deodorizes! (Not a contraceptive.) At your drug or department store

Motion Picture for April, 1936
TO CLEAR UP SKIN TROUBLES

Try This Improved Pasteurized Yeast
That’s EASY TO EAT

In case after case, pimples, blotches, and other common skin troubles are caused by a sluggish system. That is why external treatments bring you so little lasting relief.

Thousands have found in Yeast Foam Tablets an easy way to correct skin blemishes caused by digestive sluggishness.

Science now knows that very often slow, imperfect elimination of body wastes is brought on by insufficient vitamin B complex. The stomach and intestines, deprived of this essential element, no longer function properly. Your digestion slows up. Poisons, accumulating in your system, cause ugly eruptions and bad color.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply the vitamin B complex needed to correct this condition. These tablets are pure yeast—and from the richest known food source of vitamins B and C. This improved yeast should strengthen and tone up your intestinal nerves and muscles. It should soon restore your eliminative system to healthy function.

With the true cause of your condition corrected, pimples and other common skin troubles disappear. And you feel better as well as look better.

Don’t confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. These tablets have a pleasant, nut-like taste that you will really enjoy. And pasteurization makes them utterly safe for everyone to eat. They cannot cause fermentation and they contain nothing to put on fat.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. Refuse substitutes.

FREE!
MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY
You may paste this on a young post card

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO. F.G.-4-36
1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets.

Name……………………………………………………………………………………………

Address…………………………………………………………………………………………...

City…………………………………………………………………………………………...

State……………………………………………………………………………………………

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

TALKIE TOWN TATTLE

[Continued from page 16]

in that room—not even Joan, herself!! And that is something!

WALT DISNEY is proud because France awarded him the title of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor for creating Mickey Mouse. But did he blush when the French consul, giving him the decoration, also gave him the accolade—which consists of a kiss on each cheek . . . !!!

WANT your monthly CUPID’S NOTEBOOK EXCERPTS now?—all right, then; here goes: wot with rumors of a Fairbanks-Pickford reconciliation, plus the tight-lipped silence of Mary and Doug about (a) any such possibility, (b) Buddy Rogers, and (c) Lady Ashley, all Hollywood is wondering just what’s what. Funny, while Mary and Doug were in a business huddle at the studio, a downtown Los Angeles judge was signing the papers that gave Mary her final decree from Doug!—Isabel Jewell and Sidney Blackmore are pit-a-patting—Dorothy Lee, to accent her denial of possible reconciliation with ex-footballer and ex-hubby Marsh Duffield, is showing a huge diamond ring which she’s wearing from a Chicago admirer!

ROBERT GORDON

A CORN MUST COME OUT—ROOT AND ALL

IT’S LIKE A TACK IN YOUR TOE!

To take a tack out of your toe you wouldn’t saw the head off and leave the rest of the tack in. You’d draw it out entirely, point and all.

Your corn is like a tack in your toe! If you just pare the head off, you lose the rest of the corn to grow again—larger, uglier, more painful. Draw it all out—safely, safely, surely—with Blue-Jay! For Blue-Jay removes root and all! And there’s no danger of infection.

Pain stops instantly—corn lifts out

The instant you apply double-action Blue-Jay to the pain stops—like magic. Then quickly the corn loosens, lifts out, is gone! Why suffer needlessly? Corn only to end worst corn. Made with Wot-Pruf adhesive that cannot stick to stockings. Get a box of Blue-Jay today! 25c at all druggists.

FREE VISIT TO NEW YORK FOR ATTRACTIVE BLONDE

To secure typical American girls from all parts of this country for their regular “BLONDE OF THE MONTH” advertisement, the makers of Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash offer each month entirely without expense, obligation or any complications of any kind, to bring one girl selected for her charm and beauty to New York for special photography. Not a contest. Full particulars from your druggist; in your package of Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash, or, by mail, to Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash, Address Marchand’s, Room 55, 521 West 23rd Street, New York City.

$1,000 given away in cash prizes! See page 18.

MACDONALD & RAYMOND

Jeanette likes a morning center. And so does Gene, who’s with her!
THIS-AND-THAT About the Making of Films You'll Be Seeing on Your Neighborhood Screen. For Marion Davies' Hearts Divided, the studio prop department had to install a candle-making machine to turn out 5,000 candles, of which 500 are used in one chandelier alone, in a scene showing the interior of Thomas Jefferson's home—For Under Two Flags, 20th Century-Fox rounded up and hired 20 of the 23 camels in California; 3,000 persons went on the company's location trip to the Arizona desert, which is the biggest location unit to work out of Hollywood in all its movie history—Warner Brothers' Greco Pastures with an all-Negro cast led to a new studio order forbidding dice games on the set, lest resultant arguments lead to the indisposition of some of the extras; and the famous "bad-luck" horn which was used in the stage production of the play, has been plugged up so it can't be blown in the movie, because the two actors who blew it during the stage run died suddenly soon afterward—Ginger Rogers shot the entire making of Follow the Fleet with her own 16-millimeter movie camera; her maid did the "takes" of the scenes in which Ginger played, but Ginger's own finger pressed the button for the rest; she'll save the film for her own private film library—In a scene in Wife vs. Secretary, Clark Gable had to fumble a bunch of papers. The prop department dug up some old menus. In the midst of them, Clark came across a voucher calling for a $5 check for himself for an extra bit he had played at the studio years ago!—At the Warner Lot, they've had to hire two extra fire-guards for the His First Wife set to keep the snow from catching fire; corn flakes are used for screen snow, and they're an added fire-hazard—M-G-M's Romeo and Juliet provides plenty of news; they're shooting the entire thing against a black background first, before shooting the takes with scenery, so they can study the acting without the distraction of scenery; the set is kept strictly closed; Norma Shearer's ancient hair-dresses will start a new coiffure vogue, they say!—The Sacramento River that you'll see in Universal's Sister's Gold will actually be a portion of the Los Angeles river, which runs through Universal's back lot, but they had to build a high dam to make the water deep enough for the scenes—In one sequence of M-G-M's The Great Ziegfeld, Virginia Bruce wears a costume with an ostrich-plume train that cost $20,000—RKO tried many trained canaries for a scene in The Farmer in the Dell where the bird was to hop on Fred Stone's shoulder and pick crumbs from his mouth, and finally Fred's own pet canary did the trick where the hired ones failed!—Because they couldn't find a trained kangaroo in Hollywood, they had to rewrite Harold Lloyd's Milky Way to use a boxing lion instead.

At certain times it is far from wise,
To be unrestrained before female eyes,
Or say what you really want to say,
With adequate words in a colorful way!
So try to pretend that you still like dogs,
That there isn't a tear in the Sunday togs—
Be calm . . . collected . . . pull down your vest,
Let the yellow package put nerves at rest,
It costs you no more to enjoy the best, to . . .

Compose yourself with Beech-Nut the QUALITY gum
Don't Suffer From "REGULAR" Pain

It’s an old-fashioned girl who still suffers each month when there is really no need to. It’s just too bad for the girl who doesn’t know she can keep her dates and keep comfortable. This is the way:

Watch the calendar. At the first sign of approaching pain, take a Midol tablet and drink a glass of water, and you may escape the expected pain entirely. If not, a second tablet should check it within a few minutes. Midol often helps women who have always had a very hard time. And the relief is lasting; two tablets see you through your worst day. Yet they contain no narcotic and form no habit.

They do not interfere in any way with the normal and necessary menstrual process. But don’t be fooled by ordinary pain tablets offered as a specific for menstrual pain! Midol is a special medicine offered for this special purpose.

Must you favor yourself, and save yourself, certain days of every month? Midol might give you back those days you have had to be so careful. You can get these tablets in a trim little aluminum case at any drug store.

$1,000 Given Away in Cash Prizes

[Continued from page 19]

SIMPLICITY of design is the feature of all attractive trade emblems. Realizing that many persons with excellent ideas are unable to draw them, the Pickford-Lasky-Fawcett contest does not require participants to submit sketches. All they need to do is to write a description of what they have in mind. This makes it possible for everyone—young and old—with an idea, to compete for a share of the thousand dollars offered.

The judges are Mary Pickford, Jesse L. Lasky and Capt. Roscoe Fawcett. They have drawn up the rules which appear elsewhere in this article. Prize winners must agree to sign over all right and title to winning designs, and to accept the prize money as full compensation for the same.

Trademark ideas may be sent to the Contest Editor of any one of the five Fawcett Publications named above. Contestants are urged to submit their entries just as soon as possible. In this way, the judges will have more time to give them careful consideration.

Immediately following April 15th, the judges will study all entries sent to each Fawcett magazine at a unit, selecting the design or idea which they regard as the best in the lot received by each magazine. Its proposer will receive a prize of $100.

Then the five winning entries will be reviewed and the best one selected for the grand prize of $500, making a total of $600 for the final victor.

"An appropriate trademark and slogan must naturally have some relation to what it stands for," Mr. Lasky points out. "Accordingly, prospective competitors in our contest will want to know what the new Pickford-Lasky Productions have in prospect."

"Miss Pickford and I are agreed not to specialize in any particular type of story. We will produce and market products which will stand on its own merits, regardless of any cycle or trend that may be popular in the industry. We plan to make four major productions a year."

"WHEREVER it is possible to use music as an integral part of a story, to lift its entertainment and dramatic or emotional value, it will be woven in."

"Our program calls for making at least one picture abroad each year, as a part of the international policy. The first will probably be done in the British Isles, with Nino Martini as the star, just as soon as he completes his operatic season with the Metropolitan in New York. As Martini is generally acclaimed the foremost tenor since Caruso, this will logically be filmed with music."

Attention, PARENTS!

CORONA will help with that SCHOOL WORK!

Better school marks for the children when home-work is neatly typed. Better preparation for business life, too. Anybody can learn to type on CORONA—and anybody can afford one, too, under our liberal new finance plan...

...ONLY $1.00 PER WEEK!

Just think, $1.00 per week buys a brand-new CORONA STANDARD with Floating Shifts, Touch Selector, and every thing you need, Carrying case and Self-Improve, 10c. Free. Ask for booklet!

MAIL COUPON TODAY

L.C. Smith & Corona Typewriters

161 Almond St., Syracuse, N. Y.

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The LURE that ENTHRALLED KINGS

Munier, royal performer to the princes of India, has blended exotic new fragrances in 10c. (PERFUMED) perfumers.

IN INDIA — also Divine, Jasminle, True Gardenia, French Rose, Sweet Musk, and more. Perfumed daily staying spray hand-painted containers in colored tops.

A touch of Mumtaz Solid Perfume on earlobe or shoulders reveals a lingering scent for hours...

PRICE, 5c. Sold by all good drug and dept. stores and exclusive gift shops — or direct from

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Originator of the world famous "Mumtaz Divine fragrances."

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SOLID PERFUME

LIGHTEN YOUR HAIR WITHOUT PEROXIDE

any shade you desire

SAFELY In 5 to 15 minutes

100 per cent natural, will not discolor color or hair tissue.

FREE 10 page booklet "The Art Of Lightening Hair Without Peroxide" Free with your first order.

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57 W. 11th St., New York, N. Y.

SPECIAL WORK for Married Women who want

$22 a Week LUCRATIVE

Write Us Today

C. E. GREEN

107 W. 11th St., New York, N. Y.

I want this ambition woman of mine to stay in every bump in a moving car, and worst of all, how to avoid any unseasonable hair styles. Lowest prices, but highest quality and workmanship guaranteed. Be sure to mention your name and the name of the newspaper. Write promptly.

No House-to-House Canvassing

No Electrician—Dresses Free of Extra Charge

C. E. GREEN

I don’t think it would be fair to ask her to give up her natural hair. Better to have a supply of the best hair and have it made up by an expert. If you do not get any satisfactory reply, give her one and see what she will do.

No. 1003, 1010, 1015, 1020.

HARFORD FROCKS, Dept. Z-14, Cincinnati, O.
Be a Guest at Our Hollywood Party!

[Continued from page 21]

The Pacific Coast offers many scenic spots to visit. Puget Sound, San Francisco (and its Chinatown), the Grand Canyon and Pike's Peak. And here is an important date to remember: The Movieland Tour leaves Chicago on July 19th! If you are not able to make the trip then, you will have another opportunity to do so later.

Another tour, called the Movieland Special, is scheduled to leave Chicago, August 9th. If you want further information about either of these tours, write to Mr. Joe Godfrey, Jr., Movieland Tour Manager, Movieland Tour, 107 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Be sure, however, to enclose a three-cent stamp for use by Mr. Godfrey in replying to your letter of inquiry.

While Motion Picture's Movieland Tourists are in Hollywood, the famous Roosevelt Hotel, home of many great stars, will be their residence. Plans have been made, too, for a visit to 20th Century-Fox studios where many big pictures will be under way.—G.N.

Cleanliness for Beauty

[Continued from page 54]

Natal perfumes for you to choose from. They are presented in simply-designed flacons that rest in white boxes. Three raised panels on the cover of each box are separated by metallic bands and these bands are tinted dark green for Lily of the Valley, rose-red for Rose, pale green for Jasmin, blue for Violet and a shade true to the name for Lilac. A one ounce bottle of each scent costs $1; but there are attractive one-dram purse flacons at $1 each. Want the trade name?

A new facial cream has recently been perfected which is a combination of rich, soothing oils, impregnated with Vitamin "D". It cleanses quickly and thoroughly, spreading smoothly over the skin surface, and acts as a lubricating agent, leaving the skin soft and smooth. It should be used regularly each night (often for an excessively dry or lined skin) and allowed to remain over night. Roughness, premature lines and coarseness of texture can be successfully combated if this cream is applied regularly and correctly. Don't forget to smooth it on your throat as well as on your face, for the throat quickly shows signs of age unless it is given the same scrupulous care as the face. The price of this cream, which comes in a simple white jar with a black and silver label, is only $1. I'll be very glad to send you the manufacturer's address.

As swift as light—

The Magic of the Linit Beauty Bath

Modern life demands much of women—in business, in the home, the club—and in social duties that are a part of her daily life. To meet every occasion, with a consciousness of looking her best, the smart woman tirelessly strives to cultivate every feminine charm. Today, one of the outstanding essentials of charm is a soft, smooth skin.

For many years, fastidious women have relied on the Linit Beauty Bath to give their skin the feel of rare velvet.

To those who have not tried the Linit Beauty Bath, why not do this today: Dissolve some Linit in the tub while the water is running. Bathe as usual and, after drying, feel your skin. It will be delightfully soft and smooth. And the Linit bath does away with the damp or semi-dry feeling of the skin that usually follows an ordinary bath.

Make it a habit to use Linit in your tub water—and join the thousands of America's loveliest women who daily enjoy its refreshing luxury.

The Bathway to a Soft, Smooth Skin

for Fine Laundering

- Don't overlook the directions on the Linit package—recommending Linit for starching. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.

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The Talk of Hollywood

[Continued from page 49]

made in two parts, the first part ending at the point in the book, where Anthony leaves for America.

Incidentally, some time ago, it was claimed for the picture that it hung up a record for speaking parts with 74 people actually having lines to read. That record has now been surpassed by Green Pastures which will have 120 actual speaking roles, and individual contracts have been signed with that many people.

Knit Your Way to Hollywood!

[Continued from page 44]

free, all-expense tour to Hollywood and back! (This book costs only twenty-five cents and may be purchased at any store, selling Bear Brand, Bucilla and Fleisher yarns.) (See next page.)

Not only is there a free, all-expense, roundtrip to Hollywood, offered in this great knitting contest, sponsored by Motion Picture and Movie Classic Magazine, Warner Brothers—First National Pictures, and the makers of Bear Brand, Bucilla and Fleisher yarns, but there are thirteen other prizes too!—GN.

APPLICATION BLANK

Knitting Contest Editor, 
Motion Picture Magazine, 
20-22 Greene St., 
New York, N. Y.

This is to let you know that I am interested in your knitting contest and that I am likely to knit a garment and enter it in your contest. I should, therefore, like to have you reserve space for my garment, if I should decide to send one to you in order to enter this contest. I understand, however, that this application does not, in any way, obligate me to knit a garment and enter the contest.

My Name Is..........................................................

My Address Is: Street...........................................

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

Brownish BLONDE to Light BLONDE

In one Shampoo

Lighten hair 2 to 4 shades with Shampoo-rinse

No BLONDE is at her best if her hair has faded, become dull, brownish. Only the gleaming, golden blondes are truly fascinating. And their secret for radiant, aluring hair beauty is Blondex. It is a unique combination shampoo and rinse all in one. Use Blondex today, see how expertly it washes the dullest, drabdest hair 2 to 4 shades lighter. After even the first Blondex shampoo-rinse, your hair will gleam with bright, golden lights. Get Blondex today. At all good drug and department stores.

BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO-RINSE

For Local Irritation to quickly relieve the stinging torment: women use mild, soothing Resinol

Sample free. Resinol, Dept. 35, Balto., Md.

OLD FACES MADE YOUNG

5 minutes a Day Keeps Wrinkles Away and keeps age lines. This new sensational home method Superface-Face—You Risk Nothing. Lifts sagging muscles, fills up hollows.

No cosmetics, no massage, no surgery. Women everywhere are writing for thrilling book and full expense, all-expense. Call Free.

PAULINE PALMER, 1034 Armour Blvd., Kansas City, Mo.

IS GRAY HAIR MAKING YOU UNHAPPY?

COFFELT'S 'never failing' Hair Coloring has made happy for thousands of men and women in 30 YEARS Since its Discovery. Simple to use, no muss, no fuss, no need to match colors.

COFFELT'S users deceive their best friends as to age. Costs little. Gives quick positive results.

AT DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES or send for free helpful pamphlet.

COFFELT Chemical Co., Inc., Dept. 14, New York, N.Y.

BE A NURSE

MAKE $25-$35 A WEEK

You can learn at home in spare time. Course endorsed by physicians. Thousands of graduates. Est. 37 years. One graduate has charge of 10-bed hospital. Another earned $40 in white uniform. Teachers included. Men and women 10 to 65. High school not required. Easy, Milton pattern by mail. Short course.

Dee, 62, East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

Name_________________________City_________State______Age_____

Motion Picture for April, 1936
Prizes

Following is the list of prizes to be awarded in this great nation-wide knitting contest: 1st Prize, roundtrip all-expense railroad tour to Hollywood and return; 2nd, airplane trip, New York to Hollywood (or Hollywood to New York), value $388; 3rd, Mendoza beaver coat, value $190; 4th, Tahavee wrist watch, value $100; 5th, one year's supply of shoes (A. C. Lawrence), value $75; 6th, one hooked rug (Fleisher), value $75; 7th, one Afghan (Bernard Ullman Co.), value $75; 8th and 9th, two one year's supplies of Mojad Clari-pane silk stockings, value $14 each; 10th, your one year's supply of Lentheric Perfume and Cosmetics, value $10.75; 11th, one evening ensemble of Coro Pearls, consisting of necklace and bracelet to match, by Cohn & Rosenberg, value $130; 12th, your one year's supply of Maiden Form brassieres and girdles, value $10; 13th, one Grun wrist watch, value $50; 14th, one year's supply of Corday's perfume (Fougere a Paris), value $32.50.

Rules

1. To compete in this contest, you may knit any garment pictured here or in the Motion Picture-Movie Classic Knitting Book.

2. The Motion Picture-Movie Classic Knitting Instruction Book may be obtained at any department store, selling Fleisher, Bear Brand or Buicilla yarns. The price of the book is 25 cents.

3. The contest opens February 1, 1936, and closes May 1, 1936.

4. The garment that you knit will be your entry in the contest—and it will be judged solely for quality of workmanship by nationally famous women. Their decision will be final.

5. At any time between April 1 and the closing date of the contest, wrap your entry carefully and mail it, parcel post insured, to Knitting Contest Editor, 20-32 Greene St., New York City, enclosing enough stamps for its return to you by parcel post, insured. The sponsors of this contest will not be liable for loss or damage to any garment submitted, but will take every reasonable precaution to insure its safe return. All entries must reach the above named address on, or before May 1, 1936.

6. All entries must be accompanied by all the bands from Bear Brand, Fleisher or Buicilla yarns used in knitting your garment, or by facsimile of them.

7. Before sending your garment as an entry in the contest, you must reserve space for it by mailing the application blank (or facsimile) shown here on page 64. This does not obligate you to send a garment later. It merely reserves space for your garment.

8. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

9. The judges are: Grand Duchess Marie, Mrs. James Roosevelt, mother of the President, Miss Winifred Ovitt and Tobe, fashion authorities, and Mrs. W. W. Hoppin, New York society leader, and Mrs. Gaynor Maddox, fashion writer.

10. This contest is open to everyone, except employees of Motion Picture Publications, Inc., Favert Publications, Inc., Warner Brothers-First National Pictures, and the manufacturers of Bear Brand, Fleisher and Buicilla yarns, and their families.

In response to nation-wide demand, Campana now offers, through Drug and Department stores, its famous HOME DISPENSER plus a 60c bottle of Italian Balm—in a bargain package at 99c. But the supply is limited. So purchase your bargain package before it is too late.

The idea of dispensing band lotion originated with Campana. Over 2½ million Italian Balm Dispensers, like the one illustrated in this advertisement—full nickel plated and 100% guaranteed—have been delivered to Italian Balm users in the United States and Canada.

And no wonder it is so popular! It holds the bottle for you—no un-capping or re-capping, no risk of bottle breakage. Each simple, quick press on the plunger gives you one drop of Italian Balm at a time—thus making “America’s Most Economical Skin Protector” still more economical and convenient to use.

Campiana has arranged for Western Union (in 5,000 communities where messengers are available) to install your Dispenser anywhere in your house—bathroom, kitchen or laundry, on wood or tile. You buy your Dispenser Package at any drug or department store and then—(1) Call Western Union; (2) Ask to have your Dispenser installed; (3) Pay the messenger 10c for this service. (Campana pays the balance.) This special service good only while Dealers have these special 59c Packages.

Motion Picture for April, 1936
What You Should Know About Myrna Loy

[Continued from page 33]

Like Norma Shearer, that other lady of calm, she’s come through a long winding lane of experience to succeed. And many a touted beauty pass her on the way. Only to calmly outtake the “beau” at the next cross roads. Like Norma, she thought, not fought, her way through. She’s still thinking. In fact, she thinks out everything. The mental, not temperamental, type. In Hollywood, Myrna Loy is slow to anger. People and producers and things can gouge her beyond all decency. And then, “one day in spring when the bob-a-links sing,” she’ll let go with a bang that can be heard around the world. Well, as far as Myrna’s anyway. And things will fly. Disks, for instance. And skillets. And over-stuffed davenport. Anything within reach will go sailing from Myrna’s fair hand to someone’s unfair head. When it’s over, she’ll settle down, quiet and patient, for another ten years seige of patience.

SHE delights in odd food. Hot horns-d’oeuvres with a Hungarian complexion. And weird soups. With a leaning toward the Jugo-Slavonic influence. She’s constantly hunting out strange restaurants that bring on steaming platters of heaven-knows-what. Anything Budapestish gets her going edgewise. Brings out the Montana gypsy in her. And that wild Hungarian music does things to Myrna.

Her undies are always tailored. But she’s wild for hats that go places and do things. And that thing that go up in the front and over-the-river-to-grandma’s-house in the back. She loves ‘em exotic. But she usually wears plain hats. Stoic is the word for the moment. She does something to a chair on the set that’s different. A kind of relaxing swoon. The Myrna Loy slump. It’s called. I hope. With elbows resting on chair arms, chin propped on two hands, fingers interlaced, she’ll sit quietly. Never moving. Those eyes, through half-closed lids, never missing a trick. From an electrician overhead. To an extra in the corner.

And there she’ll sit. Alone. Mentally bringing to a clear focus the comedy, the drama, from every ordinary happening about her. Till suddenly a great gale of laughter bursts from her lips. And scares carpenters. And actors. Into fits. Off in some far corner. Those prying eyes have spotted a bit of by-play between two workers. That tickled her amazing sense of comedy into a laughing spree.

She’s shy. Slow to make new friends. The first few days on the Whipsaw set, she retired to her dressing table after each scene. To sit alone. Or study lines. Until Spencer Tracy, her leading man, could endure it no longer. Strid-
ing over, he looked down at her. "Is it me?" he demanded. "Why the freeze-out? Or don't you want to be friends?"

TRACY'S blue eyes looked into those strange green ones. I think they were green that day. Something happened to the corner of Myrna's mouth. It quirked. Spencer grinned. There was a cozy little mess of spontaneous combustion and they both laughed together. They're friends now.

He guyed her about the fun he had had on the Riffraff set. "Jean Harlow always had music," he'd taunt. "Of course, Jean was a big star. Jean could afford music," he would add.

Myrna said nothing. Till one day, the stage door burst open and in marched two flunkies. In blue uniforms. With thirteen quarts of brass buttons marching up and down plump abdomens. Between them, they carried a nine dollar victrola that played "Eddie Was a Lady," for three days solid. Spencer went noisily nuts. And never teased the Loy person again.

She's a man's woman. Her appeal to men is entirely maritalish. They vision Loy as the ideal dream-wife. No wonder, Myrna Loy is the Thin Man's wife, off-screen. A good sport. A give-and-taker. An understander of masculine minds. Better dialogue passed between Bill Powell and Myrna Loy, between scenes of that epic, The Thin Man, than during scenes. They'd sit side by side on the set. Myrna slouched. As usual. Taking everything in. Quietly. As if she saw and heard nothing. Suddenly Powell would make a witty remark. Without moving, without turning an eye lash, Loy would come back with a reply that topped the whipped cream. Just as quietly, they would lapse back into silence. Till Powell again led with an ace. And Loy calmly trumped it. They were Mr. and Mrs. Thin Man. They thought, felt and acted as those people.

CLIPPINGS from newspapers were usually exchanged between Bill and Myrna, each morning on the set. Pieces about people who died laughing at their own jokes. Of a blonde who sneezed out her upper plate. Or even bits of political news. Or why a Mr. Bumheiser divorced his wife.

When putting on make-up before her dressing table, she usually sits on one leg till the thing is so sleepy that it can't stand. It's usually full of jiggers and needles. She wrinkles her nose when she laughs and drinks a glass of lemon juice in hot water every morning before breakfast. Why, she can't figure out. But thinks it has something to do with neutralizing some silly acid. She couldn't be positive. But she always drinks it!

DID YOU KNOW THAT Clara Bow is so crazy about bridge, that on her ranch, she won't hire a cowboy or ranch hand unless he knows the game and can make a fourth when needed?

**Fashioned of Figure Controlling Lastex**

This stunning, patterned two-way stretch Lastex Garment moulds and trims and stays in place comfortably. It's preshrunk to assure perfect fit, always. The lace bra is specially designed to achieve a beautiful bustline.

"Figure Flattery" Foundation illustrated $3.50. Panties, crotch and leg-band styles $2. "Figure Flattery" Girdles fashioned of the same beautiful two-way stretch Lastex $2

You should find "Figure Flattery" and other beautiful Foundations, Girdles and Brassieres Styled by Hickory at your favorite Corset Department. If not—write for FREE descriptive brochure. Address 1143 West Congress Street, Chicago, Illinois.
Could Anthony Adverse Win Modern Women?
[Continued from page 35]

Napoleon. The story ends with Anthony and his small son, leaving France on a ship bound for America. Napoleon, by his guile, has kept his mistress.

"AND why wouldn't Anthony appeal to modern women?" dimpled, blonde and beautiful Anita Louise asked. She plays the rôle of Anthony's mother, Maria, in the picture. "Are women different now than in the time of Anthony? I think not! Women will still be listening to men like him in 2036—and believing them! Although I am Anthony's mother and should not spoil him, I think Fredric March is ideal for his rôle. I think Anthony Adverse would be absolutely perfect as a modern lover!"

Anita is ideal also, as the lovely, young and unwilling wife of Don Luis, a gouty old profligate whom her parents force her to marry. The father of Anthony, also played by March, is Dennis Moore, a dashing young Irish officer, stationed in Italy.

"TODAY, tomorrow and yesterday, women are just the same. The rules of the game of love never change. Would Anthony be a great modern lover? Think this. Anthony Adverse would be just as successful as a modern lover as he was in his own more adventurous days!" That is the opinion of Alma Lloyd who, as Florence cyanide, knew Anthony as a child in the convent. Later in life, they meet again and she bows to his charm.

Gail Sondergaard, who plays the rôle of a maid in the Bonniefeather household and is the mistress of old Don Luis, as Faith Polekogos, says: "I am supposed to be Anthony's enemy in the picture and to try to keep him from his own inheritance but I certainly would not be an enemy to a man of Adverse's charm in real life. Anthony Adverse would still be irresistible today."

STEFFI DUNA, Neleta in the film, and the mistress of Anthony during his self-enforced exile in Africa, as a slave buyer, is one of the most fascinating women that Anthony ever met. White, but with a touch of African blood, she loved him passionately. However, Steffi Duna does not agree with her sister players in the film. She says: "A fine chance, a man like Anthony Adverse would have with modern women! His flattering compliments would not fail with us. Ford would be more out of date than a model of "T". Ford. Modern girls never accept a man at face value. Our set has been fooled by glib tongues too often. No romantic, fly-by-night lover—like Anthony Adverse—could fool a modern girl, Park Avenue debutante or housemaid, for one minute.

Motion Picture for April, 1936
The rules of the game of love have changed with the centuries and the wiles of the gay deceiver of 1790 would not fool a modern girl for five minutes. The modern girl demands something more than gallantry, flattery and amorous blandishments and not even a caveman type could win her in this day and age. I'm sorry to disagree, but I don't think Anthony Adverse would have a chance today.

Anthony Adverse is one of the most romantic figures in modern literature. Millions of women have fallen in love with this figure of Hervey Allen's imagination and they have been modern women. A noted psychologist said to me:

"The rules of love-making have changed in some respects, but not appreciably. The men of Anthony Adverse's time kept women on a pedestal only in the literature of the time and not in actuality. A woman, black or white, young or old, beautiful or ugly, passionate or cold, was fair prey to all of Adverse's type in the days when Napoleon's armies shook the world with their tread. Women have stepped down from their pedestal, if they ever occupied one. No man of today is thrilled as our fathers were, by the mere sight of a dainty ankle. Women work and even replace men in many lines of endeavor. Still, even those who have the most polished and brittle exteriors, listen to the flattery and the sweet amorous whisperings of the Anthony Adverses of the Twentieth Century. I think Anthony would get along nicely with the modern girl.

When you see Fredric March on the screen as the romantic Anthony, take your choice. The consensus of opinion seems to be in his favor and there is little doubt that even the modern girl is but a sister under the skin to Maria Bournefeather, Angela Guesstap, Faith Paleologus, Florence O'Dwyer and Neleta. Anthony would, no doubt, be a riot in any modern setting!

Paula Stone, one of the famous "Stepping Stones" who made stage history, invites you to a cocktail party at her home in Hollywood! You'll meet all her friends, among whom are the most noted stars in Hollywood. Fred Stone, her father, will act as host, and her two sisters, Dorothy and Carol, will help entertain you.

Doesn't it sound thrilling? And it's just a sample of the wonderful entertainment Fawcett Movie Magazines have arranged for those who join the second Annual Movieland Tour. To give you an idea—here's a day's schedule: Start with a trip through 20th Century-Fox studios, where you'll see pictures being made, meet the stars working on the sets. You'll meet Shirley Temple in person, talk with Janet Gaynor, Warner Baxter will come up to say hello. In the afternoon, a tour through Beverly Hills, seeing the homes of the stars. That night, a big party at the Blossom Room of Hollywood's Roosevelt, at which many of the movie people will be present. Other highlights of the four days in Hollywood...bathing at Santa Monica Beach, a trip to Catalina Island—magic spot in the Pacific, Paula Stone's cocktail party, a large dinner party at the famous Coconut Grove.

This is the kind of vacation an ordinary traveler could never hope to have. But under the sponsorship of Fawcett Movie Magazines, all doors are open to you. Briefly, the plan is this—we've organized a complete, all-expense vacation trip of two weeks, from Chicago to Hollywood and back. We'll see some of America's most wonderful scenery—we'll go through Yellowstone Park; see Old Faithful, the world's biggest geyser; visit British Columbia. We'll travel in luxurious special trains, have first-class accommodations everywhere. But by getting group rates, the entire cost of the trip will be absurdly small. One sun includes everything—transportation, meals, hotels, entertainment.

Two Movieland Tours are planned, limited to 200 people each. One leaves Chicago July 9th, the other August 9th. Fill in coupon now for booklet giving complete details.


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Enjoy gorgeous mountain scenery

Lounge under palm trees

Old Faithful in action

You'll see wild animals

HARRIET HILLIARD
Harriet sang with an orchestra. Now she is in Follow the Fleet.
A Favorite of Yours Returns [Continued from page 36]

the street, warbling at the top of his lungs: "I'll be careful—I'll be careful—I'll be carefulicut-ful."

ONLY that look in her eyes was one no child could have compassed. Because she has two children of her own, it was there for all children. In that look alone did her added maturity show—in an added sweetness, an added depth of understanding that enriched her flower-like beauty to something beyond mere line and color and form.

I caught a fleeting glimpse of it as she played the scene. I saw it more clearly when, in her dressing room later, some photographs were handed to her. A lovely, completely unconscious smile lighted her face as she looked at them. Then she lifted her eyes from them. The smile was hesitant and there was a flush in her cheeks. "I'm a little embarrassed," she said. "This isn't publicity," and I found myself looking down at two small pictured faces—a grave, old-fashioned little girl, a bored little girl, with her mother's delicately moulded features, and great eyes that gazed out appealingly into the world.

Mrs. Barrymore isn't effusive about her children. On the contrary, she talks of them only upon request and then with an admirable restraint. But the names, Deda and John, hold such magic for her that their very sound is enough to thread her soft voice with a kind of quiet rapture, to transform her into a softly glowing figure of love incarnate. It's easy, I know, to become sentimental over motherhood. I'm trying not to. But it's hard to watch Dolores Barrymore's face when she talks of her children and not melt all over.

Deda (John's baby version of Dolores) is a half-John three and a half. "Up to six months ago," their mother said, "John was an angel. Now he's learning to be naughty and to assert himself. And I'm glad of it, because Deda was inclined to be a little tyrannical. Being the first, she was rather spoiled. That's why I thought it best," she laughed, "to have another baby instantly. I don't know whether it's maternal imagination, but—from the first—they seemed to me different. When they gave me Deda, she looked up at me with those wise old eyes so that all I could say was: 'How d'you do? I'm your mother.' While with John, I just sort of wrapped him in my arms and said: 'There's a lovely baby.' He was all baby and did just as he was supposed to do. Deda was a personality from the start.

"W" hat are they like now?" she asked, repeating a question of mine. "Well—John's everything that's nice and gentle and kind and Deda—John—a darling," she said, with a little grimace of self-mockery at her own summing up. "Deda has a gallant—"

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ry that's charming. She gets temperament-<br>ual over things that don't matter,<br>but I can always count on her to come up to the scratch. When she was hav-<br>ing her tonsils out, the nurse said: 'I<br>dread this ordeal, Mrs. Barrymore.'<br>But knowing my Deda, I didn't dread it.<br>And I was right not to. She went<br>through it without a whimper and when<br>she was leaving the hospital and some-<br>one said: 'How nice, Deda, that you're<br>not sick in bed any longer,' Deda said:<br>'But I wasn't sick in bed at all—only<br>my tonsils were sick in bed.'

It seemed a little superfluous at this<br>pont to ask whether she'd missed the<br>glamor of stardom, whether she felt<br>she'd lost anything by leaving the screen<br>when she did. But I wish every movie-<br>mad girl in the world could have heard<br>the note of ardent conviction that rang<br>through her voice as she answered: 'Not<br>for one moment. Not for a second of<br>my life did I miss it. I was so full of<br>motherhood. My babies filled every<br>moment of my day. I just wanted to sit<br>home like Mrs. Smith round the cor-<br>ner and look after them. I don't think<br>anything's more fun for a woman than<br>a family life—you're never disillusioned<br>about that. And I think you have to do<br>things for your babies—I mean physical,<br>intimate things—to get close to them.<br>I used to look forward to the nurse's<br>day out—I could do anything for them,<br>from making formulas to—various other<br>things. I've had that anyway,' she cried<br>almost passionately. 'No one can take<br>that from me. The public forgets you—<br>why shouldn't they? But when you have<br>two babies—well, you know you have<br>something then.' She ended<br>breathlessly, her cheeks warm with col-<br>or, laughing a little at her own impulsive<br>rush of words.

"O NLY don't get the idea from all<br>this," she continued, "that I came<br>back reluctantly. I've brought my ambi-<br>tion with me, and I'd like to stay this<br>time as long as the public wants me.<br>When you have a husband," she said<br>simply, "naturally your life is his. Oth-<br>erwise—what is there to do? Deda's<br>going to school—she'll be away from<br>home most of the day. I can't spend my<br>time playing bridge and going to parties.<br>I can't lead an idle woman's life. It<br>would bore me to death. Last spring,<br>I wasn't well—I couldn't have worked<br>if I'd wanted to—I wasn't thinking in<br>that direction. Then I saw I might have<br>to work, and that work might be a very<br>good thing for me—considering this and<br>that. So when Mr. Selznick asked me<br>to play Dearest, I agreed. First, I had<br>such faith in his judgment. I knew<br>he'd do the best possible thing for me.<br>Then I liked the part—for both what it<br>was and for what it wasn't—a good<br>part, yet one that didn't give me the<br>responsibility of carrying a picture<br>alone," Dolores concluded.

DID YOU KNOW THAT Anna<br>May Wong, who was born in America<br>(San Francisco's Chinatown) recently<br>made her first trip to China?

"Studio Work<br>demands<br>stockings that wear"

"Hold Everything. Miss Brite Star has a<br>run in her stocking!" A real tragedy because thou-<br>sands of dollars worth of film stardom are going<br>to waste just because of a run!

How many times have you, too, been delayed be-<br>cause of that awful foe of the hosiery budget. Well,<br>Dear Lady, here's a simple solution. You have noth-<br>ing to lose and much to gain. Try Admiration<br>Costume Hosiery just once!

Admiration is truly different hosiery. Note the<br>two sections of highly magnified hose shown on<br>the left. One is Admiration, the other is not.<br>The mesh in each is the same size but the thread in<br>Admiration is tightly spun by a mysterious pro-<br>cess which gives added wear, greater elasticity and<br>lasting beauty. Beside it is the loose thread found<br>in many others which, as you can readily see, leads<br>to fuzziness and runs.

Claims don't make Admiration better, but su-<br>perior methods of manufacture do. Tear out our<br>trade mark and slip it in your purse as a reminder<br>to try Admiration Costume Hosiery. If your<br>dealer cannot supply you, write us.

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"The Heart of Your Hose" Admiration costume hose shows the<br>reason for the name, Admiration. The style and<br>quality of Admiration hose is evident. These hosiery<br>sections show how the Admiration costume hose<br>gains the admiration of the lady who wears it. It<br>gives her a beautiful, well-shaped figure and<br>excellent support. The hose is made of<br>concealed silk, which is not<br>noticeable to the touch or<br>eye, and gives the legs and<br>feet a youthful look and feel.<br>

FOR THE WOMAN WHO CARES

Motion Picture for April, 1936

71
Bob Taylor Is Wowing Them Everywhere

[Continued from page 37]

The newspapers and magazines shout his good fortune to him, and he reads how good he is in many languages because the press-agents have been busy, too. He finds producers clamoring for him, and already finds himself a loan-out—he’s that good. At his own studio, they talk of casting him opposite Norma Shearer, Janet Gaynor, Jean Harlow—other big stars. Everybody puts him on the back and gives him the usual hally-hoo of success. He finds a nice fat check in his hands every pay-day with the certainty that it’ll quickly grow much fatter. He gets more fan-letters a week than many male stars of years’ standing.

Now, I ask you—what young chap of 24 would you expect to take all that and not go balloon-headed about it? Would you blame him, I ask you, if he took a snooty apartment or mansion, stocked it up with butlers and footmen and chefs, and went for the Hollywood rah-rah in a big way? Would you be surprised if he went nerts over the beauties who roll their eyes at him? Could you exactly blame him? And so it isn’t surprising, and (as I said) indicative of the lad’s character that he lives, instead, in that dinky farmhouse and finds the most fun in life there with his pal, his horses, cats and dogs.

WELL, that’s that. That’s the kind of lad Bob Taylor turns out to be. And that’s the kind of lad you’re getting acquainted with in this story. But first get his background. Bob Taylor is not his real name, to begin with.

For when he squelched his first defiance at the world as a new born babe in a town called Filly, Nebraska, his name was Brough. His dad is Dr. S. A. Brough, family physician to theburghers of Filly. But “Brough” is not a good name for a movie star with S.A.—even if it is okeh for a good Nebraska family doctor. And so they called him Bob Taylor for the screen—and we’ll do the same. He went to school in Filly and to college at Doane, Nebraska. His highest activity at Doane was fiddling on the cello, so he could play his own accompaniment when he crooned. He played parts in college plays too. After two years at Doane he went to Pomona, California, to finish his college career. Pomona is a town about 30 miles east of Hollywood. They hold the Los Angeles county fair there.

Here’s where Old Lady Fate got in one of those trick plays she’s always pulling. For no reason at all, a certain MGM executive was in an audience that saw him in a Pomona college show. When the nabob asked Bob if he’d ever thought of taking a try at movies. “Who hasn’t?” Bob wanted to know. A few more sentences, and Bob was lined up for Hollywood. He had no idea he’d click—it just seemed a good thought.

Motion Picture for April, 1936
idea, because graduation was near, and
he didn't have any other kind of a job
in sight. And from that, Bob Brough
catapulted into the sudden furor and
success of a new Hollywood discovery,
and into the name, Bob Taylor—a name
written on thousands of feminine hearts
already—not to mention plenty of those
pay-checks given to him by Metro-
Goldwyn-Mayer.

Before I ever met him, I learned that
much about him. And so what wonder
that I, who have seen many stars come
and go in Hollywood, and have watched
newcomers get their varied attacks of
swellheaditis, should approach my first
meeting with him, full of a certain cyni-
icism born of experience? I reasoned
that no 24-year-old college kid from a
freshwater school could skyrocket from
obsccurity into fame and plenty like that,
and still retain his balance. I reasoned
I'd find a man, "Gone Hollywood."

But I was never more wrong in my
life... Instead of the cocky
egotist I'd expected to find, I found my-
self across a luncheon-table from a
defiant, bewildered-by-fortune lad
who's so darned self-effacing, so over-
modest, so completely shy that it's no
wonder that today he has, already, won
the reputation among Hollywood inter-
viewers of being "tough copy." Inter-
viewers complain that "the man just
can't talk about himself." They're right.
What I got from him, I had to get by
pulling teeth!

"Why," I demanded point-blank, af-

ter he'd abashedly suggested to the wait-
ress that some scrambled eggs'd be
nice, "do you seem to be the exception to
the Hollywood rule. Why haven't you
gone swell-headed?" His forkful of
egg paused halfway from plate to mouth.
He looked at me for a moment with
stricken eyes. Then he grinned shyly,
and in that voice that rumbles so amaz-
ingly from this youthful chest with the
vibrance of a veteran thespian's: "Aw—
look—what have I got to be swell-
headed about? None of this—this—er—
success—is my fault, is it? Say—i'm
just a jerkwater college kid that got a
lucky break, that's all. How's the ham-
and-eggs?" "Never mind the ham and
eggs," I admonished: "We're talking
about you, see? Now I want to know
how come you don't get a case of in-
fated-cranium, what with all these fan-
letters you're getting!"

"Oh—those fan-letters...!" He
blushed even through the make-up.
"Say—I do appreciate those fan-letters
—an awful lot," he went on, "but they're
not kidding me any! Yes, I know be-
cause they've told me, that my fan mail
since 'Broadway Melody' tops the studio
list. But at the same time, I know that
while it's my turn now, it'll be some-
body else's, a little while from now To-
day, by luck, I happen to be tops to-
morrow, it'll be some other guy. You
see, there seem to be just so many girls
and women who just feel that they've
got to write fan letters to movie act-
ors, and it just happens that I'm getting
them now," he concluded.
Why Hollywood Beauties Appeal to William Powell
[Continued from page 31]

I still take to the frills and furbelows, and the curls and curves!"

That, I say, was long before The Great Ziegfeld was filmed. Yet, when you see the Ziegfeld picture, you'll realize how much Bill's ideas of beauty coincide with those of Ziegfeld's—and Ziegfeld was the foremost esthete of beauty in the world! Anna Held and Billie Burke were both extremely feminine. And Luise Rainer and Myrna Loy, playing their parts respectively, have been dressed and set against backgrounds to emphasize this quality, in the picture.

Another likeness between Ziegfeld and Powell is the love of being lavish where women are concerned. Probably no one in Hollywood has a florist bill that could touch William Powell's! And if you happen to order gardenias or white roses from any florist, and find that the florist is "fresh out" of gardenias and white roses, you'll know that Powell has been there again. You see, they happen to be Jean Harlow's favorite flowers. Her dressing-room, her house, and her car are kept constantly filled with them—and her thank-you notes are all penned to William Powell.

ZIEGFELD had the same liking for flowers. At a crucial point of his career, in London, he borrowed five hundred dollars because Monte Carlo had made him penniless, and then spent it all on orchids for Anna Held, whom he had never met, but of whose beauty and talent he had heard. The orchids won him an interview with her. The interview won him her heart. And, incidentally, a contract which restored his fortune. Afterward, for years, he sent her orchids every day of her life, and if, occasionally, a diamond bracelet nestled among the orchids, it only made him, and Anna, so much the happier. So, while Ziegfeld made millions by exploiting beauty, he also lost millions by personally bowing down before it.

Ziegfeld was always lavish with tips, and that, too, is one of Bill's better-known characteristics. Bill told me once: "Surely, I like to give big tips. Maybe it's foolish—a sucker's game. But I don't do it to be impressive. I only do it because I like to see the waiters' eyes shine, when I give her more than she expected!"

It was like that with Ziegfeld, too. You'll see several examples of it in the picture. Another similarity, closely akin to the gift-giving propensity, is the thoughtfulness toward women which Ziegfeld possessed in a rare degree—and of which Bill Powell is no less an exponent. All the show girls and chorus girls in the Ziegfeld picture will tell you that they have never worked with any star who is as democratic as Bill Powell—or as thoughtful. Most men

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Motion Picture for April, 1936
stars, for one reason or another, possibly to avoid criticism, steer clear of even talking to beautiful extra girls. They usually retreat to their dressing-rooms and privacy, as soon as their scenes are finished on the set. But not Bill. Bill wanders around, talking and laughing with the girls, and they love him for it. And every afternoon at four, he treats them to soft drinks, ice cream, or whatever the weather suggests. And he has never been known to cause a girl to get a "bawling out," or to give her one, himself. His attitude with them all is impersonal, but friendly, and always very thoughtful. Bill is one person who will always go out of his way to avoid hurting a woman's feelings.

THAT reminds me of something that happened recently. Knowing that Bill had such definite ideas of beauty, I asked him if he would give me a story on his choice of the world's ten most beautiful women. "It would be a good publicity tie-up with your role as Ziegfeld, too," I pointed out, quickly. But Bill was already shaking his head, and saying, "Sorry, it's impossible. I simply won't do it. . . . wouldn't even think of it!" He looked at me almost fiercely. "Why? Why, because there'd be more injured feelings in this town than you could shake a stick at!" Then he seemed to be giving in: relaxed, and grinned. "Well, I'll do it on one condition."

"What is the condition?" I asked.

"That you let me go right down the list, alphabetically, and name every actress in Hollywood!" he exclaimed.

He laughed and then grew serious. "You really understand why I can't do that story, don't you? I don't want to make anyone feel badly."

Knowing he meant it, I did understand.

To complete my comparison, all I have to say is that Ziegfeld once fired a stage manager, simply because he yelled too loudly, and talked too coarsely to his girls—and that he would never name the ten most beautiful women in the world—or even twenty!—I think that should make the point clear.

But, most significant of all, is the fact that while beauty has always had a great charm for both men—the great Ziegfeld and the merry Mr. Powell—both have also always had a great charm for beauties. Ziegfeld was never kept out of any office, appointment or no, as long as a female secretary was sitting outside.

AND speaking of wives, reminds me of something else. There's one more similarity between Powell and Ziegfeld, not yet revealed, but which has real possibilities for the future. But we won't know about it for sure until Powell marries again. Remember when Bill and Carole were divorced, several years ago, they admitted that there had been just too much career mixed up in their marriage? They had found that a man and woman could not both work at the same business, and still preserve a calm, happy, homey, marriage relationship!!

---

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It's easy for thousands to add 5 to 15 lbs.

this new, quick way!

If you're skinny, and do not make an attractive appearance on that account, listen to what thousands of others say about these amazing new "T-power" ale yeast tablets. They're putting pounds of solid, normally good-looking flesh on many who never could gain an ounce before—and in just a few weeks!

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Doctors now know that the real reason why great numbers of people find it hard to gain weight is that they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Now scientists have discovered that the richest known source of health-building Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of blood-strengthening iron in little tablets called Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, are one of the many "skinny," run-down persons who need these vital elements, get these new "T-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Day after day, as you take them, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to normal attractiveness. Indigestion and constipation from the same source quickly vanish, skin clears to normal beauty, new health comes—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and run-down you may be, try these wonderful new "T-power" Ironized Yeast tablets for just a few short weeks. See if they don't build you up as they have thousands of others. If you're not delighted with the results of the very first package, every cent of your money will be instantly and gladly refunded.

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To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists, Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 294, Atlanta, Ga.
Next came tortuous miles in cars over steep and rutty mountain roads to “location.” It was nearly zero, mind you, pretty cold weather for stars accustomed to California sunshine! No fires were allowed because of fire hazards. Between scenes the cast took refuge in a sheriff’s cabin, a half-mile away, where the heat from a red-hot stove chased away the chills. Even the heat of the big lights was welcome. But let’s leave Sylvia Sidney, MacMurray, Fonda and the rest and watch the technicians.

A huge steam shovel was required for the scenes at Moon Ridge—a shovel twelve feet wide to pass on a mud road, only seven feet wide. It weighed several tons and the grade was steep. A truck and a big tractor were put in front, and a truck behind. The shovel also used its own power but it climbed only at the rate of 1/10th of a mile an hour! Dynamite was used in some places to make the road wide enough for it to pass and where trees were too close a new road had to be built. Trees were valuable in this section. All the work was done under the supervision of Forest Rangers. It took ten days to get the steam-shovel six weary miles, only to have it blown over a cliff, 4,000 feet high, a short time later, for a scene. Of course the Falins did it and little Spanky was “killed,” but only for art’s sake.

WHAT a picture! There was a continual high wind at Moon Ridge and the company shivered with cold. Imagine Sidney, MacMurray and Fonda playing dramatic scenes at that temperature! The Falins cabin was discovered by the “prop” department at Holcomb, California, and in it lived an old couple. When asked how much they would charge the company for using it in the picture, they set the price at $5.00. When the scenes were shot, they were handed $100 and nearly fainted from the shock.

There was plenty of excitement. Helen Wilson, a waitress in one of the Big Bear hotels, was hired by Director Henry Hathaway for a bit. When asked if she would go to Hollywood and try and get into more pictures, she said: “Of course not. They gave me that because I was the only girl handy.”

So Fred MacMurray, as Hale, the engineer, pushes his railroad through the woods. He falls in love with Sylvia Sidney, the mountain girl. The Tolliers sold MacMurray’s company rights to go through their land and to mine coal, but the Falins are hostile. The Tolliers get their first check ($5000) for coal royalties—and none of them can read it.

The engineer, MacMurray, induced the little mountain girl to go to his aunt in the city and get an education. Fonda, who loves her, too, and is a boy of the mountains, follows in a thrilling race over mountain roads, both men driving buckboards. Sidney boards the train
and the big fight scene between MacMurray and Fonda is staged. It equals the famous battle in The Spoilers. The Folins come and MacMurray and Fonda unite in trying to fight them off. Up at Moon Ridge, the Folins dynamite the steam shovel and kill Spanky, a child of the Tollivers. A battle royal follows for the feud is reopened. Fonda goes to the Folins cabin to make peace and is shot in the back and mortally wounded. Fred Stone plays the role of the patriarch of the Tolliver clan and Beulah Bondi, his wife. Robert Barrat is the head of the Folins. He carries Fonda to the Tollivers, lies about how he was shot and peace is restored. MacMurray gets the girl, who comes back from the city—no longer a mountain girl, but a lady in fine feathers.

THE company, including the stars, spent their evenings playing ping pong or pool and went to bed at 8:30 P.M. The waitresses in the hotel dining-rooms got hysterics when the male members of the cast came in for meals and put soup bowls where the coffee cups should go. Fonda was almost overcome by fumes when working on his car in the garage and just managed to stagger out into open air in time. Fred Stone wore a pair of boots, given him by his friend, Rex Beach, the author, when they were both in the Klondyke 30 years before. But it got so cold that Stone wore a pair of street shoes underneath the boots! Four wild mallards, used for "props" on the dam lake, froze fast in the ice one cold night and had to be chopped out. lumber was cut in the forest to build sets, 50,000 feet of it and carried by men for nearly a mile. Cabins were made from rough-hewn logs, cut on the job, 6000 log feet of them. It wasn't all play, making this picture in the mountains. But the players found some relaxation. There was a square dance every Saturday night and everyone went. Learning to dance the quadrille was fun for Sylvia Sidney and Fred MacMurray. In one scene where the mountain girl phoned her father, Fred Stone, he looked behind the phone to find where she was hiding—and heard her voice. It was the first phone he ever saw. He often regaled the company with stories of his unusual career and anecdotes of Will Rogers. Fred Stone is a grand, old man.

Everything except a few interior shots was finished on schedule, but the company had to wait for rain or snow to shoot the scene of the construction camp burning. The next day snow fell, eight inches of it, and the scene was filmed in Technicolor. There still were some shots to be made on location at Chatsworth, near Hollywood, but the worst was over, and the first all-outdoor film in the new three-color process was, as they say in the studios, "in the can"—or almost so.

It cost plenty. Three negatives must be shot when color is used and although the finished picture will run only 8000 feet of film, Hathaway has already shot over 100,000 feet!

"SUNNY HAIR
is Admired by All My Friends"

say delighted young women who have become more popular with sunny hair. For sunny—soft lustrous—hair gives you the fresh, glowing attractiveness friends admire. Gain for yourself the charming brightness of sunny lustrous hair. Blonde or Brunette, brighten your hair—your whole appearance—with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

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BLONDES—successfully to restore natural golden beauty to dull, faded or streaked hair, rinse with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Marchand's lightens and brightens blonde hair, protects its sunny golden hues.

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BLONDES and BRUNETTES also use Marchand's to make unnoticeable "super-fluous" hair on face, arms or legs.

For greater cleanliness—greater personal attractiveness—start today this simple home beauty treatment. Get a bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash at any drug store or use coupon below.

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To secure typical American girls from all parts of the country for their regular "BLONDE OF THE MONTH" advertisement, the makers of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash offer each month entirely without expense, obligation or any complications of any kind, to bring one girl selected for her charm and beauty to New York for special photographing. Not a contest. Full particulars from your druggist; in your package of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash, or, by mail from Marchand's Golden Hair Wash, Address Marchand's, room 44, 521 West 23rd Street, New York.

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Motion Picture for April, 1936
It's uncomfortable, and I hate it. I wish I could be left in peace.

He rose to his six-foot-three as I entered the room—the crisp-headed, likeable young man who, on a diet of popcorn, in The Gilded Lily, ate his way straight into high favor and masculine leads opposite such stars as Lombard, Hepburn and Colbert.

He eyed me warily over the luncheon table. "Are you going to ask me what it feels like to be a movie actor? Because I can tell you. It feels just the same except that I have two suits now, and I've quit worrying about the first and tenth of the month. I know I can pay my bills."

It's no rags-to-riches story that issued from his lips—a spurt of words as, with his eyes fixed, longingly, on the goal, he tried to cover ground as quickly as possible—a pause between hope and resigna
tion as he waited to see whether publicity's maw had been sufficiently crammed—all this with such a nice air of being anxious to please if only he knew how the devil to go about it, that, between pity and laughter, you felt like patting his hand and telling him: "It's all right, little boy. Run along and play."

"VARIATION"

for that all-important line of separation

A distinct division between the brassiere and the sash is especially important for the new fashions. To meet this need, Maiden Form developed this "Variation" brassiere which—in addition to under-breast stitching for extra-firm support—gives you that fashionable line-of-separation. Note the little heart-shaped "over-bust" at the center front—it supplies just enough gentle pressure at the necessary points: $1.00 and $1.50.

For slightly pointed contours—select a "Semisupport" bras
tiere like No. 543 (left). This same design may be had with a longer foundation band or without band. Send for free Foundation Booklet F.A.

Maiden Form Co., Inc., New York.

He was born diffident, and no measure of success is likely to change him. Easily embarrassed himself, he hates to embarrass others, and goes out of his way to avoid any such danger—sometimes with ludicrous results. When he was nine, his mother took him to dine with friends. In the midst of dinner, Fred suddenly mumbled his excuses and rose, to return a few moments later, wearing his overcoat. "No, I'm not cold," he reassured his hostess earnestly, "I just thought I'd wear it."

"I didn't want to tell them I was cold," he explained to his mother later, "because it might hurt their feelings."

"And he's still got the same trick," his mother laughs, "trying so hard not to hurt people's feelings that he puts his foot right into it."

Kankakee, Illinois, was Fred's birthplace but most of his early youth was spent in Wisconsin. "Nothing to tell about it," says Fred. "I played and went to school and got into a fight now and then and licked the other fellow or got licked myself, and did all the things the rest of the gang did."

He played a saxophone with the high-
school band and discovered in himself a "kind of baritone voice that the fellows would listen to without running a mile." By the time he got to Carroll College in Waukesha, he'd developed sufficiently along both lines to find jobs as a singer and player with professional bands. But working till the early hours and then getting up for morning classes proved too much of a good thing. Besides, he had his mother on his mind and wanted to do what he could to make life easier for her. So he started off for Chicago and life—for band work, if he could get it—if not, for anything that came his way.

He scoffs at whatever hardships that period held. "Oh, there may have been a little lean time," he admits, "but you can always find something to eat if you have to. I made one discovery." His voice turns eager, his face lights up, as for one happy moment he forgets he's talking to an interviewer. "I discovered that if you mix a can of beans with a can of tomatoes, it stays with you a long, long time—and tastes something elegant."

The following Fall he drove his mother to Los Angeles to join her own mother, already settled there. Fred decided to try the Central Casting Bureau. "At the time they were only taking people who sang and did dog-barks, etc. I couldn't do dog-barks, so I sang. I was a kind of crooner in those days—guess I'm a crooner robusto now," Again the smile that flashes for a second, and hides itself. "Anyway, they registered me in both departments, and I got some extra work and a job in the pit at Warner Brothers Theatre, and things seemed to be going pretty well."

But this was just a little too rapid. Why had they registered him in both departments, if the regular lists were supposed to be closed? He must have made some sort of impression. "Oh," he said uncomfortably, "I suppose maybe I was tall or something, and the type they thought would be all right doing that stuff."

It was the same story when the California Collegians, noted comedy band, played Warner's Theatre for a week. One of their men was leaving, and MacMurray was asked to replace him. Why just MacMurray? Why not some other saxophonist? That, of course, was luck. "They wanted a saxophone player, which I was, and they wanted a singer, which I tried to be. And then," he grinned, "having come from Wisconsin and one year in college, maybe I looked like a California Collegian—I don't know."

He went to New York and played with them in Three's A Crowd, then in Roberto. It was "just by luck" that the bits he played were outstanding, "just by luck" that Oscar Serlin, a Paramount scout, asked him to make a test, "just by luck" that Paramount liked it. "You see," he informed me, "I made three, and Serlin sent only one to the coast, so he must have been kind enough to cut out the worst ones—where I sang, for instance—and where they had me in a top hat and cane, which I'd never worn or carried before, and I must have looked like something out of the circus." Which remark alone puts MacMurray in a class by himself—an actor who tells you of his own accord that he wasn't born with a top hat and cane in his mouth.

WAS he excited on learning that his test had been successful? He refused to be rushed into any such admission. Pausing briefly to examine his thoughts he answered: "Of course I was glad they thought I was all right. But I've always kind of taken things as they come. If it happened, it happened. If not, I'd maybe try again later on. It was nice to have a better job and getting more money. It was nice to be back with my mother—she kind of likes to have me around. And another thing was nice, too." For a moment he dropped his eyes to his food, and seemed to find courage there.

"The girl I go with—Lilliam Lamont—was in Roberto. She came out a couple of months later and found a job here. They've had us secretly married, but it isn't true. Only I've never gone with anyone else, and we hope to be married some day." All this on a single breath, with a flush rising under his dark skin! That's the real Fred!
Just one of the tremendous changes in train travel in the last few years. For $18 less than in 1930 (from Chicago) you get a fast, comfortable trip in AIR-CONDITIONED chair cars on the Golden State Limited, Sunset Limited, Overland Limited or Pacific Limited. Reduction on roundtrips. Money-saving food service: coffee or milk 5¢, sandwiches 10¢. Write for folder, "How to Save Money on Your Trip."

Southern Pacific
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Chicago, Illinois.

Are Girls Safe Today in the Spotlight? [Continued from page 41]

But the men, Margo! The playwrights, the men-about-town, the tired business tycoons who have read love thrillers and dance orffinners. What about them? She replied eagerly: "Oh, but the men have changed, too! They don't think the same things when they watch a girl dancing in a roof-garden show today, that they used to think before the War and the depression. They don't consider a rich out of their slippers nowadays because they can't afford the champagne, and the girls can't afford the slippers!

"Do you know how I can tell that men are different now from the ones who used to watch Anna Held dance? Because the young men are so much nicer than their fathers. You see both generations at a popular place like New York's Waldorf Roof. (It is at the Waldorf that Margo's uncle, Xavier Cugat, entertains with his tango band.) Boys have other things on their minds today than collecting telephone numbers. They're too anxious about their own futures. Even the sons of wealthy families are all trying to get jobs in gas stations or selling bonds. The depression has made everybody more serious and changed the public's attitude toward women. When a man meets an actress now he doesn't talk diamonds or Park Avenue pent-houses—he tells her about his business worries or plans. I honestly think people have a lot of respect for a girl who's able to earn her own living in these hard times. I'm proud when boys talk to me the way they would to another boy—as if we younger ones were all in it, sharing the same struggle, going somewhere together."

MARGO is going somewhere, surely, since the days when as a little Mexican schoolgirl she clicked her castenets for the guests at Agua Caliente who were astonished and pleased to find a vibrant girl abandoning herself to a dance with such youth and grace loveliness. From featured dancer to movie actress—and now the stage! They are calling her from the East, from the West, from London. The days are not full enough of hours for her to experience. She must practice new steps, she must study singing, she must read and learn, she must crowd in experience before she says she gets really old.

"When I began to dance in public," Margo confided, "my grandmother said to me, 'My child, if anyone said could come of this, if any tragedy should happen I shall be to blame. I have taken the responsibility for your future. Think of me as well as of yourself.' I've always remembered what she said, and I've really had a more sheltered life than most girls. One of my family is always with me. When in New York I'm with my uncle, Mr. Cugat. Of course, there have been times when some man—"
usually some elderly man—didn't understand that I was serious about my career. Girls who are in the spotlight still get silly notes and presents but I don't know what sort of presents for I have never opened one of them. But there are broadcast bands and the stems of the flowers. I couldn't tell you because even the flowers go back. It isn't that I am insulted, but I simply haven't time to waste on anything that is the least bit cheap.

Sunday, May 29

Margo's hands go to her breast as though to quiet the impatient heart of eighteen. "Sometime. I am planning to tour the world, giving dance recitals—the old ritual dances of my country even before the days of the Aztecs. No one has ever done anything like them. They are always in the background of my mind. Sometimes I dream of them in the night and see the dancers as clearly as they have been a thousand years ago, and I recall the details of their costumes. I know that I'm not ready for such dancing yet, but I'm planning far ahead. And if I want to create beauty I must keep away from ugliness."

"But what if you fall in love, Margo?" I asked. "Suppose one of these earnest college boys who talk to you of their brave plans to lick a depression world suddenly begins to speak of something else, and you want to listen—what of your high young dreams then?"

She looked troubled. "I know that I, myself, am changing. I am so different from one month to the next that even my photographs do not look like the same. That's one reason why I don't want to fall in love, why I'm afraid to even think about love. But just my looks change all the time isn't it likely that my tastes and ideas are changing, too, so that the girl I'm going to be in a year mightn't care for the sort of a man I'd like today."

"And too young to be so wise, Margo?" I told her. "Don't you ever envy the carefree girls of your own age with nothing more on their minds than dates and dances and football games?"

She actually shuddered. "Never! I have known some of them and they are all discontented, bored. Youth is the time to get things done if you are ever going to do them. I haven't half time enough as it is! I love to live breathlessly. I've got years ahead to settle down and live in a house instead of hotel rooms and Pullman cars and airplanes. But I haven't long to be eighteen.

"You see," Margo admitted, "I've been working for five years but I've only begun to make money. Even the dances in the most popular supper shows can't hope to earn much and I have my family to help. People who think that Broadway entertainers lead luxurious lives should have seen the shabby little apartments that my aunt and I lived in. There I was—sixteen and I seemed to have gone as far as I could go. Then one day Jimmy Savo, the comedian, told me some friends of his were looking for a new type for a motion picture. The movies have changed the whole world for me, made everything possible!"

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Binnie Barnes
Recipe for
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Mix six medium-sized sweet potatoes.
Mash, season with salt, pepper and butter.
Add 1 1/2 cans of finely shredded BREST-O-CHICKEN TUNA. Mix all together. Place in buttered baking dish, spread top with melted butter, garnish with 1/2 can BREST-O-CHICKEN TUNA in large pieces. Heat 6 or 8 minutes and serve.

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A DATE TONIGHT The popular girl is the one who radiates good health, energy, has a clear attractive skin and sparkling eyes.

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FREE trial package. Send name and address on postcard to F. A. Stuart Co., Dept. A-107, Marshall, Michigan.

Make Way for the Hollywood Follies

[Continued from page 43]

had once viewed the sea from the steerage, now gave it a bored stare with the peerage. Yachting caps (and, oh, my Lord, the yachting pants) were now the last word. The De Mille yacht (Cecil in army puttees and general’s cap on backwards) ran right up the Bar- rymore craft. The Charlie Parrells, with Gaynor tucked away on the poop deck, went chasing after the Warren William boat. Lee Tracy succumbed (once in the harbor and twice in the bay) and went sailing back to Mexico. All Hollywood, it seemed, zoomed out from yacht rails. It was more fun on Sunday and Monday, but on Tuesday there wasn’t a yacht on the Pacific.

EVERYONE was over at the polo field. People who couldn’t climb on ponies, climbed on benches and cheered. In the wrong places. Comical people who once rode box cars with easy elan, now tried to ride ponies with Spencer Tracy. Polo was the rage of the town. Until some folk discovered they were just ten jumps behind and everyone who really was anyone, was leaping about a badminton court. Badminton became the last word. People badmintoned all over everything.

In the midst of the craze, a badminton fan left town and returned in a few days unable to discover a soul who remembered whether the game was played with croquet mallets or dice. It had a familiar sound, true enough, but that was long ago, well, three days, anyhow, and badminton had succumbed to tennis.

Fred Perry had come to town and the tennis rage was on. Tennis courts became thronged overnight. Folk who hadn’t bothered to bat an eyelash before, now batted tennis balls all over other people’s courts. Garbo, for instance, batted on Herb Marshall’s court and then on Del Rio’s court and on George Brent’s court. Everybody was some place else playing tennis. All tired out. But not too tired for parlor games. Parlor games were simply it. Those who had no parlors, built parlors, and the fun was on.

Anagrams, for instance, took the place by storm. They anagrammed before breakfast, and after dinner and in between. And then, right in the midst of the anagramming business as it were, people were playing “murder.” Corpses by the dozen were scattered all over the swankiest living rooms in town.

In every home where groups gathered, someone was on trial for his life, while off in a corner some famous star lay dead. The police at the box-office were now dead at parties, as well. In fact, they tell of a certain comedian who, in the midst of a murder game, lay dead on a living room couch for three hours before he discovered “murder” was a long forgotten pastime.

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If you have trouble with frequent bladder passages with burning sensation, with empty, dry, often smart and burn, the 15 miles of kidney tubes may need flushing out. This danger signal may be the begin-

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and the entire party was busy piling matches on the neck of a bottle. Lucky for him they didn't burn him.

The baby craze swept town. Overnight people everywhere had babies. Bing Crosby became a daddy, Dick Allen called it for one no trump and Bing doubled. Richard Dix redoubled and twins became the last word. Hollywood talked of nothing but baby food. Arguments arose at every party. Some argued for prune juice and some for orange juice. The prune juicers refused absolutely to have anything to do with the orange juicers and things looked pretty bad for Hollywood. Until Ann Harding took to the air.

Immediately, babies were put to bed and the town went airplaning. Wally Beery went skidding through clouds trying to keep out of Clarence Brown's way. George Brent dipped and zoomed through the milky way and Ruth Chatterton, not to be outdone, cut dikes all over the sky. Hollywood was one solid hum from planes overhead. Until somebody peered out a plane window at Clark Gable, far below, sked shooting like a wild man. Immediately, landings were made in corn fields, backyards, anywhere, just to get down. Guns were grabbed up, skedels (no, Mabel, not Gallagher) were released and pop went the weasel. The popping of guns swelled and grew, and finally faded into a popping of corks.

The night club era had dawned. Hollywood, that had for years gone to bed after dinner, putting out the cat (usually blonde and screaming) at 9 P.M., now welcomed the dawn. For the first time in their lives, some Hollywood stars saw stars. And some, who hadn't counted on seeing so many, saw plenty when tossed out of night clubs doors. It was more fun. More people had cracked skulls and champagne bills. Dear! Dear!

Just when things could get no worse, they got worse right off. The ringin' fad hit town and do, re, mi's floated from every window. Joan Crawford raised her voice in song and, of course, Franchot followed right along high C-ing all over the place. "The - tette from Lucina, " (the censors deleted the sex part) was belloed and howled from Vine Street to Brentwood. Hollywood sang till ear drums split fifty ways from Sunday. Everyone warbled. Bing Crosby, who had put his whole soul in the baby epidemic, couldn't get a note in edgeways.

Suddenly one day, voices that had been raised in what was laughingly called song, were now raised in high scream from a race track grandstand. The races landed in town and the place went horse crazy. Everyone bought horses by the quart. Gable annexed one called "Beverly Hills." It was the cutest darn thing, but dreadful on the stock book. Not to be outdone, Bing Crosby annexed a whole stable and Connie Bennett and Joe Brown took one unto themselves. People who had never been interested, became horse crazy!

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Michael Bartlett Knows Where He's Going

[Continued from page 45]

he was enroute to New York, vowing that he'd never return to Hollywood. And he didn't in spite of many attractive and insistent offers, until after Grace Moore took the world by storm in One Night of Love. It caused the studio execs that maybe the public after all, did like musicals. Her picture also convinced Michael Bartlett—and other singing stars—that Hollywood was now ready and able to do music justice.

"BUT I still had doubts," he says, laughing. "My previous experience in Hollywood had taught me how uncertain Hollywood prospects could be. I believed the time ripe for screen opera but I refused to permit myself to become too confident. And so, the singer who had arrived in Filmtown a few years before with secretaries, servants, trunks and a lease on a Beverly mansion, now arrived with a toothbrush, a clean shirt and the intention of renting, from month to month, the smallest apartment possible. He also had a return ticket to New York. But it was never used.

From then on, his story is told in one word, success. His screen debut, singing opposite Grace Moore in Love Me Forever, was triumphant. The critics praised and predicted: the public applauded and approved. And Harry Cohn, the boss of Columbia Pictures, beamed and planned. Michael uncrossed the fingers of one hand and settled down to study his new very attractive role, by the way—in Claudette Colbert's She Married Her Boss. And, seeing that picture, Hollywood, which had been interested, became enthusiastic. So Michael uncrossed the other fingers, sent for his trunks and leased a mansion in Brentwood.

But he's still puzzled and would like to know why a fellow, who gets all these plaudits now, couldn't even persuade anyone to point a camera in his direction, a few years ago. And he doesn't like to be puzzled, for he's not used to it. He's one of those very definite people who know where he's going and how he proposes to get there. He's always been that way. At least, he was until he reached Hollywood, the first time.

HIS father, a textile manufacturer of North Oxford, Massachusetts, was determined that Michael should take his place in the family business. His uncle determined that he should carry out his father's plans. His fiancée's parents shared the general opinion—so strongly that they told Michael, when he came visiting from Princeton, that if he didn't abandon his foolish idea of being a singer, there would be no marriage.

They had an idea that Mike (they

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called him that at school, so why shouldn't we?) had just been playing when he joined Princeton's famous Triangle club and took part in its presentations. They should have known Mike better. However, they didn't.

After some twenty odd family conferences, he was taught a boat for Italy. Offered a choice between marriage and a singing career, he rather reluctantly sacrificed the marriage. However, he didn't even recognize the possibility of a choice between textiles and opera. Very persuasive he was, and his father finally agreed that he could have one year in which to grow disgusted with spaghetti and arias and Milanese garr
tets.

But that was just exactly what Michael Bartlett didn't do. He loved it all. Every day, he studied with Giuseppe Campanari, who had been one of the world's greatest haritones. Every night, he attended the opera at La Scala. On Saturdays, he would go in the gallery to save money; each Sunday night, he bought a choice seat in the orchestra, immediately behind the maestro, Toscanini.

At the end of his year of probation, while the elder Mr. Bartlett was decorating the office consecrated to the prodigal son, Mike composed a cablegram. It was brief, merely these words, "I'm not coming home." Then there was trouble. The Bartlett clan sailed for Italy, and Michael met them at the dock, and right then and there, another family conference was called. And the conference ended with Michael, the victim.

Since then, in the life of Mike, there has been much song and little mention of textiles. Also, there has been very little thought of romance.

"I've never been sorry that I chose opera instead of marriage," he says. "It would have been unfair to subject any girl to the uncertainties of my quest for success. And it would have been utterly impossible for me to give up the one central ambition of my life. A singing singer has no right to marry. He must concentrate, to the exclusion of almost everything else, on his career.

And that's exactly what Mike has done. His climb to success has been steady. It has taken perseverance, constant study and high courage. He made his concert debut in 1928, singing under the name of Edardo Bartelli. He was given a very favorable reception. Since then, his progress has been steady. Twice, he has been summoned for command performances by the Italian royal family. He has sung Lucia di Lammermoor, La Bohème, Rigoletto and La Tosca to ovations in Trieste, Rome and Turin.

In America, he made his operatic debut in the title rôle of Faust. He scored successes in Smmin' Thru, The Cat and the Fiddle and Elijah on the New York stage. In the Theatre Guild production of Moliere's School for Husbands, he won wide acclaim!
Norma Shearer’s Secret of Wearing Clothes!

[Continued from page 47]


Once you’ve decided, then dress your part. The quiet girl, for instance, becomes vastly interesting in simple or flowing lines and in some subtle shade like sulphur of pale hyacinth. The vigorous type wears bolder colors but she needs freedom of movement in her costumes; no entangling draped effects or wisps of chiffon fluttering after her! Plenty of dash is required in the sport lover’s wardrobe. Band-box neatness for the tailored. And who can deny the romantic appeal of softly curved lines and clinging materials? Or the cool, intriguing sophistication of metallics and satin and suede crépe, fashioned along diagonally pointed lines? With a little thought, it’s easy to make your clothes be a fascinating revelation about you.

Of course, the many-sided, as Norma herself is, you’ll find variety the spice of life—and of your wardrobe! You’ll want a costume to match each side of your personality, to high-light it. Look, for example, at the amazing difference between Shearer-with-the-navy-blue officer’s-cap and the Shearer-of-the-Renaissance-hostess-gowns. That officer’s cap is the snappiest last word in hats, and just the thing for a vivacious girl to wear with her trim navy blue suit. Can’t you see how the Norma who can out-swim and out-ski and out-sing the rest of the film colony, would revel in an outfit like that?

However, the Norma who is most in evidence these days is Mrs. Irving Thalberg, the gracious hostess and devoted young mother. Consequently, she finds a certain expression in those Juliet “home” gowns that look as if they’d been brought straight from 15th Century Italy. One is in shimmering gold metallic cloth with studded belt and long, pointed sleeves. The other is in a rich plum-colored, short, embroidered belt and a monk’s hood for a collar which she can, upon provocation, throw over her head. And notice how the brisk little curls she wore with the cap have been combed out into cascading ringlets to wear with these gowns.

Poise has always been one of Norma’s most distinguishing qualities—and it’s Gospel No. 2 on Adrian’s list. “If you know that you’re dressed right, forget entirely what you’re wearing, no matter how new or smart it is. Because the minute you’re conscious about it, it ceases to look smart on you!” he says, “Poise comes with practice, with being sure you’re well-groomed and being un-self-

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Motion Picture for April, 1936
conscious about it." And here is what Norma Shearer does to insure that well-groomed look before she starts out. She stands in front of her mirror, looks at herself critically, and if she doesn't feel just right in the costume, she takes off some accessory or trimming. She never adds to it! If it's a suit and she has some smart initialized handkerchief in the pocket, you won't find her putting a gardenia on her lapel. If it's a metallic evening gown that sparkles and scintillates, every bit of jewelry comes off except possibly a ring. With that charming gold lave of hers, for instance, she doesn't wear ear-rings even. The material is ornament enough in itself and those classically draped lines require no elaboration of any kind. The long sweeping folds on the left side are balanced by that one pictorial sleeve. The sandals are the same material as the gown. And the small turban is of gilded coq feathers. "Simplicity of costume," says Adrian, "is the basis of that poised look. Don't try to out-do somebody! The exotic gets-up that you see are the mad result of a woman trying to out-do Mrs. Jones and 'to be different' by putting on everything but the Christmas tree! Instantly, she looks pathetically instead of poised.

Gospel No. 3 is: Don't stop at your dress! You should present a perfect little picture. Wear a hat that carries out the feeling of your dress. This is a special hobby of Norma's. "A hat should strike the note of your outfit," is the way that she expresses it. "It has the 'click' to bring out the motif of the entire costume. Otherwise it's not a hat; it's simply a head-gear!"

Look, for example, at the way that black velvet Breton sailor of hers tops her black velvet outfit. It's really a coat dress fashioned on dramatically simple lines with points coming over the wrists, and that youthful hat complements it to perfection. A silver turbaned affair would have brought it down to the commonplace; a severe little hat with angles would have emphasized the pointed lines of the dress too strongly and given the whole costume a sharp, unfeminine touch. But that round Breton—perfect!

And here's a subtle note that a girl can project into that picture of herself...Adrian says never to let people be conscious of your feet. He hates fancy shoes. "Wear neutral stockings and plain, smart shoes—not paisley creations or glittering heels that will keep taking the eye away from the ensemble," is his advice.

Nails have to be considered pretty carefully too, especially since there is such a variety of nail polish colors on the market. It's terribly important to see that they harmonize with your costume—and are not madly conflicting like garnet red nails with a violet-blue gown.

"Men," Norma counseled, "are susceptible to picturesque effects. They like to see women careful about details...like straight seams in their stockings!"

[To be continued next month]
My Life Is My Own!—Says Margaret Sullivan

[Continued from page 51]

she thinks her work is terrible, to express mildly her opinion of herself. Nothing under the sun could ever induce her to attend a public preview or premiere of one of her pictures. She gives everything she has to the characterization the public sees on the screen and honestly feels that that is the only Margaret Sullivan which the public seeks.

H ow silly the public would think her, she avers, if she revealed whether she wears pink or black lingerie. "What conceivable interest could my purely personal affairs have for strangers?" she asks. People have no more right to follow her private life than they have to peek through the window of the Jones’ home to learn they are having hash because it is the day before pay day.

When Margaret finished the picturization of Ursula Parrott’s novel, Next Time for Love, at Universal, she was assigned to make a picture with her former husband, Henry Fonda. Which, of course, meant nothing to William Wyler, the director, who is Margaret’s husband, except another splendid screen role for his wife. He knew and liked Henry Fonda and also knew that since their divorce, Margaret and Henry have been very good friends.

It was perfectly natural that Margaret and Henry should see each other to discuss the forthcoming picture. It also was perfectly in order that Henry should escort Margaret to the showing of a new picture when Wyler was busy.

What Margaret, Henry and William did not plan on was the battery of photographers waiting to snap the celebrities attending the theatre. One of the photographers snapped Margaret and Henry, and Margaret all but passed out. She pleaded, threatened and cajoled the photographer to destroy the plate, even offering to buy it. She became incoherent and tears streamed down her face, but he assuredly smiled at her he intended to keep the plate. And keep it he did, because it was news, although Margaret and her husband appeared at another theatre the following night after combining their efforts without success to obtain the plate.

Margaret was not being difficult or temperamental. She was not worried about what William Wyler would think if the picture were published. For quick relief from the itching of pimples, blisters, eruptions, athlete’s foot, rashes and other skin eruptions, apply Dr. Dennis’ cooling, antiseptic liquid P. D. D. Permacream. This gentle oil soothes the irritated skin. Clear, greaseless and411nvisible—fits fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 5c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it or money back. Ask for—

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Motion Picture for April, 1936
the wrong interpretation placed on her action. That was all she feared.

Margaret hates publicity. She wants to lead her own life as she sees fit. She doesn't want a cameraman lingering around to snap events that are of interest to the public. Margaret is a familiar figure at the lunch-counter of the Universal commissary. She has a whale of a good time chatting and joking with an office boy, perhaps, on one side and a carpenter or grip on the other. But let a publicity department photographer appear to snap the interesting picture and Margaret immediately will leave her unfinished meal and go back to the set — to wonder, moodyly, why she isn't left alone, as she wants to be!

On the set you are apt to find her most any place. When the assistant director goes to call her for a "take," he may locate her fast asleep in a remote corner of the stage or "up high" on the catwalk, chatting with a "juicer" about his wife and new baby. Or, perhaps, mischievously planning a practical joke with the prop man to be played on the director or some other unsuspecting member of the cast or technical crew.

She is polite to members of the Universal publicity department, but suspiciously on edge whenever one of them is around. Press agents are the bane of her existence and not even to be considered a necessary evil. She can detect a magazine writer or newspaper correspondent even before he sets foot on the stage and will think of every excuse under the sun for not talking to him!

Watch for the WINNERS in the Search for TALENT CONTEST

Everywhere, throughout the length and breadth of the country, there has been a tremendous popular response to the big Search for Talent Contest which Motion Picture Magazine sponsored in conjunction with Universal Pictures and the makers of Hold-Bob bob pins. When this great contest closed on February 1st, the huge sound truck, which had been touring the country in an effort to find new screen talent, returned to Universal City.

Then the real search for new faces in the new films was begun. Casting directors at Universal Studios scrutinized all the screen tests which had been made throughout the entire country. Because there had been such a large number of these tests made and because of the evident ability which many of them most certainly showed, the executives at Universal will have a big job on their hands in making a final decision as to just who the seven lucky winners will be. Consequently, it is impossible in this issue of Motion Picture Magazine to say just exactly when the names of these winners will be announced. However, every effort will be made to pick the seven who will be awarded trips to Hollywood for additional tests at the earliest possible moment. Watch Motion Picture Magazine for the date — G.N.

---

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Motion Picture for April, 1936
Between Ourselves

THE business of idolizing a screen star goes on apace. The huzzahs are always given the loudest to the male stars. This is because the feminine fans, being in the majority, like to pay homage to those of the opposite sex. Regardless of the fact that the females have their favorite actresses and storm studios, movie theatres and train sheds to glimpse them or seek autographs, they keep themselves under pretty good control. But let one of the conquering heroes move into sight and get within arm’s length of them and he becomes as helpless as a hunk of meat in a den of lions. Ask Gable—he knows!

We’ll probably hear again see such adulation as was paid the late Valentino at the height of his popularity. Whether he appeared as a shadow on the screen or in the flesh, à la personal appearance, his appeal was so magnetic that his feminine followers, comprising three-fourths of the movie-going public, worshipped the very ground he walked on. But Valentino reigned during the silent days when hero-worship was a more serious occupation. The talkies and the depression (bringing with it disillusionment all along the line) lifted the halos from the heads of the heroes. Homage is still being paid in large doses to a handful or three—but minus the fanfare of trumpets and the devotional prayers.

JOHN GILBERT was catapulted to the heights after Rudy’s death, until the talkies eased him off his high pedestal. His voice, crying in the wilderness, could not be heard. It lacked the convincing ring so necessary these days when a good speaking voice gives a star more than an even break with his public. Gilbert’s voice failed to keep him in the unique niche that he occupied as Valentino’s successor. His star began to decline long before Garbo selected him to play opposite her in Queen Christina. That was a sentimental gesture on Garbo’s part. She wanted to weave the same romantic spell over picturegoers as when she had Gilbert for a lover in Flesh and the Devil, The Captain Hates the Sea, his last picture, was released in November, 1934. And John found himself in the same awkward spot that came to Babe Ruth last year when the boys in the bleachers gave him the Bronx cheer. It seems that the Babe’s dogs were beginning to weaken, and he was running out of home runs, to boot.

Now Gilbert is gone. There are those who say he really died of a broken heart. He did love applause. Don’t we all? Yet John died with his chin up—and a heart filled with pride, courage and a deep affection for those friends who proved their loyalty in all of his ups and downs. He made fine “copy.” You could never be sure of him. And that made him interesting. Anyone who has color is governed by his emotions. So it was with Gilbert. His emotional flare-ups were made capital of in all kinds of stories. And what was written about him or told by him made reading that was usually off the beaten path. He was a leader while he ruled. He made romance vivid and exciting on the silent screen (don’t tell me you weren’t excited by his work in The Big Parade)—and, during his reign, writers for Motion Picture made a well-worn path to his door to give their readers colorful chapters of his life and times.

Nelson Eddy, after a long, arduous wait to win recognition, won his first triumph in Naughty Mariette. A constant stream of letters—all paying tribute to him, when they’re not asking about the color of his eyes, or his height and age—has been pouring in ever since the picture was released. Now he looms as a very important figure—one to reckon with for the leading popularity stakes in—Rose Marie. He has a rôle made to order, that of a Northwest Mountie. When you hear him blending his rich voice with Jeanette MacDonald’s as they render the Indian Love Call—you are bound to feel a tingling of the spine. When a spine tinges it means you’re thrilled.

Robert Taylor has served the usual apprenticeship and taken it all in stride. The Broadway Melody of 1936 gave him a headstart, and, while The Magnificent Obsession was quite a large order, he carried a difficult rôle with a fine understanding. It was a “heads up” performance. There’s a story about this fast-climbing star in this issue of Motion Picture. Read it and get acquainted with a young man whose hat fits his head and whose head isn’t turned a bit in the clamor for his services by top-ranking actresses who want him as the “love interest” in their pictures. Janet Gaynor grabbed him as her leading man in Small Town Girl. There’ll be more grabbing—the open season to stalk Robert Taylor will be a Hollywood pastime this year. Don’t tell us, Claudette—and you, too, Joan and Jean—that you neglected to renew your hunting licenses!

AND there’s Fred MacMurray. His is a success story devoid of the pitfalls and heartaches that usually accompany one’s climb up the ladder. The job sought the man; the man—who was tooting a saxophone in a jazz orchestra—didn’t seek the job. He was leading man to Claudette Colbert in The Gilded Lily—and, shortly after, feminine stars began camping on his doorstep, begging him to decorate their pictures—Katharine Hepburn, Carole Lombard, and Claudette again. He is the hero of the first natural-color picture filmed outdoors—The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. In this issue, too, you’ll read about a new screen idol.

Charles Boyer is the mystery man of the quintette. Sensitive and poised, he implies hidden emotion. And women, so they say, prefer men whom they can’t read like an open book. After Caravan he bought up his contract, which was a tip-off to his smart thinking, not to mention his idealism. And women like smart men who can also be idealists. Boyer wasn’t in Hollywood just for fun, fame or fortune; he wanted to act in rôles that he liked. And he found them. Now he is with Marlene Dietrich in I Loved a Soldier. A handsome man, a man of hidden emotion, an idealist, an intellectual—he can’t miss!

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Rhythm Step exclusive feature ... Invisible Rhythm Treads ... buoys up your foot at three strain points ... instead of just the main arch! It cushions your heel against pavement pounding. Gives a "lift" to your arch and metatarsals ... with less weight and bulk than has ever been possible! In shoes so gay that smart young things and women who’ve been wearing "comfort" shoes for years, greeted them with enthusiasm!

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Luckies are less acid! Recent chemical tests show* that other popular brands have an excess of acidity over Lucky Strike of from 53% to 100%.

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No More Dancing for Ginger Rogers

What are Clark Gable’s plans for the future?
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Name ___________________________
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You naturally expect to see—from any lovely woman you meet—a lovely smile. A flash of sound, white teeth. A glimpse of firm, healthy gums.

You don't expect to see—from a lovely woman—an unlovely smile. An unpleasant glimpse of dingy teeth, tender gums. And you shouldn't. And you needn't!

The modern dentist knows how to avoid “pink tooth brush.” How to correct it. How to treat the unpleasant mouth conditions due to soft foods and lack of massage. He will tell you what to do about it. And it's very reasonable.

Too many soft foods... not enough hard, fibrous foods... and consequently not enough work to keep teeth and gums normally healthy—these are the primary reasons why “pink tooth brush” is so common nowadays.

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Make this gum massage with Ipana a part of your daily routine—morning and night. And “pink tooth brush” will probably always remain a stranger to you... gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease probably will be just words in a book. And the new whiteness of your teeth, the new brilliance of your smile, will make you wonder why every woman isn't using Ipana plus massage.
The motion picture that is eagerly awaited the world over

Norma Shearer
Leslie Howard
in
Romeo and Juliet
with
John Barrymore

Edna May Oliver • Violet Kemble-Cooper
Basil Rathbone • Conway Tearle
Reginald Denny • Ralph Forbes
C. Aubrey Smith • Henry Kolker • Andy Devine

To the famed producer Irving Thalberg go the honors for bringing to the screen, with tenderness and reverence, William Shakespeare’s imperishable love story. The director is George Cukor. A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE.
MOTION PICTURE

ROSCE FAWCETT
Editor

LAURENCE REID
Managing Editor

MAY, 1936
Volume LI, No. 4
Twenty-Fifth Year

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TODAY—
FRESH, RESTED,
FEELING FINE

HERE'S HOW I DID IT

"A friend told me how to clear up that logy, bilious, 'all-run-down' condition caused by constipation. Before I went to bed last night, I chewed delicious FEEN-A-MINT for 3 minutes. It's this chewing, they tell me, that makes FEEN-A-MINT so much more effective. Well, it worked wonders for me. Today I'm fresh and rested—feel like a new person. This easy 3-minute way is so much nicer than taking harsh, griping, 'gulped' cathartics."

FEEN-A-MINT is fine for children too. No urging necessary to make them take FEEN-A-MINT, because they love its cool, fresh, minty chewing-gum flavor. And it's not habit-forming. Go to your druggist today and get a generous family-sized supply of delicious FEEN-A-MINT. Only 16c or 25c. Slightly higher in Canada.

TALKING about Marlene, the woman's really amazing! For one thing, she employs no cook, but cooks her own household's eatables. And not for cash's sake, but because she likes to cook! She'll even do it for a big dinner party, though it means early morning till dinner-time at the range. She does more for her guests, too—plays the musical saw for them, or the violin, and then little daughter, Marie, plays the piano a bit. What a household, WHAT a household! And to top it off, Marlene often designs her own clothes!!!!

CAROLE LOMBARD has received her airplane pilot's license. And simultaneously, George Brent, the film colony's earliest and most earnest air enthusiast, has suddenly soured on flying. So many of the friends and acquaintances he made at the hangers on his many trips have crashed recently, that George has put his plane up for sale.

PARIS has elected a "Shirley Temple Double" in a vote-contest that held out as prize a trip to Hollywood. The lil French girl who won is named Ginette Marboeuf-Hoget. [Continued on page 8]
**A DRAWING-ROOM DRAMA**

*Scene: Twentieth Century Limited, Chicago to New York*

**Drawing Room “A”**

**ANTHONY AMBERTON**

“So the great Cherry Chester, sweetheart of the screen, is on this train. Ugh! Those marshmallow-faced movie stars make me sick.”

**CHERRY CHESTER**

“H-m-m! Anthony Amberton, the great novelist, the one and only, on this train! Bet they’ve put the big monkey in the baggage car.”

**ANTHONY AMBERTON**

“Miss Chester says marriage should be like a ski jump. Sudden, reckless, Blah...!"

**CHERRY CHESTER**

“Mr. Amberton has conquered the highest peaks known to travelers. Bilge! Absolute bilge!”

**ANTHONY AMBERTON**

“I would like to see her just once... perhaps... no, I must be moonstruck.”

**CHERRY CHESTER**

“I wonder what he really does look like... maybe... but, no, it’s probably that silly old moon.”

**HENRY FONDA**

as Anthony Amberton... explorer-author, the darling of the women’s clubs.

**MARGARET SULLAVAN**

as Cherry Chester... sensational young movie star, darling of Hollywood.

What the "silly old moon" does to two celebrities who yearn for romance in the moonlight instead of sensation in the spotlight, is entertainingly told in Paramount's "THE MOON'S OUR HOME" starring MARGARET SULLAVAN, with Henry Fonda, Charles Butterworth, Walter Brennan, Beulah Bondi, Henrietta Crosman... Adapted from Faith Baldwin’s Cosmopolitan Magazine Serial... A Walter Wonger Production... Directed by William A. Seiter.

Motion Picture for May, 1936
[Continued from page 6]
(poor Shirley, if she ever meets her and has to remember THAT!) and as this is written Ginette is on her way from Paris to film land.

Shirley's pal, black dance-darling Bill Robinson, was hospitalized recently, and one of his steadfast callers in the sickroom was Shirley. She's loyal to her friends. But she couldn't resist the opportunity to take a crack at him. Sending him flowers, she scrawled on the card: "I'll bet I can beat you tap-dancing NOW."

BETWEEN takes, Ann Sothern whistles redwood ashtrays, of ALL things!

THE TERRIBLE HAZARDS of Making Movies, as Exemplified by recent CATASTROPHES in Productions: Cesar Romero's head went round and round when he had to smoke his first pipe in Love Before Breakfast—on location for Three Godfathers; Chester Morris entered his portable dressing-room and found a rattler curled on the floor and it was three miles before Chet stopped for breath—on the Great Moore picture at Columbia, glass tanks burst and mermaids and fish shot all over the stage floor in a flood—a knife thrown at Ronald Colman in Under Two Flags (part of the "business") carved off a flagpole and missed the actor by a mere fraction of an inch and Director Frank Lloyd fainted—furiously dwelling Leslie Howard in Romeo and Juliet laid Basil Rathbone up with a wrenched back—on location for The Country Beyond; Alan Dinehart had a hand chewed when he rescued his pet pekinése from a band of bold, bad malamutes—even though they used rubber stones on the final scene of Sutter's Gold, Edward Arnold, the stone, was so badly bruised that he wanted them to hire poorer researchers next time.

PRACTICING dance steps in her own Little Theatre at her Brentwood home, Joan Crawford doesn't wear any shoes or socks at ALL!

Al Jolson likes to tell what rabid fight fans he and Wife, Ruby Keeler are. "Mondays," he says, "we go to the fights in Burbank, Tuesdays in downtown Los Angeles, Wednesdays in Santa Monica, Thursdays in Glendale, Fridays in the Hollywood stadium—and on Saturdays and Sundays, we visit Ruby's folks. We're just nuts about fights!"

Jeanette MacDonald keeps her French in trim by conversing with her French maid, who cannot speak English.

Dick Powell's gonna be stingy from now on, and his fan-mail is to blame. It's not a matter of money. It's in the matter of circulation. Recently, many of Dick's fan letters have complained that his screen kisses are too, too long. (Maybe they're just jealous, uh?) Anyway, believing that fan-mail is an excellent barometer for a star to watch, Powell has announced that henceforth, none of his screen kisses will run longer than three seconds.

And isn't that a dirty trick on his leading ladies? P.S.—He didn't say a WORD about any off screen kiss!

David Niven, Sam Goldwyn's young hero and Merle Oberon's boy friend, got square with a traffic cop the other day. The cop's machine had broken down and he hailed Niven, driving by, for a lift into town. Niven took him in, stepped on it. The speedometer needle topped 50. The policeman paled, pleaded with Dave, then threatened him with a ticket for speeding. "Oke," said Dave, "might as well make it worth while—and the needle hit 75!! When he stopped, the policeman dragged out his book of tickets. "You can't do that," said Dave; "you were my guest." And while the cop scratched his head trying to figure out the emilypost thing to do, Dave drove off.

Mae West has just bought herself a 150 carat star sapphire. That makes her even with Carole Lombard, who has one, too.

Talking of Mae, she got her funniest fan letter the other day. From a steel worker in Pittsburgh. "Dear Mae," he wrote: "I guess you can get any guy you want, but if you send me $100 I'll come to Hollywood and show you how to keep them. I'm the boxing champ of our mill and can lick any two guys in the shop. My wife tells me it's easy to

[Continued on page 10]
So Al Jolson, Sybil Jason, The Yacht Club Boys, Cab Calloway & His Band, Edward Everett Horton, Wini Shaw, Lyle Talbot, Allen Jenkins and Claire Dodd have joined forces and voices in a celebrity-packed Warner Bros. song show that recalls the glories of Al’s immortal “Singing Fool.”

"The Singing Kid"

The picture of the month


The King of Swing & his hot band show how they do it in Harlem to the tune of Cab Calloway’s own new song, ‘You Got To Have Hi-De-Ho In Your Soul’.

‘Sonny Boy’ in skirts! The world’s greatest and the world’s youngest entertainers form one of the most delightful picture partnerships in years.

Those Yacht Club Boys, boast of Broadway’s and Hollywood’s niftiest night spots, are musically madder than ever in ‘My! How This Country Has Changed’.

Girls! Girls! 100’s of ‘em! bring Harlem to Hollywood in lavish dance numbers staged by Bobby Connolly, forming a gorgeous backdrop for the dramatic story which was directed by William Keighley for First National Pictures.
I'll be laxative.

"When you're..."

I'm not..."

The old "discovery" business isn't failing yet in Hollywood. I mean the old story of the famous director or star seeing a moment on the street and making a great actor or actress out of 'em.

Two recent examples: Dining at a Wilshire Boulevard cafe, one Bernice Siegel was seen by Charlie Chaplin. He sent a waitress to get her address. Next day his studio phoned her, told her to stand by for a film test. "You have a perfect movie face according to Mr. Chaplin," she was told.

Nights when she went to the fights, Mae West used to be amused by a kid called Jackson Snyder, seven years old, who was a "character" at the fights which he attended with his dad. The kid knew all the fighters and ringside celebs. Mae asked him to the studio, gave him a little scene in Klondike Annie. The kid's work was so good, they built up a part for him, and wait till you see him in the picture. You'll rave!

Don't shock your system. When you need a corrective, don't make the mistake of assuming that all laxatives are alike. They're not! You'll feel a whole lot better when you take a correctly timed laxative.

One that won't rush through your system too quickly. And yet, one that is completely thorough.

Ex-Lax is just such a laxative. It takes sufficient time—6 to 8 hours—to work. Hence, your system is not thrown "out of rhythm." You aren't upset or nauseated. You don't suffer from stomach pains. Ex-Lax action is so mild, so easy, you scarcely realize you've taken a laxative—except for the relief you enjoy.

A pleasure to take. With Ex-Lax you say farewell to bitter, nasty-tasting purgatives and cathartics. Because Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. It's a real joy to take—not a punishment. Get a box today—only 10c at any drug store. You'll also find a more economical family size for 25c.

When nature forgets—remember EX-LAX

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The Original Chocolate Laxative

TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!

(Paste this on a postcard)

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ECS6

Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

Name

Address

City

(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., 316 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal)

Tapping tap dancers, that's what Ruby Keeler and Paul Draper are. They're seen practicing routine for their new picture, Colleen. Starred with Ruby in this Warner filmusical are Dick Powell, Joan Blondell and Jack Oakie.

Motion Picture for May, 1936.
Rhythm cycling—that’s what Jean Chatburn and Eleanor Stewart are doing! It’s Hollywood’s latest sport. And Jean and Eleanor are already experts presenting Fred with a six-and-a-half pound boy, and I’ll bet right now it’s a bouncing baby if there ever was one!—now what about Robert Taylor’s heart, anyway? First it’s regarded as a dead cinch that he and Irene Hervey would marry—and-miss it almost any time, and then all of a sudden Bob meets Eleanor Whitney and, wham—they’re seen out together, night after night, and no Irene in the picture; and then poppo, all of a sudden Bob is back squiring Irene places again. And, to top it all, they’re saying at Metro that Bob’s gone that way about Janet Gaynor. And through it all, Bob says nothing but just smiles that slow, far-away, but wise smile of his—within a month after the death of Jack Gilbert, Marlene Dietrich is said to have lost just twenty pounds weight—they’re saying that the ding-dong of wedding bells is readying for Lyle Talbot and Lina Basquette, and if you’d seen the way they kissed when Lina flew back from Chicago recently, you wouldn’t be surprised—Joel McCrea and wife, Frances Dee, have a written agreement never to play in a picture together, because they believe professional jealousy is the death-knell of love—ever since Sylvia Sidney announced her permanent separation from Publisher Bennett Cerf, after just four months of marital life, she’s been seen smiling radiant-ly here, there and lots of other places with Producer B. P. Shulberg, again—the Luis Albernis have come to the cross-roads.

—Elaine Barrie can’t see John Barrymore on the Romeo and Juliet set, but she has lunch with him—when Mary Carlisle hopped from Hollywood to star in a London picture recently, she presented James Blakely, at the airport to see her off, with a brace of ten-second farewell kisses. A few weeks later, Jimmy paid $858 for one phone conversation with Mary across the Atlantic. And so would you say there might be wedding bells when Mary comes sailing home?

—Adrienne Ames says nothing at all about that reconciliation—with Bruce Cabot rumor, and neither does Bruce, but all their friends are betting—the Glenda Farrell-Addison Randall romance is as cold as yesterday’s fried egg—and so is the red-hot romance between Carole Lombard and Writer Robert Riskin, and now Carole is being seen lots of places with Cesar Romero who used to be seen lots of places with Virginia Bruce and love goes round and round in Hollywood, doesn’t it?—talking of Cesar, he just got a leap-year proposal from a Cuban girl who points out that he’s of Cuban descent and therefore should marry her “for patriotic reasons!” and Danny Cupid says that’s a new one even on him—the Pat O’Brien’s were married five years ago and they’re still such honeymooners that in celebration they held a big dinner party—for TWO!—when Fred Astaire stayed away from the big party to his friend, Irving Berlin, everybody wondered why; next day they found out—that Mrs. Astaire was busy during dinner-hour! It was a sudden Hollywood heat wave that made Olivia de Havilland go to the seashore for relief. She’s comfortably cool in her sailor outfit!

If Shirley Deane needs rescuing, the big St. Bernard, Buck, is ready. You will see Buck in The Country Beyond!
It’s easy to see why movie stars insist on HOLD-BOBS®,” says lovely Miss Berenice Sheerin. “I never dreamed that a mere bob pin could make such a difference in my hairdress. So I used HOLD-BOBS in preparing for my screen test.”

Miss Sheerin was given a screen test recently in the famous Search for Talent, sponsored by HOLD-BOBS Bob Pins, Universal Pictures, Motion Picture and Screen Play.

Miss Sheerin echoes the sentiment of the millions of women who use HOLD-BOBS always. Hollywood has long known about these famous bob pins. No star’s dressing room is complete without HOLD-BOBS... And a good makeup man never thinks of sending an actress on the set until her coiffure is made “screen proof” with HOLD-BOBS.

Wherever you are... why shouldn’t you be assured of a hairdress that is just as lovely as any screen star’s?... Use HOLD-BOBS — for HOLD-BOBS come in harmonizing colors to match every shade of hair; their small, round heads are invisible; their smooth, rounded points cannot scratch and their flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped, hold your hair in place.

Remember, the credit for most beautiful coiffures goes to HOLD-BOBS.

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. CO.
Sol I. Goldberg, Pres.
1918-36 Prairie Ave., Dept. F-56
Chicago, Illinois

Small Invisible Heads
Cared Shape Style

Final winners in the Search for Talent will be announced in the next issue of this magazine. ALSO in the next issue will be an announcement of a New Search for Screen Talent!! Watch for it!!

Q. I am planning to go to Hollywood in the near future. Will you tell me or a club or apartment house in real life, a guy would come out of ‘em with plenty of evidence.

A. Well, I’ll tell you. There are two different methods of protecting the make-up of the stronger sex, according to the intensity of the kiss. If the kiss is just an ordinary, garden variety kind, the lady uses usual grease paint, with her lipstick well powdered. However, if the clinch is high, wide, and fancy, a formula is used, similar to coloision, the stuff which is put on wounds to close them up. In other words, over the lip-stick is put a colorless coating of something or other (the formula is secret because it hasn’t been patented as yet) that forms a thin, transparent film and protects both parties.

Q. What stars in Hollywood are accomplished instrumentalists?  

A. First, we will consider the pianists: Gene Raymond plays and composes; Fred Keating plays by ear, learning the music from a phonograph record; and Charles Collins, Lionel Barrymore, Claire Trevor, Warner Oland, Irene Dunne, Jane Withers and Michael Whalen are also pianists. Charles Boyer plays the violin; Bill Benedict hits a mean drum; Harpo Marx plays the harp and Anita Louise plays that instrument as well as the piano and the zither. Ralph Bellamy soothes his savage breast with an accordion; Elissa Landi plays the organ, and Frank Morgan is an expert at teasing tunes from an array of beer glasses. Marlene Dietrich plays the violin. And some more pianists are, believe it or not, Gracie Allen and Mae West!

Your Witness on the Stand

with Winifred Aydelotte

who tells you things you never knew till now

Jean Harlow steps forth smiling. Wife vs. Secretary is her current film

Q. Why doesn’t the lip-stick that the actresses wear, come off in a love scene? Some of those kisses aren’t any little butterfly affairs. In real life, a guy would come out of ‘em with plenty of evidence.

A. Well, I’ll tell you. There are two different methods of protecting the make-up of the stronger sex, according to the intensity of the kiss. If the kiss is just an ordinary, garden variety kind, the lady uses usual grease paint, with her lipstick well powdered. However, if the clinch is high, wide, and fancy, a formula is used, similar to coloision, the stuff which is put on wounds to close them up. In other words, over the lip-stick is put a colorless coating of something or other (the formula is secret because it hasn’t been patented as yet) that forms a thin, transparent film and protects both parties.

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DID YOU KNOW THAT? Buck Jones, the cowboy star, refuses to be photographed actually shooting a villain in his pictures because he doesn’t believe it good for his kids audiences to see actual shooting of a human—villain or not?
BEYOND QUESTION THE GREATEST SHOW-EVENT OF THE YEAR FOR ALL AGES

THIS 1936 version of Edna Ferber's superb story of the "SHOW BOAT," compared with which every production of its type pales into insignificance, is characterized by GLAMOUR—FASCINATING ROMANCE—BEAUTIFUL, LONG-TO-BE-REMEMBERED NEW MUSIC, new lyrics plus your old favorites, by the masters of melody, Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein II, SCENIC MARVELS and ARTISTS OF RENOWN. We can't enumerate it's multitude of attractions. It will be a striking event in all theatres.

A CARL LAEMMLE, JR. production — directed by JAMES WHALE.

IT'S A UNIVERSAL, OF COURSE!
The Country Doctor

Telling a story of struggle—obstacles overcome, hardships endured—this picture provokes both laughter and tears. It brings you a vivid account of the sacrifices made by a country doctor in a little Canadian village. Interpreting the title role is Jean Hersholt. And he is superb. One of the most touching sequences in the film shows the heroic battle which the country doctor is making for the lives of children, ill with diphtheria. Finally, much needed serum arrives by plane. Michael Whalen, the aviator, and June Lang are pleasing as lovers. Of course, the Dionne quintuplets, starred in this picture, would interest movie-goers wherever seen. But here, the story in which they appear, would be excellent even without them. With them, however, it is a film masterpiece—20th Century-Fox.

Modern Times

Considered everywhere by critics as a distinguished achievement for Chaplin's Modern Times is likewise a treat to all those who come, not to criticize, but simply to enjoy. It has been five years since Charlie has made a picture. During that time, there has been much speculation concerning his next film. And it is a hit. Remaining silent, Charlie is more eloquent in pantomime than many other comedians are with the added use of spoken words. Poking gentle fun at mechanized industry, Charlie is comic indeed. One of the most amusing scenes in the film shows Charlie being fed by a machine. In and out of jail, Chaplin brings pathos and humor into his characterization. Paulette Goddard, playing the feminine lead as a street gamin, befriended by Chaplin, performs adequately.—United Artists.
LITTLE LORD FAUNTERLOY

—AAAA—

In this picturization of the familiar Frances Hodgson Burnett story of the little Brooklyn lad who becomes a British earl, Freddie Bartholomew gives a fine performance—one that should entitle him to recognition when Academy Awards are given. Hugh Walpole, the famous novelist, wrote the screen play from which the picture is made. He did an excellent job. The Little Lord is no sissy here; he's all boy, as Freddie makes abundantly apparent. C. Aubrey Smith, as Freddie's gruff grandfather, the aging earl, is excellently cast and performs with true distinction. Dolores Costello Barrymore, as Dearest, Freddie's mother, returns to the screen after a long absence; and her acting here is the best that she has ever done. Guy Kibbee, as a country grocer, and Mickey Rooney, as a Brooklyn bootblack, deserve high praise.—United Artists.

TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE

—AAA½—

If this well-known John Fox, Jr. tale had been interpreted by an incompetent cast, it might have been little more than melodramatic entertainment of the Western type. However, it is presented here in pleasing Technicolor—by a highly capable trio of stars and by effective supporting players. Fred MacMurray is the engineer who seeks to construct a railroad through mountain country in which a bitter feud rages, while Sylvia Sidney is a member of the fighting Tolliver clan. Her father is Fred Stone; her cousin, Henry Fonda. When MacMurray appears on the scene, Sylvia is already betrothed to Fonda. After negotiating successfully with both the warring families—Fahie and Tollivers—MacMurray finds that his troubles have only begun. But love finds a way!—Paramount.

RHODES

—AAA½—

Cecil Rhodes was a genius. He was a practical man of affairs, and also a dreamer. While he was busily engaged in securing control of vast interests in the Kimberley diamond mines, he was also envisioning a British empire in Africa that would extend over the entire Dark Continent from Capetown to Cairo. And Walter Huston lives the life of Rhodes on the screen; he doesn't merely act it. The spectacular incidents and the dramatic moments in the career of the great diamond master, empire builder, and jungle conqueror are made vividly real because of Huston's deep understanding of the famous man and his motives. Beginning as a poor diamond miner, ill in health, Rhodes rose both financially and politically to amazing heights in spite of recurring native revolts and frequent political opposition!—G.B.

LOVE BEFORE BREAKFAST

—AAA½—

Although the story content of this film, made from Faith Baldwin's novel, Spinning Dinner, is slight, there is no need for it to be anything else. It is light, gay, effervescent comedy. And it is altogether delightful. First, Carole Lombard believes that she is in love with Cesar Romero. Becoming infatuated with Carole, Preston Foster, a big executive, manages to have Cesar sent to Japan. Then, realizing that Carole is more convinced than ever that she loves Cesar when he's away, Foster brings him back. Seeing Cesar again, Carole feels that life is quite, quite empty without Foster, who—meanwhile—suffers complete disinterest in her. Then Carole pursues Foster. It's excellent comedy. Carole gives a top-notch performance. And the same statement goes for Foster.—Universal.

FOLLOW THE FLEET

—AAA—

Despite the fact that Ginger Rogers' dancing is even more nearly flawless than it was in that smash hit, Top Hat, and although Fred Astaire is in top terpsichorean form, Follow the Fleet is distinctly inferior to Top Hat. And the trouble is with the story. There are two romantic teams: Astaire-Rogers; and Randolph Scott-Harriet Hilliard. The first pair is plausible and pleasing, but not the second. Randolph Scott and Harriet Hilliard (making her screen debut) perform creditably but their part in the story is hardly credible. The dual love theme often breaks the continuity, making sequences and transitions awkward. Nevertheless, this picture is decidedly worth seeing. The songs, written by Irving Berlin, and the dancing, done by Fred and Ginger, will please everywhere.—RKO.

DESIRE

—AAA—

Lively comedy of the Continental variety, Desire teams Gary Cooper and Marlene Dietrich for the first time since they appeared together in that memorable success, Morocco. The substance of the story is very slight. Its plot concerns the effort being made by Paris police to locate the thief who stole a valuable pearl necklace. It is when Marlene meets Gary Cooper, an American engineer, while motorinng to Spain, that a series of amusing situations occur. Stopped at the Spanish boundary by customs officials, Marlene drops the precious stolen necklace into Gary's pocket. During the balance of the film, Marlene's problem—and that of her confederate, John Halliday—is to recover this rope of pearls from the unsuspecting Gary. Hilarious episodes follow. And Marlene and Gary fall in love.—Paramount.
The Amateur Gentleman—AAA—Colorful escen- cing film with plenty of laughable situations—including cut fights. Story tells of an innkeeper who's under death penalty for a crime that he didn't commit. He's saved by his son, played by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who exposes real criminal. Co-starred is Elissa Landi, known for her comic roles.

Wife vs., Secretary—AAA—Teams three stars: Clark Gable, as the husband; Myrna Loy, the wife; and Joan Harlow, the secretary. Domestic comedy drama, the picture features witty dialogue, humorous situations. Top honors in an able cast go to Myrna Loy. Title theme of film—M-G-M.

The Prisoner of Shark Island—AAA—Civil War period drama with heart-wrenching thrill. Warner Baxter, as Dr. Mudd, the physician who inadvertently treasoned Abraham Lincoln's assassin, John Wilkes Booth, is judged guilty of treason for doing his duty's sent. Sent to Shark Island, he suffers near-fatal Century-Fox.

There Three—AAA—With certain changes, this is the Broadway stage hit, The Children's Hour, made into a picture and provided with a new name. Miriam Hopkins and Merle Oberon are school teachers; Joel McCrea, a doctor, loves Merle, but Miriam is accused of immorality with him. Strong cast; fair story—U.A.

The Voice of Bulp Ann—AAA—Hunting and hiking dogs are featured in this film, showing the profound love of a gnawed backwoods farmer for his dogs. "Bulp Ann" and Landy Warrymore, the hard-fisted man of the soil, brings fine sympathy, deep understanding into his characterization. Maureen O'Sullivan and Eric Linden are able romantic team—M-G-M.

The Music Goes Round—AAA—Taking its title from the popular and versatile tunes, this is a melodrama's story tells tale of Broadway stage star, who's been to Mississippi town for a rest, is hired for part on river boat, then takes trip to Broadway. Variations on popular song are pleasing. Harry Richman and Rodelle Hudson head cast, top honors—Columbia.

The Farmer in the Dell—AAA—Fred Stone steps into Will Rogers' shoes here. And the result is rather sprightly. Fred, a retired Iowa farmer, finds the film fame in Hollywood which his daughter, Jean Parker, sought. Notice domes- tic troubles, he straightens them out with humor and humanity. Cast: Grant Withers, Honor Daingerfield, Robert Young, Florence Rice, George Barrie, Walter Pidgeon, Lyle Talbot.

Snowed Under—AAA—Force comedy, moving at a fast pace, this amusing story tells of a play- Wright's difficulties with his first, rather second, picture. The two family outlaws whose humanity appears when they find a child in the desert, decide to bring the child to civilization. Cast: Chester Morris, Lewis Stone, Walter Brennan, Irene Hervey. The picture is of the cast.

Boulder Dam—AAA—Outstanding feature here is background, which is that of the dam from which film gets its title. Patricia Ellis is daughter of construction worker, dam employee. There's excitement and thrill of the hair-raising variety here. Leslie Talbot stands out in supporting cast—Warner Bros.

Tip-Offs On The Talkies

AAA—EXCELLENT; AAA—GOOD; AA—FAIR; A—MIDOCRE

Elissa Landi and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., (standing) are lovers in the new costume picture, The Amateur Gentleman.

The following pictures which have been previously reviewed in this magazine:—Bose Lang, the lady filmmaker, starring with Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald, who are even better here than in Naugthy Marietta... Strike Me Pink, in which Eddie Cantor finds he can do anything but act... Next Time We Love, starring Margaret Sullivan, whose problem it is to reconcile home and career... Anything Goes, in which Bing Crosby gives top performance of his career to date... Captain January, perhaps the greatest of Shirley Temple's pictures... The Petrified Forest, with Leslie Howard bringing his stage hit to the screen, teamed with Betty Davis... The Lady Comtesse, marital comedy drama with Herbert Marshall and Ann Harding... King of the Dimented, wild story of prison life with Conrad Veidt in the title role... The Sky King, in which Harold Lloyd steps from his milk wagon into the prize-fight ring, comic, clever, humorous and-dance extravagana, teaming Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell.

Don't Miss

Two of These Three—in the film of that title—are Joel McCrea, doctor, and Merle Oberon, as school teacher.

Don't Get Personal—AA—Romantic love story. Sally Keely is exiled to Canada; Janette is poor but independent. Amusing comedy scenes occur while Jimmy drives Sally from New York to Chicago in a dilapidated car. Jimmy won't take job which Sally arranges through her father. More comic kickers film—Universal.


Yellow Dust—AA—Action picture on Western theme with William Boyd as gold miner; Leila Hyams is saloon singer, whose voice in picture, which is screen debut of Richard Dix in the film adds much to its entertainment value. Exciting sequence occurs when Dix is about to be hung. Dix and Leila are lovers—RKO.

Love on a Bet—AA—Romance and farce comedy are principal elements here. Gene Raymond, Wendy Barrie and Helen Broderick head cast, perform very creditably. Plot starts when Gene bets his uncle that he can acquire good suit, new sweetheart and a hundred dollars cash on cross-country jaunt. Amusing situations follow.—RKO.

Give Us This Night—AA—Excess of music of operatic order and inadequate performance of Jan Raymond, will be a factor here. Likely to be of widespread interest in this picture. Gladys Swarthout, pleasing personality, handles her part without being up to par but not sufficiently important.—Paramount.

Her Master's Voice—AA—Who's who? That's the question in this comedy of errors in identi- ties. Edward Everett Horton, as a devoted hus- band is a riot.—Paramount.

Motion Picture for May, 1936
"You girls who want a lovely skin—use my beauty care"
says
Ginger Rogers

"Don't run the risk of clogging your pores! I avoid COSMETIC SKIN this way"...

- It's when stale powder and rouge choke your pores that Cosmetic Skin develops—dullness, blemishes, enlarged pores.

Use cosmetics? Ginger Rogers does. "But," she says, "I remove every trace of stale make-up with Lux Toilet Soap."

Clever girls use this ACTIVE-lathered soap before they put on fresh make-up—always before they go to bed. "Lux Toilet Soap keeps skin smooth, flawless," says Ginger Rogers.
MAYBELLINE EYE BEAUTY AIDS

The Choice of Fastidious Women

Of course you want the finest eye cosmetics that money can buy. It is generally accepted that Maybelline mascara has advantages not found in others. This pure and harmless eyelash darkener is preferred by discriminating women the world over, not only because it is positively non-smarting and tear-proof, but because it gives the most natural appearance of long, dark, lustrous lashes, instantly... eye make-up done in good taste. Maybelline Mascara’s pure oil base does for your lashes what no ordinary mascara can do... it keeps them soft and silky! Always neat, compact, and easy to use, it comes in a beautiful red and gold metal vanity case, for just 75c, at all leading drug and department stores. Refills for this case are only 35c. Try it today... you’ll be delighted!

MAGSCHARA ... EYE SHADOW
EYEBROW PENCIL... EYELASH TONIC CREAM
AND SPECIAL EYEBROW BRUSH

The Search for Talent Goes On!

Winners will be announced next month!

ALTHOUGH the Search for Talent, sponsored by MOTION PICTURE Magazine, Universal Pictures and the makers of Hold-Bob bob pins, was extended from its original closing date, January 1st, to February 1st, the tremendous popularity of this great endeavor to find new faces for the new films warrants still another campaign. Next month, when the seven winners in the original search for Talent will be announced, Motion Picture will begin another contest to find the movie stars of tomorrow! You will soon have another opportunity to win film fame. The June issue of Motion Picture will give you all of the details!

During the months while the huge sound truck and its crew were engaged in giving local screen tests in all of the larger cities throughout the country, there was great enthusiasm evidenced everywhere. And there was an enormous number of contestants who sought out the big Search for Talent truck. It was to them the first big step on the ladder leading to screen success. And they knew it! Among the thousands of eager girls who participated in this first great contest, which closed February 1st, were the three whose pictures are shown here.

In Birmingham, Alabama, it was Lucille Howelle who was declared the local winner. Only twenty years of age, Lucille has that indefinable quality known as charm. She is a typical lass from 'way down South; a girl from Dixie. Whether she will be one of the seven winners who will get free trips to Hollywood and additional screen tests at the Universal Pictures studios there, is not known yet. But she stands an excellent chance. Among the many aspirants for film fame in Austin, Texas, were Arthelia Cook and Rose Alice Roberts. Arthelia is twenty-three years old; Rose, twenty. They're a pair of lovely Southern belles. And they may be winners!—C.N.
flash: NO MATCHES IN HOLLYWOOD!
everybody's using these Smart flameless lighters

No Matches, No Wicks, No Flints
No Stains on Teeth and Fingers
when you light with LEKTROLITES

Believe it or not, you have to hunt a long time to find a match since Hollywood discovered LEKTROLITES.

The stars have simply gone crazy over these ultra-modern Flameless lighters. And you'll follow suit when you try them.

The dainty Midget Glolite, the smart Keychain for men in evening dress, and the Bridge Glolites—all are the same in principle. They ignite your cigarette utterly without flame. Instead, there is a never-falling glow—magic and mysterious—against which you simply press your cigarette, and puff.

This gentle glow is 1200 degrees cooler than the flame you get with old-type lighters or messy matches. Consequently it does not release from tobacco, the high temperature coal tar products which are the real cause of throat irritation and yellow stains on teeth and fingers.

When you light the flameless way, your smoke is far more fastidious, it's cooler, and the flavor is better.

You'll never go back to matches or "gadgety" lighters once you've used Lektrolites. Wouldn't you like one for yourself, or to give away? They're priced so low—anyone can own them. At your dealer's, or fill out the coupon below.

Platinum Products Corporation.

Platinum Products Corporation, Dept. MM-S
521 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

Gentlemen: Enclosed please find check □ for $... for which please send me post-paid □ Keychain Lektrolite; □ Midget Glolite; □ Bridge Glolites in Plastic, $2.50 each.

Name__________________________
Address________________________
City_________________ State________

Motion Picture for May, 1936
The modern girl doesn’t decline an invitation just because of the time of month! She knows how to keep going, and keep comfortable — with Midol. For relief from painful periods, this is all you have to do:

Watch the calendar. At the very first sign of approaching pain, take a Midol tablet and drink a glass of water, and you may escape the expected pain altogether. If not, a second tablet should check it within a few minutes.

Midol’s relief is lasting; two tablets should see you through your worst day. Yet Midol contains no narcotic and it forms no habit. But don’t be misled by ordinary pain tablets sold as a specific for menstrual pain! Midol is a special medicine, offered for this particular purpose.

You will find Midol in any drug store, it is usually right out on the counter.

So, look for those trim, aluminum boxes that make these useful tablets easy to carry in the thinnest purse or pocket.

When you visit the studios at 20th-Century Fox, you’ll find sets laid out as streets

Motion Picture for May, 1936
Now... a lovelier way to avoid Offending!

You are so Fragrantly Dainty when you bathe with this lovely scented soap!

Furst it brings sweet cleanliness . . . this exquisite Cashmere Bouquet Soap! Its rich, deep-cleansing lather leaves no chance of unpleasant body odor.

Then, its lovely, flower-like perfume lends you added glamour. It lingers about you long after your bath . . . gives you the fragrant daintiness men find so admirable.

Use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion, too. Its generous lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it goes down into each pore and removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics . . . keeps your skin radiantly clear, alluringly smooth.

And now Cashmere Bouquet costs only 10¢ a cake. The same long-lasting soap which for generations, has been 25¢. Exactly the same size cake, scented with the same delicate blend of 17 costly perfumes.

Cashmere Bouquet Soap is sold at all drug, department and 10¢ stores.

NOW ONLY 10¢ the former 25¢ size

Use this Coupon!

JOE GODFREY, JR.
360 North Michigan Blvd.
Chicago, Illinois

Please send me, without obligation, your free booklet describing the Movieland Tour. (Enclosed is three-cent stamp for your reply.)

Name_________________________
Address_______________________

Motion Picture for May, 1936
NOT long ago I was like some friends I have...low in spirits...run-down...out of sorts...tired easily and looked terrible. I knew I had no serious organic trouble so I reasoned sensibly...as my experience has since proven...that work, worry, colds and whatnot had just worn me down.

I had been listening to the S.S.S. Radio Program and began to wonder if my trouble was not lowered strength in my blood...I started a course of S.S.S. Tonic Treatment...at the end of ten days I noticed a change...I followed directions faithfully...a tablespoonful before each meal.

The color began to come back to my skin...I felt better...I did not tire easily and soon I felt that those red-blood-cells were back to so-called fighting strength.

The confidence mother has always had in S.S.S....which is still her stand-by when she feels run-down...convinced me I ought to try this Treatment...it is great to feel strong again and like my old self.

Much more could be said...a trial will thoroughly convince you that this way, in the absence of any organic trouble, will start you on the road to feeling like yourself again. You should enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food...sound sleep...steady nerves...a good complexion...and renewed strength.

There is no guess work in the S.S.S. Tonic Treatment...decades of popular acceptance and enthusiastic words of praise by users themselves speak even louder than the scientific appraisal of the progressively improved S.S.S. product which has caused millions to say to their friends—

SSS
Tonic Makes you feel like yourself again
© S.S.S. Co.

Somebody Will Win
$600
Why Not You?
This is your big opportunity to win
a cash prize! Create a trade mark now

The trademark which a motion picture company uses to identify its films is an emblem of infinite importance. It is the insignia which identifies the pictures which the organization produces. It is the mark by which the public often measures excellence in entertainment. Because of the benefits that can be derived by a film company from the use of a distinctive trademark to distinguish its product from that of others, the recently organized Pickford-Lasky Productions is now seeking an adequate emblem to use in its coming pictures. Realizing that the readers of leading film magazines have a great interest in motion pictures, Pickford-Lasky Productions selected the following outstanding movie magazines as the ones through which they would conduct a contest to find a trademark: Motion Picture, Movie Classic, Screen Book, Screen Play and Hollywood Magazines. It is to the readers of these five great magazines that Pickford-Lasky Productions appeal. It is from them that this new producing company hopes to secure the idea for its emblem. And in this trademark contest, Mary Pickford and Jesse L. Lasky, owners of this film corporation, will present one thousand dollars in cash prizes.

Each of the five magazines conducts its own contest. For instance, Motion Picture Magazine readers who submit entries will be eligible for a cash prize of $100. Readers of the other four magazines will have a chance to win four other cash awards, each $100. This will account for $500 of the prize money. The remaining $500 will be the Grand Prize, and will be given to one of the five persons who will already have won $100. Thus, somebody will win a total of $600—a very considerable amount of money!

The judges in this contest are Mary Pickford, long known as America’s Sweetheart, Jesse L. Lasky, veteran Hollywood producer, and Captain Roscoe Faircett, editor-in-chief and general manager of the five big movie magazines, mentioned above.

Because this great contest will soon close (on April 15, 1936) you are urged to submit your entries at once to Pickford-Lasky Contest Editor, Motion Picture Magazine, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. This is your last chance to win that big $600 award! Just put your thinking cap and go to work!

There’s nothing complex about this contest. Simplicity is what Mr. Lasky stresses. It is not elaborate drawings that are wanted; it’s original ideas! Even rough sketches are not absolutely necessary.

In order to avoid possible future difficulties, following the award of the prizes, the judges have decided to present the prices with the following reservation: Prize winners must agree to sign over all right and title to winning designs, and to accept the price money as the full compensation for the same.

About the kind of pictures which Pickford-Lasky Productions will make, Mr.
RULES

1. The contest opened February 1, 1936, and closed April 15, 1936.
2. Any person, regardless of whether or not he or she is a subscriber or regular reader, is entitled to enter, except employees of Favrett Publications, Inc., Motion Pictures Publications, Inc., and Pickford-Lasky Productions, and their families.
3. It is not necessary to submit a drawing of your suggested trademark if you describe it adequately in words.
4. Do not submit decorated or fanciful entries.
5. Winners will be announced as soon after the close of the contest as possible. Watch this magazine for the exact date.
6. In case of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
7. Address your entries to Pickford-Lasky Contest Editor, Motion Picture Magazine, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
8. A cash prize of $100 will be awarded to the person who submits the winning trademark suggestion through Motion Picture Magazine. This winner will then be eligible to win the $500 Grand Prize. Someone, therefore, will win a total of $600 for suggesting the trademark which Pickford-Lasky Productions will use.

Lasky has this to say: "Miss Pickford and I are agreed not to specialize in any particular type of story. Each production will be decided on its own merits, regardless of any cycle or trend that may be popular in the industry. We plan to make four major productions a year."

One Rainy Afternoon, a Continental comedy, starring Francis Lederer, is the first of the new company's films. It will be released soon. Ida Lupino plays the feminine lead, and Roland Young heads the supporting cast. In this picture, Lederer sings for the first time on the screen, although he was a musical comedy sensation on the European stage before coming to America.—G.N.

SPARKLING EYES...
an invitation to...

ROMANCE!

SPARKLING, LAUGHING EYES... eyes that say more than words can ever express...are the eyes that fascinate men, that invite romance.

Now, every girl can have eyes that sparkle...eyes that radiate life and beauty. Just a touch of WINX Mascara to the lashes and instantly they appear darker, longer, and more lustrous. It works wonders—brings out the natural beauty and charm of your eyes—enlivens your whole appearance.

Once you try WINX you readily understand why so many smart, well-groomed women use WINX regularly for both daytime and evening make-up. You will like the way its emollient oils keep your lashes luxuriantly soft at all times.

WINX Mascara is offered in four colors—black, brown, blue, and green—and in three convenient forms—the new Creamy WINX (which is gaining in popularity every day), and the old favorites, Cake WINX and Liquid WINX. All are harmless, smudge-proof, water-proof, non-smarting, and easy to apply.

Your local drug and department stores carry WINX Mascara in the economical large size. You can also obtain the complete line of WINX Eye Beautifiers in Introductory Sizes at all 10¢ stores.

WINX
Eye Beautifiers

Motion Picture for May, 1936 23
Cheerio for Binnie!

Binnie Barnes' life would make a book—one brimming over with plot and color

By Dorothy Donnell

"FAMILY!" Binnie Barnes told me, "that's the answer. You can go through anything and come out safe if you have good ancestry. You can live in the slums, you can do any sort of hard work and hold your head high—if you have Family behind you."

None of her fans have ever seen the real Binnie Barnes. Hers is a beauty that the camera would not understand—it's more than skin deep. Where did it start from the slums of London yet the chiseled features, the hollowed temples and delicate facial planes of a great lady in some medieval Italian painting?

"Not exactly the mug of a Whitechapel bobble's daughter, is it?" she nods, dropping into the Cockney twang which she takes malicious pleasure in producing for the bailement of Hollywood High Society. "Fair ugly I used to be, with teeth that stuck out and a great, untidy twist of hair. But I never cared to be pretty. I take after my mother's people. She came from Italy. "My mother," Binnie adds proudly, "was a ldy! And that makes me a ldy, too!" "Her life would make a book. So would mine. Someday I'm going to write it and call it 'The Vacant Lot.' You've seen those lots, covered with rubbish and weeds, and then a little later changed into a beautiful garden? My mother lived in miserable dark rooms, among ugly sights and sounds and smells, but she carried herself as if she were in a palace. She went through hell—the hell London poor know, and she never gave in to it. She had three husbands and seventeen children. There was never enough to eat or wear. Always a funeral of one of her kids, or a new baby coming. Three of my brothers were killed in the World War. Oh, she's had a cruel life, but you wouldn't guess it to see her now in the little house I've bought for her in Surrey. Her hair is white and she looks and talks like a Duchess. "My mother and I are too much alike to get along well. We're both got strong wills and they clashed early. She tried to bring up her daughters as if they lived on a grand estate instead of in a few wretched rooms in a tenement. Her first husband was the best of the lot, but when he died she had to go to work. The second was a real dude who use sit all day reading his paper. The first work he ever did killed him. He tried to paint the bath-tub, slapped and hit his head on the faucets! Well, as I say, my mother's strictness and the constant squalling of the last baby were too much for me. When I was thirteen I ran away for good. From that time on I earned my own living." Binnie's strange, narrow eyes seem to be looking at things far away and somehow terrible.

HER story is hard to believe, even in Hollywood where there are so many colorful biographies. Her husband, Samuel Josephs, the famous London connoisseur of rare books, confessed to me that, though he had known Binnie for many of those hectic years when she was on her own, he had never quite believed all the tales she had told him of her doings until he had her looked up by an information agency! "Awful of me, wasn't it?" she chuckled, "but they didn't seem possible. How she came
Love and Revolt
UNDER TWO FLAGS

Sergeant Ronald Colman of the French Foreign Legion has a way with women—which is why he has Colonel Victor McLaglen looking grim and determined. Colman not only wins the love of Claudette Colbert—the sweetheart of the regiment, but he also finds time to court his true love, Rosalind Russell, who lives on a higher social plane than her rival. So much for the romantic issue of *Under Two Flags*. Meanwhile, there are revolts in the desert—excitement that is craved by the Legion, a band of fighting fools seeking adventure. Adventure? Why not? It's always found when these reckless, restless men ride forth over hot Sahara sands.
Whether she's on the beach or in a ballroom, Carole Lombard is a symbol of appealing grace and charm! Fine feathers and fancy frocks are part of Carole's wardrobe in Love Before Breakfast. And Preston Foster—playing opposite her in this film—finds her a glamorous figure indeed! In her coming picture, Concertina, it is Fred MacMurray who succumbs to her allure. Whenever she's not acting, Carole likes to relax in the sedan chair in her own backyard. There, she can bask in California's sunshine.
Soft Words—
Sweet Music

are spoken and sung in The King Steps Out, the romance, starring Grace Moore with Franchot Tone! Like all young rulers, resplendent in gay uniforms, Franchot charms Grace, a pretty commoner. His soft words, her sweet music spell undying love—especially since Grace is a real princess.
THE mystery of Ginger Roger's recent trip to New York has not been divulged—till this minute! Half the people in Hollywood, who learned of her sudden departure, exclaimed: "Aha! You notice Lew Ayres isn't along!"

Ginger's own explanation to New York interviewers, "I'm not a bit tired, but I've come for the rest," seemed contradicted by a week which included ten shows, a hectic trip to Washington, dances, cocktail parties, dress fittings, broadcasts, shopping for Lew, telephoning Lew, writing Lew, reading Lew's letters and coping with the crowds that fought her escort of husky police everywhere she went. Hollywood crowds are worshipful and friendly, but these were somehow terrifying as they panted to lay hands on Ginger's flame-colored hair, stepped on her miraculous feet, tore a lace evening gown to tatters and thrust everything from menus, newspapers and grimy handkerchiefs to dress shirt bosoms upon her to be autographed. "There was hate on their faces as well as admiration," Mrs. Rogers shuddered—"the hatred of the hungry for the successful."

Ginger told me the secret of her surprise visit, sitting in the high hotel tower that looks out on the famous fifty-mile view—only she was looking much farther than that. "We came to New York," she said simply, "to go to the theatre. Someday, soon, I hope to do a play myself."

She wants to prove to the world that she isn't just a Face, a Figure and two Feet, but the dramatic actress that all her life she has felt herself to be. This girl who has performed the feat of matching the talented Astaire step by step, this lovelier half of a dance team that has started the Age of the Dance on the screen is going to stop dancing one of these days! Ginger intends to go dramatic. Oh, not tomorrow, nor next month. She foresees the difficulties. The public insists upon seeing her in more and more and yet more dancing parts. She foresees reproaches from her fans, but she's not the type to disappoint them nor heed Hollywood skeptics. But—well, I've always been [Continued on page 76]
What Are 
Clark Gable's
Plans for the Future?

By
Francis
Kellum

I'm planning the future with an open mind. I'm going to live every minute of it!"—Gable

The most colorful chapter in Clark Gable's life is just ahead of him. Until now, everything has been a prelude. All the struggle, the handicaps, the good fortune and bad—they have each played a part in shaping the story of a fellow from Cadiz, Ohio, who has become one of the most famous men in the world. And the main part of his life story has only started!

Clark is thirty-two. For the first time, he has money enough for his need. And that need is to see the earth. To go adventuring where things are still untamed as the wind—and as free. You have only to look at him these days to realize that Clark is already savoring a thrill-packed future.

"By the time I'm ready to settle down a bit—at fifty or so—I want to have seen every country on the globe and to know the people," he told me. "But not as a tourist! I want to get out and live among them until I get their slant on life... and then to shove off to some other place... This is a spot I'd like to have seen in the early days," his gesture indicated the atmospheric set around us for San Francisco, the new picture on which he's working with Jeanette MacDonald and Spencer Tracy. The scenes were of San Francisco in the 'sixties when tall-rigged ships sailed through the Golden Gate and adventure was to be had for the asking.

Clark himself was the one who persuaded M-G-M to buy the story. "These people lived. They were real. Their hates and loves and ambitions were honest emotions—and they had room to give vent to 'em!" He grinned a little at his own enthusiasm and lit his five-year-old pipe. Something in his expression told me: Four walls will never hold Clark Gable again. Neither, I think, will any one woman. Some men are born to play a lone hand. They're the pioneers. And Bill Gable—he'll always be "Bill" to old Jeff Peters, the guide on the Mono Lake trail, and to the rest of his cronies, everywhere.

"I'm more at home with men than I'll ever be with women," he said reflectively, "and of late that's truer even than it was before. I'm almost afraid to speak to a girl off the screen for fear somebody will say it's a 'budding romance', and spread it all over the newspapers. For myself, it doesn't matter. But it's embarrassing for the girl.

"Plan? I have ideas but no definite plans to carry them out. I never make any—because (Continued on page 80)"
Show Boat was a big hit on the stage. And it is likely to prove a sensation on the screen in Universal's new film version. Four members of the original company are now appearing in the picture! They are Charles Winninger, as Cap'n, Paul Robeson, who sings "Ol' Man River", Helen Morgan and Irene Dunne. The latter and newcomer, Allan Jones, provide the romantic appeal. Jerome Kern's unforgettable music is in capable hands!
Don't Get Leslie Howard Wrong

By Harry Lang

Most people picture Leslie Howard as a deadly serious, highly-starched, pedantic arty person who wanders about with his head in the clouds and clouds in his head, spouting dreary stuff about Life and Th' Theatuh and things like that. Well, he's nothing of the kind! Herein, with his complete approval, the legend is debunked. Leslie Howard will parade before you as human and regular, and often clownish—basically a fellow who congratulates himself on being lucky enough to earn his keep at acting instead of bank clerking—who gets more fun out of Hollywood than most other folk, because he likes to laugh at it, and whose greatest abhorrence is taking life seriously. That's his attitude!

First off, he's 42 years old, and doesn't give two toots in tarnation who knows it. And yet he's young-looking enough so that his 17-year-old son, Ronald, can and does front for him when autograph hunters attack. The youngster is the spittin' image of his dad. Looks like him, walks like him, talks like him. When the Howards, together, behold the charge of the autograph brigade bearing down, Leslie scurries off to some nearby hiding-place, and Ronald takes the shock. "Leslie Howard" he writes, over and over [Continued on page 78]

If you've been carrying the wrong impression of Leslie Howard this story will set you straight. It's high time you knew him as he is—human and regular and popular with every worker on the lot.

Leslie Howard may not take himself very seriously, but even he can't laugh off the fact that he is considered one of Hollywood's ace actors. That's why you'll be seeing him and hearing him as Romeo opposite Shearer.
Caught by the candid camera, during a moment of relaxation on the vast Romeo and Juliet set, are (from left to right) John Barrymore, Prof. W. J. Strunk, Jr., Director George Cukor, Leslie Howard and Edna May Oliver.

By Dorothy Spensley

They were shooting the fifteenth century classic Romeo and Juliet on Metro’s back lot. Leslie Howard, the Romeo sat dozing in the sun. Open on his knees was a script of Shakespeare’s great love tragedy. It was a quiet afternoon.

Juliet was nowhere to be seen on this Verona, Italy, street scene that covers one hundred acres. Norma Shearer, who is Juliet in the talking screen’s first version of Shakespeare’s play, was in the wardrobe department trying on the pink chiffon “balcony scene” dress that has a fabulously hand-embroidered and sequined blue cape.

Outside of San Zeno, the grand old 12th century Italian cathedral, Tybalt (Basil Rathbone) stood drinking a pint of chocolate-milk. He hadn’t met his death yet, by Romeo’s sword, and enjoyed the black tights, and the silver-and-gold trappings of his black blouse with its nail-studded sleeves.

Down a side street, the camera crew was working with Director George Cukor in charge. Cukor is the solidly-built fellow, imported from Broadway’s stage in 1929, who directed Dinner at Eight, Little Women, David Copperfield. A hundred or more extras milled about the set, dragging their gold lame gowns (cloth of gold, in Renaissance days) on the cobblestones; the men were wearing peaked felt hats with single feathers swooping up from the pointed brims. The set could only be described as colossal.

I hailed Mr. Cukor with a question: Wouldn’t he like to do Romeo and Juliet in modern dress, as John Barrymore did Hamlet in modern “tails” on Broadway, several seasons ago?

Mr. CUKOR answered decisively. “It would lose much of its charm in modern dress,” he said. “The Renaissance, one of the most romantic and brilliant periods in history, offers the perfect setting for Shakespeare’s poetic thought. The more colorful costumes permit greater liberties than would modern costumes. It is possible to capture in costumes and settings the drama of any era, and the Renaissance was essentially a dramatic period in history.”

The man actually behind this vast experimental production is Irving Thalberg, the husband of Norma Shearer.

“Why Romeo and Juliet?” I asked. They were rehearsing for the film when snapped here! Howard is below the “mike”.
Mr. Thalberg. "Why not Macbeth or King Lear?" Here is what Mr. Thalberg told me:

"For ten years it has been my dream to produce Romeo and Juliet. The present highly developed technique of the sound screen has now made it possible to transform that dream into a motion picture. Like The Barretts of Wimpole Street, Romeo and Juliet has every element of tried and true entertainment. After three hundred years of continued popularity, it still holds and charms its audiences. In more recent times, the appeal of this great drama has increased, not diminished. Purely from the standpoint of entertainment, Romeo and Juliet is the most logical selection of Shakespeare's plays."

Juliet brings Norma Shearer to the screen after more than a year's absence. Her last film was The Barretts of Wimpole Street, released in October, 1934. Her current film is important in that it stars her with Leslie Howard in their first film together since the memorable Smilin' Thru of 1932. The Divorcee, made in 1929, won her a slim, golden Academy award. What are Norma's reactions as she adds her Juliet to the stage Juliets of Dame Ellen Terry, Julia Marlowe, Laurette Taylor, Adelaide Neilson, Mary Anderson, Helene Modjeska, Ethel Barrymore, Maude Adams, Katharine Cornell, and others? Here is her answer:

"To play Juliet on the screen is a thrilling adventure. On the stage Juliet has been created by many great actresses, becoming a triumph of modern and individual interpretation in Katharine Cornell's glorious Juliet." Norma spoke with enthusiasm.

"But didn't you have any misgivings?" I asked her.

"Not in the least," Norma answered. She was now wearing the hand-painted chiffon dress, an important part of her film wardrobe. "Juliet, as Shakespeare created her, is a character that any actress would want to play. She is the epitome of love—an expression of all the rare beauty of a first great love." There was profound emotion in her voice.

John Barrymore, playing Mercutio in the film, [Continued on page 86]
Looking too romantic—even for an actor—that's

Why ROBERT DONAT
Nearly Starved!

By Ruth Lieber

"YOU are too romantic!" That is what motion picture producers in London told Robert Donat when he was trying to get a job to keep himself and family from starving! This is the same Robert Donat who has become an international favorite since appearing in The Ghost Goes West, one of the best of pictures. A few months ago, he had refused the largest salary ever proposed for an actor, coming from a new English film company. He had refused almost daily offers from Hollywood, including one to play Romeo to Norma Shearer's Juliet in the Bard's great love tragedy, now being filmed in Hollywood. Since making The 39 Steps Bob Donat has been publicized as the greatest romantic hero of the day. And yet he had nearly starved because he was too romantic! That was at the beginning.

"I've never told the story, but I guess it's about time I did," he said, his eyes twinkling with mirth. "To begin with, I have a freedom complex. I will not sign my life away with any company, American or English. I've fought up from the bottom. When I was playing in stock in the provinces, I had an opportunity to go to London. Fifteen pounds ($75) a week. That was so much money. They said the play would last at least six weeks. My wife and I figured that out. Ninety pounds! ($450!) But the play closed in ten days! This was in 1931. Later when I had exactly six shillings ($1.25) in my pocket, I was offered my first contract—three years with a theatrical producer. The temptation was terrific. Without my wife behind me, I would have taken it. She said, 'Why sell yourself to him? If you're worth it to him, you're worth twice as much to yourself.' She gave me the strength to say 'no' and the strength to live through nine successive stage failures. And that was a great many.

"And while I still did not have one success to my name, I was offered a chance to go to Hollywood to make Smilin' Thru with Norma Shearer. What a temptation that was! I hadn't made a single film. That is why it looked like suicide—to attempt a big rôle with Norma Shearer. It meant a possible overnight success. I might be a one-picture man or a complete failure. Finally, I turned it down!" His eyes looked wistful as he reminisced. "I [Continued on page 68]"
The Real DIETRICH
-Unmasked

By Ida Zeitlin

"SHE'S gay"—"she's sad"—"she's mysterious"—"she's frank"—"she's moody"—"she's equable"—"she's easy to get along with"—"she's hard to talk to"—"she's this and that"—and a dozen contradictory things at once.

Thus runs the legend of Marlene Dietrich. Ask ten people about her and you'll get ten different reactions. I saw her once in a New York hotel, enroute from Europe to Hollywood. She was bubbling with spirits, flashing with fun, her high humor spilling over into impishness. I saw her again on the set, when von Sternberg was rehearsing the carnival scene for The Devil Is a Woman. Her white throat and shoulders rose from the soft folds of a black lace gown. Her bronze head was draped in a trailing black mantilla. Her face was so luminous that a gasp of spontaneous tribute rose from the crowd. She wasn't acting—she had just arrived to have her costume approved. But standing there, she was the symbol of all feminine loveliness.

I saw her eating in the Paramount café—with an apparently excellent appetite, even as you and I—talking earnestly meanwhile to a writer. Here was the easy, friendly atmosphere of any luncheon table. On another occasion, I saw her in her dressing-room. There was no trace of the merriment of the New York hotel. No trace of moodiness either. She was quiet, serene, willing enough to answer questions, though by no stretch of the imagination, garrulous. There was a job to be done and she did her share.

The last time, I saw her—but that's another story. Before that time came, I'd developed what I can only hope was a pardonable curiosity about her. She seemed to glow and change like a jewel. Yet at the heart of every jewel of worth lies something unchangeable, giving it richness and depth. I felt that some such unchanging core must underlie her surface complexity, and for the life of me I couldn't help wondering what it was. It was something baffling.

ONE fact finally pierced my consciousness. However diverse opinions might be on other points, there was always one recurrent unanimous refrain. "Dietrich's the most generous person in Hollywood." [Continued on page 66]
A

Hollywood

Navajo-ho-ho-ho!

The Indians are hopping mad to think they can’t leave the reservation and adopt pretty pale-face, Joan Blondell. Anyway, she’s gone Navajo in a great big way. Meanwhile, posing as a living weather-vane on the roof of her wig-wam she indicates Fair and Warmer days ahead for Hollywood sun-bathers. With her bow and arrow she’ll make a dead “Indian” of any rival who as much as looks at Dick Powell (they’re that palsie-walsie.) How do you like the abbreviated Navajo-de-ho-de-high hip length of her swim suit? Joan well deserves a rest on her Navajo rug after completing two pictures in a row—one being Colleen in which she supports Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell, the other, Sons O’ Guns, starring Joe E. Brown.
The maddest Marx recalls the day when he “discovered” the genius in Chaplin

By Grace Simpson

Charlie Chaplin’s latest picture, Modern Times strikes a new note in screen humor. Its theme concerns the career of a little tramp caught in the mechanism of factory routine. It’s a real treat!

The country is becoming Chaplin conscious all over again. It’s remarkable how Chaplin has lasted, as an actor, all these years. You know him as he is today, but did you know him as he was yesterday? Let us draw aside the curtain of the past and see him as he really was “yesterday”, struggling along as best he could, trying desperately to get a foothold on the ladder of success. Let’s turn back the clock of time.

It was snowing in Winnipeg, Canada. In a dusty corner of the depot, a tattered vaudeville troupe huddled around a glowing stove. One hour till train time. And then back on the road. That was the routine.

With a chilly gust and a flurry of snowflakes, the door rattled on its hinges. The trained animal act shivered. A lifting of eyebrows censored the invader from a frigid world without. The newcomer Groucho Marx, slammed the door shut, stamped his feet, then smiled around at the crowd. Despite the ill protection afforded by a threadbare overcoat, he felt very little cold. Excitement warmed him.

He flexed the bamboo cane in his hand. A bit of soot from the chimney sufficed for a mustache. He rumpled his hair. He spread his feet fan-wise. Then, with the strange shuffling walk that was later to make millions all over the earth laugh, he put on a hasty little act.

But no one laughed. As a matter of fact, no one paid any attention. This peeved him a little. “Look,” he cried suddenly, “I just saw the greatest fellow I’ve ever seen on the stage in all my born days!” But who cared what a little known comedian like Groucho Marx thought about actors—or thought about anybody for that matter.

And who ever heard about the comic that he was talking about. That strange, wistful creature who always wore a big, black, flowing necktie, because his shirt was often dirty, and he only had one.

His name? Oh, yes, Charlie Chaplin!

“They evidently thought I was crazy,” said Groucho, recently, smiling. “I said then he was the greatest fellow on the stage. I know now there will never be anyone like him. He’s in a class all by himself, just as he has always been.”

It’s usually pleasant to visit at Groucho’s big house, especially if brothers Harpo and Chico are there. [Continued on page 82]
The Bond Hollywood Can’t Break

By William F. French

HOW does it happen that what seemed to be the most precarious marriage of the entertainment world at the time it was consummated and the one which wiseacres predicted wouldn’t last six months, has weathered eight years’ sailing in Hollywood’s matrimonial sea without going on the rocks? And that, in spite of the fact that Madame Gossip and Dame Rumor have had it in dangerous waters a dozen times.

With a wide difference in temperament, training, religion and age to separate them what is it that holds Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson together? Surely there must be something more than mere marriage ties that binds them.

If you had been with this writer while he was lunching recently with Al Jolson you would have had occasion to gasp a little at that “something”—even if you could not name it. Because that “something” happens to be a quality difficult to analyze and catalogue for future reference. To understand it you must know Ruby and get a look under Al’s skin. In other words, you must know a few soft facts about a hard guy.

But to get back to the day I’m telling you about. Al talked shop a few minutes, and then suddenly burst out on the subject that had him steamed up to boiling point. In fact he was boiling over with rage. Someone had just started another rumor to the effect that the Jolson-Keeler marriage was headed for the rocks—and Al had discovered who had started the ball rolling. That’s what made him boil.

“I just phoned that fellow,” growled Al, “and I warned him that if he made any more talk like that I was coming over and get him. And I wasn’t fooling—I’d knock anybody for a loop who’d hurt my baby.”

Don’t think Al didn’t mean business, and if you could have seen him at that minute you would have recognized at least one reason why the Jolson-Keeler romance endures—because, as this star frankly admits, it means more to him than anything else in life. And that is only one of several reasons.

If this union is unique in one respect, it is equally so in several others. It joins together two individuals as widely different as humans can be and this very difference welds them together.

HOW and why? Well, we will give you one example of the contrasts between this twain that draw and bind—and then we will introduce you to each, as they really are.

Brushing aside the happy “front”—call it showmanship that combines with the blunt business methods that make up the personality of Al Jolson, let’s have a look at the man hiding behind the title of the world’s
If you don't think movie marriages can last, then you don't know Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler! Wedded eight years, they are one of Hollywood's happiest couples!

Ruby is immensely proud of Al and is a constant inspiration to him. She is sure he'll surpass himself in The Singing Kid.

greatest entertainer. For Jolson, you know, has been known as such for many years.

His reputation for being hard-boiled and his ballyhoo are really his defensive armor, which, when penetrated way down underneath, reveals him as the softest sentimentalist in Hollywood. He always was a sucker for sentiment. The way he nurses a mummy song and builds up the heart touches in his pictures give away this sentimental twist to any observer. Springtime and puppy love and sentimental fire-side scenes have been gnawing away at Al's vitals all his life—and they always will. He can never outgrow them—and the tougher he grows outside, the softer he gets inside.

Almost twenty years ago this writer got the low-down on Al one night in his theatre dressing-room—and from that day to this the mightiest entertainer of them all has never failed to run true to form. He is still hard-boiled, keen in business, tough in argument, but wide open for a sentimental left.

Five minutes after he was vowing vengeance on anyone who started any more rumors concerning Ruby and himself, he was telling me the secret of his well-known high position in the Warner Brothers studios.

He talked about the days when, with the Warner boys, they made a picture in the old shed that was their studio, and how mother Warner used to bring them hot food—and personally see to it that they ate it, then and there. And as he reminisced, no one could have failed to realize that it was the memory of those days, and not his wealth, or influence or ability, that is the force behind Jolson on the Warner lot.

And if you had sat there and listened to him, you would have forgotten all about the Al Jolson of whom you have heard so much, and seen just the man that Ruby Keeler knows—sentimental Al. Back in 1927, after Jolson had won international fame on the stage, and from his vantage point in California, where he had come to make a picture, he began to sense the froth that had been his public life and the attitude of the people at large. He was fed up with night life and its merry-go-round—and was plain lonesome. Also, though not then aware of it, he was beginning to experience a decided attack of "second spring." He had reached the stage that so many other men have reached, when they suddenly realize that the romance and true love that they had always dreamed about had never really been theirs. And Al was the kind who could feel deeply.

THEN, one day in Los Angeles he met Ruby Keeler, a serious-minded girl who was then playing in The Sidewalks of New York. Contrary to all reports, Al had not met Ruby in New York and he had never seen her in a night-club. Nor did he marry her in New York City, as is commonly believed, but in Portchester, a Westchester suburb.

But to get back to our story: there could be only one result when Jolson, used to the smart-cracking Broadwayites, met this big-eyed, soft-spoken girl whose sincerity and simplicity contrasted so vividly to the women he had known in his show life. He put her on a pedestal—and his oft-repeated dreams came back to him, stronger than ever. The romance he had always wanted and had never quite found was demanding recognition. His long years on the stage—for he had run away from his home in Washington years before and lived as Asa Yoelson—had only intensified his natural longing for home-ties and for loving people to wax sentimental over.

Ruby Keeler, with her background of always having taken care of her younger sisters—the Irish family with its rabid loyalty and deep love—and her great background of "folks" appealed to Al. All his life he had wanted—romance, a fire-side, loyalty and "folks," together with sincerity, modesty and love.

And what did Ruby see? Something even more wonderful to her eyes. She saw the famous star she had always admired—and discovered he was [Continued on page 84]
Today's film idols are often yesterday's failures ... a revealing story of Hollywood's stamina

By Dorothy Spensley

"In THE bright lexicon of the Hollywood actor, there is no such word as failure." Revised for the occasion, the old copybook motto fits the film situation perfectly. Hollywood is full of stellar personalities who were yesterday's losers and are today's idols. Clark Gable, arch-star of them all, was an out-and-out failure in his first attack at film fame. A first-time loser in his struggle for picture supremacy, he skirmished about Hollywood, playing bits in films, minor roles in local stage plays; finally, took himself to the New York stage where, two-fistedly, he did so well that he was re-discovered by picture producers.

Hollywood is crammed with similar stories. Star faces that you now admire on the screen, are often faces that you have seen in
Black triple sheer is used to create the business suit which Peggy Wood is wearing. It's a Lettie Lee style.

For cocktail time, Evelyn Venable picks a black crêpe Romaine gown! Ruffled lace is also a Lettie Lee note.

The jabot of gray lace gives an air of individuality to the Lettie Lee dress which is favored by Mona Barrie.

Let Hollywood Styles Be Your Guide

This Palm Beach ensemble can be worn as a formal, or shorts at the seashore. Ann Rutherford, at right, shows how it is done. A Lettie Lee design!
You'll want to choose your accessories with care this Spring. And Grace Moore's assortment gives you hints!

Above: Black crèpe is material used to create the devastating dinner dress, displayed by Grace Moore.

At right: It's a pair of sport pajamas that Grace Moore wears when she's relaxing in her garden.

Baguette rhinestones are noted on Grace's sandals for evening!

Two glimpses in the alligator purse, carried by Grace. Note the smart fittings!

Jewels are featured on Grace's cigarette case.

Gold leaf clips used to fasten dinner frock, worn by Grace.

Gold bracelets, wound with pearls, are part of Grace's accessories.

It's white lace gloves that Grace wears with formals.
Style Your Wardrobe the Hollywood Way!

It's the "little touches" that bring out the charm!

It's a lemon colored sharkskin—and very chic—this Spring redingote Patricia Ellis (right) wears...

By Virginia T. Lane

You could hear Grace Moore's lovely voice trilling a popular song, clear across the huge sound stage as she arrived on the set of her new picture, The King Steps Out. She was wearing a white chiffon costume of the 1855 period—full skirt with ruffles, softly draped bodice, wide picture hat. She dropped lightly into a chair beside us and said: "Do you know what I've been doing? Buying some clothes for this European concert tour I'm starting on soon! They tell me a modified version of this gown is going to be extremely popular this summer. And look at the influence the Juliet styles have had already. Oh, fashions repeat themselves, but Hollywood always gives them a new twist! That's why I adore the clothes here. And the way they play up accessories. They complete the ensemble."

"To me, the whole charm of a costume is in getting the right accessories. I think this accent on what the French call 'the little touches to a dress' is the most important highlight of the new fashions." And after viewing those "little touches" of Grace's—which I did later at her home—I agree with her thoroughly!

Tweed are in style this Spring! And Jean Arthur, when going for a walk, steps out in salt-and-pepper rough tweed—and loves it.

Of course, every chic woman reserves a black crépe formal for her spring wardrobe. Miss Moore's goes geometrical on the bodice so that you have black triangles set off against white arms. But most exciting of all are those gold leaf clips set with rhinestones on either shoulder and the black and gold bracelets wound with precious stones that Grace wears above the elbow. Her skirt hem is hitched up in front revealing black crépe and gold sandals. Altogether it shows what a few of these "little touches" will do for a simple black frock.

The favorite Moore accessory, however, is a combination cigarette case and vanity of solid gold with a multi-colored enamel design and set with a variety of gems. It was given to her by her husband, Valentin Parera. Grace says frankly she dresses for his approval. "All women do for their particular man," she chuckled, "—and also for the approval of other chic [Continued on page 88]
Why Luise Rainer Climbed to Fame

It was a great love that caused Luise to be a film success!

By Jerry Lanier

U p to eleven o’clock one evening, not so long ago, Hollywood had asked no questions about Luise Rainer, not caring who she was, nor where she had come from. The girl had never so much as played in a picture. She was pure speculation. Hollywood—which, like most individuals, has to be shown—was not interested.

Not until that certain evening.

There was a midnight test and a hurried studio conference. Then people began clamoring to know about the girl who had replaced Myrna Loy in Escapade and who appears with her in The Great Ziegfeld—in the role of Anna Held, Ziegfeld’s first wife.

There was amazingly little to tell. Only bare, skeleton facts. She had been the young wonder of the stage in London, Paris and Vienna. A protégée of Max Reinhardt. Her parents, non-professionals, are a substantial Austrian family. That was Luise’s background, without any revealing highlights.

Then came the preview of Escapade—and an avalanche of reporters at M-G-M. But Luise, they were told by a bewildered press department, would not talk for publication. By dint of much persuasion, the studio was able to have her grant one interview. She stood poised in the doorway, her eyes wide with fright. She fled into the publicity director’s office. “Please, I cannot do. Let them write about the people who have something lasting to give the world. I think thoughts for myself—not to be printed!” She was charming!

Thoughts, touched with rapture, butted by sorrow were hers. She had come to this country, soon after experiencing a tragedy that would have blighted the life of many a woman. As her intimate friend, a friend who had known her well on the continent, described it to me, her voice choked with emotion. “That it should have happened to her—and to him,” she murmured. The tone of her voice was tragic. And her manner, too.

They met—Luise and the man whose name must be withheld—at one of those gay carnival parties that Europeans enjoy. Neither had wanted to attend the party. Luise, because lavish affairs do not interest her; the man, because he had a manuscript to complete. Europe knew him as an outstanding person in the political world. He stood there—at the party—a towering figure in that gay group. Broad-shouldered, his intellectual visage was not handsome except when he spoke. Then it lighted with a surprising brilliancy. Like many an able man, he had a strong taste for simplicity and a love of the natural. Luise was the most entirely natural woman whom he had ever met. There was something about her that gave him the impression of wind, sweeping over a [Continued on page 74]
Petite and Charming Lettie Lee,

Wearing one of her latest creations made of Menke Kaufman’s printed Sheer Gauze over a black taffeta petticoat.

(Top left) Dorothy Stone wears a LETTIE LEE street frock of black sheer crepe.

(Left) Miss Heather Angel, RKO star, wears a LETTIE LEE informal frock of beige sheer crepe with a flattering ruffled jabot of self-colored lace.

(Right) Linda Terry epitomizes luncheon or bridge tea chic in this LETTIE LEE creation of classic black and white.

A list of stores in your city who feature LETTIE LEE gowns will be found on page 65.
Two glamorous girls with exotic appeal are Marguerite Churchill (top) who appears in Murder By An Aristocrat, and Gail Patrick (below) in Preview Murder Case

UNIVERSAL announces it is going to build up Cesar Romero into stardom... Believe it or not, luncheon sight at the Trocadero was Hard Guys Jimmy Cagney, Spencer Tracy and Brian Donlevy stuffing themselves with ice cream and peach melbas! In London, Douglass Montgomery got so sick of the gray fog that he had his apartment re-done in yellows and the British thought it so elevah that his landlord is now having ALL the rooms in the buildings so re-done... To trick kidnappers, Joan Blondell's new home has a camera so attached to the door that a secret picture is snapped of everyone who rings the bell... Funny, but the army picture Sons o' Guns is being directed by Lloyd Bacon who is a reserve lieutenant-commander in the Navy.

THERE'S a man on the Paramount payroll whose job consists of nothing but going from office to office, straightening out telephone cords.

EDDIE ROBINSON dropped into an art gallery on a recent trip to New York. He buys old masters. The dealer, thrilled at having the star as a possible customer greeted him: "Mr. Robinson, it's an honor to have you; I have always enjoyed your pictures, now you can enjoy mine." "Uh huh," grunted Eddie, "but mine cost you a quarter—and yours'll cost me a couple of grand!"

WHEN a prop-made avalanche ran off its track during high-mountain location shots on Twentieth Century-Fox's The Country Beyond, Rochelle Hudson was buried so deep in snow it took ten minutes to dig her out—and a day's hospitalization to recover from the experience.

NOT only unwanted animals interfere with sound shooting, but sometimes even the animals used as props in the picture. Two recent instances: On Samuel Goldwyn's These Three, four hives full of bees were used in a sequence featuring Miriam Hopkins, Merle Oberon and Joel McCrea. Photographing it was okeh, but at the close of each take, the sound-man stuck his head out of the booth and yelled: "Couldn't hear the voices because of the bees' buzzing." After shooting the take eight times unsuccessfully, the scene was finally shot "silent" and the players had to "dub in" their voices later in the bee-less laboratory.

And on M-G-M's Romeo and Juliet set, pigeons in the courtyard sequences cooed so loudly that the players' voices would not record properly. But that time they didn't have to dub in. Instead, they called a pigeon expert. He simply ordered all the male birds removed from the set. After that, it was silent. Ah me, ain't love gra-a-and?

BACK in Woodhaven, N.Y., there's a woman fan who's so that way about George Raft that she keeps every picture of him she can get from any source, whatsoever. To date, she writes him, she has scrap books containing over 7,500 pictures.

When you park yourself in an ultra-violet cabinet you are sure of getting a tan on short notice. Patricia Ellis took a tanning this way while vacationing at Palm Springs.
Hollywood

Who's who in Hollywood and who is doing what? Here's a chance to know all the latest inside answers!

of George. And that's not ALL. Every time she sees the word "craft" in print, she cuts it out, crosses out the "c" and adds to it her collection.

The only time Glenda Farrell ever won anything in a raffle was on a recent occasion. They delivered the prize she had won to her house—a pair of lovebirds. Now, Glenda's so superstitious about birds, she won't have any about her. So now she's given up raffles.

Irvin S. Cobb is being groomed to fill the shoes of the late Will Rogers. He stars in Everybody's Old Man.

Here are William Powell's private directions to girls on (A) how to be popular and (B) how to be unpopular:

(A)—When you go out to dinner with a man, eat a full meal, enjoy it, don't apologize about dieting for slenderness—and because you'll have enjoyed your meal, you'll be happy, cheerful and likeable.

(B)—When you go out to dinner, tell the man you're on a slim diet; pick at everything but don't enjoy anything; diet to the limit; and be irritable because you're half-starved.

ITEMS entitled "So What?" Warren William has gone for one of those Turkish "hookah" bubble-bubble pipes. . . . Bette Davis has a specially-built rumble-seat in her car to carry her three dogs. . . . There are three maids in Joan Bennett's household, and their names are Joan, Barbara and Constance. . . . Harry Carey is teaching Jane Withers how to twirl a lariat, and is Jane maybe going after Shirley that way? . . . Lyle Talbot describes Hollywood as "a place where people who live in glass houses shouldn't!" . . . Since working in Personal Maid, Ruth Donnelly has received 187 letters from personal maids asking advice. . . . Bette Davis is so tired running between stages at Warners that she has brought a little black-and-white Austin car just for studio runabout use. . . . Merle Oberon has never been to a professional manicurist—always does her own. . . . [Continued on page 70]
WHEN Warner Brothers’ stars posed as models in the great Fashion Show at the Assistance League Building in Los Angeles recently, more than three hundred people were turned away because there wasn’t room for them! That is an indication of the popularity of the knitted styles which the Warner stars modelled! Olivia de Havilland, Marie Wilson and Winifred Shaw appeared at the big show in the knitted garments in which they’re shown on this page. And they created a sensation.

Conducted to initiate the great knitting contest, sponsored by Motion Picture Magazine, Movie Classic Magazine, Warner Brothers–First National Pictures, and the manufacturers of Fleisher, Bear Brand and Bucilla yarns, this Los Angeles Fashion Show was a huge success. The tremendous enthusiasm with which the opportunity merely to see knitted garments on display, was received, indicates the vast interest which women have in knitting today. It is rapidly assuming the proportions of a great national pastime. But now, you can make this pastime pay! Just step into any store which sells Bear Brand, Bucilla and [Continued on page 70]
I WISH I COULD WEAR OFF-THE-FACE HATS!

BUT NO HAT LOOKS WELL ON TOP OF A PIMPLY FACE!

OH, DAD... YOU'RE SUCH A DARLING! NOW I CAN GET A CUTE LITTLE OFF-THE-FACE HAT LIKE PEGGY'S... JUST WAIT TILL YOU SEE HOW STYLISH I'LL BE!

OH, DEAR... IT'S NOT A BIT NICE ON ME! IT SHOWS UP ALL MY HORRID PIMPLES!

MAY I MAKE A SUGGESTION? MY SISTER GOT RID OF HER BAD SKIN WITH FLEISCHMANN'S YEA. WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT?

GOSH, CLAIRE... IT'S SWELL TO SEE YOU... AND DON'T WE LOOK NIFTY! THAT'S ONE MONEY OF A HAT, I'LL SAY!

I'D LIKE TO TRY ON THAT CUTE LITTLE OFF-THE-FACE HAT I SAW IN THE WINDOW.

CERTAINLY.

SHE WOULD WANT A SMALL HAT... HEAVENS, WHAT A COMPLEXION.

IT'S WONDERFUL THE WAY THAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEA. HAS HELPED YOUR SKIN.

THE NEXT WEEK.

Don't let Adolescent Pimples keep YOU from looking your best.

JUST when good looks make such a difference in good times—from about 13 to 25 years of age, or even longer—many young people become afflicted with ugly pimples.

During this time, after the beginning of adolescence, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin, especially, becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin and pimples appear.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast helps to give you back a good complexion by clearing these skin irritants out of the blood. Then—pimples go!

Eat it regularly—3 cakes a day, before meals, plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear. Start today!

—clears the skin by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

Motion Picture for May, 1936 51
Follow the stars’ advice and yours can be just as lovely.

Make up your mind this spring that you are going to have a permanent wave with the same radiant natural beauty as those you see on the screen. You can, too, if you will demand and make sure you get a genuine Duart Wave. The Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild, world’s most distinguished hairstylists, endorse the Duart Wave exclusively. They say, “We have tested every known waving method but have found none to equal Duart in giving the hair such glowing brilliance, deep lustrous waves and dainty ringlets.”

To add a flashing touch of sunlight, use Duart’s Hollywood Hair Rinse. One of the twelve beautiful shades will match your hair. No dye... No bleach. Send the coupon below and 10 cents for a full size package of rinse and get your FREE BOOK of Hollywood stars’ new spring hairstyles.

**DUART**
permanent waves

SEND 10c FOR HAIR RINSE AND FREE BOOKLET
DUART, 684 Polk Street, San Francisco, Calif. Enclosed find 10c; send me shade of rinse marked and copy of your booklet, “Hollywood Coiffures for 1936.”

Name..................................................................................................................Address..................................................................................................................

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

Duart
Brown
Chestnut
Blond
Reddish
Brown
Henna
Black
Golden
White
Brown
Gray
Golden
Blonde
Reddish
Ash
Blonde
Blonde
Blonde

DUART WAVES ARE THE CHOICE OF THE HOLLYWOOD STARS

HOLLYWOOD’S BEAUTY

by DORIS DUMONT

Spring is the time to look for new hairstyles and new beauty ideas so I decided to visit several of the leading lights of the Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild. The members of this organization compose the hairstyling departments of every studio in Hollywood. They are the most distinguished, most highly paid group of hairstylists and beauticians in the world today. Every lovely star you see on the screen has been beautified by a Guild member. It has been said that this Guild is Hollywood’s “Book of Knowledge” on beauty.

At Paramount Studios I talked with Leontyne Sabine, the head hairstylist who is responsible for the lovely glamorous coiffures worn by such stars as Carole Lombard and Marlene Dietrich. Miss Sabine is president of the Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild. We discussed permanent waves and I asked why the stars always have beautiful waves, while so many of us ordinary mortals feel we have to depend partly on luck. Miss Sabine replied:

“Of course the stars cannot afford to trust to luck but any woman can be equally certain of a beautiful permanent if she will have her hair waved by the method selected by the stars.”

At United Artists Studio I asked head hairstylist Nina Roberts for more information. She it was who cut off those famous curls when Mary Pickford decided to wear a bob. Also to her credit are the famed Morle Oberon hairstyles. When I asked what waving methods are being used by the stars, she replied:

“We have tried them all but nearly every star you see on the screen has her hair waved by the Duart method, for only Duart gives individual heat control to each curl. In the Duart method each heater is regulated by a separate thermostat and the smaller curls get less heat than the larger ones. This pro-
BOOK OF FOR SPRING

Hollywood Cosmeticians
Wildly Praise
NEW BEAUTY CREME
made from
Milk

Screen stars, Hollywood cosmeticians, and beauty editors pronounce Creme of Milk the greatest scientific cosmetic discovery ever made. Think of it—all the famous beautifying qualities of pure fresh dairy milk have been compounded in the form of a new all-purpose facial creme. Now in this one amazing creme made from milk you will find everything you need to cleanse your skin more thoroughly than ever before, and to banish dryness, roughness and blemishes. Your skin will be kept so smooth and soft that your powder will cling perfectly for hours and hours. No other powder base will be necessary.

Hollywood has taken Creme of Milk right to its very heart. The Head Hairstylists at United Artists, Paramount, Columbia, MGM, and Universal Studios report that already a jar of Creme of Milk is to be found in almost every star’s dressing room.

“All are enthusiastic,” say the hairstylists, “about the discovery of Creme of Milk and are using it to remove their makeup and protect their skins from the loss of natural oil which occurs with the use of ordinary cremes.”

You can begin to enjoy this thrilling new beauty creme at once. Mail your coupon today! Creme of Milk is so new stores haven’t yet had a chance to buy it. So we are sending a full 20-cent size jar for only 10 cents.

DUART'S
creme of milk
ALL-PURPOSE FACIAL CREME

SEND 10 CENTS FOR FULL 20c SIZE JAR... SEND 50c OR $1 FOR LARGER RETAIL SIZES

DUART, 904 Folsom Street, San Francisco, Calif.
I enclose (10c), (50c), ($1.00) for which please send me one jar of Creme of Milk at once.

Name______________________________________________
Address____________________________________________
City__________________________________________ State_____

Motion Picture for May, 1936 53
REAL FAMILY PICTURE
$15 Prize Letter

By Louise Parrish

NOT since State Fair has there been such
tug at the family-loving heart strings
as that evoked by Ah, Wilderness. I marvel
at the genius of Eugene O'Neill
with his apparently unlimited
understanding of life, as
evidenced in such plays as Strange
Interlude, Emperor Jones and
Ah, Wilderness.

Ah, Wilderness is a perfect
picture of adolescence, from
the "kid brother" up to Uncle
Sid, who seemed never to have
out-grown his boyhood, and
Dad, who had obviously not forgotten his
They were ourselves—our friends, our families—lifted out of
everyday life and put on
the screen for us to laugh at, cry with, hope for.
I want to send a tribute to Lionel
Barrymore for his sympathetic treatment of
his rôle.—Louise Parrish, 99 Miller Ave.,
Muskegon, Mich.

SIMPLE STORY WINS!
$10 Prize Letter

By F. A. Spivey

HAVING just seen Irene Dunne and
Robert Taylor in The Magnificent
Obsession, the play that revolves around the
practical working of the
"Goldene Rule"—and being in a
reminiscent mood—I could not
but think of the criticisms that have been heaped upon the
heads of official moviedom for
the "type" of films presented.
Certainly not even a dyed-in
the wool Victorian could find
fault with such an "Obsession"
as the one shown here.

Irene Dunne, as the blind widow, dem-
onstrates her versatility and adds another
wreath to the laurels that she won in
Roberta. As for Robert Taylor, I can only
tell that if were the spoiled heir to a
large fortune, and were inclined to drink, I
could not be a more realistic "drunk" than
Taylor was.—F. A. Spivey, Box 574,
Montgomery, Ala.

AMERICAN FILMS LIKED
$5 Prize Letter

By Laurence Duckworth

I AM English, but unlike many of my
countryfolk, I am capable of realizing
the outstanding superiority of American
films. For example, why is it that such
well-boosted British productions as Bitter
Sweet and The Dictator could in no way
compare with the polished, subtle
American program pictures such as Murder Man
and Orchids To You? And I'll tell you why!
The fault lies not with the actors and tech-
nicians but with that lack of co-operation and
"team-work" which is so necessary to suc-
cess, whether it be in the studio or on the
field. Perhaps the producers are in
some way to blame for not spending enough
money and being content with only a good
leading man or lady and merely a second-
rate supporting cast. Or, perhaps, the
rectors do not pay enough attention to every
detail.—Laurence Duckworth, No. 1, The
Elms, Glen Park Rd., Finchley, London,

PET DOG HUNGRY
$1 Prize Letter

By Martha B. Thomas

WHEN your pet dog is hungry, you
feed it. And an audience is the pet
dog of the producers. It is endlessly and
always hungry. Watch the
rows of faces, dim-white in the
gloom of the theatre. The pic-
ture is the feast before them.
Let them not be disappointed!
Give them quality. Not just
beautiful sets, but integrity and
talent in screen actors. The in-
terest has these people.

Let's have more of Edward
Everett Horton, of Donald
Meek (remember what he made of a frag-
ment in Peter Ibbetson?), the brothers
Morgan, Beryl Mercer, Aline MacMahon,
Roland Young, C. Aubrey Smith, Charles
Butterworth, Stuart Erwin (the per-
formance he gave in Ceiling Zero!). We
know they're good. They have the magic
which touches us, which brings us laugh-
ter and tears, pity and understanding—
Martha B. Thomas, 10 Marion Terrace,
Brookline, Mass.

HAVE BOLES SING!
$1 Prize Letter

By Aureen Eberhardt

PLEASE, Fox Films, let John Boles
sing again! While all of us love little
Shirley Temple and delight in
listening to her sweet
songs, many of us think that
John Boles should have been
allowed to sing instead of just
hum in The Littlest Rebel.
Shirley wouldn't have been jealous. She
knows where she stands in the hearts of
film fans. But there's John Boles
who's using his grand voice so
seldom. And countless film fans
(mostly women, to be sure)
are becoming provoked as films go by
and John Boles sings less and
can't something be done about this?
Aureen Eberhardt,
30 Fremont, Dubuque, la.

For Only 10¢ in Stamps or Coin Write
Today To: BEAUTY GUIDE EDITOR
P. O. Box 25, Quincy, Mass.

Motion Picture for May, 1936
How can I be More Attractive?

a thousand women a day write Ginger Rogers

To the many requests for advice on beauty, Ginger Rogers gives one answer, "The secret of beauty for every woman lies in color harmony make-up, originated by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, and consists of powder, rouge and lipstick created in harmonized shades that dramatize the charm of every type."

Color Harmony Powder Gives New Beauty

"Powder in your color harmony shade can give you more beauty than other shades," says Ginger Rogers, "because it is created to enliven your skin with youthful radiance. It beautifies through the magic of color harmony, a secret originated by Max Factor." If you want new loveliness, try Max Factor's Powder in the color harmony shade for your type. Max Factor's Face Powder $1.

Rouge that Imparts Youthful Charm

"Screen stars," says Ginger Rogers, "use Max Factor's Rouge, because the color harmony shades add an exquisite lifelike color that harmonizes with the powder and lipstick." If you want to see what a difference it makes to use a color created to dramatize your type, try Max Factor's Rouge in your color harmony shade. Max Factor's Rouge 50c.

New Lip Make-Up Gives Lips Lasting Color

Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick in the color harmony shade for your type will give you an alluring, lasting color. Being moisture-proof, you may apply it to both inner and outer surface of the lips. This gives them an even color, keeps them smooth. Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick $1.

Max Factor Hollywood

Would you like to try Hollywood's make-up secret — powder, rouge, lipstick in your color harmony shade? Mail coupon below.

Motion Picture for May, 1936 55
Week安东尼 definite Break lbs. thirty-four. mirror a Motion tablets free.

Without Cost—Make This Amazing IODINE TEST!

Within 1 Week Sea Plant IODINE in Kelpamalt Must Give You Tireless Energy, Strong Nerves, Pounds of "Stay-There" Flesh or the Trial is FREE... It Costs You Nothing!

KELPA MALT, the new mineral concentrate from the sea, goes right down and corrects the real underlying cause of weakness, skininess and nervous rundown conditions—IODINE-STARVED GLANDS. When these glands don't work properly, all the food in the world can't help you. It just isn't turned into flesh. The result is, you stay weak and nervous, tired out and skinny.

The most important glands—the one which actually controls the body weight—need a definite ration of iodine all the time—NATURAL ANIMAL-LIVER IODINE—not to be confused with chemical iodides which often prove toxic. Only when the system gets an adequate supply of iodine can you regulate metabolism—the body's process of converting digested foods into firm flesh, new strength and energy.

To get this vital mineral in convenient, concentrated granulated form, take Kelpamalt—now recognized as the world's richest source of this precious substance. It contains 3,500 times more iodine than ordinary sea considered the best source. 6 tablets contain more NATURAL IODINE than 20 lbs. of spinach or 1,387 lbs. of lettuce.

Make this test with Kelpamalt. First weigh yourself and see how long you can work or how far you can walk without tiring. Then take 2 Kelpamalt Tablets with each meal for 1 week and again weigh yourself and notice how much longer you can work without tiring, how much farther you can walk. Notice how much better you feel, sleep and eat. Watch flattering extra lbs. appear in place of sensuous figures. And if you don't gain 5 lbs., this very first week the trial is free. 100 samples the Kelpamalt tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—one for the first week. For a 1-day trial, get Sample Kelpamalt Tablets! Just send 10 cents to cover postage and make the test. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1.00 for special introductory trial bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

**SPECIAL FREE OFFER**


SEEDOL Kelpamalt Tablets

Manufacturer's Note—Inferior products, sold as help and weight preparation, in imitation of the genuine Seedol Kelpamalt are being offered to advantage. The Kelpamalt Company will reward for information covering any case where an imitation product has been represented as the original Seedol Kelpamalt. Don't be fooled. Demand genuine Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets. They are singly addressed, do not upset stomach nor injure teeth. Results guaranteed or money back.

Your Questions

HERE ARE THE ANSWERS

Ask the Cinema Sage

Kay Francis' coming film is called Angel of Mercy

NELSON EDDY—His age is thirty-four. He was born July 29, 1901. He is six feet tall and weighs 175 pounds. Nelson is still unmarried. You can address him at Metro-Goldwyn Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif. (E.L., Arlington Heights, Ill.)

Janet Gaynor—She is an even five feet tall and weighs an even 100 pounds. Her current film is Small Town Girl with Robert Taylor. You can reach her by addressing your letter to 20th Century-Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif. Jan- et was born in Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 6, 1907. (E. D., Hammond, Ind.)

Eleanor Powell—She was appearing on the Broadway stage, for a time, in a musical revue, At Home Abroad, at the Winter Garden Theatre in New York City. Because of overwork, she is taking a rest cure at present. The title of her next film has not yet been announced. (M. M., Beaver Falls, Pa.)

ELEANORE WHITNEY—Timothy's Quest is her recent film. One of the most distinctive players in Hollywood, she is five feet tall and weighs only 90 pounds. She is eighteen years of age. (G.F., Bellingham, Wash.)

Anita Louise—Yes, Anita Louise is her real name. She was born Jan. 9, 1915. Her coming picture is Anthony Adverse, in which Fredric March plays the title role. You can reach her by addressing your letter to Warner Bros. Studios, 8842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. (I.I.)

CLARK GABLE—The man who impersonated Gable before a mirror in a scene in China Seas was William Henry, a young actor who is a native of Los Angeles. (G. B., Eustis, Nebr.)

Maureen O'Sullivan—Her lover in The Flame Within was Lois Hayard. He appeared, too, with Katharine Hepburn in Break of Hearts. (G.B., Eustis, Nebr.)

John McGuire—He was born in New York City, moving to Coro- nado, Calif., with his family at the age of five. (M.W., San Fran- cisco, Calif.)

56 Motion Picture for May, 1936
JUNE TRAVIS

BY JOHN SCHWARZKOPF

JUNE TRAVIS Has Become a Favorite
Because she ran out of town two years ago after making a screen test... her interests lay elsewhere. So she didn't linger long enough to see how her test came out... now she's Jimmy Cagney's girl friend... at least, that was the part she played in Ceiling Zero... That difference in ages that seemed to worry both Cagney and June in Ceiling Zero has some foundation, because June is right in the middle of being twenty-one... she has not had enough experience at acting to learn the art of faking emotions, so that winning smile of her's is real... that's what made June a hit right off the bat... Warners gave her a contract on looks and personality alone... she's a college girl, too... her alma mater is the University of Chicago... she wouldn't go to any other school in the world, with her father (Harry Grabiner) being the vice-president of the Chicago White Sox... she's a great lover of baseball herself... some of her other favorite sports are swimming, hockey and basket ball... she is athletic... is five-feet-four-and-a-half inches tall... has fascinating green eyes and dark brown hair... the way she eventually got pictures is just like you and I would if we had the chance... someone at Warners saw the test she made one year before and liked it... she played in Stranded and made such a hit that she got the lead in Ceiling Zero... from there she jumped into the lead of A Gentleman From Big Bend with Warren William... June has been under contract such a short time that you might not have had a chance to see enough of her... don't worry about that... you'll see plenty of her... Warners have her in mind for several more pictures before the year is out... there's a reason why we would like to see more of June: She is so refreshing... in her acting, she seems to convey the thought that here is a girl we all might know... when she talks, she leaves off all flimsy accents... off the screen, she dresses like any other college girl might... her hobbies are painting and reading... her favorite actor is James Cagney... Romance?... none yet, but give a girl a chance!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

Millions realize how true this is, and use Colgate Dental Cream for real protection. Its special penetrating foam removes decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums, and around the tongue—which dentists agree cause most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth, your gums, your tongue, with Colgate's. If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will refund TWICE what you paid.

COFFEE AND DOUGHNUTS AGAIN!
THAT MEANS HE HASN'T A JOB YET!

I BET I KNOW WHY HE'S STILL OUT OF A JOB!

SO DO I...BAD BREATH! HE'S SUCH A NICE BOY, TOO.
THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO HELP HIM...
I KNOW!

JIM INVESTIGATES
YES, IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH ARE BY FAR THE COMMONEST CAUSE OF BAD BREATH.
I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
BECAUSE ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM GETS TEETH REALLY CLEAN!

I'LL CHANGE TO COLGATE'S TODAY!

NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!

TEN DAYS LATER
HERE'S A REAL TIP FOR YOU AT LAST, ANN! I'VE GOT A SWELL JOB NOW!

OH, THANK YOU, MR. ROGERS!

I GUESS THAT COLGATE AD WAS RIGHT!

Motion Picture for May, 1936 57
Curls and Coronets for Beauty

by Denise Caine

HERE is an idea for a new coiffure for girls with long hair. I know you feel neglected because most of the new hair-styles are created for short-haired girls. And I don't blame you! That's why I chose these photographs of Evelyn Venable, just to show you that a girl with long hair can be very smartly coiffed.

The style rules that govern short hair also apply to long hair. For example, hair must be brushed off the forehead, to produce a clean, unmarred hairline; it must not be allowed to extend too far down on the back of the neck, and the outline of the head in profile should be unobscured by masses of hair.

If you look closely at Evelyn's photos here, you'll also see that the coronet arrangement is not a braid, but two strands of hair, twisted together. This is a newer and smarter "tiara" than a braid. Before I tell you exactly how Miss Venable keeps her hair so lovely, I want to call your attention to the utter naturalness of her make-up as well as her hair. Isn't she much lovelier looking than if her hair were bleached, her eyebrows shaved, her lashes beaded and her mouth thick and distorted with lipstick? Of course, she uses a brightening rinse on her hair, mascara on her lashes and rouge on her lips—but the point is that she uses them with restraint and artistry!

Miss Venable claims that three things are responsible for the vitality and gloss of her hair. They are a weekly shampoo and rinse, daily brushing and a good permanent wave. A simple routine, surely, based on the cardinal rules that (1) hair and scalp must be kept thoroughly clean; (2) the scalp must be stimulated mildly to induce circulation; and (3) that the hair must have some body and pliability to submit gracefully to smart hair arrangements. The shampoo and film-removing rinse take care of the cleanliness, the daily brushing of the stimulation and the permanent wave of the pliability.

IT'S easy to find good shampoos, rinses and hair brushes and—if you only knew it—just as easy to find a good permanent wave. All you have to do is to demand a nationally advertised wave and a test curl! When you have a nationally-known wave, you can compare the "wrappers" and the solution with the ones you have seen pictured in advertisements—and of course it's the wrappers and lotion used that make or break the finished wave. Furthermore, you have the assurance, in getting a wave sponsored by a large company, that no expense is spared to perfect the product to the utmost.

The reason why you should demand a test curl is that your hair may be, unknown even to the operator, in improper condition for waving. Perhaps you've been taking a tonic, internally, or using a hair lotion that has impregnated the hair with an unfriendly chemical. If you have, the test curl will show this, and no harm is done! Miss Venable's permanent is a new-type wave, recently perfected by one of the oldest and most reliable firms. After the hair has been wound on the rods (these can be spiral, croquignole or both) and the wrappers placed over each curl, pre-
BEAUTY ADVICE

Your beauty problems may seem most puzzling to you, but quite simple to MISS CAINE, our beauty expert. Why don't you write to her today? You may ask her for advice on any phase of beauty that might be troubling you. This service is free, of course. All that is necessary is a stamped, self-addressed envelope for MISS CAINE'S personal reply to your letter. Simply write to DENISE CAINE, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

hated heaters are attached to each curl and left there for about a minute. When they are removed, your hair, as if by magic, has a silky, soft wave.

The advantages of this new type system are pretty obvious for women who are afraid of being attached by electric cords to an over-head or a portable heating apparatus. And, of course, the woman who fidgets nervously, through several minutes of steaming and then cooling, will also be pleased at the idea of having a practically instantaneous wave. The solution used in giving this wave is neutral and harmless, and contains a rich oil to condition the hair as during the waving process. For your protection, a bottle of the solution, and sufficient wrappers for a single permanent wave, are packed in a sealed individual package. If you are interested in learning the name of this new process, drop me a line.

If your hair is fuzzy after you've had a permanent wave, it may not be the fault of the wave itself, but the dry, lifeless condition of your hair. This is often true during the summer, when the fierce rays of the sun make oily hair dry, and dry hair actually brittle. To keep your wave looking lovely, counteract any tendency toward dryness and parching, by using a specialized oil to massage the scalp. I can recommend a lubricating oil that is made by a group of hair specialists who had a great deal of experience in dealing with hair that reacted badly to permanent waves. They finally succeeded in working out a formula that has been uniformly successful, and have now put it on the market. It can be used for bleached, dyed, hemmed or white hair, and for hair with a tendency toward dryness as well as for the care of [Continued on page 62]

You May Think It is No.1 When It Really is No.3; Or No.2 Rather than No.4

The Wrong Shade of Face Powder Will Make You Look Years Older Than You Really Are!

BY Lady Esther

Are you using the right shade of face powder for you?

That sounds like a rather needless question, doesn't it? For there is nothing a woman selects more confidently than her color of face powder. Yet, it is an actual fact, as artists and make-up experts will tell you, that many women use altogether the wrong shade of face powder. The shade they so fondly believe makes them look their youngest and most attractive does just the opposite and makes them look years older than they really are!

Brunettes think that because they are brunettes they should use a dark shade. Blondes think they should use a light shade. Tintians think they should use something else.

Choose by Trying

The fact is, you shouldn't choose a face powder shade according to your "type" or coloring, but according to which one is the most becoming for you. After all, a brunette may have a very fair skin while a blonde may have a dark or olive skin or any shade between. The only way to tell, therefore, is to try all five shades which, experts agree, accommodate all colorings.

You can post this on a pretty postcard.)

Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a 7-day supply of your Lady Esther Four-purpose Face Cream.

Name.
Address.
City.
State.
(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

FREE

(You can post this on a pretty postcard.)

Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a 7-day supply of your Lady Esther Four-purpose Face Cream.

Name.
Address.
City.
State.
(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

Motion Picture for May, 1936 59
Look West... Pattern After a Star!

Let Hollywood's queens of style help you dress!

for Your Summer's Vacation

Let Northern Pacific help plan your summer vacation trip to the fascinating wonderlands of Western America. Mail the coupon for information. There is no obligation.

E. E. NELSON, 240 Northern Pacific Railway, St. Paul, Minn.

Please send me information about train trip to:

\( \text{\textcircled{1}} \) YELLOWSTONE PARK
\( \text{\textcircled{0}} \) PACIFIC NORTHWEST
\( \text{\textcircled{1}} \) CANADIAN ROCKIES
\( \text{\textcircled{1}} \) RAINIER PARK
\( \text{\textcircled{2}} \) CALIFORNIA
\( \text{\textcircled{0}} \) ALASKA

\( \text{\textcircled{1}} \) "CRUISING AMERICA" escorted coach tours ($299.95 all expenses from St. Paul)

I plan to leave about (Date)

NAME

ADDRESS

Route of the Air-Conditioned

NORTH COAST LIMITED

BUNIONS RELIEVED REDUCED

NO MORE BULGING SHOES

Don't let bunions make life miserable for you. Dr. Scholl's Bunion Reducer relieves the pain at once and removes shoe pressure on the tender joint. It reduces by the natural process of absorption. Worn invisibly, it hides the bulge, preserves the shape of shoes. Made of soft rubber, 30c each.

For wear outside the stockings, Dr. Scholl's Bunion Pads. Made of leather with soft felt padding to protect joint from shoe pressure and preserve shape of shoes. 75c each. Sold at all drug, dept. and shoe stores. Write for FREE BOOKLET, "The Bunion", to Dr. Scholl's, Inc. 196 W. Schiller St., Chicago, Ill.

SMART CAPED DRESS

Above: Style No. 929—This charming little caped model is worn by Adrienne Ames. The dress with youthful shirt collar, achieves smartness through self-covered buttons. Another detail of interest, is the brief "pushed-up" sleeves. They have wide cuffs that button. Note the sleeves cut in one with the bodice, which makes it so simple to sew. The skirt has a length-giving panel that adds graceful fullness to the hem. This costume is lovely in gayer colors in novelty cottons and linens. It is designed for Sizes 14, 16, and 18 years; 36, 38, and 40-inch bust.

MOTION PICTURE Pattern Department, Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn.

For the enclosed...cents, please send me a pattern of the:

Size

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Name

Street

City

State

All pattern orders are filled promptly. If you enclose fifteen (15)cents with this coupon, you may get a pattern of either of the two dresses described. For thirty (30) cents you can get both! Please check marks in the squares provided above to indicate what you wish to have sent to you.

You can purchase these patterns directly at any shoe handling Screen Star Patterns. If you wish. If you reside in Canada, mail this coupon to Motion Picture Pattern Dept., 153 Jarvis St., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

Motion Picture for May, 1936
CHARMING DAY DRESS
Above: Style No. 832—Here's the sort of dress that all women want. It resembles a suit. It is just as much at home in town as it is at the afternoon bridge party. It is worn by Anne Shirley in soft blue crepe with white embroidered organdie tumbling down the front. The modified bouffant sleeves are softly frilled with the organdie. And a "hanky" of the organdie is tucked into the single breasted pocket that adds a trim feeling of tailored-ness. Sheer cotton prints would also be lovely for this easily made model. It is designed for sizes 14, 16, and 18 years; 36, 38, and 40-inch bust.

NERVOUS?

It's a fear that every woman dreads—that fear of embarrassment. Over and over again, you've said—"I wish I could be completely safe!"

And now at last—you can! Modess—the new and utterly different sanitary pad—is here! It's certain-safe! It stays soft! It stays safe!

STEP OUT AND PLAY WITHOUT A FEAR!

Yes—say goodbye to "accident panic"—once you discover certain-safe Modess.

No striking through—as with many ordinary reversible pads. Notice the specially treated material on sides and back. Modess can't chafe—the edges stay dry. Just wear blue line on moisture-proof side away from body—and complete protection is yours!

End "accident panic"—ask for Certain-Safe Modess!
The Improved Sanitary Pad

Try N-O-V-O—the safe, easy-to-use, douche powder in its new Blue and Silver Box. Cleanses! Deodorizes! (Not a contraception.) At your drug or department store

Motion Picture for May, 1936
TO STOP CONSPICUOUS NOSE SHINE

POWDER MUST BE PROOF AGAINST SKIN-MOISTURE

You get back 2½ times your money's worth if Luxor moisture-proof powder is not shine-proof on your skin.

Shiny nose is the reason most women use powder, which explains why 6,000,000 women prefer Luxor already. It has the magical effect of combing skin shine in the critical place where any powder shows its first sign of failure—around the nose.

Now only a trial will convince you of this. We know, because among 5,000 women recently, more than half using a sample of Luxor liked it better than their present powder.

2½ times your money's worth back?

Get the regular 55c package of Luxor at any cosmetic counter. Choose any one of the flattering shades best suited to your type. Wrapped with the Luxor package is our gift to you, a 2-drzam bottle of La Riche's Parfume selling regularly for $3 an ounce in the stores.

Then give Luxor the severe test we have mentioned. If it does not satisfy you better than any powder you have ever used, keep the flask of La Riche's Parfume worth 75c and mail us the partially used box of Luxor face powder. We will refund you our check for the 55c you paid, plus the postage.

Thus with the 75c gift of perfume, plus our check for 55c you get 2½ times what you paid for Luxor if you are not satisfied. Act now!

55c moisture-proof FACE-POWDER Luxor

Curls and Coronets for Beauty

[Continued from page 59]

the hair after a permanent wave. To use it, you merely apply it sparingly, massaging it well into the scalp. After combing the hair into place, use a bit as a brilliantine. Even a small application gives the hair a new luster and softness. A small bottle of this reconditioner costs 75 cents and a large one, $1.25. Better write me for the name, if you have dry-hair problems!

Perky roll curls and end curls are very smart for short-haired girls this season—but not droopy roll curls! If you wear your hair in this fashion, as so many of the movie stars do, I hope you give your permanent wave a little assistance by “putting up” your ends every day or two—between finger waves. I have discovered a couple of gadgets that help make this grooming task a very quick and easy one.

They are metal tubes about three inches long, with two grooves in the sides. You slip the ends of your hair between these grooves, then roll the tube or curler up to the scalp. Fasten the curl with a bob pin, remove the curler, and there you are, with a nice, neat little “sauce roll” which will dry in practically no time! The curlers come in two sizes, one small for short hairs at the nape of the neck, the other larger; and each one is mounted on a card with twelve bob pins attached. Printed instructions and pictures on the card tell you how to use the curlers. A card costs only 10 cents.

An internal acid condition will make you upset and uncomfortable, and an acid condition of the skin will prove just as disagreeable—resulting in large pores, pimples and other facial blemishes. Practically everyone knows that milk of magnesia is a grand internal anti-acid; but it required a scientist to discover that it will do the same thing to the skin when used externally.

That, briefly, is the background for two new preparations—a cleansing cream and a tissue cream—that contain milk of magnesia in addition to other beneficial ingredients! The cleansing cream is light and melty, without being drying, and the texture cream is simply grand, because it softens and lubricates the skin without

[Continued on page 85]

Men Behind the Stars

MERVYN LEROY

Director of Anthony Adverse

MERVYN LEROY, director of Warners’ coming big film, Anthony Adverse, started his motion picture career as an assistant cameraman at the FBO and later joined the FBO studios, which have since been absorbed by RKO. Although Le Roy was born with what might—in Hollywood—be considered the proverbial silver spoon, he did not use it. Nephew of Jesse L. Lasky though he was, he entered films strictly on his own. Born in San Francisco, Oct. 15, 1900, Le Roy was just eighteen when he began to turn the crank on a movie camera. However, this was not his first experience with the entertainment world. He had already had vaudeville and legitimate stage performances to his credit before this time. Not only was Le Roy a cameraman before becoming a director, but he was also an actor. Pictures in which he played were Little Johnny Jones, Prodigal Daughters and Broadway After Dark. There was something else that Hollywood found out about Le Roy very quickly: He had an excellent sense of humor. Employed for a short time as a “gag-man,” he created the highly amusing comedy sequences that were used in Potash and Perlmutter in Hollywood. Le Roy is a native of Illinois, a member of the American Society of Cinematographers, and the son of William E. Le Roy, who was active in the motion picture industry for many years.

Le Roy began his career as a cameraman, working for the FBO studio, and later joined the Warners’ studio. He has directed numerous films, including Anthony Adverse, which was released in 1936. Le Roy was a native of Illinois and the son of William E. Le Roy, who was active in the motion picture industry for many years. He is a member of the American Society of Cinematographers.

MELVIN LE ROY

Director of Anthony Adverse

After two years as a writer of comedy scripts, Le Roy achieved his heart’s desire: He became a director for First National. His first assignment was No Place to Go. Recent hit films which he directed are Five Star Final, I Am a Fugitive and Oil for the Lamps of China.

Known as an ace director in the film colony, Le Roy has earned the title by hard work and constant alertness. Even when he was on vacation, soon after marrying Doris Warner, daughter of Harry Warner, Warner Bros. president, he spent months in the Orient, in order to be better able to direct his then coming picture, Oil for the Lamps of China. This film was a directorial triumph for Le Roy. Having studied Chinese customs and traditions with the enthusiasm and concentration for which he is noted, he was able to give this picture an authenticity which it might otherwise have lacked.

To be named to direct Anthony Adverse was an honor which many a Hollywood director coveted. And Le Roy was chosen—GUNNAR NORBERG

Motion Picture for May, 1936
“Listen—you're my tein and best pal—but it'll be a cold day when I go traveling with you again! Crab-whine—boo-hoo... all the way home! I know what you need though—watch me unpack our suitcase and get it!”

“Now stop your whimpering! I know you're chafed and hot and cranky—I don't feel any too comfortable myself. I am hurrying, aren't I? I'll find it if I have to dig clear through to China!”

“There you are! Now will you take back what you said about me? Sprinkle yourself with that soft downy Johnson's Baby Powder and smile for a change. And then give some to Sister!”

“I'm Johnson’s Baby Powder—I'll defend your baby's skin from chafes and rashes... I'll keep it soft and satin-smooth—I'm that way myself! No gritty particles in me as in some powders—and no orris-root. I'm made of the purest, finest Italian tallow. (Your baby will like Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream, and Baby Oil, too!)”

Motion Picture for May, 1936
This berth to CALIFORNIA costs only $6.80 (from Chicago)
— another reason why a Southern Pacific train trip to California costs so little these days. This is an upper berth in one of the new Air-Conditioned tourist sleeping cars on our principal trains to California (Golden State Limited, Overland Limited, Pacific Limited, Sunset Limited, Cascade). A clean berth, large washroom, porter service — all for only $6.80 more each way (from Chicago) than the cost of your tourist rail ticket ($68.00 roundtrip starting May 15).

Before you decide you can’t afford a trip to California this year, write for our free folder: "How to Save Money on Your Trip."


"IT'S FUN TO LOOK YOUNGER, AGAIN!"

...and so easy to Safely Dint

GRAY HAIR

Now, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown, black. A small brush and Brownstone does it. Prove it — by taking a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair. Used and approved — for over twenty-four years by thousands of women. BROWNATONE is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair, is economical and lasting — will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. Imports rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb in it. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need. BROWNATONE is only 60c — at all drug and toilet counters — always on a money-back guarantee.

ITCHY PIMPLES

QUICK RELIEF

Or Money Back!

IF FRANTIC with an itching, pimply skin, ugly red eruptions or rashes — due to external irritants — don’t suffer another moment. One application of comforting PETRISON’S OINTMENT quickly soothes — cools tender, irritated skin. Angry redness soon vanishes. Wonderful to soothe eczema, itching of feet or cracks between toes — brings seemingly unbelievable results. Rubbing and scratching disappear. Millions benefited. Try it — you’ll be amazed. Send a box, all drugstores.

Money back if not delighted SAMPLE FREE from Peterson Ointment Co., Buffalo, N.Y., Dept. HK-1

DON’T JUST SEE THE HEAD OFF A CORN — remove it root and all!

A CORN’S like a task in your toe. Don’t just pare the head off — just cut off! Then you know it’s gone and won’t grow back worse than ever. You can remove it with Blue-Jay! This amazing double-action plaster ends pain instantly. Then quickly the corn dries, shrinks, gently lifts out — it’s gone! Tiny, compact, easy to use — Blue-Jay ends worst corn for only 4c. No more risky paring and cutting. Made with Wet-Proof adhesive. Can’t stick to stockings. Get a box today — 25c at all druggists.

BLUE-JAY Bauer & Black Scientific CORN PLAGTER LEARN TO PLAY PIANO BY EAR

NO-NOTES—NO SCALES—NO EXERCISES /

BEAUTIFUL AUTOGRAPHED PHOTOGRAPH

For each lesson Eight Lessons — approx. 4 x 6 inches 2 for $1.00 4 for $2.00 8 for $3.00
5 for $1.50 10 for $4.00 15 for $5.00

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Send for your favorites

Cary Grant, Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow, Greta Garbo

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Spas of Skin and Weather in the fascinating new

"Hair Tonic Study" (with free booklet). How to start your

Own business in hair toning and coloring. "Hair Tonic Study" is

your personal, personal, personal. 5000 are already

making money in this fascinating new business. Send for booklet.

National College of Massages 105 S. Michigan Avenue, Dept. 541, Chicago, Ill.

DON’T JUST SEE THE HEAD OFF A CORN — remove it root and all!

"Swim or Cry" — NEVER FADES OR RUNS PERMANENT DARKENER for Eyebrows and Eyelashes

Made up after any amount of use — won’t fade ever. Use with our permanent darkener. Not greasy. Will not damage your lifters. On sale now. Write for free booklet.

"DARK-EYES" Dept. 26-K, 412 Orlando St., Chicago, Ill.
LETITIE LEE STORES

Atlanta, Ga., Leon Froshin
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Amarillo, Texas, Marion Co.
Baltimore, Md., Jeanette Beck
Birmingham, Ala., Burger Phillips Co.
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Boston, Mass., Jordan Marsh Co.
Canton, O., Stann & Mann
Cleveland, Ohio, The Halle Bros. Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio, Jener, Inc.
Chicago, Ill., Mandel Bros.
Chattanooga, Tenn., Pickney's, Inc.
Charleston, W. Va., The Vogue
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Dallas, Tex., Tchine Goottinger
Des Moines, Iowa, Walf. Inc.
Detroit, Mich., Tulle & Clark
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Fort Wayne, Ind., Wolf & Desauker
Grand Rapids, Mich., Heripushimer's
Galveston, Tex., McBride's Dept. Store
Greenville, Miss., Nelson and Bless Co.
Gladewater, Tex., Rose Shop
Great Falls, Mont., Styles Style Shop
Houston, Tex., The Fashion
Hot Springs, Ark., Eleanore Harris
Hutchinson, Kans., Peggs Wright Dry Goods Co.
Huntington, W. Va., The Style Shop
Jackson, Miss., R. E. Kenninton Co.
Joplin, Mo., Ramsey's
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Jacksonville, Fla., Shiek Inc.
Kansas City, Mo., Hartfield's
Lansing, Mich., The Style Shop
Lincoln, Neb., Horvath Swenson Co.
Little Rock, Ark., Kamperos
Louisville, Ky., Besten & Langen
Lubbock, Tex., Best & Goslin's
Madison, Wis., Simpson's
Memphis, Tenn., Levy's Ladies' Furniture
Miami, Ola., Ross Rod Shop
Milwaukee, Wis., Frenzeny Parkhurst
Mishawaka, Ind., Millby Shop
Monroe, La., Relia Scherbe Davidson
Muskegon, Oka., Calhoun Dry Goods Co.
Montgomery, Ala., A. Neshman, Inc.
Nashville, Tenn., Cain Sloan Co.
New Orleans, La., Jack Sutton
Newport News, Va., Newcomb's Dept. Store, Inc.
New York City, Russia's
Nashville, Va., Akeley & Brawley, Inc.
Oak Park, Ill., Bremson's
Palm Beach, Cal., P. F. Payton Co.
Omaha, Neb., McGuire's
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Pomona, Ill., Block & Kuhl Co.
Phoenix, Ar., Galgano's
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Sacramento, Calif., Bon Marche
Salt Lake City, Utah, Makoff Classic Shop
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San Antonio, Tex., C. E. Bass
San Diego, Calif., Ballard & Brockett
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Shawnee, Okla., Mammuth Dept. Store
Sheboygan, Wis., The Fashion
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Spokane, Wash., Alex Anderson's
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St. Petersburg, Fla., Belle & Co.
Tampa, Fla., Ernest Maas, Inc.
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Thron, Ariz., Levy's
Tulsa, Okla., Schleideman's
Tyler, Tex., Mason & Schmidt
Waco, Tex., Cvthwies
Washington, D. C., Philip and Co., Inc.
West Palm Beach, Fla., Hatch's
Wheeling, W. Va., Stone & Thomas
Youngstown, Ohio, Strouse Hirshberg.

THEM—With all the current talk as to color films, and having in mind Rocky Sharpe and others to follow, it might not be amiss, for the records, to write that it was in 1910 that color films were first shown. Oldtimers may recall the Durbar of Delhi, a film produced in Technicolor, a Charles Urban invention.

Ski Weld, Portrait Painter: "The other day I painted pictures of four very lovely girls. Each was beautiful, distinctive, in the new Marvelous Matched Makeup."

ARTISTS, photographers, stage and screen directors...men everywhere who know beauty are telling girls about the new makeup "keyed to the color of your eyes."

It's Marvelous...the makeup that matches...face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and mascara...all in true color harmony. And a makeup you can buy with the certainty it matches you. For it's scientifically keyed to your personality color, the color that never changes...the color of your eyes.

At your drug or department store now...full-size packages...55 cents each. Ask for Marvelous Dresden type face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and mascara if your eyes are blue; Parian if your eyes are brown; Patrician if they are gray; Continental if they are hazel.

Take a tip from these men who know the secrets of feminine beauty. Discover Marvelous the new Eye-Matched Makeup and thrill the man you like best...tonight!

SPECIAL! Drug and department stores offer at 55s a $1.00 value Marvelous Matched Makeup Kit—junior harmonizing face powder, eye rouge, lipstick, mascara, eye shadow. Or send 55s to Richard Hudnut, Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y., State color of eyes—blue, gray, brown or hazel.

\[\text{COPI. 1935, RICHARD HUDNUT}\]

RUSSELL MARKERT, ASSOCIATE PRODUCER, RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL: "The Rockettes are lovely in Marvel- out the Matched Makeup, it's like a stage set, a costume, at its best in color harmony."

VINCENTE MIMOLI, PRODUCER OF "AT HOME ABROAD": "Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup follows the same principle of color theme that theatrical producers are constantly using."

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**The Real Dietrich—Unmasked**

[Continued from page 37]

Wherever her name is mentioned, someone’s sure to have a story to tell of Dietrich’s giving—lavishly, unstintingly, with both hands.

“And that’s not the point,” one eager boy informed me, stumbling over his tongue in his loyal haste to tell me what the point was. “It’s not enough for her to give with both hands. She gives with her thoughts, with her personality. She’s very feminine—Miss Dietrich—cigars for the boys, candy or something for the girls—and let it go at that. But what does she do? She finds out what you really want—goes to all kinds of trouble to find out. Look at me, for instance—gives me this swell suede jacket for Christmas. How in thunder did she know I wanted a jacket? One guy needed a camera and he got it. One needed an overcoat and he got it—fitted him too. Can you figure all the energy that takes—and the interest and the kindness? Me—I call that giving!”

Convincing though it was, I hadn’t needed this boy’s fervor to convince me. The tales were legion. Of the check for overdue taxes found by one man in his coat pocket—of the car ordered by her make-up girl, who was told when she asked for the bill that the hill had already been settled by Miss Dietrich—of her daily visits to an injured co-worker, with bottles of a special broth whose curative powers had been a tradition in her family. Another woman, less finely sympathetic, might have sent flowers. Might even have sent the bouquet to someone else. But Miss Dietrich starts where other people leave off. Day after day her car stopped at the door, day after day her slender figure emerged, bearing her own broth and her own good cheer till the invalid was well on the road to health.

**INDEEED, so honeycomb was Hollywood with these tales that one day the inevitable happened. A writer asked Miss Dietrich for her comment. I was that writer. And I was shamed by the quiet scorn with which my request was received. “You mean you want me to talk about these things?” she asked, her blue eyes darkening. “No—and the simple finality of the monosyllable was more effective than a volley of shouted commands could have been. “If you do anything that makes other people happy, then it makes me happy too. That’s why I do it—and I make a silly cheap advertisement out of it.”

“Forgive me if I seem abrupt,” she added. “I was brought up not to talk about myself—that was considered poor taste. Also not to ask others personal questions. That was considered rude. I know it’s the only way to get acquainted with people, but still it remains true. That’s why, perhaps, I haven’t many friends. Oh, yes—she over- rode my look of protest—it’s perfectly true. And not because I’m unfriendly. I am not. I am the greatest sucker in the world—she spoke with calm matter-of-factness, yet it was difficult not to smile at the droll charm of her honest Americanism on her lips. “I have no talent to see through people. I believe everybody every- body tells me, and I want to believe it.”

This trait, though it was disconcerting, was...
Every woman should make this
"Armhole Odor" Test

If you deodorize only—because it is easy and quick—you will always have an unpleasant, stale "armhole odor"—test yourself tonight by smelling your dress at the armpit.

The more fastidious you are, the more surprised and shocked you may be when you realize that you cannot prevent "armhole odor" unless your underarm is kept dry as well as sweet.

Tonight, as soon as you take off your dress, smell the fabric under the arm. No matter how careful you are about deodorizing your underarm, you may find that your dress carries the embarrassing odor of stale perspiration.

This is bound to happen if you merely deodorize. Creams and sticks are not made to stop perspiration. They do not keep the underarm dry, so perspiration collects and dries on the fabric of your dress.

And the very next time you wear that dress, the warmth of your body brings out an unpleasant, stale odor.

Only one way to be sure

Women who care deeply about good grooming know that there is no short cut to true underarm cleanliness. They insist on the complete protection of Liquid Odoron.

With Odoron, not even the slightest drop of moisture can collect on your dress to spoil the pleasant impression that you would otherwise make.

Odoron's action is entirely safe... ask your doctor. It works by gently closing the pores in that little hollow of the underarm. Perspiration is merely diverted to less confined parts of the body where it may evaporate freely and inoffensively.

No more ruined frocks

It takes a little longer to use Odoron, but it is well worth your while. In the end you save, not only embarrassment but your lovely clothes as well! You do away forever with those horrible underarm stains that even the cleaner cannot remove, that can ruin expensive frocks and coat linings in just one day's wearing. And there is no grease to stick to your clothes and make them messy.

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

If you want to feel the utter security and peace that Odoron brings, send for the two sample vials and leaflet on complete underarm dryness offered below.

DID YOU KNOW THAT

Make Clarke, ambitious to become a writer, is taking a university course in short-story composition?
Why Robert Donat Nearly Starved  
[Continued from page 36]

hadn't a "beat," he added. Surely, he couldn't be real to refuse Hollywood!

AND just when he had rejected what everyone said was his great oppor-
tunity (everybody else said it). Alex that
nder Korda, England's leading film pro-
ducer rang him up. Excitement. New hopes.
Bob and his wife had been right to refuse Hollywood.

"I went into Alex's office. In his slow
English, he said, "Hello, Mr. Donat. I hear
you are a good actor. I would like to make
a picture with you someday. Goodbye."

And that was that. I turned and walked out. I don't need to tell you how I felt.

There were no plays at the moment. There were his wife and baby. Robert
Donat had to find work! With English
motion pictures catching on and new com-
panies springing up all over London he didn't miss any.

It may be difficult for you to believe this," he leaned forward, his eyes
were deadly earnest now. "But I am trying to
tell you simple facts without embellish-
ments. At that time, when American and
English producers were screaming for romantic
personalities, I made my first
tests. I would make one and hear nothing of
it. Finally, I worried the reason from a
producer. He told me I was too romantic.

I couldn't help but laugh. One of
the screen's most romantic heroes—too romantic
to make the grade. It didn't make sense.

"Let me tell you about my first test," he added. "I was told to appear in
evening clothes. I had none. When I got on
the set, they told me there had been a slight
mistake. I was supposed to be a Canadian
lumberjack. I must walk forward slowly,
carry a book to, a lumberjack, walking
slowly forward and bowed to an invisible
girl. They took one shot and then said,
"by the way, you should have been a
Canadian speech." So I did it again although I had
no idea how a Canadian spoke!

And even in that I was called too
romantic. It was a test later that I was
called 'Test Donat.' I mean that. And
then, when it looked hopeless, Alexander
Korda rang up again. This time he said,
"Well, perhaps we make a picture after all," and arranged a test."

The director testing Donat had
decided upon the person to play the part, and his
name was Donat. Bob slipped this
when telling the story. He said, "there was
a chair and two lights. One on the left, one
on the right. You know what horrible light-
ing that is! The director said, 'You know your
lines?' I answered by running over
them perfectly. I was told. When they
started shooting the director said: 'Turn
this way; no that.' I felt like a schoolboy.
And suddenly, without warning, I lay back
in that chair with a roar with laughter. I
couldn't help it. Another Donat test! But
the cameras were turning; the microphones
were open. And that laugh got my first
picture! When Korda saw the first part of
the test, he thought I was cross-eyed! I
couldn't look any other way with a light
on either side of me. He was about to
have them turn off the test and forget about
me when he heard that laugh. He
looked up quickly. There I was with my face
screwed into a grin, trying to stop laughing
and yet continuing to laugh. It made Korda
laugh. He signed me."
BOB DONAT laughed long and loudly over telling me this and I knew exactly why Korda had signed him. That laugh had won him the rôle in the history-making Henry, the VII with Charles Laughton.

"I made up my mind right then I would never do just pictures," he added. "I feel the same now. You can't do just pictures. You can't do just plays. You can't be tied to just one company. You must be free. And after that picture, I found a really good play: The Sleeping Clergyman!

"It ran several months. When it closed, I was worn out. I packed my wife and family to Cornwall for a holiday and told my secretary not to let anyone know where I was. To this day, I do not know how Korda found out. But I had been there only ten days when Alex began bombarding me with phone calls and telegrams. Finally, I jumped in my car and motored to London to stop him. As I walked into his office, he said, 'Bob, the United States wants you for Monte Cristo. I think I should take it.'

"I didn't admit then I hadn't read it. I never admitted it before. I'm afraid I said I had read it when a child. I said, 'Alex, give me half an hour!', rushed out and hopped a taxi to a book-seller. I was hunting someone who could tell me the story—someone who didn't know me. I found a little old man in one of the second-hand book-stalls who knew it. I rang Alex up and said, 'I'll do it!' In a week, my wife and I were on the Berengaria, headed for Hollywood. It was the maddest experience—"

"Anyway," he concluded, his eyes twinkling again, "I'm glad I wasn't so romantic to be kept forever from motion pictures." And fans throughout Europe and America are glad for the same reason. Especially since he made his recent big hit in Ghost Goes West with youthful Jean Parker.

It's summer weather in Hollywood. And Glenda Farrell seeks open air and sunshine in her own 'covered wagon.'

All that glitters is not PABST

The real test of beer goodness is flavor. Convinced by this test—millions of Americans—from Detroit to New Orleans—from Los Angeles to New York—have made Pabst TapaCan their choice for beer.

Purity, wholesomeness, refreshment and smooth, satisfying flavor is brewed right into Pabst Export Beer. Backed by 92 years of experience, combined with scientific laboratory control, you now get Pabst Beer—just as Pabst made it. Sealed in, fully protected, tamperproof, non-refillable, you get Pabst with all its delicate goodness captured at the brewery and maintained for your enjoyment.

Join the millions who have discovered this real brewery goodness. But—remember, all that glitters is not Pabst—call for your beer by name—Pabst TapaCan.

INSIST ON ORIGINAL PABST TapaCan

- Brewery Goodness Sealed In
- Flavor Fully Protected
- Non-Refillable
- Flat Top—It Stacks
- Saves Half the Space
- No Deposits to Pay
- No Bottles to Return
- No Breakage

PABST Export BEER
BREWERY GOODNESS SEALED RIGHT IN

Motion Picture for May, 1936
FLECKLES MUST GO
When OITLINE Is Used!

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Knitting Contest Editor,
MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE,
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This is to let you know that I am interested in your knitting contest and that I am likely to knit a garment and enter it in your contest. I should, therefore, like to have you reserve space for my garment, if I should decide to send one to you in order to enter this contest. I understand that whatever application does not, in any way, obligate me to knit a garment and enter the contest.

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Motion Picture for May, 1936
Prizes

Following is the list of prizes to be awarded in this great nation-wide knitting contest: 1st Prize, roundtrip all-expense railroad tour to Hollywood and return; 2nd, airplane trip, New York to Hollywood (or Hollywood to New York), value $288; 3rd, Mendoza beaver coat, value $100; 4th, Tissane wrist watch, value $100; 5th, one year's supply of shoes (A. C. Lawrence), value $75; 6th, one hooked rug (Fleisher), value $75; 7th, one Afghan (Bernard Ulmann Co.), value $75; 8th and 9th, two one year's supply of Mojodi Clari-phrase silk stockings, value $44 each; 10th, one year's supply of Lanerchie Perfume and Cosmetics, value $50; 11th, one evening ensemble of Coral Pearls, consisting of necklace and bracelet to match, by Coban & Rosenberg, value $50; 12th, one year's supply of Maiden Form brassieres and girdles, value $50; 13th, one Gruen wrist watch, value $50; 14th, one year's supply of Corday's perfume (Voyage a Paris), value $32.50.

Rules

1. To compete in this contest, you may knit any garment pictured here or in the Motion Picture-Movie Classic Knitting Book.

2. The Motion Picture-Movie Classic Instruction Book may be obtained at any department store, selling Fleisher, Bear Brand or Buicilla yarns. The price of the book is 25 cents.

3. The contest opens February 1, 1936, and closes May 1, 1936.

4. The garment that you knit will be your entry in the contest—and it will be judged solely for quality of workmanship by nationally famous women. Their decision will be final.

5. At any time between April 1 and the closing date of the contest, wrap your entry carefully and mail it, parcel post, insured, to Knitting Contest Editor, 20-22 Greene St., New York City, enclosing enough stamps for its return to you by parcel post, insured. The sponsors of this contest will not be liable for loss or damage to any garment submitted, but will take every reasonable precaution to insure its safe return. All entries must reach the above named address on, or before May 1, 1936.

6. All entries must be accompanied by all the bands from Bear Brand, Fleisher or Buicilla yarns, used in knitting your garment, or by facsimiles of them.

7. Before sending your garment as an entry in the contest, you must reserve space for it by mailing the application blank (or facsimile) shown here on page 70. This does not obligate you to send a garment later. It merely reserves space for your garment.

8. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

9. The judges are: Grand Duchess Marie, Mrs. James Roosevelt, mother of the President, Miss Winifred Ovitt and Toeb, fashion authorities, and Mrs. W. W. Hopkins, New York society leader, and Mrs. Gaynor Maddox, fashion writer.

10. This contest is open to everyone, except employees of Motion Picture Publications, Inc., Fawcett Publications, Inc., Warner Brothers-First National Pictures, and the manufacturers of Bear Brand, Fleisher and Buicilla yarns, and their families.

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Motion Picture for May, 1936 71
First Time Losers

[Continued from page 42]

obscure roles in long-forgotten films. The sensitive face of Charles Boyer whom you applauded in Secret World and Break of Hearts, is the same one you glimpsed for a brief moment as the French chauffeur in that almost-forgotten Harlow picture, Red-Headed Woman. He is another first-time loser who has made good.

Grace Moore, too, is a first-time loser who came back on wings of song. It doesn't seem possible, now, but her unhappy appearance in New Moon indexed her as "unsuitable for films" in the eyes of many. Then Harry Cohn, star-salver, contracted her for One Night of Love. It was a movie sensation. But what happened between her early films, and the Columbia picture that established her as a box-office favorite?

What happens to them that they were denied immediate success when others won it easily? Why was their endurance stretched to the snapping point? Out of their experiences comes advice to all of us who feel that we are getting nowhere. One says one thing, another, but the message is the same—keep trying!"

"Don't go to New York without money," says the pale-gold Julie Haydon. The Hecht-MacArthur film, The Scoundrel, made her Haydon-conscious. "If you can borrow or save a little money, an actor should go to New York, but not without funds. I was without money in New York for several weeks, it's frightening."

"By all means go to New York, make money or no money," contrarily advises Walter Abel, who scored as the lusty D'Artagnan in The Three Musketeers. "It stands to reason that there's a dearth of acting talent in the East, because the film producers sign up every available actor as soon as he makes his appearance on Broadway."

"Stay in Hollywood," grins cynical Victor Jory, "to go to the Fights, dine at the Trocadero, get to know three directors, and you'll get along in films." Michael Bartlett, late of Love Me Forever and She Married Her Boss says: "get a job in the theatre—any job and stay with it until you get a better job—in the theatre."

Of ALL the first-time failure stories Michael Bartlett's is the most fantastic. This young tenor, with a background of Princeton, American Revolution ancestry, operatic training in Italy, was imported to Hollywood in 1930 to sing in a musical. For forty weeks he drew a handsome salary but never appeared before a camera as the picture was never made. By the time he finally settled his contract before returning East, his morale was so undermined by insecurity that he was not sure he could sing anything—even a tune as simple as Old Aunt Nobby.

It was until he was knee-deep in Broadway musical shows that he knew his Hollywood misadventure had not dulled his tones. Eventually news of his Eastern success trickled back to the picture studios. When Victor Schertzinger, the director, was casting about for a lyrical leading man for Grace Moore in Love Me Forever, he remembered Bartlett's Hollywood

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Motion Picture for May, 1936

HYDROSAL

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NEW TATTOO CREAM MASKARA

Needs no water to apply—really waterproof.
CLARK GABLE didn’t come under Cohn’s aegis until later in his career. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer gets credit for rediscovering Gable. As a first-time loser, he made the usual attack on Hollywood, via the extra ranks. A spear-carrier in an early Lubitsch film, he went hungry between jobs. Elusive fame leads its followers to distant points. Many in quest of it, starting in Hollywood, find it in New York. Julie Haydon was one. It was The Scoondrel, a film she made while in New York, that brought her back into the limelight. And so Hollywood re-discovered her. The denouement is like a fairy tale’s ending.

Charles Boyer, a dark-eyed Frenchman, was brought to Hollywood to appear in French versions of English-speaking films. He told friends: “I am going to become a success in the American talking film business. I hope to!” But he became discouraged with his contract and left for France. It took him four years in Paris to get past the first-language barrier. Julie Haydon was one. It was The Scoondrel, a film she made while in New York, that brought her back into the limelight. And so Hollywood re-discovered her. The denouement is like a fairy tale’s ending.

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During a season, sweep-up at the Paramount studio in 1931 Jean Arthur found herself out of a job. A few months ago to the red carpet was unrolled at Paramount’s entrance. Jean Arthur was returning to enact a highly important role for the studio. Something vital and very exciting had happened to her career during those five important years. She was a first-time loser, yes, but her return was a triumph. "By all means, leave Hollywood, if it means starving as she told me, earnestly. "I did, and I have never regretted it." A change of name, a Ziegfeld engagement, several New York shows, and blonde Ann Sothern was skyrocketing, again, to film heights. As Harriet Lake she was just another leading lady in a garden of Hollywood beauties. She knew that her chances of film success were less than nil, and she was luckier, as a rule from the late Florence Ziegfeld who had met her, previously, offered her a part in one of his musicals. She seized the Broadway opportunity and, shortly after, won Hollywood recognition. First-Time losers? Hollywood is full of them. Rudy Vallee made two film misadventures before Sweet Music turned up a winner. And so reads the town’s roster. It’s full of first-time losers who had the courage to try again. If they had been discouraged and dropped from sight into obscure trades, the world’s film audiences might have been denied the pleasure of their talents today. If they had been discouraged and dropped from sight into obscure trades, the world’s film audiences might have been denied the pleasure of their talents today. If they had been discouraged and dropped from sight into obscure trades, the world’s film audiences might have been denied the pleasure of their talents today.
Why Luise Rainer Clipped the Name

[Continued from page 46]

heather field. A wind of freedom! The romance that grew between those two was the kind that a Dunias might have written. Rich and full-flavored—and a little awe-inspiring even to them.

"He is so big, like God..." Luise confided once. "Who am I that he should love me?" She was surprised.

SHE felt that she could not marry him. She was afraid of the greatness and, as she saw it, her own inability to further the interests of his life. So—at her request—they did not see each other for a year.

"If you are still in love with me then, if I can feel our love will make up for my being so nothing beside you, I'll give my life to make you happy," she said in parting.

He had tremendous work to occupy him. A world conference had attended. Meanwhile, she won success in Shakespeare's Measure for Measure, in Deisser's American Tragedy. She was on a vacation in Italy when the twelve months ended. His cable came. He refused to lose her again; they would be married at once. He was flying to her in his plane.

For two days, she lived in a world apart that included nothing so mundane as newspaper headlines. At noon of the third day, her close friend called. Luise caught the words "sympathy"... "so terribly sorry." "Sorry?" asked Luise. "For what?"

There was an unanswerable question. Then, "You haven't heard? You don't know he crashed in the mountains, yesterday, in a fog?" The voice was sad.

THAT was two years ago. And, somehow, out of that grief, Luise found herself. "My life," she told her family simply, "must be fuller, richer, for having loved him." And so she has tried to make it. Three months later, Bob Ritchie, M-G-M talent scout, discovered her. A slim, dark-haired girl, creating a sensation on the stage, burying herself in numerous activities away from it. It is like that now. No sooner had she finished her part in Emerge than she began writing a pantomime, the story of a little boy's life that she's interpreting in a dance. And she's been asked by voice part for the part of the famous and talented Anna Held in The Great Ziegfeld.

Sometimes, she walks in the mountains for hours—dreaming of the things that she hopes to do. "And sometimes," she said to me, "I walk all night until I see the sun come up.

She lives, this girl! She starts out for a before-breakfast ride one morning—and finds herself, the next day, in a Mexican fishing village, two hundred miles away. It doesn't matter in the least, that she has no passport. Eight inspectors stop her on her way back across the border but—what is a passport? Soon she has them so much misled that they fairly aid her over the border! It's her naive charm that does it. And those effulgent dark eyes of hers with their impish sparkle.

Her home is in Santa Monica canyon, not far from the ocean. A huge house that looks strangely small if it, too, had roots in the earth and aspired to the sky. There are no screens on the high Cathedral windows, regal studied or screamed in. The trees in the garden are tall and shaggy and picturesque. And the summer house is

"Yes, Madam—Not only that, they give added protection, and are so convenient and dependable."
covered with passion flowers, growing at will. I had gone there, expecting to find an amusing youngster. I came away with the same inspired feeling that I had had once before, looking at a stained-glass window in a London abbey.

An elderly couple keep house for her, helped—more or less—by an Aberdeen terrier, named "Johnny." He is Luise's confidant, guide, pal. All lovers of Scotties can understand how she felt when she took his little face in her hands and said dreamily, "He is beautiful like Garbo." And the way she said it, I knew that that was the highest compliment which she could pay to the Swedish star!

There is no explaining Luise. Her abrupt transitions from a child-like naiveté to a mature, penetrating sophistication that astounds. She told me, "When difficulties arise, when I am very puzzle, I try to think what would happen in nature. What would be the most natural thing to do. That is my belief.

"We were close to nature as children, my two brothers and I," she continued. "Our mother and father took us often to walk in the Black Forest. Ach, it is so beautiful there! You make beautiful things a part of children's lives and ugly things won't attract them, is it not true? If their parents, for example, hold before them the beauty of real love, will they mistake it for cheap emotion later on? No!"

EVEN in the colors of her wardrobe, she follows nature. You see there, the greens of the trees, the blues of the sky and sea, the shimmery lavender and blue that settles over the mountains at sunset.

Luise had arranged all the records of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony on her electrola and, as one exquisite movement melted into another, she whispered, "Why didn't they write about him? No, they didn't think his private life was so clarifying enough! They only want to know about you when you are dead—or when you first make the fame. If you make one little mistake, they poke fun at you! They did at him!"

And I, in turn, was thinking of the unconscious genius sitting there beside me. As the last thrilling notes of the music died away, she cried—"Now go back and write about extraordinary things if you can!"

No, I couldn't do that. But I could write about the most extraordinary girl I have ever met.

Fifteen Years Ago
in MOTION PICTURE Magazine

"RICHARD BARTHELEMMES is one of the greatest cinema celebrities despite the fact that he has never been starred. He is now playing the role of Youth in Exscape," said Bryson. "Bryson portrays the role of Queen of Sheba amidst gorgeous settings and class in costumes of barbaric beauty—so marvelous that it is safe to predict a big success for this latest Fox extravaganza." "Crane Wilbur and Ben Lyon were featured in The Heart of Mary-land, starring Catherine Calvert." "About Charlie Chaplin's picture, The Kid, Morton Picture said, "... there are heaven scenes. Imagine Chaplin in heaven! It is quite the most delightful thing witnessed. As for Jackie Coogan, he is a finished actor." "About George Arliss in The Devil, Morton Picture said, "George Arliss, who has consistently given artistic characterizations on the stage, fails in bringing his art to the screen." "The unmistakable talent of George Fawcett will grace the cast of The Tropic..." "Douglas Fairbanks' next venture will be The Three Musketeers." "Rex Ingram, while directing that stupen-dous film, The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, slept less than four hours out of the twenty-four. He proposes to spend his entire vacation sleeping!"
No More Dancing for Ginger Rogers

[Continued from page 30]

Ginger so busy watching other things about Ginger that I never noticed till now what a determined little chin she has for all its roundness, and Jomo Lambo, on our part, are wise enough to know they aren't laughing or wise-cracking. If Ginger has made up her mind to play Juliet she might as well build the balcony right away!

SPECTACULAR orange hair pushed back behind her ears, the smallest waist in the movies lost in polka-dot pajamas, those tired feet thrust into satin carriage boots, she was not the Ginger Hollywood knows, the Ginger who romps by presidential request across the White House screen whenever her new pictures appear, the Ginger that has put spice and flavor into the dull lives of tens of thousands of fans. "I want to be taken seriously!" she pleads. "I saw the film, First Lady, the other night. Jane Cowl is the type of actress I want to try to be someday. And the longer I dance the harder it will be to persuade them I can act." No need to explain that third a fair effort. And Ginger, as always, knows who are the mysterious Powers That Be. "They" can make you a star with a wave of their priceless perfec- tions and "they" can also end your career with the same gesture.

"Four years ago," Ginger went on, hugging her knees with long, young arms, "I inserted a dance of Queen Mary, Queen of Scots, and had a lot of pictures taken in it. I thought I looked dramatic and tragic. When I showed the pictures to them they said we were pretty!" Three years ago I told them that I wanted more than anything in the world to play Joan of Arc on the screen. They laughed heartily at my wisecrack! Now when I send them a wire asking them to buy a play for me, a wonderful play I saw about a boy and girl fighting disillusionment, they signed it. But in this new world they'll probably tell me to run along and play like a nice little girl. But I'm sending the wire all the same.

"BECAUSE—look," said Ginger, "you know anything goes in cycles on the screen. Just now it's singing and dancing pictures, but sooner or later people will get tired of tap dancers and rhumba dancers and ballet dancers and so- ciety dancers and Ginger Rogers, and turn to something else. I'm going to be ready for that time. Dramatic actresses never go out of style! Would Joan Crawford be a great star today if she had continued in dancing roles? I saw Winter's the other night, with Margo as the heroine in a uniformly emotion- al part—and two years ago Margo was a supper dancer on the Waldorf Roof!" I know they think I'm too young to do dramatic acting—as though only women over thirty had emotions or experiences! My face may be youthful, but in here, in my heart, is a lifetime of heartache in the pajama jacket her eager, ardent, impatient heart, "in here I'm grown up." She laughed rue- fully over how her name of Ginger would look in electric lights billed as Judy. She imagines her real name of Virginia would look better.

THE United States cabinet has been called upon lately to consider many weighty questions, but until they invited

Motion Picture for May, 1936
Mrs. Rogers and Ginger to the Cabinet breakfast after the President's Ball they had never been consulted on the problem of running a motion picture star! When Ginger had left the table to broadcast, her mother turned to her hosts: "You've been so charming as to say that you like Ginger's pictures and that you're enthusiastic over Ginger herself," she told them. "Now I'm going to ask you to help us decide something. What would your reaction be if you read an announcement that 'Ginger Rogers' was going to play in—let's say a great drama like 'The Cradle Song'? Would it sound incongruous to you?"

I like to think of our statesman and law-makers turning gladly from the irksome problems of inflation, neutrality and bonus bonds to discuss Ginger's name. "They were lovely about it," Mrs. Rogers smiled. "A chorus of protest answered my question from all around the table."

"The hardest thing will be to make Hollywood think I'm anything but a dancer," said Ginger herself. "What I'd like to do is make a stage play first and then, if Broadway thought I was a real actress, Hollywood would send for me to come back and make a dramatic picture. That may seem like a roundabout way, but the movies go round and round even more than the music. I have a standing offer of a theatrical contract in London, good any time within five years—and I've just had an offer of a stage play next fall from a big Broadway producer. I suppose I could get a chance to act in a play in Los Angeles, but the studios don't take home talent very seriously." In Ginger's case, after her money-making success as a dancing star, it would be asking much of human nature to sacrifice a surefire hit for a girl's ambition.

But here is where destiny steps in. The new executive of Radio Pictures, Samuel Briskin is the same man who once gave a little newcomer a screen test for a contract with another company almost five years ago. "I was playing wisecracking parts in program pictures in those days," Ginger related, "but Mr. Briskin didn't choose one of these scenes for a test. Instead he handed me a script and told me to learn it and come back the next day. It was the most dramatic scene you could imagine. I had to take the part of a woman lawyer defending her husband on a charge of murder. After I'd finished he came to me and took both my hands. 'Ginger Rogers,' he said, 'you're a dramatic actress and that's what I'm going to make of you.' But he didn't have the chance—then. I brought a dramatic script with me and I've been studying it on this trip—it would make a sort of female Bill Powell out of me."

Hollywood has forgotten and most movie fans never knew that Ginger Rogers once made a dramatic picture. It was a little independent feature called 'Zeezech in the Night' and it made a modest fortune for its producer after he invested every last cent he had in it. "Your performance saved me and my wife and kids," he told her, "and someday you will be a great dramatic star in one of the big studios, but you will never do a finer piece of acting than you did for me."

I left Ginger seated at her high window, looking out at dreams taller than mere skyscrapers. I think somehow that she will see those dreams become realities!

DID YOU KNOW THAT Claudette Colbert is a rabid movie fan and goes to the neighborhood movie on an average of three nights a week? ©

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The Pathway to a Soft, Smooth Skin

Motion Picture for May, 1936 77
Again, peeping from his hideout, Papa Leach gained upper hand. How it was done, no one seems to know. And, so, by and by, the autograph-hunters disband, happy. Papa emerges, rejoins Ronald, and they saunter on. Everybody's happy—and probably this is the first time many possessors of Leslie Howard's autograph will realize they've really got his son's forgery, instead! The resemblance between dad and son is one of Hollywood's marvels.

Leslie takes nothing seriously—not even his work, although he's tough. He was once a bank clerk, you see—just after he'd finished a four-year-stretch in the British cavalry, during the war. He was a perfectly terrible bank clerk, he admits. He didn't like it. He didn't like clocks and numbers and routine. And so, somehow, he became an actor. There's not much routine in this business.

Now, there's a subject! Clocks. Most people take them much too seriously, thinks Leslie. But for the boys in the boys' clubs in the studies. They'll tell you, for one thing, that from about 4 o'clock on, Leslie Howard isn't worth a tin nickel as an actor. If they don't have to keep him on the set, he'll go through his stuff, right enough. But he's just too tired and bored by that time to really put any "oomph" into it, at all. It's hardly ever that they manage to keep Leslie around after four. P.M. He just disappears. Houdini could have learned some things from him, like vanishing into thin air. His favorite method, it seems, is to observe his wrist-watch, note that it says 4 or 492, and mutter to the director: "I say—I think I'll dash over and have a spot of tea."

But Leslie is never temperamental. He just can't be bothered. Because, to tell the truth, making movies rather bores him. Not that he doesn't like acting, but he enjoys stage acting so much more. That's because he's more important on the stage. "The stage" he tells you, "is the actor's medium. The actor controls, there. But movies—right there they're the director's and the cutter's and the electrician's and the writer's and everybody else's medium, and the actor is merely incidental!"

To while away this boredom while making movies, Howard devotes incessantly. He's always up to some manner of gag. On Petrifed Forest, there was hardly ever a serious moment between shots. He and Director Mayo and Humphrey Bogart, the heavy, made the sidelines a gauntlet of gags. Most of the action was on a desert set, with wind machines stirring up great clouds of dust. One of his stunts was to organize a dust-mask orchestra. The actors and technicians all had to wear dust-masks. The mask makers shot——it was a gauntlet of dust-masks looking like minute war-gas masks. One day, Howard discovered that he could make weird music singing through the snout-like tube of the mask. He got Bogart and Mayo doing it, and hour after hour, they'd wheeze amazing tunes through their gas-masks. Howard thought it was funny. Some of the crew didn't know whether the dust was real or the music was worse.

The dust was so bad that it got into everybody's eyes. Everybody got a "cold." Howard got a touch of pleurisy. It annoyed him. One day, lying on a rooftop with Bette Davis for a love-scene, he suddenly interrupted it all with: "Say, how on earth can be lightened 2 to 4 shades with Shampoo-Rinse

BROWNISH Blondes, want hair that's blonde enough to be blonde, but not quite. To make your hair as blonde as you desire that's what your wish. Then do what thousands of other people have done. Use Blondex. This unique combination shampoo and rinse all in one, washes the most faded, brownish blonde hair 2 to 4 shades lighter in just once shampoo! And Blondex works its wonder safely, too. For it's an absolutely harmless rinse, not a harsh chemical or dye. Use Blondex today. Recapture that golden loveliness of childhood. Get Blondex today at any drug or department store.

Don't Get Leslie Howard Wrong!

[Continued from page 33]
DENTYNE's a Double Attraction — Keeps Mouth Healthy — Tastes Delicious

DENTYNE KEEPS TEETH WHITE. Our ancestors had good teeth because they ate foods that required plenty of chewing — gave teeth and gums healthful exercise. Our foods today are soft, over-refined—that's why many dentists advise chewing Dentyne. The specially firm, chewy consistency encourages the exercise needed for mouth health. It cleanses in a pleasant, natural way.

YOU'LL LIKE ITS SPICY FLAVOR! Its delicious taste alone makes a great many people Dentyne enthusiasts. It's fragrant—it's smooth — and the flavor is lasting. An excellent chewing gum in every way. Note the smart flat shape of the package—made to slip handily into pocket or purse — an original and exclusive Dentyne feature.

KEEPS TEETH WHITE — mouth healthy

Motion Picture for May, 1936

DENTYNE DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

DID YOU KNOW THAT Madge Evans' Bobby is collecting toy elephants of all sizes, shapes, colors, materials?
What Are Clark Gable's Plans for the Future?

[Continued from page 31]

things shape themselves better when I let them alone. I did, and with what success I've had has been a surprise package out of the bag. I did have a neat little plan once. It was when I was working in a bit-or-miss stock company in the middle west and I had it all mapped out how to save my money for seven weeks so that I could start Broadway. But the manager let it out with the company funds in the third week. Then, since I haven't tried to plan.

AND that's exactly what makes Clark's private life as vital and full of action as a Sabatini novel. He acts on the spur of the moment. That trip to Mexico, for instance. There were nine of them on that trip. Besides Gable, there were Leo Carrillo, Jack Conway, the director, and Jack Maddox, and a few others, like Jack, Mexico, they slept outdoors under brush cul tus near Guayas. The town had insisted on giving them a celebration the evening before their departure. I think there had been a dance and all the senoritas had paraded visibly beside their mothers. Gable did his best to take one after another for a turn on the floor. But, knowing him, I'm willing to bet dollars to doughnuts that he heaved a long sigh of relief when the party was over. In the morning, he forgot to shave. And for nine days thereafter.

The one time when you really get to know a man is when you rough it with him. When the bread gets soggy and ants discover the flower and cactus needles somehow work through leather jackets.

“NOTHING” bothered Gable, Leo Carrillo chuckled, “I've never seen a man who could take anything in stride with better humor... He'd sit in the duck blind for hours, just watching the birds circling around, sometimes not bothering to fire a gun. Oh, he got his quota of ducks and quail all right. But it was the country that really got him. He was like a kid on a holiday. Give Gable a pipe, a gun, and a pair of boots, and he's happy. If I had to choose eight people to take with me to a desert island, Gable would be the first one. Then I'd be sure that he'd be the first to be bored with him around. He flicks a finger and things happen. Everything he does is on impulse. From the time he hopped a coin in a restaurant in Texas to see if he'd come back to Hollywood and acting or return to the oil fields, it has been that way. If heads had turned up then, he would probably be building derricks by now! And that flight of his to South America last fall: It was a real impromptu stunt. I heard that when he walked aboard a tramp freighter and headed for Holland. Only that time,—in Holland,—he was so broke that he had to sit around the dives, waiting for the ship to sail home,” said Carrillo, reminiscing.

AT PRESENT, one of Gable's ideas is to fly the China Clipper across the Pacific as soon as the production of San Francisco is completed. Not for a thrill, merely to give himself a change of life in the Orient. But you can't tell me. However,

DID YOU KNOW THAT Robert Taylor likes to wear three sweat-shirts at once,—a yellow, a brown and a white one?
when the time comes, ten to one, he'll hop into a zeppelin and soar over the Atlantic.

That's William Clark Gable. It's an exciting thought to find yourself suddenly with the whole globe as your playground! Gable never expected it, of course. Not in ten thousand moons. "I've got so much more out of life than I ever dreamed of having," he says, still a little awe-struck at the miracle of it even after five years. "I never wanted much. I don't today. Possessions only clutter up living for me. That is, if I have a lot of them. They put a restraint on a man that's hard to break through. Of course, I own a couple of horses, I'll always have horses. Some day, maybe, I'll get a small ranch and start raising them.

"At present, though, I'm living in a Beverly Hills hotel. Usually, however, I go for a horseback ride up in the hills before I go to work and I have breakfast at any hamburger stand I come across. After dinner, if I don't go to a prizefight or show with some of the fellows, I turn in early. I never did shine much as a social light, you know," Clark added, smiling.

But that isn't quite accurate. Clark can make a party lively when he wants to do so. However, he's been to only two social events all winter. Sam Goldwyn's party, which he attended alone, and the Mayfair ball. He brought Edie Adams, a new contract player, to the latter. Mary Taylor, a Park Avenue photographer's model, was seen once with Clark last autumn—and given a leading rôle!

But as far as real romance is concerned, Clark is not interested in it at the moment. He's distinctly the type of man who wants to do his own pursuing. Underneath that sophisticated devil-may-care-ness of his are a lot of old-fashioned notions, among them the belief that men are still the natural champions of women. He has an innate respect for them, fostered by his stepmother, and he has never lost it. But if he falls in love again, that fact will be carefully sheltered from public attention.

"But this I do know," said Clark, "I intend to live with a free rein now and always. I'm planning the future with an open mind and I'm going to live every minute of it!"

It will be well worth watching, this next chapter in Gable's life story!

A New Find!

How rare they are—the really big new "finds" of Hollywood. Here we have one of the loveliest and most talented of those who have recently scaled the heights. You saw Binnie Barnes as Lillian Russell in Diamond Jim, in Rendezvous and a number of other recent successes—always adding charm and grace to each scene in which she appears.

Just as Miss Barnes is a real find for Hollywood, ADIMIRATION COSTUME HOISERY is a real find for those in Hollywood and elsewhere who are seeking higher and finer standards in hosiery quality and style.

Imagine, if you can, the satisfaction that would be yours with any hosiery that would give you (1) Longer wear, (2) Better fit, (3) More comfort—and (4) Fewer runs than the hose you have been wearing. According to thousands of women wearers of ADIMIRATION COSTUME HOISERY—you are safe in expecting that! The illustration on the left shows you definitely why these claims are true faces.

Give yourself the advantages of wearing ADIMIRATION COSTUME HOISERY just once! Good judgment and an appreciative pocketbook will bring you back for more.

COOPER, WELLS & COMPANY
ST. JOSEPH MICHIGAN

FOR THE WOMAN WHO CARES

Motion Picture for May, 1936
Groucho Looks at Charlie

[Continued from page 39]

You come away with your sides actually strained from laughter! It's a tonic, nothing less.

BUT this particular evening was some-what different. The lights were very low. A fire crackled cheerily in the hearth. Groucho watched the flickering shadows on the knotty pine walls and spanned unnumbered years to introduce the comedian with the threadbare overcoat.

And the comic with the dirty shirt.

The fire lost its warmth. I shivered, too. Then I heard Groucho's voice breaking the silence, speaking about the first Chaplin show that he'd seen.

"I was on the Pantages Circuit, the last act on the bill, doing four shows a day, rain or shine," he began. "There was a three-hour lay-over in Winnipeg before jumping to the Coast. As a rule, I made a bee-line for the pool room. It was generally warmer. This particular night, I was feeling rather blue and, besides, I had a headache. I decided on the spur of the moment to take a show. I had a friend playing on the Sullivan-Conline Circuit.

"Conline was the father of the present Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer producer, John W. Considine, Jr. "Well, sir, at this show, the audience was roaring with laughter. I looked at the stage and saw Chaplin for the first time. I had never heard people laugh quite like that. I began to laugh, too. Soon my polite laughter had turned to an impolite howl! The little comic's act was called 'A Night at the Ritz'; it was supposed to be an English social club—and what a one, too. I might add! Chaplin sat at a small table and ate soda crackers, one after another. A woman up front was singing all the while, but nobody heard a single note, I'm sure. They were too intent on Chaplin's every move. A fine stream of cracker dust was blindly shooting from the mouth. He kept that up for exactly fifteen minutes."

"At the table was a large basket of oranges. Finally, he started to pick up the oranges, one by one, and threw them right at the woman. One of them knocked the pianist off his chair. People became hysterical. There was a continuous spate of laughter. He was the same Chaplin then that he is now," Groucho concluded simply.

GROUCHO sought Chaplin out that night. He told him how impressed he was—how the act had him right out of his seat in stitches. They became friends. The two circuits made the same town.

Finally, the two actors landed in Los Angeles, land of hopes and dreams. "One day, I'm telling you, Chaplin called me up," continued Groucho. "He had been offered $100 a week to go with Keystone. 'What's the matter,' I said, 'isn't it enough?' Chaplin was then getting about $35 a week. 'You're durned right it's enough,' he replied with a chuckle. 'It's far too much, in fact. I can't be worth $100 a week. I've got it all figured out that these studio guys must be crazy and who wants to work for a bunch of loonies?' "'Ouch,' go ahead and take it,' I told,

DO YOU KNOW THAT

Wallace Ford's daughter found a mongrel dog under their dining room table. The dog was full of five newborn pups, so she named them after the five Dionnes and sent them to the quintuplets!
A FEW WEEKS AGO I WAS ASHAMED OF MY FIGURE—I WAS SO SKINNY!

THEN

NOW

NEW IRONIZED YEAST

OFTEN ADDS 10 TO 25 LBS.
—in a few weeks

EVEN if you never could gain an ounce, remember thousands have put on solid, naturally attractive flesh with these new, easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets—
in just a few weeks!

Not only has this new discovery brought normal, good-looking pounds, but also naturally softer skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Bacteria recently discovered that thousands of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and Iron in their daily food.

Now the richest known source of this marvelous body-building, digestion-strengthening Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of blood-building iron in pleasant little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to build up, get these new Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Then, day after day as you take them, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural alluring figure. Constipation and indigestion from the same cause vanish, skin clears to normal beauty—you’re an extremely new person.

Try it—guaranteed
No matter how skinny and rundown you may be, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets just a short time and note the marvelous change. See if they don’t build you up in just a few weeks, as they have thousands of others. If not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!
To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a strip of this coupon. We will send you a handsome new book, or money refunded if you are not thoroughly satisfied.

Motion Picture for May, 1936
83
Why be FAT? LOST 50 LBS. THIS QUICK, EASY WAY PROVED SAFE for 26 years 

Get rid of fat the quick way that has been tested and proved safe and successful by thousands of delighted people during the last 26 years. Why experiment or take chances with millions of pounds when it is so easy to be slender.

DAS THESE WOMEN HAVE DONE!

Mrs. W. Schmidt, 132 E. Pleasant St., Jackson, Mich., writes: "After being overweight almost all my life I reduced 65 lbs., with RE-DUCE-OIDS. Never was in such excellent health as I am since taking them." Gladys W. Ryer, Registered Nurse, Davenport, Ia., writes: "Lost 47 lbs., did not diet." REDUCED 34 LBS. Mrs. J. Fults, Honey Lake, Ia., writes: "Lost 34 lbs. RE-DUCE-OIDS are pleasant to take, and dependable. I feel fine." A California Graduate Nurse writes: "I lost 21 lbs. of fat, after other methods failed, I recommen- ded RE-DUCE-OIDS as a preparation of my practice. We wish we had room for more of these wonderful experiences, telling of reductions as great as 80 lbs. The writers tell of feeling better while fat and after taking RE-DUCE-OIDS. Effective and safe, and suitable for women."

Scientific Laboratories of America, Inc., Dept. F365 790 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Calif.

Send me measures of RE-DUCE-OIDS (Enclose payment; or 10c if ordering C.O.D.)

Send me FREE BOOK, "HOW TO REDUCE" Name.__________________________

Address.__________________________

City.__________________________ State.__________________________

Look Young! Free Book Tells How No Cosmetics, No Massage, No Straps Men! Women! Beauty expert tells in thrilling book sent free how you can easily erase wrinkles, "crow's feet," hollow cheeks, flabby skin, and other marks of age. Send for a day in your own home by an easy method of Facial Exercise that any one can do. The method is fully explained with photographs in a new sensational book sent free upon request in plain wrapper. PAULINE PALMER, 730 Broadway, New York. Write before supply is exhausted.

Name.__________________________

Address.__________________________

City.__________________________ State.__________________________

AMAZING! SILK SOKE GUARANTEED TO IMPROVE YOUR SKIN OR NEW SHOE FREE 2 TONICS IN 1 YEAST-ORE Yeast combined with blood-building iron. Try this for 2 weeks and you will be amazed at the results. Free booklet will show you how. Send today for free booklet. LEAVITON, 2922 4th Ave., New York. 

Look feel like a NEW PERSON! The Bond Hollywood Can't Break [Continued from page 41] just a big, lonesome sentimental boy who needed mothering. He needed to be petted and pampered and spoiled. She had been taking care of others all of her life. And her firmness was a barrier against the people who were always criticizing Jolson. She knew him as he really was—and knew that all too few people understood him.

AND there you have it. No two people could be more different, nor any couple more mutually suited to one another. As Al sat at the luncheon table that afternoon, he was working on a stage nearby, making Colleen, while he was working in The Singing Kid. They had been married almost eight years. They saw each other every morning at breakfast and every luncheon hour and every night—yet they were completely two people, with no opportunities to visit one another on their respective sets during the professional jealousy, which was one of the un-derstandings predicted to destroy this marriage before six months had passed, does not exist between them. Each is thinking of the other as a separate individual.

It is not an act—they mean it. Ample proof was offered during the making of Go Into Your Dance. During the shooting Ruby exerted a remarkable influence over Al, and from Director Archie Mayo down to the humblest "grip" on the set, everyone was talking about the little Irish girl who was studying Al, soothing his nerves and ban-ning him along. She did it by the touch of her hand and by little pet expressions. Late one evening, as they all trooped into one of the tiny projection rooms to see the day's rushes of Go Into Your Dance, Al was nervous and irritable. He was chafing at the delay, as had stood around waiting for his scene all day, with- out getting a chance to put his teeth into it. Within five minutes, after watching Ruby in her comedy scene with Helen Mor- gan, Al suddenly jerked up and exclaimed, proudly: "That's my baby!"—and from then on with your permission as a stra- poup, Ruby's acting had a rosy light on the world for Al.

THE proudest I have ever seen Al was one day on a set where Ruby was working. He called her over, held up her hand to dismiss a caller, and announced, proudly: "There's nothing that can make her take that off, ever." There may be more perfectly matched couples in Hollywood—but there are none more ideally mated. Each lives for the other.

Ruby, who is loyal beyond words, has found a home in Al—a home where there is her loy-alty—Ruby, who has always mothered someone, has someone who cares mothering—Ruby, whose Irish nature is to fight the under-dog, carries the deep-seated conviction that nobody has ever fully under- stood or appreciated Al. They that love each other, never quarrel and under- stand each other. No one who knows them ever doubts. Without Ruby, Al would be lost—and no one knows it as well as the other. Al could have married nobody, but Ruby—who would never desert him for that very reason. And that is why the bond that binds these two is of the stuff that an impressionable opinion, gossip or direct attacks—and why the Jolson- Keeler marriage continues as filmmold's champion romance.
The following day, the morning will be yours for shopping and sightseeing; and, in the afternoon, you will be guests at a special party to be at the home of Paula Stone, Warner Brothers producer. Paula is one of the Stepping Stones of Broadway and London fame, daughter of Fred Stone whom you have lately seen in "Alice Adams" and "Trail of the Lonesome Pine." Paula has invited all her friends to be present. And her party will be the big event of the trip.

Last year, Raquel Torres was the hostess, and dozens of famous stars were on hand. What fun to take snapshots of them, collect autographs, and chat about their pictures. This year, it will be just as much fun, and you must be sure to bring your kodak to show your friends back home your snapshot with the stars.

Cocktails and refreshments will be served on the party's lawn; andypes including a variety of homemade dishes. Be sure to have your safe and sensible to simply carry a roll of Tums in your pocket. Munch 2 or 3 after meals—or whenever troubled by heartburn, gas, sour stomach. Try them when you are at the end of last night's party, or when you smoked too much. Tums contain a wonderful antacid which neutralizes acid in the stomach, but never overstimulates stomach and pancreas, to eat as candy and only 10c at any drug store.

Can you write a last line to this jingle? It's easy! It's fun! And your "last line" may win one of the 50 valuable prizes! Each prize—$1.00; 2nd prize—$3.00; 3rd prize—$5.00; 4th prize—$10.00 each; 5th prize of $1.00 each; 6th Eversharpen pencils; 7th hunting knives. Every entrant will receive a worth while gift besides. Get your information about TUMS from the advertisement at the left, then read the simple rules.

**SIMPLE RULES**

Write your "last line" in dotted line, tear out whole advertisement, and mail with your entry and address to the address given below. If you submit more than one entry, simply write your additional "last line" on a plain sheet of paper. But EACH "last line" submitted must be accompanied by the wrapper from a 10c roll of TUMS. Also you can secure at any drug store.

Elaboration will not be considered. Only skill with which the "last line" is completed, and neatness will count. Every entry will be individually considered and acknowledged with a worthy while free gift. No entries will be returned. Judges will be chosen by officials of the A. H. Lewis Co. In event of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight of May 31st, 1926. Prize-winners will be notified promptly thereafter.

Address your entries to Contest Department, Room 222, The A. H. Lewis Building, 420 S. Luise, Missouri.

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**Curls and Coronets for Beauty**

being greasy. Just the sort of night cream for those of you who hate the thought of going to bed with an oil-dripping face, but who have realized the probability of waking the next morning with a dry skin. Besides being a very fine night cream when used generously, it is also a superb powder base, when applied with a light touch. And it's a good idea to use it as a foundation, too, for its presence on the skin neutralizes the fatty-acid accumulation which the skin secretes continually. These two creams cost only 60 cents each.

A well-known nail polish firm now offers for your approval, a rust colored polish (harmonizing with all colors containing yellow—such as tangerine, orange, sun-tan and brown) that has a dual personality. Apply one coat and your nails have a subtle, conservative tone—just right for daytime pursuits; apply a second coat over the first, and your nails are brilliant for the evening, without the bother of a second manicure! If you are going to acquire a nice, deep tan this summer, be sure to wash your hands for the trade name of this new shade—it's a "must" for tanned fingers! It blends much more harmoniously than those old-time shade shades of polish. The price is only 25 cents and the quality of the lacquer is irreproachable!
Here's a Tempting Dish for Housewives

NATION-WIDE NESCO PRODUCTS WEEK
MAY 15 TO 23

Introducory Offer We want you to know what’s new in kitchen—glowy white, trimmed in black, with knobs red as a rose. Brand-new, wrinkle-free, attractive, here bottomed, there bottomed to save fuel. And they come in sets like that shown here.

NESCO Stainless Enameled Ware
Look at this practical and beautiful serving dish at the remarkable Nation-Wide NESCO Products WEEK. Price of $6.95. You must see these. To be truly up-to-date your kitchen and pantry equipment must match. For Nation-Wide NESCO Products WEEK, NESCO dealers are showing the NESCO Kishen and Pantry Ensemble.

NESCO Durable Japanned Ware
Now you can get it in the same black and rose as the Enamelled group above. See what is offered at the right. The Cake Cover and Salver Set may be obtained separately for $2.25. Regular Value $4.65.

NATIONAL ENAMELING AND STAMPING CO.
173 North Twelfth Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

SEND 50c for 75c Value, 2%-Pint SAUCE PAN
Test in your kitchen and resting, stainless quality of new NESCO Enamelled Ware, please right or left. Quick-hearing flax bottom. Send for Sauce Pan and literature describing other NESCO utensils.

SEE YOUR NESCO DEALER'S WINDOW

OLD MONEY WANTED

UP TO $5000.00 EACH

Amazing Profits
For Those Who Know OLD MONEY!

Big Cash Premiums
For Hundreds of Coins
Now Circulating

There are literally thousands of old coins and bills that we want at once and for which we will pay big cash. Many of these coins are now passing from hand to hand in circulation. Today or tomorrow a valuable coin may come into your possession. Watch your change. Know what to look for.

Don’t sell your coins, encased postage stamps, or paper money to any other dealer until you have first seen the prices that we will pay for them. We Will Pay for 1909 Cents Up to $10.00 EACH

1905 Cents $50.00—1906 Cents $100.00—1907 Cents $25.00—1908 Cents $50.00—1909 Cents $100.00—1910 Cents $25.00—1911 Cents $50.00—1912 Cents $100.00—1913 Cents $25.00—1914 Cents $50.00—1915 Cents $100.00—1916 Cents $25.00—1917 Cents $50.00—1918 Cents $25.00—1919 Cents $50.00—1920 Cents $100.00 or over—$25.00 per 1000

PAPER MONEY—Fractional Currency $25.00—$100.00—Confederate Bills $15.00—$50.00—Emitted Postage Stamps $10.00—$25.00—Gold Pieces $15.00—$30.00—Foreign Coins $15.00—$30.00—Watermarked Paper Money $25.00—$50.00—Confederate $25.00—$50.00—Silver Dollars $25.00—$50.00—Silver Dollars before 1837—$50.00—Treasure Dollars—$50.00—Gold Dollars $100.00—$250.00—$500.00—$1000.00—$1500.00—$2000.00—$5000.00—Gol Payees before 1860, $800.00

PAPER MONEY—Commemorative Half Dollars $6.00—Commemorative Gold Coins $25.00—

FOREIGN COINS—Certain Copper or Silver Coins $15.00. Gold Coins $15.00—$30.00, etc.

DON’T WAIT! Send Dime Today for Our Large Illustrated List Before Sending Coins

ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE TO:

The Movies Capture Romeo and Juliet

(Continued from page 35)

predicts that Juliet will be Norma’s greatest role. “She conveys the impression of extreme youth, so necessary to the part,” he said.

“I was surprised that they used all twenty-four scenes of the original play for the scenario,” said William J. Strunk, Jr., the learned professor who arrived in July from the academic atmosphere of Cornell University, to “work on the dramatic preliminaries” of the play. He was prepared for the worst from the movies. Imagine his surprise when he realized the screen’s scope, —so much greater than that of the stage.

There was a gentleman from Harvard University in the conferences, too: Professor John Trolle Murray, authority on the Elizabethan theatre, preceding Professor Strunk, be left in September.

THERE’S not much chance that anyone, but William Daniels will have a hand in the cinematography. It’s too great an opportunity for him to film his lovely Shearer as Juliet. Daniels is also Garbo’s cameraman. Talbot Jennings, with the assistance of Professors Strunk and Murray, wrote the Romeo and Juliet script. He already has the Misty on the Bounty scenario, man, too, in collaboration.

Leslie Howard, yawning in the warm Californian sun as it set on the main street of Verona, said: “I look upon my Romeo as a laboratory experiment. You see, I’ve never done anything Shakespearean, and this will give me an opportunity to see how I perform.”

“We wouldn’t have been here,” he said to the hairdresser who said to Mr. Howard “I will check thy hair!” Howard permitted his hair to be combed, changed his white silk shirt to one of crisp, plaited organdy, swung his red cloak about him (it contains yards of imported (tortum cloth) and strode across the Verona street where the camera awaited him.

“We’re going nuts around here with this dialect,” explained Woehler. “Instead of calling lunch like we ordinarily do, we yell ‘Hence be gone! . . . until one-fifteen!’ And when an extra starts an argument the answer is ‘I will be deaf to pleadings!”

The assistant director turned and was gone in the direction of the giant umbrellas which house the camera crew, sound mixers, microphones, grips, props, actors, Mr. Color, Tybalt, “the king of the cats,” mighty Capulet, otherwise South African-born Basil Rathbone stood reflectively sipping the chocolate-milk. Rathbone brings vast Shakespearean experience to films, although Barremely, probably because of his Richard III and Hamlet, in modern dress, is exalted with much more success.

Metro is filming Romeo and Juliet faithfully. There will be no “happy ending.” Despite the tragedy of this “pair of star-crossed lovers,” there is plenty of fun on the set. Perhaps it is an antidote. They serenaded Romeo with drums and tin cans and herded Howard in, Howard insisted, once more. He realized that if other stars had music to get them into the right mood, he wanted music, too, for the dulcet scene which he was about to do. At the end of five minutes’ rehearsal, he stood and begged for silence. And Edna May Oliver looked up from crocheting.

Motion Picture for May, 1936
“NURSE” OLIVER was the first player signed after the principals were announced. Underweight, she had to put on ten or twenty pounds for the part. Eating five meals a day, she added ten pounds. John Barrymore is Mercutio; Basil Rathbone, Tybalt; Reginald Denny is Benvolio; Ralph Forbes, husband to Heather Angel, is Paris; William Henry, in Renate Bondy’s portrayal of Juliet as the Pomegranate, has been seen. There is a full suit of armor, made in New York, for the Nurse’s battle with Tybalt. He and Olives Messel, designer for London’s Drury Lane Theatre, and Mr. C. B. Cochran, collaborated on the costumes.

The wardrobe department, with five hundred people working at full speed for two months to make ready costumes for twelve hundred players, discovered that Renaissance ladies wore “slacks” under their many petticoats. Chester Morris, star in his own right, worked one day as an extra and got paid for it; Adrian, stylist de luxe, ordered that absolutely no rayon or synthetic silk be used in any costume. Only Benvolio’s sake. He and Olives Messel, designer for London’s Drury Lane Theatre, and Mr. C. B. Cochran, collaborated on the costumes.

The wardrobe department, with five hundred people working at full speed for two months to make ready costumes for twelve hundred players, discovered that Renais-
sance ladies wore “slacks” under their many petticoats. Chester Morris, star in his own right, worked one day as an extra and got paid for it; Adrian, stylist de luxe, ordered that absolutely no rayon or synthetic silk be used in any costume. Only Benvolio’s sake. He and Olives Messel, designer for London’s Drury Lane Theatre, and Mr. C. B. Cochran, collaborated on the costumes.

CEDRIC GIBBONs, real-life Romeo of Dolores Del Rio, has done the ten setting of all his Irish. His genius as a director has gone forth to make the most beautiful set—the Capulet Garden, scene of the balcony meeting—ever seen. Two city blocks long, with a Romanesque tower, three stories high, there are two indigo pools of water reflecting magnolia blossoms, apple blossoms, pomegranates, shrubs, grasses, flowers.

We have taken liberties with the sets,” says Mr. Gibbons, “after all, Shakespeare could have laid his story in any Italian city. What we followed faithfully was the mood of the period, that of the individual, slowly emerging from the rule of the church, and expressing himself in lavish dress, better standards of living, entertainment.”

Beneath all the casuistry on the set, the great interest, an undeniably genuine experiment is being filmed. An “intimate” version of Romeo and Juliet is building to completion. The talking screen’s first full-length version of the “star-crossed lovers” is being given warm, human, impelling treatment. Not the usual chill, classical concept. Love, Thalberg’s ten-year dream, almost an obsession, magnificent in his realization of it, should make motion picture history!

“SHALL I ADDRESS HIM
DEAR MR. MORGAN?”

HE MAY THINK YOU
FORWARD, JANE.
MY DEAR MR. MORGAN
IS MORE FORMAL.

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Motion Picture for May, 1936

87
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Style Your Wardrobe the Hollywood Way!

[Continued from page 45]

women! Another thing she cherishes is a small watch he gave her with a carved, wooden face and twin movement, which goes smartly with tailored things. And, being brown, it harmonizes, beautifully, with her aligator purse. This purse, incidentally, carries a mirror, comb, cologne bottle, compact and lip-stick. It also has space for a bill folder, coin purse, matches, cigarettes—and a little music scroll!

Then we saw silver kid evening slippers trimmed with baguette rhinestones, long formal gloves of white lace . . . and sports accessories to delight a girl’s heart. Most of them, we noticed, were in French blue and white. “My two choice colors,” said Grace. She showed us a pair of striped, knotted sandals. “I wear Campden’s lemon-yellow-the-knee culotte dresses I bought for the beach at Cannes. And also with my sporty cardigan.”

The pajamas proved to be of white, cordon silk, neatly tailored, with patch pockets on the jacket and bright blue, was a red, draped jacket. And the note to the costume she wears a wide sport bracelet that carries a watch in the center! “Shopping isn’t a seasonal event with me,” she explained, “I shop according to moods! Perhaps it isn’t systematic, but it’s fun. The only ‘system’ I have is to see how I can vary a costume with different ‘little touches.’ There are so many to choose from. Jaunty hats, or a belt that speaks for itself, or posies. They’re so very good things, posies, whether you wear them at your waistline, at your throat, in your lapel or in your hair . . .”

That reminded me of the interesting thing Joan Crawford’s doing with flowers. You know how cul-razy she has always been about gardenia? Well, she’s discovered that for little extra expense you can have them dyed to match any costume without ruining the flower or detracting from the fragrance! I had the privilege to run into Joan and her Franchot doing some window shopping she was wearing a deep red gardenia to match her antelope girdle, the feature of her street frock. I thought how right Miss Moore had been; it certainly is the “little touches” that make a costume.

Joan’s dress was a simple little black one such as you will see lots of this Spring. It had brilliant buttons running down the front and the wide girdle—known as a cumberbund—gave it a new note. These cumberbunds, like the Spaniards used to wear, are very high fashion. They’re using them a great deal, too, with mess-jackets. Joan’s hat was one of those semi-sombrero affairs with a brim, a veil and a cute little veil draping over the brim.

Another who subscribes to this old Spanish custom in hats is Jean Arthur. Hers has a red, draped crown that brings out the salt-and-pepper tones of her very vogue-y new trooper dress. It’s of rough tweed and you can scarcely tell. It’s not a bad idea. Jean has a pair of gloves that blend with her belt and purse—which has those swanky, wide initials directly across the front. “It’s the most practical way to utilize your wardrobe the Hollywood way, do it with your accessories!”

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Motion Picture for May, 1936
one tailored suit into half a wardrobe. Be tailored today—and as appealingly feminine as filigree tomorrow—all in the same grey suit. A grey outfit is almost as much a part of this Spring's scenery as the crocus and early columbine. Here's what Madge Evans does with hers. She has a little tweed number. One day she wears it with a white blouse and a trimly stitched hat—the next, she has wide suede gloves and botomniere, a soft silk scarf of burnet rose tucked, ascot fashion, around her neck, and hat and shoes and bag in grey. Later, probably at a luncheon, you'll catch sight of her wearing the suit with black, patent-leather bag and shoes; a touch of patent-leather on her gay straw hat; white gloves; dotted swiss blouse; and the jolliest yellow flower in season in her buttonhole! Then, while you're still remembering the picture she made in that, you spot her wearing the grey number with a bottle green paisley scarf, a black hat with a green feather, and one of those new orange fruit fobs in her lapel. Then, just to get more variety, she wears all her grey accessories together and uses a mustard silk shirtwaist. And that, my dears, is the way a smart wardrobe is born—and amplified!

OF COURSE it's just as good style to glitter after five, these spring evenings, as it ever was during the winter. But Paula Stone and Dolores Del Rio have added fresh zest to their gold metallic dinner dresses with those "little touches." Paula's dress is really a green-gold and it features dolman sleeves, but the center of interest is a row of gay green buttons trotting down the front and matching the belt. She wears a thick, crystal bracelet set with emeralds and her earrings are the new sea-shell shape. Dolores goes devastating again in plain, shimmering gold. It's cut, amusingly enough, like a skirtmaker frock. What makes it distinctive is that rhinestone collar. It's detachable so you can wear it with almost any dinner dress.

You hear a lot about having a "well-rounded" personality these days. But the smart woman goes in for a well-rounded wardrobe! She doesn't believe in confining her picturesque effects to gala evening gigs!

WERE warning you not to overlook the Peter Pan hats, either, if you want to give a special "zip" to that spring suit. Olivia De Havilland has one that makes her look positively elfish. And for the Easter Parade, there's Pat Ellis's lemon sharkskin redingote with the checked taffeta dress. You can't go wrong with a redingote this season. Not if it has the proper "accents." In fact, you can't go wrong at all—if you dramatize your clothes, like the stars, with those little touches that mean so much.

Five Years Ago
in MOTION PICTURE Magazine

"THE only star whom the whole world understands, Chaplin remains gloriously silent in City Lights. It cost a million and a half to make. . . . "Jean Arthur worked hard and never missed an opportunity. Her reward: bitter disappointment. After six years, she's a featured player who is more often idle than busy. . . . "Norma Shearer, born in Canada, will become an American citizen on May 8. . . . "Ruth Chatterton's translation of the French play, Monnaie, Bontemps, was recently produced in London. "Clive Brook thinks that he hit Warner Brother's "Fredric March came back from a West Indies trip with a gun. . . . "Victor McLaglen once taught Jack Johnson. He was at a boxing exhibition in British Columbia. The fight wasn't faked."

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Motion Picture for May, 1936
Between Ourselves

THE famous Dionne quintuplets are now full-fledged movie stars. Making their debut in The Country Doctor they not only take a firmer hold on the hearts of the world through their cooings and caperings, but they also win new recognition for the modest doctor who brought them into the world. Dr. Dafoe, the country doctor, symbolizes country doctors everywhere. Theirs is a mission accepted in fine sacrifice, ministering, as they do, to the welfare and health of a small community. They go about their tasks with humble grace, generating humor and humanness.

Jean Hersholt not only resembles Dr. Dafoe in physical characteristics (that’s how close this grand actor approaches him in make-up) but he also brings forth the human attributes of the man. After all, the picture is Dr. Dafoe’s story—projecting his efforts to serve his countryside with comforting cheer. His efforts make pulsating drama—the kind that tugs at the heart-strings. It couldn’t do anything else but pull at the heart—with its central theme of serving and saving human life.

So his story takes on dramatic significance, through the sincerity and humanity with which he carries on. He fights an epidemic of diphtheria to preserve the lives of children that he has ushered into the world; he fights through political red tape so that he can erect a hospital in the community. And though he has practiced without a license for thirty years (he never had time to get one) he doesn’t falter in ministering to his patients. Finally comes the supreme moment—the achievement of bringing quintuplets into the world—and KEEPING THEM ALIVE. And the accomplishment earns him and the babies world-wide fame.

I have never met Dr. Dafoe. But I imagine if he were asked how he guards the lives of his community he would modestly reply: “Doctors are like soldiers, we have a duty to perform; mine is taking care of friends and neighbors in Callander, Ontario.”

Such is the story of The Country Doctor. It is told honestly, embroidered as it is with human and humorous touches—and a breath of romance. The climax, where the quintus take over the scenes, is certain to provoke emotional outbursts everywhere, no matter how sophisticated the audience. Let it be said that the quintus coo and caper around to their hearts’ delight—totally unmindful of the camera. The director has wisely let them have a free hand. Consequently, the performances are natural.

While it’s a story of a hero devoted to humble sacrifice, yet it doesn’t project any heroics. And that’s what makes it lifelike, and, best of all, memorable. The sponsors have shrewdly capitalized showmanship (the extraordinary heart interest—call it news interest—in the appeal of the quintus) with a substantial story of service and sacrifice in a small community. The locale could be your community. And in doing so they have made a picture that will attract the entire civilized world. It’s commendable that the picture carries no commercial taint—for the quintus are as much at home in this story (really a biography romanticized—allowing for dramatic licenses) as they are in their own nursery.

Since encomiums are in order, the largest share of them should be given to Director Henry King for the veri-similitude of his plot, characters and scenes, and to Jean Hersholt whose portrayal is so sincere and genuine that, in watching him, you become Dr. Dafoe. It’s you who ushers in the miracle of quintuplets. It’s you who dedicates your life toward seeing that their lives are in good hands. Hersholt makes you feel this kinship—this bond. When the Academy tenders its award for the most convincing acting of the year Hersholt as Dr. Dafoe should win easily. No portrayal so far this year approaches it in its human quality.

After you have seen The Country Doctor, you’ll go away stimulated—and quite at peace with yourself and the world. You will have experienced a mental glow, a spiritual bath—and it’ll be good for you.

While we are recommending pictures to see, don’t overlook The Voice of Bugle Ann. It’s a quaint, pathetic little drama of a man’s love for his dog—and of how he avenges himself on the murderer of his beloved pet. Not a gigantic theme, is it? But it strikes to the core of the heart and succeeds with fine understanding and sympathy in generating genuine emotion. There’ll be those who will say that it’s no great shakes. It may be that its voice won’t be able to soar above the beats and blabs of some of those millions-dollar productions. Lionel Barrymore, Maureen O’Sullivan, Eric Linden and a fine supporting cast give it fine interpretation. Altogether it spells good entertainment. Its story is honest—its characters are truthful. Need more be said?

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- Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer, New York
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MOTION PICTURE

ROSCOE FAWCETT
Editor

LAURENCE REID
Managing Editor

JUNE, 1936

Volume LI, No. 5 Twenty-Fifth Year

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JOHN SCHWARZKOPF, Western Editor


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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION
The Talkie TOWN Tattler
BY
HARRY LANG

Here are the latest inside answers to Hollywood's romances, weddings, divorces and blessed events.

And with all Hollywood waiting to see whether or not Mary Brian, most swainful gal of the filmland before her long-ago trip to London to make pictures, would return to one of her former boy friends on her recent return, Mary provided a surprise. Nary a tuffle from her for Buddy Rogers, for instance. Instead, I've seen Mary out repeatedly since her return, with Cary Grant! Funny part of it is that Cary never used to even notice Mary in Hollywood. But he met her abroad a half year ago. And now that she's back, it looks like a hot romance!

The rotund Jack Oakie, after refraining from tying up with the "little woman"—any "little woman"—all these years, finally dove into matrimony's sea after all. All Hollywood's known for months that he was that way about Venita Varden, New York beauty. But the cat peeped out of the bag the other night when they went to the station to see friends off for New York. Somebody overheard Jack whisper to Venita: "We're off to New York after this one, aren't we, pigeon?" They eloped to Yuma shortly after, and were married on the train by Yuma's marrying judge—the train being held twenty minutes for the occasion. The Oakies honeymooned in New York and points East.

Cesar Romero, who seemed positively aflame about Virginia Bruce not so long ago, is casting his Latin loves cluesward now. The "else" is Adrienne Ames, of all people. She and Cesar are hitting the romance trail together, plenty, these days and nights. And that seems to put the Bruce Cabot reconciliation rumors definitely on ice, at last.

Redhead Jeanette MacDonald, and blonde Gene Raymond are still doing the rounds together, much. Even to horseback riding together—and that, while always Gene's favorite sport, was never Jeanette's until Gene entered her life.

Hollywood, superstitious to a high degree, is wondering if the "rule of threes" is going to work again, now that they're seeing Director Eddie Sutherland so ultra-interested in the still-convalescent

[Continued on page 8]

Paramount's newest contract players—beauties all—find relaxation at the beach. Reading from East to West are Louise Small of New Orleans; Irene Bennett of Enid, Oklahoma; Jill Deen of Kansas City; Wilma Francis of New Orleans; and Ann Evers of Clarksville, Virginia
WITH A LOVE THAT'S ALL-EMBRACING

It's a full-flowered romance that blooms between Clark Gable and Jeanette MacDonald in San Francisco, a picture in which they are co-starred for the first time. The new Jeanette, who has developed a most colorful personality, furnishes Clark plenty of inspiration to express genuine Gablesque ardor. And he's not the type to let love build up to a terrific let-down.
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Although Marlene Dietrich was scheduled to make I Loved A Soldier she'll take a vacation instead. As soon as some kinks are ironed out in a new contract, she'll go to Europe for the Summer. This means you won't see the beautiful Marlene and her gorgeous legs till Fall.

[Continued from page 6]

Loretta Young. Loretta, who's never lacked for boy friends, seems to be super-gaga over Eddie, too. And there are those, close to both, who say that the altar aisle is being readied. And so Hollywood, "rule-of-three's-ing," points out that only recently, Loretta's two sisters—Polly Ann Young and Sally Blane, were married, and Loretta and Eddie would make the third.

NOTHING but laryngitis kept Joan Blondell from becoming Mrs. Dick Powell, just the other day! Dick and Joan, who have been cooing publicly, had it all set to elope to Mexico and be married. BUT—three days before the date, laryngitis bit Dick's throat so badly that he was laid up, and the marriage was OFF. Now, though, Dick's been given a long leave of absence to recuperate—and possibly (even probably) he and Joan will marry in a few days.

EVEN blasph Hollywood got a kick out of the threesome at a big party recently—Joan Crawford, hubby Franchot Tone, and ex-hubby Doug Fairbanks, Jr! They were inseparable all during the evening—but what they talked about in those laughter-sprinkled huddles in out-of-the-way corners, nobody knows. Oh, for a dictaphone! Incidentally, Franchot is her sole escort. Gone are those parties where Joan was the only gal, escorted by anywhere from three to ten young men. Nobody else is cutting in on Franchot's time—and his concession to Doug, Jr, was all the more noticeable. As for young Doug, his big heart thrill is a New York society gal—and he may follow poppa Doug into matrimony right soon.

HOLLYWOOD's gossiping about Doug, Sr's, marriage, even though they knew it was on the way for months and months. Gossip-cause is the reason that not until Doug came all the way back to Hollywood, and had numerous private huddles with ex-wife, Mary Pickford, did he finally marry Lady Sylvia Ashley. Hollywood'd like to know what Doug and Mary talked about. "Just business matters," say D. and M. And do you, or don't you, get any significance in the fact that Doug chose the exact date on which Mary's divorce from him became final, on which to return to Hollywood to see her?

MOST confusing romantic 'round-and-'round in Hollywood is the Robert Taylor, Irene Hervey, Barbara Stanwyck, Allan Jones foursome. Taylor and Irene were the movie city's biggest heart throb for weeks and weeks—until MGM frowned, because they thought marriage would ruin Bob's career. So things cooled, but not too decisively, UNTIL—until Allan Jones and Barbara Stanwyck entered the picture. To Allan, Irene's hurt heart did a flying leap. And in Barbara's sophisticated allure, Bob Taylor found refuge. And so instead of Bob and Irene being everywhere together, the night clubs began to see Irene with young Jones, while Bob squired Barbara, who seems to be recovering splendidly from her Frank Fay separation. Latest development in the set-up is Allan Jones' engagement ring on Irene Hervey's finger. Taylor was first to congratulate them. Wedding bells in June, they say. As for serious intentions between Bob and Barbara—it's months, yet, before Barbara's divorce from Fay becomes final. And

[Continued on page 10]
Hollywood Does A Mirthful Martial Musical Up 'Brown'

Joe E. Brown joins the army and 'slays' the world as the head man of a riotous regiment of singing Sons O' Guns.

Including Joan Blondell
Beverly Roberts, Eric Blore, Winifred Shaw, Craig Reynolds, Joseph King, Robert Barrat

Those thousands of "Bright Lights" audiences who demanded another song-and-dance show for Joe have had their way! Warner Bros. went right out and bought that famous stage musical 'Sons O' Guns,' equipped it with an uproarious cast and all modern conveniences including new Warren and Dubin songs, and a passionate apache dance number by Joe that stops the show. The riotous results emerge as the month's top entertainment.
Keeping Each, but without bit or opposite "I theatre off Have lovelier."

Do candlelit dinner tables appear in your When-to-be-Beautiful Chart these early spring months? Then make this simple, amusing experiment: First, make up your face. Then, with Kurlash, curl the lashes of one eye. Add Lashtint to these lashes and touch the eyelids with Shadette. Now light a candle and look in a mirror. Notice how the side of your face with the eye un-beautified 'fades away' ... but how the other seems more delicately tinted, glowing and alive. It is the best way we know to discover how eye make-up and curled and glorified lashes can make your whole face lovelier. Kurlash does it without heat, cosmetics or practice. ($1 at good stores.)

Naturally the candlelight test will show up straggly, bushy, or poorly marked brows. And that will be your cue to send for Twizzette, the automatic tweezers that whisk away offending hairs, roots and all, painlessly! Probably you'll want a Lasadite also, with a unique stick of mascara, like a lipstick, to darken lashes and mark brows. It has a clever little brush for grooming too: Each, $1—at good stores.

(Continued from page 8) THAT ought to please MGM. Bob's career goes skyrocketing, meantime. Next assignment is opposite Joan Crawford in The Gorgeous Hussy.

Will Margaret Sullivan and Henry Fonda re-marry? That's what Hollywood wants to know. Margaret finally admitted that she has a Mexican divorce from Director William Wyler, whom she wed after divorcing Fonda. Recently, Margaret and ex-hubby Henry have been going plenty places together; Margaret even had a run-in with a photographer who snapped a picture of her and Henry coming out of a theatre together. About her divorce from Wyler she says: "I'm happy, very happy." About re-marrying Fonda, she says: "I can't say just now. Maybe." Fonda says nothing, but Hollywood knows he's never fallen out of love with Margaret.

Jean Harlow's divorce from J Hal Rosson became final on March's Friday the Thirteenth!—BUT Jean, superstitious, wouldn't sign the papers until the next day. Remarry?—she won't even talk about it, and Hollywood, wondering who'll be her fifth matrimonial choice, realizes that the plain romance between Jean and Bill Powell hasn't even seemed to cool a single degree. Meanwhile, Bill Powell's ex-mrs., the gorgeous Carole Lombard, is getting herself seen all over town with Clark Gable. Both of them laugh at romance-talk, BUT—'I've seen stars laugh at romance chatter before, and then get married—poor, like that!'—before the echoes of their laughter had stilled.

Twosomes which The Ol' Tatter has been eyeing, and which may or may not mean something (you never can tell in Hollywood!) include—Pat De Cicco, one-time hubby of the ill-fated Tihela Todd, and Margaret Lindsay, dining and dancing at the nice spots—Howard Hughes, tall, rich playboy of films and aviation, courting first Janet Gaynor at the key hey places, and then Francis Drake—(Incidentally, don't bother getting excited over any rumors you may hear or read about Janet and Bob Taylor. That's just a bit of press-agentry, and doesn't mean a thing.)—Anita Louise and Ross Alexander, alternating denials of their engagement with being seen everywhere together—Alice Faye and young Michael Whelen, hitting it off calorically—beautiful Mary Ellis and Hugh Brook, that young Englishman—Isabel Jewell and Lee Tracey, believe it or not, warming up that old romance—Marlene Dietrich, who lost twenty pounds after Jack Gilbert's death, now being seen places.

(Continued on page 73)
THE PICTURE YOU'VE DREAMED ABOUT!

The Golden Voice of GRACE MOORE

The Romantic Dash of FRANCHOT TONE

The Glorious Melodies of FRITZ KREISLER

GRACE MOORE

FRANCHOT TONE

"The King Steps Out"

WALTER CONNOLLY

Raymond Walburn • Victor Jory • Elisabeth Risdon

And the World-Famed Albertina Rasch Ballet

Screen play by Sidney Buchman

Directed by JOSEF VON STERNBERG

COLUMBIA PICTURES

Frank Capra's genius achieves another masterpiece in this magnificent comedy drama by the brilliant Robert Riskin. See it now—you'll want to see it again!

GARY COOPER

Mr. Deeds Goes to Town

JEAN ARTHUR

George Bancroft • Lionel Stander
Douglass Dumbrille • H. B. Warner

A FRANK CAPRA Production

Screen play by Robert Riskin
Story by Clarence Badington Kelland

Motion Picture for June, 1936
New! PEPSODENT TOOTH POWDER

1 GETS TEETH TWICE AS BRIGHT
   ... adds charm to any smile!
2 IS TWICE AS SOFT
   ... safe even for children’s teeth!
3 CLEANS MORE THOROUGHLY
   ... foams between teeth
4 LASTS WEEKS LONGER
   ... far more economical to use!

Large Can 25¢
Family size 50¢
Holds over twice as much

The Professional Tooth Powder for Daily Home Use

EASY NOW TO GET TEETH LOOKING TWICE AS WHITE!

The Picture Parade
CARD INDEX OF THE LATEST MOVIES

Mr. Deeds Goes To Town

Playing the role of a sensitive small town poet and business man who suddenly finds himself the heir to twenty millions, Gary Cooper brings to the screen the outstanding characterization of his career. As Longfellow Deeds, owner of a little factory and writer of post card verse, Cooper brings humor and pathos into his portrayal. Coming to New York, he is beset by unscrupulous people who try to separate him from his money. Jean Arthur, clever city reporter, gains Cooper’s interest and love, only to publish later a series of newspaper yarns which dub Cooper as “The Cinderella Man.” Incensed at this, Cooper decides to give his money to charity. Brought into court on an insanity charge, Cooper gives a superb comic performance. And Jean Arthur gives him excellent support.—Columbia.

The Great Ziegfeld

This gigantic film spectacle does not bring to the screen merely the usual story of back-stage intrigue and artificial romance, adorned with a display of girls. It presents the intensely dramatic career of the one of the most spectacular showmen in the world. Florenz Ziegfeld, played to perfection by William Powell, really lives again in this picture. It is at the Chicago World’s Fair that Ziegfeld is first seen as little more than a side-show barker. Later, going to Europe, he meets Anna Held, played with consummate artistry by Luise Rainer. When Ziegfeld and Anna quarrel, their romance ends. Soon afterward, Ziegfeld and Billie Burke, whose role is given distinguished interpretation by Myrna Loy. Laughter and tears, spectacle and drama— you’ll find them all in this great picture.—M-G-M.

[Continued on page 14]
Gloriously The Screen Surrenders to COLOR!

... in the first dancing romance filmed in all the breathless beauty of the new

TECHNICOLOR!

THRILL to a throbbing love story of Old California... gay with the laughter of sweet Senoritas... alive with the dash of bold caballeros... tingling with the music and song and dancing of daring hearts aflame in a land of carefree adventure.

PIONEER PICTURES presents

DANCING PIRATE

A CAST OF HUNDREDS

featuring

CHARLES COLLINS
Dancing idol of Broadway

FRANK MORGAN
Laugh star of 50 hits

STEFFI DUNA
The girl of "La Cucaracha"

Luis Alberni • Victor Varconi
Jack La Rue • Directed by LLOYD CARRIGAN. Designed in color by ROBERT EDMOND JONES.

Distributed by RKO RADIO PICTURES

You've never seen anything like the spectacular "Moonlight Dance"... and a score of other gasping scenes!

"PIONEER PICTURES COLOR THE WORLD"

Hear the sentimental songs by the hit composers, Rodgers & Hart: "When You Are Dancing the Waltz" and "Are You My Love?"
SUTTER'S GOLD

AAA—Had this picture been better integrated, it could have been a masterpiece in the presentation of an empire builder on America's western frontier. Beginning the screen portrayal of John Sutter's life, the film looks back to the Swiss village where he is accused unjustly of murder, takes him to New York, to Vancouver and to the Sandwich Islands before placing him in California where his talent for empire building founds expression. Continuity is often broken and emphasis misplaced. There is one incident, however, and the most important one, that is excellently presented, showing the mad mania of men for gold when that precious metal was discovered on Sutter's land. Edward Arnold, as Sutter, is real, genuine, and convincing. Lee Tracy, Arnold's friend, brings humor into many a too serious situation.—Universal.

THE SINGING KID

AAA½—There is an interesting satiric theme introduced near the beginning of this picture, the Yacht Club boys, a vocal quartet, deride the Yacht Club boys, a vocal quartet, deride government bureaucratic activity. All the alphabetical organizations are treated ironically. And they do the same kind of vocal satire later in the film when Al Jolson insists upon singing his "Mammy" song. Cast as a radio and stage star, surrounded by satellites, Al goes to pieces when his sweetheart turns him down. Losing his singing voice, he goes to pieces when his sweetheart turns him down. Losing his singing voice, he meets Beverly Roberts, would-be playwright, and eventually marries her. It is satire which adds spice to this musical comedy. And Al is excellent in the type of rôle which has made him famous.—Warner Bros.

A MESSAGE TO GARCIA

AAA—Because of the relatively slight story which is told, based as it is upon a brief Elbert Hubbard essay, this triple-star picture does not achieve the dramatic importance which had been anticipated for it. Wallace Beery, however, as a tough ex-marine and renegade, interprets a lusty, rollick character with force and skill. Barbara Stanwyck, as a Cuban maid, does not have a strong part nor does she appear altogether convincing as the Spanish girl. John Boles, as Lieutenant Rowan, of true Spanish-American War fame, who carries the message to Garcia, is adequate to the end of the picture, there are poignant scenes of agony and of suffering which are very well handled. And Beery, throughout, is in excellent character.—20th Century-Fox.

THINGS TO COME

AAA—Here is something distinctly new in films. This picture is a masterpiece, destined to take its place in every screen hall of fame. Telling a story of the future, beginning in 1940 and ending in 2036, this is a film with magnificent imaginative sweep, treating the problems of war, of disease, of the generations of a single family. Cast as the head of the family, Raymond Massey is Raymond Massey, in succeeding generations, an actor little known in America at the moment. He is sure to be widely acclaimed here when seen in this gigantic picture.—United Artists.

JESSIE MATTHEWS

"IT'S LOVE AGAIN"

with ROBERT YOUNG

Romance, Comedy, Adventure in Rhumba Rhythm . . .

COMING TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE

A Production
They wondered why he passed them by, for Her...

Hollywood's Trick Parties

HOLLYWOOD'S off on another spell of trick parties. The thing to do is to give a party so different, or with a gag so unprecedented, that it gets talked about. Recent example was the mid-day full-dress party at the home of writer Donald Ogden Stewart. It was for lunch—but everyone showed up in evening clothes! There, in full dress, tails, white ties and stiff shirts and patent leather pumps and silk hats were Clark Gable, Clifton Webb and others. Gorgeous evening gowns in mid-day garbed Kay Francis, Carole Lombard and the other gals. Carole topped the gag by arriving in an ambulance instead of a taxi, because she said she was just worn out dressing for the affair! Kay Francis, in evening gown, train and all, played tennis!

Follow-up was the affair given by Arline Judge at Palm Springs. At the door, each arriving guest dove into a costume grab-bag. In the bag was nothing but such things as long red flannel underwear, old-fashioned corsets, antiquated linen-usters, sun-bonnets, and so on. Each guest was required to don what he fished out, before admittance to the party.

Beach and garden parties, with the guests wearing shorts and bassies and little if anything else, are the rage as winter departs. Sunbath and suntan is coming back. Studio make-up men have to work overtime to cover the tan.

Different affairs marked several homecomings. Gene Raymond came home from Florida after firing friends in Hollywood about the 80 pound fish he caught there. Arriving at his new Beverly home, he found a huge banner across the driveway—"WELCOME, FISHERMAN, BY THE LOS ANGELES ANGLERS AND LIARS' ASSN." A German band blared into California, Here I Come, as Gene appeared. It was all a gag by his welcome, Johnny Mack Brown, Anita Louise, Dolores Del Rio, Jeanette MacDonald and others.

Mary Brian's homecoming startled her no end. Back from London after a long year of foreign picture-making, she found that her friends—Jack Oakie, Stu Erwin and June Collyer, the Jimmy Gleason's and others—had taken over the Toluca Lake home and completely redecorated it, according to their own lights! Jack Oakie topped the proceedings by dressing Mary's pet swan, "Egbert," in a little red-and-blue jacket!

Oakie, by the way, burst out the other day with a whole-hearted protest that Hollywood has gone too dignified. "I sure miss the good old days when Hollywood let down its hair, and when the object of a party was a good time instead of swank," he complains. "Maybe it's the inevitable smugness that follows prosperity and wealth, but I sure wish there were some of the good old times left, to keep Hollywood from getting too stodgy, stiff and self-conscious."

She was so Fragrantly Dainty

Hers is the lovelier way to avoid offending... She bathes with fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Soap!

So alluring... your fragrant daintiness when you bathe with this lovely scented soap!

And how completely safe you are from any fear of offending! For Cashmere Bouquet's rich, luxurious lather goes down into every pore... washes away so thoroughly every trace and cause of unpleasant body odor!

Then Cashmere Bouquet's subtle, costly perfume lingers gloriously... Hours after you've stepped from your bath, it still whispers lovely things about you.

You will want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion too. Its generous lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics; leaves your skin radiantly clear, alluringly smooth.

Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10c! The same long-lasting soap which for generations has been 25c. The same size cake; scented with the same delicate blend of 17 rare perfumes. Cashmere Bouquet is sold at all drug, department and 10c stores.

NOW ONLY 10c the former 25c size

DID YOU KNOW THAT Barbara Stanwyck, inquiring why a certain stage-hand on a recent picture was so dejected, learned his mother had died back East and he had no money to go back, so she gave him $100? When the worker hesitated on accepting it, Barbara remarked: "Take it and forget it—that's all money is for!"

Cashmere Bouquet

THE LOVELIEST WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING

Motion Picture for June, 1936 15
Doubly ATTRACTIVE!

MEN find her "doubly attractive" since she learned the secret of lovely, fascinating eyes. And it's the same story over and over again whenever a girl first learns how easily it is to have long, lovely lashes. You, too, can have that fascinating loveliness that invites romance, if you bring out the natural beauty and charm of your eyes with WINX Mascara. It works wonders. Just a touch of WINX to your lashes and instantly they appear darker, longer and more luscious... your eyes sparkle...your whole appearance seems improved.

Try WINX today and see for yourself why so many smart, well-groomed women use WINX regularly for both daytime and evening make-up. You will particularly like the way its emollient oils keep your lashes luxuriantly soft and natural-looking at all times.

WINX Mascara is offered in four colors—black, brown, blue and green—and in three convenient forms—the new Creamy WINX (which is gaining in popularity every day), and the old favorites, Cake WINX and Liquid WINX. All are harmless, smudge-proof, water-proof, non-smarting, and easy to apply.

Your local drug and department stores carry WINX Mascara in the economical large size. You can also obtain the complete line of WINX Eye Beautifiers in Introductory Sizes at all 10¢ stores.

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Men are knitting too, the editor discovers!

Although the Knitting Contest Editor of Motion Picture Magazine anticipated that the interest in knitting was very considerable, he had hardly expected to receive the avalanche of entries that he has actually received and is still receiving. (The closing date of this great contest is May 1, 1936)

Sponsored by Motion Picture Magazine, Movie Classic Magazine, Warner Brothers First National Pictures, and the manufacturers of Fleisher, Bear Brand and Bucilla yarns, this contest is one of the most interesting to which Motion Picture Magazine has been a party.

A curious fact was brought to light when a woman, an intending entrant in the contest, asked a salesman in one of the stores selling Fleisher, Bear Brand and Bucilla yarns, if it would be all right for her husband to knit the garment which she intended to submit. The salesman could see no objection to this and said so. In other stores throughout the country, the same question was asked also. The obvious conclusion to which Motion Picture's Knitting Contest Editor came was that here it was shown that men had an ability which is as little known as it is suspected.

A question which Motion Picture's Knitting Editor has frequently been asked is this: Where will the judging take place? The answer is that it will be done in New York City. As you may already know, the judges—all of them distinguished women whose integrity and ability is beyond question—are: Grand Duchess Marie; Mrs. James Roosevelt, mother of the President of the United States; Miss Winifred Ovitt, and Tobé; fashion authorities; Mrs. W. W. Hopkin, New York society leader; and Mrs. Gaynor Maddox, fashion writer. The decision of the judges will be based upon the quality of workmanship and the neatness shown in the garments submitted. Somebody will win the big first prize, a roundtrip all-expense railroad trip to Hollywood and back; and somebody will be awarded the grand second prize, an airplane trip via the famous TWA Lines from New York to Hollywood (or Hollywood to New York). Besides these two great prizes, there are twelve others. You'll find the winners announced in Motion Picture Magazine as soon as the judges have decided.

Although it is not necessary that you send a photograph of yourself to the Knitting Contest Editor to have your entry considered, the judges ask that you mail one if you have it conveniently available.

Here's hoping that you'll win one of the big prizes! Motion Picture Magazine only wishes that it were possible to give more prizes. However, fourteen entrants will be winners. And you may be lucky! — G.Y.
"I'll take G-E's word for it... when they say Edison Mazda lamps stay brighter longer that's all I want to know!"

Edison Mazda lamps do stay brighter longer than lamps less skillfully made. This fact is not surprising when you consider the millions of dollars and the more than 40 years General Electric has spent in research. During the manufacture of these lamps, more than 430 tests and inspections are made to guard against imperfections costly to the user. When you buy an inferior lamp you may save a few cents on first cost—but in the long run you are likely to lose dollars in wasted electricity. To be sure of good light at low cost, always look for this mark on the bulb of every lamp you buy. Prices are now the lowest in history.

THE G-E "DIME" LAMP: The first real value in a 10 cent lamp. Comes in the following sizes, 60, 30, 15 and 7 1/2 watts. It is marked like this: G-E LAMPS.

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

THE LAST MINUTE REVIEW

SMALL TOWN GIRL

AAA—Janet Gaynor gives an accomplished performance here, one that should establish her firmly in the hearts of her fans. As the small town girl who is bored with life in her little community, she interprets her part with fine sympathy and understanding. Meeting a city physician, Robert Taylor, who is passing through her town, returning from a football game, Janet marries him to escape from the ennui of her circumscribed existence. But here Robert Taylor had been engaged to a socialite, Bonnie Buena. Trouble follows; but the ending is happy. Taylor performs excellently.—M.-G.-M.

I Married a Doctor—AAA—Drama of small town life, this teams Janet Gaynor and Robert Taylor in a film made from Sinclair Lewis's famous novel, "Main Street." Gaynor stars as the clerk in a small community and her wife from the city, whose views are considered too liberal.—Warner Bros.

Big Brown Eyes—AAA—Comedy drama which often is reminiscent of The Thin Man. Joan Bennett, cast as a matron, becomes a reporter and uncovers crime and criminals. Playing the male lead opposite Joan is Cary Grant, a policeman to whom credit is given for bringing to the bar of justice a crook, played by Walter Pidgeon, noted Broadway actor. Joan and Cary handle their roles skillfully.—Paramount.

Little Miss Nobody—AAA—Story of an orphan asylum girl who is constantly in trouble. Jane Withers' particular ability consists in playing pranks of one sort or another and here she has abundant opportunity and performs excellently. After escaping from reform school there is a touching dramatic scene in which Jane discovers that a prosecuting attorney, Ralph Morgan, is her father.—20th Century-Fox.

Till We Meet Again—AAA—Romantic melodrama dealing with the lives, adventures, and love affairs of spies during the World War. It poses the problem as to whether love or duty should be man's primary consideration. Herbert Marshall, cast as an Englishman who joins the secret service, falls in love with Marlene Dietrich, German spy, and love triumphs. Herbert Marshall takes honors in a good cast.—Paramount.

The Witness Chair—AAA—Mystery and drama of the court room order are featured here. Fabrication of records in the handling of a firm's business is the mystery in the plot in which Ann Harding appears as the secretary of Walter Abel with whom she is in love though that is not at first apparent. Ann Harding performs with her usual dignity and efficiency.—20th Century-Fox.

Gentle Julia—AAA—Made from Booth Tarkington's novel of the same name, this picture presents Jane Withers as the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Hunt who is well cast in the title role. Jane's predilection toward mischief will furnish you with many a laugh. Jane establishes herself in this film as a young actress with considerable dramatic ability. The entire cast does creditable work.—20th Century-Fox.

Charlie Chan at the Circus—A—Latest in the Charlie Chan series starring Warner Oland, movie-goers will find this one of the best of the lot. It is the story of an enormous family which he takes to the circus where a murder takes place, and the master sleuth eventually solves it. Keene Lake, as a son of Oland, provides comedy.—20th Century-Fox.

Two in Revolt—AAA—Suggesting somewhat a film of that title, this will appeal to all those who love animals. Concerned with the life of a horse, "Warrior," and a dog, "Lightning," the film introduces them on the day when they're both born. Outdoor shots are excellent, and photographed, Plot concerns the attitudes and ambitions of a race horse owner, Merart Olsen.—RKO.

Moonlight Murder—A—Mystery with a background of operatic music and singing. The plot of this picture deals with the establishment of the fact that a man, who had been thought dead from natural causes, actually died by violence. Leo Carrillo falls dead at the conclusion of the operatic aria which he's singing, and suspense is maintained because suspicions extend to everyone in the large troop.—M.-G.-M.

Garden Murder Case—AAA—This is the newest of the Philo Vance series, and the best to date, because of the able cast which interprets the story and because of the attention given to detail. Edward Lowe is seen as the exasperating Philo Vance and is more than adequate in the role, while Virginia Bruce is charming as the heroine.—M-G
c.

Too Many Parents—AA—Story of youth in a boy's military school, this is a fairly interesting film, telling of the pathetic yearnings of a boy, George Ernest, for the companionship of his father, who neglected him. Billy Lee, as one of Ernest's chums, is a fine little comedian. Though members of the cast are unknown, they perform ably.—Paramount.

TIP-OFFS ON THE TALKIES

AAA—EXCELLENT; AAA—GOOD; AA—FAIR; A—MEDIocre.

Brief Reviews of the Recent Releases

Don't Miss

the following big pictures which have been previously reviewed in this magazine: The Country Doctor, starring the world famous Dionne Quintuplets and featuring Jean Her- sholt in the title role; — Modern Times, presenting Charlie Chaplin to screen audiences for the first time in five years; — Little Lovel Fantavige with Freddie Barthol- mew in the title role and Dolores Costello and Barrymore as his mother. — Trail of the Lonesome Pine, outstandingly produced and directed by Raoul Walsh, featuring Olivia de Havilland and Robert Young; — King of the Kops, Arrowhead, and Good Morning; — Road to Morocco; — The Red Rubber Band, starring Janet Gaynor, Robert Taylor and James Stewart; — The New Moon, starring Ann Sothern; — Brother Orchid, starring Ronald Colman and Greer Garson; — The Murder, starring Warren Oland, Howard Humes and John Carradine; — The Race for Life, starring William Haines and Tom Brown; — The Man from the Brooklyn Bridge, starring Walter Huston, Ward Bond and Ozzie Nelson; — The Man from the Brooklyn Bridge, starring Walter Huston, Ward Bond and Ozzie Nelson; — The Man from the Brooklyn Bridge, starring Walter Huston, Ward Bond and Ozzie Nelson; — The Man from the Brooklyn Bridge, starring Walter Huston, Ward Bond and Ozzie Nelson.
LAST MINUTE REVIEW

UNGARDED HOUR

AAA—Though there is plenty of mystery and also murder in this drama of an incident in the life of a rising young attorney, Franchot Tone, and his lovely wife, Loreta Young, there are other elements which add to its value as entertainment. The dialogue is delightful and the cast is excellent. Not only do Loreta and Franchot enact their roles with much skill, but the scene can be said of Roland Young, a friend of the family, and Lewis Stone, Scotland Yard head. The theme emphasizes that everyone has his "unguarded hour," when life becomes strange indeed.—M.G.M.

Broadway Playboy—AAA—Film version of a George M. Cohan play, this teams Warren William and June Travis in a romantic little comedy. Plot concerns the interruption of a scheduled marriage between Warren and June because of the well-meaning but unjustified interference of Gene Lockhart, Warren's friend. Cast performs creditably.—Warner Bros.

Murder on the Bridle Path—AAA—Spiced with comedy, this murder mystery has the levies of humor. Helen Broderick causes the apprehension of a criminal, but only after a second crime has been committed, and then at the risk of her own life. Both Jimmy Gleason and Helen Broderick give able performances.—RKO.

O'Malley of the Mounted—AAA—Death of a member of the famous Northwest Mounted Police starts George O'Brien on the trail of the band of outlaws who are responsible for the crime. Disguising himself, he becomes a member of the gang. Irene Rich plays opposite O'Brien who is thoroughly at home in a role such as the one he has here.—20th Century-Fox.

Sky Parade—AAA—Telling the story of aviators and aviation in the time of the Armistice to the present day, the picture begins with the appearance of a trio of flyers in France after the World War. Later, it gives an insight into the progress which has been made in aeronautics in recent years. Jimmy Allen, William Gargan and Kent Taylor head the cast.—Paramount.

Panic on the Air—AAA—Murder, romance and mystery are leading elements in this picture of a news commentator on the radio who is something of a sleuth. Marked bills and ransom notes are discovered by the amateur detective, Len Ayres. This leads to the apprehension of a gang of crooks. Playing the feminine lead opposite Ayres is Florence Rice.—Columbia.

Drift Fence—AAA—Made from an original story by Zane Grey, this western is a good deal better than most pictures of its type because of the capable cast which interprets it, headed by Larry (Buster) Crabbe, Katherine De Mille and Tom Keene. Story of cattle thievery and of romance, the film tells how the cowboy hero gets the rustlers—and the girl, Katherine.—Paramount.

Song of the Saddle—AA—Having the problem before him of revenging the murder of his father, Dick Foran, songbird of the open range, uses trickery instead of guns to accomplish his purpose. Though chagrined because of the lack of interest which Dick shows in her while he's on his mission of vengeance, Alma Lloyd finally emerges as Dick's cherished bride.—Warner Bros.

Laughing Irish Eyes—AA—Amusing situations and the pleasant singing of Phil Regan make this lively little picture entertaining. Story tells of the blacksmith, Phil Regan, who wins a singing contest. Later, in an impromptu fistic encounter, he is unexpectedly victorious, and is taken to America as a prize fighter. There he wins a radio contest and the girl, Evalyn Knapp.—Republic.

When the horse runs home and the ground is hard, When you wish you were safe in your own back yard, When your face is red as a riding coat, Then it's time to test the flavor true Don't faint, don't swear and don't count ten, Just rip off the wrapper and yield to that you . . .

Compose yourself

WITH

Beech-Nut

THE QUALITY GUM

Motion Picture for June, 1936 19
In the new Jantzens you will find the loveliest fabrics of the year in richness of texture and beauty of design. The marvelous elasticity achieved through Jantzen-stitch gives them figure-control qualities to an amazing degree. They mold the body into slenderizing lines of beauty. Being Jantzens, they fit perfectly, permanently.

**IRENE BENNETT,** appearing in the Paramount picture, "The Sky Parade" wears the Jantzen BRÅ-TUCK MIO, $4.95. Other Jantzen models $4.50-$5.95.

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**Come to Our**

**HOLLYWOOD CIRCUS!**

You'll see Ken Maynard's Circus and you'll lunch with his performers while in Hollywood.

---

By Jack Smalley

IT'S going to be a circus! And we mean that literally, for while we're inviting you to join the Second Annual Movie-land Tour to visit the studios and see the stars, we've also got a circus lined up for you.

That famous cowboy, Ken Maynard, has organized the Diamond K Wild West Show and it opens just about the time when the 200 members of our first house-party arrive in town. And Ken has invited the trippers to be his guests and eat with his circus stars.

In case you haven't heard of the Movieland Tour, it's the annual Motion Picture Magazine pilgrimage to Hollywood. So many people want to see filmland yet would have no means of visiting studios or meeting the stars, that Motion Picture decided to organize a tour. It was so successful last year that, in 1936, 170 big tours will come to California. The first one leaves Chicago July 19; the second leaves Chicago August 9. You can take your choice, for the same program is planned for both.

By getting up a house party, as it were, and chartering a special train, costs of such a trip are vastly reduced. But more important, this magazine has the facilities for showing you a view of Hollywood seen by no one else, no matter how wealthy, no matter how famous!

Of course, the trip out and back, stopping at Ranier National Park, Seattle, San Francisco, Denver, Salt Lake, and other points, is exciting enough. But it's the Hollywood program that you are most interested in.

Here it is: Arrive on Sunday (both trips) at noon. Go to the Roosevelt hotel, which is Tour headquarters, and prepare for the big surprise party in the evening, and your first meeting with the stars. This is to be held at the world famous Brass Rail on Hollywood Boulevard. But it's a surprise, so no more of that for the moment.

**MONDAY** is set aside for a major event—a trip to a studio. The first tour visits 20th Century-Fox, home of that No. 1 box-office attraction, Shirley Temple, and such stars as Victor McLaglen, Ros-ald Colman. [Continued on page 94]
By John Schwarmkopf

Melvyn Douglas Has Become a Favourite Because he's just a nice guy that everyone in Hollywood has a lot of respect for and really likes. He was almost arrested for throwing a brick through a window and the funny thing is, Claudette Colbert witnessed the whole act...just stood by and laughed...You did too, if you saw him in She Married Her Boss...Melvyn Douglas doesn't throw bricks or anything else in real life...He has a nice easy-going air about him and doesn't seem to give a whoop about anything except his little family and his very charming wife, Helen Gabagan...but don't get any ideas from that remark that he hasn't any get-up-and-go about him...just one little glimpse into a colorful past will convince you that he has zest...Melvyn was born in Georgia thirty-five years ago...his mother is a Kentuckian; his father, a Russian pianist...Melvyn traveled about the country a bit with his parents and at the outbreak of the war, we find him in Toronto, Canada...Melvyn was but fifteen years of age when he joined a regiment of Scottish Highlanders, and he was prepared to go to France and become a 'devil in skirts'...father intervened and that ended Melvyn's hopes of wearing kilts. He says that he had two reasons for joining the Highlanders...one, because he wanted to wear kilts and two, because he was such a big kid, people were continually calling him yellow for not going to war...He once owned a stock company of his own and wanted very much to make a financial success of it...he hit on a plan that he thought was sure-fire by taking his troupe to a college town and presenting Shakespearean plays...Much to his consternation, no audience showed up...Be that as it may, Melvyn has had enough experience both off the stage and on to make him a very fine actor...He has one of the best contracts in Hollywood, with Columbia...it allows him almost six months out of each year to himself...He had rather a tough time of it, snow bound in the mountains while on location on his latest picture, Bless Your Heart, but that didn't bother him...You'll see plenty of him...Claudette Colbert laughing at Melvyn Douglas?...Only because she likes him!

Melvyn Douglas

THE ANSWER IS THAT 7 OUT OF 10 BRUNETTES USE THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER!

If there's one thing women fool themselves about, it's their face powder shades. Many women select face powder tints on the wrong basis altogether. They try to get a face powder that simply matches their type instead of one that enhances or flatters it. Any actress will tell you that certain stage lights can make you look older or younger. The same holds true for face powder shades. One shade can make you look ten to twenty years older while another can make you look years younger.

It's a common saying that brunettes look older than blondes. There is no truth in it. The reason for the statement is that many brunettes make a mistake in the shade of the face powder they use. They simply choose a brunette face powder shade or one that merely matches their type instead of one that goes with the tone of their skin. A girl may be a brunette and still have an olive or white skin.

One of Five Shades is the Right Shade!

Colorists will tell you that the idea of numberless shades of face powder is all wrong. They will tell you that only five shades are necessary and that one of these shades will flatter your tone of skin. I have proved this principle. I know that five shades will suffice. Therefore, I make Lady Esther Face Powder in only five shades. One of these five shades, I know, will prove just the right shade for you. It will prove your most becoming and flattering.

I want you to find out if you are using the right shade of face powder for your skin. I want you to find out if the shade you are using is making you look older or younger.

One Way to Tell!

There is only one way to find out and this is to try all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder—and that is what I want you to do at my expense.

One of these shades, you will find, will instantly prove the right shade for you. One will immediately make you look years younger. You won't have to be told that. Your mirror will cry it aloud to you.

Write today for all the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder that I offer free of charge and obligation. I will send you a test face powder of each shade. Make the shade test before your mirror. Notice how instantly the right shade tells itself. Mark, too, how soft and smooth my face powder is; also, how long it clings.

Mail Coupon

One test will reveal that Lady Esther Face Powder is a unique face powder, unparalleled by anything in face powders you have ever known.

Mail the coupon or a letter today for the free supply of all five shades that I offer; I will also send you a 7-days' supply of my Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Motion Picture for June, 1936 21
Talent Winners Chosen

New Contest Announced

By Jack Smalley

Combing the nooks and corners of the United States for new screen talent, the scout car sent on the road to make screen tests of all likely talent returned to Hollywood with a load of film containing the hopes and aspirations of hundreds of young men and women.

And now those glittering cans of film have been viewed, and the winners named.

There was drama in the projection room at Universal Studios when the smiling faces of all those girls and young men flashed on the screen. There was Dan Kelley, casting director for Universal and the man who has discovered dozens of people since made famous; there was the tour manager, Harry Howard; the cameraman, Mickey Whalen; the editorial staff of Motion Picture Magazine; and the representatives of the sponsor of the Search for Talent, the makers of Hold-Boo bob pins. And at the end of the conference, these are the lucky winners:

Margaret Hehn, Chicago, Ill.
Frances Nalle, Dallas, Texas
Norma Jane Slider, New Albany, Ind.
Caroline Oliver, Tallahassee, Fla.
Dorothy Brown, Atlanta, Ga.
Helen Dax, Minneapolis, Minn.
Dorothy Dalton, Memphis, Tenn.

When the contest was first announced, it was planned to bring six winners to Hollywood. Seven, however, were finally selected for this exciting trip to filmland, to be interviewed by the casting officials at Universal, and thus to have that rare opportunity for a chance at a picture career.

It was hoped that some talented young man would be found, but none quite measured up to requirements. These seven girls will come to Hollywood soon and Universal has first rights to sign one or all of them if it desires. The girls will, of course, see the real inside of Hollywood,

Here are the Lucky Winners

(1) Frances Nalle, Dallas, Tex., (2) Dorothy Brown, Atlanta, Ga., (3) Dorothy Dalton, Memphis, Tenn., (4) Norma Jane Slider, New Albany, Ind., and (5) Caroline Oliver, Tallahassee, Fla., are five winners in Search for Talent!

Motion Picture for June, 1936
You'll find seven winners listed here. And rules for new contest!

visit studios, lunch with stars and have a grand time.
And now for the next big news. The makers of Hold-Bobs have set aside a new appropriation for an even more extended Search for Talent, and the winner will be signed for a picture contract with a major studio! Think of it—an opportunity such as this is the chance of a lifetime! And what fun it will be, actually to have a contract, to work with big stars in a film, to be really a member of the film colony!

Whether you go on from there to stardom is, of course, a wild guess. We make no promises on that score! We don't want any girl to come to Hollywood expecting instant success and suffer heartbreak if disappointed. That isn't the purpose of our contest. But we do want to give some girl an experience long to be remembered at least two weeks of the most exciting vacation she could imagine. Think of coming home to tell of your adventures as an actress! With photos to prove it, with memories to cherish always. And then—well, there's always the chance that you might click in a big way and win fame and fortune among the stars of Hollywood.

Now to tell you who is going to put you in pictures. First, about our sponsors. The makers of Hold-Bobs, on sale at all stores, and the favorite hairpin of Hollywood stars, have made this opportunity possible.

AND no less important to the plan is the co-operation of Walter Wanger Productions, whose Trail of the Lonesome Pine in natural color has made this studio the most talked about concern in Hollywood. Wanger productions are made at United Artists, where Mr. Wanger is an associate with Mary Pickford. Jesse Lasky, Doug Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin. All of them produce their own films, using this huge studio.

Just completed at the Wanger Studios is Fatal Lady, starring Mary Ellis, the beautiful actress-singer for whom Rose Marie was written, and who recently starred in Paramount pictures. Then there is the Color of Mrs. Aymes, starring George Brent and that sensational English actress, Madeleine Carroll in a film of great ready for release. Many, many more are now in preparation, for Walter Wanger has dozens of top-notch stars on his contract list, and he must produce a large quota of pictures this year.

Rules of the new contest are simple. All

[Continued on page 96]

IN THIS CONTEST

(6) Margaret Hehn, Chicago, Ill.
(7) Helen Dax, Minneapolis, Minnesota, are two of the lucky Talent winners!
"No more 'tired, 'let-down feeling' for me."

I reasoned that my red blood corpuscle strength was low and I simply took a course of S.S.S. Tonic and built it back.

It is all so simple and reasonable. If your physical let-down is caused by lowered red blood corpuscles—which is all too frequent—then S.S.S. Tonic is waiting to help you...and will, unless you have a serious organic trouble that demands a physician or surgeon.

Remember, S.S.S. is not just a so-called "tonic." It is a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions, and also has the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying red corpuscles in the blood.

This two-fold purpose is important. Digestion is improved...food is better utilized...and thus you are enabled to better "carry on" without exhaustion—as you should.

You may have the will-power to be "up and doing" but unless your blood is in top notch form you are not fully yourself and you may remark, "I wonder why I tire so easily."

Let S.S.S. help build back your blood tone...if your case is not exceptional, you should enjoy this improvement in appetite, strength, energy, and general health...and renewed strength.

S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The 82 economy size is twice as large as the $1.25 regular size and is sufficient for two weeks treatment. Begin on the uproad today.

Q. What are the addresses of the various studios?

Q. I read that Jessie Matthews is coming to Hollywood to make a picture. Is that true? What is her next film?
A. At present, Jessie is busy making pictures in England for G.B. She has recently completed It's Love Again. With her in this film is Robert Young, well-known American actor. She is now busy making Stay Home, Sister for which Mack Gordon and Harry Revel are doing music and lyrics. She has no present Hollywood plans.

Q. What was Kay Francis' first, outstanding part?
A. In Street of Chance, first picture of the underworld, and the picture that started William Powell on the road to stardom.

Q. Who really "discovered" Katharine Hepburn?
A. If you mean for pictures, it was David Selznick. He also introduced to the screen, among others, Francis Lederer, Fred Astaire, Leslie Howard, and Freddie Bartholomew.

Q. What, exactly, does "cutting a picture" mean?
A. It means simply this: editing of the film, taking out unimportant parts, or parts that bring a laugh or a sob in the wrong place. The main idea of cutting is to keep the picture at the correct tempo. And the picture—what makes the film—is really cut and then pieced together again. For example, Frank Capra used 200,000 feet of film in photographing Mr. Deeds Goes to Town. He spent six weeks shooting, getting everything on the negative that he thought might be important to the picture as a whole, and knowing very well that a lot of it would have to be discarded, but not knowing what parts until he saw it run off. It will take nine weeks to cut the picture to the proper length, which is 1,100 feet to every ten minutes, and a picture generally runs 80 minutes. Do your own arithmetic.

Q. From what studio or hotel in Hollywood is the Hollywood Hotel program broadcast? And do the stars really appear there in person for the plays on that program?
A. The Hollywood Hotel program is broadcast from Radio Station KJH, located at 1076 West 7th Street, Los Angeles, on the tenth floor of a large automobile company building. And the stars really do appear in person at the radio station for the plays.

Q. How many miles is it from Los Angeles to Hollywood and what is the best way to go?
A. About ten or fifteen miles, (depending on where you are standing) as the crow flies. There are three street car lines and a couple of busses. Some people hitch-hike. Some people drive their own cars.

Q. Do players have to wear more or less make-up for color pictures than for black and white pictures?
A. They wear less. In Dancing Pirate, being made now by Pioneer Pictures, one member of the cast wears so much as a dash of grease paint.

Your Witness on the Stand

with Winifred Aydelotte

who tells you things you never knew till now

It's Love Again—that is Jessie Matthews' next picture.

Robert Young co-stars.

Motion Picture for June, 1936
The POISE of Loretta

Beautiful, unaffected — and, above all, poised — that’s what Loretta Young is. Ill for a long time, she has returned to films. Some wondered if Loretta had deserted pictures for good. But she hadn’t. Lovelier than ever, you’ll see her in Unguarded Hour with Franchot Tone. And soon after that in the film, Private Number.
Leslie Howard, as the dashing Romeo, and Norma Shearer, as the adoring Juliet, bring Shakespeare's romantic lovers to life in the filming of Romeo and Juliet. "He is Romeo, a Montague, the only son of your enemy," lovely Juliet was told. But no family hatred could alter her deep affection. Secretly, they were married. Star-crossed lovers, they were; and death-marked was their love. This story is as tragic as it is true; as new as it is old. And its appeal is universal, as magnificently conceived in this picture.
They're romantic lovers—Dick Powell and Marion Davies—in *Hearts Divided*, story of a love that even the mighty Napoleon could not frustrate. Dick, cast as Napoleon's brother, arrived in America to negotiate the sale of Louisiana, but he lost his heart to a beautiful Baltimore damsel, played by Marion. You will hear Dick warble new songs to the fair-haired Marion!
It has been an uphill fight—all the way—for the singing star!

By Dorothy Spensley

SOME people are born with silver spoons in their mouths. Grace Moore was born with a golden voice in her throat. Although it was pronounced “clear and sweet” by experts, it did not have the glorious qualities that you hear in it now. Those only came through years of heart-breaking struggle, invincible courage.

If you are discouraged, no matter what your vocation may be, and want an inspiring message, pick up the threads of Grace Moore’s life. They weave into a typical American “success” story, with a climactic ending that includes grand opera, film, radio, concert triumphs, and (so necessary!) a divinely happy marriage.

“I stake everything on my marriage,” Grace Moore told me. “It may seem to you that my life has been one of great ease—that what success I have, came to me without my turning a hand—that I had to make no effort to win recognition—that I was predestined to attract notice with my voice. That’s wrong. It wasn’t a God-given voice,” she added, “it had to be trained. It was slightly better than the average voice, but it had to be trained. And I had to fight—every inch of the way!...To begin with, I had to fight tradition. The townspeople were sure that at the beginning of the way. I had to fight the devil. Grace Moore added. However what she wanted to do was sing. And she did! The biggest thrill in a career is the adventure...its ups and downs,” she says. Her new film with Franchot Tone is The King Steps Out

What Grace Moore Has to say:

“I may seem to you that my life has been one of great ease—that I was predestined to attract notice with my voice. That’s wrong. It wasn’t a God-given voice,” she added, “it had to be trained. It was slightly better than the average voice, but it had to be trained. And I had to fight every inch of the way. If I can do it, others can do it. My creed has always been that if it is worth having, it is worth fighting for.

“To begin with, I had to fight family tradition, and prejudiced small town predictions. The townspeople, with a few exceptions, were sure that singing on the stage, and in opera, which later became my goal, was diversions of the devil. I can still see the frown on my father’s face when I first told him that I had decided to renounce the church’s foreign field— I had wanted to become a missionary in China—for a life of music. My pleading was so effective that my parents agreed to let me enter the Wilson-Green Music School, near Washington, D. C. My fighting had just begun!

“The school was exciting, at first, for me. I was able to hear fine music...Geraldine Farrar sang Carmen, and things like that. The sound of her exquisite voice led me to make my most important decision. I decided that I, too, would sing in opera. It was my first important revolt, and the most difficult. My other decisions came, spontaneously, when I had definitely decided my pathway. In this first decision I had much opposition.

“It was then, [Continued on page 66]
Once Will Rogers' favorite ingenue, Rochelle Hudson is now coming up in the world. And she's only twenty-one! Noted for her fine figure and her sparkling personality, she's the sort of girl whom every young man would like to escort. The Country Beyond is her latest film. And her hobby? It's sun-bathing!
Knowing

GARY COOPER

Better

(This story tells all)

You may think you know Gary awfully well—that everything has been told about him. But read this story. It's a honey!

By Harry Lang

GARY COOPER'S friends, and Sandra Shaw, his wife, are pretty well worried and scared about Gary, these days.

It's about his secret vice—music!! That is, Gary fondly imagines it's music. But nobody else does. You see, the trouble with Gary's music is that it isn't ordinary, self-respecting music like you make with a phonograph or even a radio, sometimes. No—it's the kind of music Gary makes, himself. Only, he chooses weird things to make it with. Up to now, by dint of careful persuasion and diplomacy, they've constrained Gary to things like harmonicas, xylophones, an occasional jew's-harp, and once an electrically amplified (and now!) Hawaiian steel guitar. You see, I'm telling all, ALL!

But now—horror of horrors!—Gary's hidden vice is on the verge of breaking out into something monstrous. He's actually on the verge of buying a tuba...!!

A tuba, you know, is one of those overgrown brass horns that sounds like a cross between a discontented cow's lament and a foghorn with a touch of asthma.

So Sandra, they say, is shopping for soundproof earplugs against the day Gary comes home with his tuba and begins tooting O, Susanna.

This musical (ahem!) delirium of Gary's is just one of the untold facets of personality about this popular he-man of the screen. There are others; I'll tell you some more of them later on. But his musical moments are among his maddest.

It seems he owns at least a dozen mouth-organisms. He keeps 'em hidden in places where he can get at 'em easily, when the mood is on him. You might be waiting to see him in his dressing-room at the studio when suddenly, from behind the door of his private chamber, come the strains of the harmonica, lustily wheezing O, Susanna! No matter what he thinks he's playing, it always comes out O, Susanna; because that's the first tune he learned to play, and everything else he attempts turns into it before four bars are done. As long as he sticks to harmonicas, his pals don't bother him much. But one day, a truck backed up to his house and two workmen unloaded a long, bier-like object, draped in purple velvet. "Where," they demanded of Mrs. Cooper, "do we put this?"

"What," she asked, "is it?"

"It's the xylophone Mr. Gary Cooper bought," they told her. She nearly fainted. When Gary got home, he picked up the two [Continued on page 68]
By Grace Mack

ABOUT the movie great there is always, like a halo, the question of their personal glamour. What does she really look like . . . what did she have on . . . what did she talk about? These are the questions most often put to me and these, I believe, are the things which you readers are most eager to know. And which I want to tell you about.

About Claudette Colbert, there is a radiance which the camera only faintly captures. At the studio they tell you that it is because she's so darned happy. So maybe it is what the composer had in mind when he wrote that love-in-bloom song. At any rate, you can take the Colbert charm and sparkle as you see it on the screen, add a generous supply of graciousness and friendliness, and you'll have Claudette as she is in real life.

You will usually find her clad in something very simple and comfortable. The day I talked with her it was a slack suit of heavy white crêpe. She wears practically no makeup off the screen—just a dash of lipstick. She never follows fads and has no particular phobias. But she does carry around a quaint cargo of superstitions. For instance, she wouldn't dream of putting her shoes on the bed, and if she spills salt she, immediately, tosses a pinch of it over her shoulder. If she starts some place and discovers that she has forgotten something and has to go back, she takes time out to sit down and count nine before leaving the house again. She would just as soon flirt with poison-ivy as to have a black cat cross her path. She laughs about her superstitions but she takes their antidotes seriously.

She never goes on trick diets, doesn't play bridge and never consults fortune-tellers. She seldom goes to night clubs and hates big parties. Her idea of a good time is a swift game of tennis, or a small dinner party with a few congenial friends.

TALKING with Claudette is always fun. It is particularly so now because she has so many things to be thrilled about. First there's her grand new house. Also there's her new husband. Or perhaps that should be reversed. But you see when she started building the house she had no suspicion that there was going to be a new husband to go with it. A girl, naturally, does not expect to have sinuses trouble lead to romance. But in Claudette's case that is exactly what happened. In fact her own romance with Dr. Pressman was very much like the boy-meets-girl formula which has characterized her recent pictures.

Dr. Pressman had been recommended to her as a specialist who knew just how to make a rebel sinus behave. And since Claudette had that kind of a sinus, she made an appointment to see him. She arrived at his office some forty minutes late. The doctor was just going out for lunch.

"I'm sorry you missed your appointment Miss Colbert," he said, starting toward the door. "You can make another appointment with my secretary."

"You mean I can't see you now?" asked the astonished Claudette. "Sorry, I'm just going out to lunch. Unfortunately, I have no time open this afternoon."

This was not the treatment that is usually accorded picture stars and to say that Claudette was surprised is putting it mildly. And yet something about the doctor's independent attitude intrigued her. They rode down in the elevator together.

"Have you had your lunch?" he asked casually. She shook her head. "Would you care to come into the drug store with me and have a sandwich?"

When Claudette accepted his invitation it was doubtless the doctor's turn to be surprised. So their first date really took place at a drug store fountain! Doesn't that sound like something that a scenario writer? [Continued on page 82]
Yip-ee! The Cowboy RIDES Again!!

Sure as shootin’, pardner, a round up is on for westerns. The cowboys are back in their boots and saddles

By Sara Hamilton

YIP-E-E-E-E-E-E! The long, loud cry echoes throughout the caverns, taverns and drawing rooms of Hollywood. It penetrates into mahogany-strewn offices of big-time producers who listen, with attentive ear, to the cry that fills all moviedom.

Yep, the cowboy rides again! And there’s a mad scramble for horses and broad-brimmed hats. People, who once thought chaps were a pair of English dudes, are now wearing sheepskin pants all over the place. Bandannas cover the oddest Adams apples these days, and, where only Georgie Raft once tripped down the boulevard in three-inch heels, boots with heels have become the last word. Producers have movie scouts poking under sagebrush and tumble-weeds to find new and exciting cowboys. Bill Boyd has gone completely western in Hop Along Cassidy and even Bing Crosby is preparing to blast the ear-drums off the wild coyotes in his Rhythm of the Range.

I tell you the world has gone cowboy wild. Even radio tenors, nightly, beg to be given their boots and saddles. The fact that over half of them wouldn’t know which end of their anatomy went in the boots and which in the saddle has nothing to do with it. Boots and saddles they’ll have, or screech themselves to death.

People, sensing the earthiness in the plaintive and beautiful cowboy melodies being sung everywhere (like The Lone Prairie) are showing a marked and enthusiastic interest in westerns. Or, maybe, it’s just the craving for fresh air and green hills and wide plains. Whatever it is, it’s got Hollywood on the jump.

It isn’t that the cowboy has been away and just came back. No, the cowboy has been here since Hollywood was a pup, shoved off in some obscure corner but going right along—singing his song, riding his pony and dragging in the coin. Tons of it, practically.

In fact, on just such a foundation as the eternal western, has the movie industry been built. On the honest sincerity of men like “Broncho” Billy Anderson, Bill Hart, Hoot Gibson, Harry Carey, Col. Tim McCoy and, finally, Tom Mix. These are the men who mothered and nursed along the little red-faced infant called movies and gave it all the knowledge, wisdom, counsel and love they had to give. And, many a time, risked life and limb.
Looking for desperadoes here is Buck Jones, far famed cowboy hero of pictures. Right: son of a police chief in real life, George O’Brien has hunted outlaws in films for years.

and heart and soul to bring entertainment to a new public, and keep alive this infant industry. It was a real job.

"I WORE a skirt, a false bosom and a wig many a time in those early days," Hoot Gibson said. "That took courage for a boy of fifteen who had conquered many a bucking broncho at Oregon rodeos. I’ve been a cowboy in the morning and an Indian in the afternoon chasing myself up and down cliffs. I’ve jumped from bridges to moving trains and once rode a motorcycle from a raised drawbridge for $100. Only I didn’t get the hundred.

"When I became a cowboy star," said Hoot, "I sat up nights writing my stuff, acting and even directing, myself, next day. We knew the business from the very bottom up. In fact the cowboy star is the backbone of the industry and you can’t get away from it. I know. I’ve made personal appearances in hamlets and small towns all over the country and I’ve seen the romance-starved boys and girls, men and women, stand in lines for hours at a time to glimpse what, to them, was the greatest of all romantic objects—the Western cowboy star.

"I’ve tried my hand at automobile racing and flying. Right now, I’ve received an offer to play polo in nearly every city in America which amounts to a personal appearance tour, but I’m turning it down. I’m going back to my boots and saddle. There’s something about it well, it’s not as flashy as polo, but I’m going back."

You can just bet “Hooter” isn’t going to be left out of the new yen for Westerns.

"I’ve never worn a skirt," Buck Jones laughed, "but I did wear the uniform of the famous Keystone cop and did trick riding right down the middle of..."

[Continued on page 72]
The Academy voted Bette Davis the best actress in 1935 for her performance in Dangerous.

The personal glory which Bette Davis never sought, is now hers. The gold statuette, emblem of the highest honor Hollywood can confer on its stars, was her compensation for five as difficult years as any girl ever encountered in this glamorous and glorious—demanding and doubting town!

Because she wanted nothing for herself, because she sought fame in answer to an urge to protect those dependent upon her, Hollywood had had little effect upon her. Neither its clamor, nor its confusion; neither its pitilessness nor its pity has made her deviate from her role and her road.

This year's crown on her acting achievement came a year after her spectacular and sudden success in Of Human Bondage, which marked the emergence of Bette Davis from the ranks into the picked squadron of Hollywood's elite. It came on the heels of five turbulent years, for her success by no means has been easy to achieve.

Studios had periodically suggested that she take a test for the movies, but as periodically Bette refused. And then one night, on a whim, she decided to see what she would look like on the screen. Universal Studios set a time for her. She was to report the following Monday afternoon in their Bronx studios.

In a very few days the studio notified her that the test was nice, but that the Coast executives demanded to know what her legs looked like. Could they, by any chance be bowlegged? Or too skinny? Or even piano legs in disguise? So Bette returned to the studio, and, possibly, for the first time in screen history, a pair of legs had a test to themselves. Evidently, they were as pleasing as the rest of the girl for Bette was offered a contract, and signed. And so Bette Davis and her mother entrained for Hollywood—and steamed off towards the sunshine coast to look into these here movies.

How It Feels

By Sonia Lee

IT IS usual for new contractees to be met with pomp and ceremony at the station. Bette looked around and there wasn't a vestige of an orchestra, no great bouquets of red roses, no cameramen and no reporters in sight. At least, not for her. They all seemed busy hunting for someone to be sure, but no one approached the Davises. And so they found a taxicab, drove to an unobtrusive hotel, and Bette telephoned the studio. The head of the publicity department came on the wire.

"When did you come in?" he asked.

"Why, just a little while ago," she answered, "on the train I was supposed to be on."

"But we were down there to meet you," he replied, "and we didn't see you at all."

"Of course," Bette laughs, "I suppose I looked like no other star who ever arrived in Hollywood. I had long hair; I wore no make-up with the [Continued on page 74]
Victor McLaglen won the Academy prize for being the best actor of 1935 in The Informer

I feel like a little school boy who has flunked mathematics, term after term, and then by sheer perseverance, eventually wins the gold star.”

Victor McLaglen grinned from ear to ear, looking much like the boy he was describing. “You see,” his grin became wistful. “I’ve knocked around the world so much—every job from selling to prize-fighting and now I’m at least champion of something. I’ve been so near championship, but never won first place before.” He rose and walked around the elaborate dressing-room of his dressing room and I knew he was controlling tears. He talked with difficulty.

“You know Frances Deaner in the publicity department?” I nodded. “Well, she told me when What Price Glory was released I would not top it in ten years. She was right. It was ten years before they made The Informer.

“Ten years.” His sigh must have been heard on the studio street, a full story below. “I didn’t believe her. But right around the corner was the bogie man—talkies. After What Price Glory was finished, they started importing those stage men. All of us fellows out here said, ‘The talkies will never last,’ and went on playing tennis. And then they announced the list of actors who would never make good in talking pictures and I headed the list! I romped along doing what they told me, and to make a long story short—it’s like looking for a needle in a haymow to find one of those stage stars now. But when they came out here, I looked like a big, dumb cluck who could wear only sweaters and didn’t know enough to go home.

“I tell you, it’s pretty marvelous to stand in a roomful of the big shots of this business and be the champion in the big act of 1935. You find yourself praying for big parts in the future. You find yourself making up your mind to do it again. You’re champion of something for the first time and if you could do it once, you can do it twice.

“That’s the new fight in Hollywood now. What man will get that Academy award twice? Clark Gable said he was glad I got it and one reason was it would make the competition keener. He meant for the boy who gets it the second time. Clark Gable, by the way, is the finest man I know among the actors. He’s genuine.

“Now, the little boy’s eyes were gleaming. The first championship was won. He was off to do battle for a second. One championship was not enough. Little boys who take their gold stars in that spirit usually go places. Victor has tough competition since Clark Gable, Charles Laughton, Fred March, Warner Baxter and all the others feel the same way about it. There should be some magnificent performances from the men of Hollywood [Continued on page 76]
The CHARM of Joan

The symbol of all feminine charm, Joan Bennett personifies an ideal in womanhood. Wife, mother, star—she is the kind of person whom every young man hopes that he'll marry; the kind that growing girls dream that they'll become. Always sincere, but never sensational, she is a constant delight to everybody who knows her. 13 Hours by Air is her new picture with Fred MacMurray.
Charles Boyer 
—As You Like Him

Boyer, the new screen sensation, speaks up—the man you've been wanting to know

By Ida Zeitlin

Your first feeling toward Charles Boyer, as he greets you with a friendly smile in his dark eyes, is one of lively gratitude. Meeting a movie star for the first time—with the frank object of asking him questions about himself—isn't all beer and skittles. When, with a quality difficult to define—but blended, as you realize later, of simplicity and humor, tolerance and human warmth—he puts you as promptly and utterly at your ease as Boyer does, your nervousness vanishes and you become composed, knowing that even though you blunder, the chances are he'll understand and never hold it against you.

Your second feeling is of mounting respect—one for which the ground has been prepared by the impression he made in Private Worlds and Break of Hearts. It does sometimes happen, however, that prepared ground goes to seed and that impressions created on the screen are shattered by a face-to-face encounter. But if you've found in the screen Boyer, a man of intelligence and sensitive perceptions, who radiates strength and serenity—a man you would instinctively trust and whose own trust you feel you'd be proud to earn, then you've divined the Boyer of reality.

He's feminine fandom's latest romantic idol, yet there's nothing of the "great lover" about him, nor anything phony or synthetic. Indeed, there's little about him to suggest the actor. I mean to imply no odious comparison when I say that the average actor has in his composition much of the child—an element carrying its own share of charm. It happens that Mr. Boyer is, in mind and spirit, essentially mature, and therein, I think, lies his deepest appeal for women. Boyer's eyes were as full of dark fire in Caravan as in Private Worlds, yet they kindled no blaze. Why? Because the Boyer personality was submerged—the Boyer whose character is written in every line of his rugged, mobile face.

Hereditary and background explain him, as they explain every man to a certain extent. His father was a manufacturer of farm machinery in a small town in the south of France. If someone had said to him: "Your only son is going to be an actor," he wouldn't even have bothered to be indignant. One doesn't get indignant over absurdities. Decent people kept their children away from theatres. You might as well have told him that his son would develop into a purple giraffe with yellow spots. Boyer, Jr., was destined for the Sorbonne, where he would be trained to some honorable profession. "And now, my friend, let's talk about something sensible."

But the elder Boyer died when Charles was nine. And the son must have inherited his father's

(Continued on page 78)
Nautical but nice. June Lang, above, young 20th Century-Fox player, chooses a white sharkskin suit trimmed with red buttons and tied with white string knots to wear at beach club or for a sail.

Above, left, Marsha Hunt, Paramount player, dons powder blue pajamas with smock to match for her relaxation—gardening. The natural leghorn cartwheel hat protects the lovely Marsha from the glare of the sun.

Above, Janet Gaynor features a new note on her satin sleeping pajamas—a musical note. Janet "hates to get up in the morning" and we sympathize with her, don’t you?

Above, another white sharkskin suit in a briefer model, worn by Jane Hamilton who recently appeared in Follow the Fleet. Miss Hamilton has a wrap-around skirt ready for a quick change.

Left, Betty Furness, one of Hollywood’s best dressed young players, wears the latest in divided skirts—the coulette. It certainly makes the headlines, being fashioned of a newspaper print.

Forms of RELAXATION
Left, Rochelle Hudson looks as if she's going places in this stunning ensemble—and we wager she's on her way to stardom. The slacks and the polo type coat are fashioned of same material.

Claire Trevor, above, also chooses blue satin for her pajamas. In place of the usual embroidered monogram, Claire has silver initials on the dark blue buttons.

Ida Lupino, above, wears them short, too, but tailored. Ida's latest picture is One Rainy Afternoon, a romantic comedy.

Right, Grace Bradley wears a martailed slack suit of beige angora flannel. For dash, she tucks a scarf of brown and tan into the neckline of the double breasted jacket.

Hollywood goes pants mad. There are some who like 'em long and others who like 'em short—it's all a matter of taste. What's yours?

Left, Patricia Ellis taking a step—in the right direction, we hope. This play suit is of white pique splashed with large dark blue polka dots. Pat likes them short—like her name.
Hollywood's Most Thrilling FRIENDSHIP

By Sonia Lee

HOLLYWOOD'S most important and steadfast romance is that between Merle Oberon and David Niven! Until now they have denied that their extraordinary friendship has developed into a thrilling devotion. But today Merle admitted that they would be making plans for marriage now if it were not that David is just safely launched on his acting career!

A gray sea pounded its tumultuous song at the doorstep of Merle Oberon's house by the Pacific. In the high-ceilinged room, where she sat cross-legged on a couch and talked of friendship, an open fire sang a cheery litany and high-lighted the extraordinary eyes, in turn gray and green. Her chestnut hair was tossed back from her rounded forehead in a little girl bob, and the oval of her face assumed golden lights as the flames spasmodically rose higher.

She had just completed These Three, based upon a friendship which encountered devastating difficulties. Because she had found too few friendships in her life—completely selfless friendships—she places an inordinate value on that relationship between human beings. For Merle Oberon's and David Niven's devotion to each other began in friendship. It began when Merle sought to give David the help and guidance that he desperately needed.

DAVID had had a colorful career. He had left the British Army to seek his fortune in New York, and found adventure instead. He had been delivery boy for a Chinese laundry to pay his bill, even while living in a suite at one of New York's swankiest hotels. He had been liquor salesman and an operator of an indoor horse-racing track, a gentleman of leisure in Florida, a traveler on a British warship by accident. That final adventure made him a guest on board [Continued on page 80]
By James Reid

Watch HARRIET HILLIARD'S Smoke!

If you don't believe Harriet is going places—ask Ginger Rogers

WATCH Harriet Hilliard's smoke!" Ginger Rogers told me, with her eyes alight, "That girl is going places!" Ginger made her prophecy before Follow the Fleet was ever previewed. She did her predicting before RKO-Radio handed Harriet Hilliard a five-year contract, as a result of her work in the Astaire-Rogers musical with the nautical background. She was just expressing a hunch, as the girl whose sister Harriet had played in the picture.

If anyone else had made this particular prediction, it would not have meant half so much. For one thing, here was a star (of all people!) delightedly prophesying great things for another pretty and talented girl, whose very first screen appearance would make her a potential rival.

Few stars go out of their way to welcome—and help—potential rivals. After all, stars have to think of themselves first. That is one of the symptoms of success. But Ginger Rogers has never developed the usual symptoms. And, in consequence, she is probably happier than the majority of stars. She doesn't have to bear a burden of petty worries, put on a continuous act, play politics. She can like people for what they are, not for what they might do for her.

She liked Harriet Hilliard. Harriet liked Ginger. They became friends. And today, as a sequel, everybody's happy—not jealous or jaundiced or jittery. More of the girls should follow their lead!

Then, add the fact that Ginger Rogers, in her Broadway days, used to pal with Ozzie Nelson, the handsome young orchestra leader, who later married Harriet Hilliard—and the girls' friendship goes up another notch in news interest!

THERE had been rumors that Ginger did unprecedented things to smooth Harriet's entry into films. Ginger denies doing "anything special." All right, Ginger—but didn't you help her in her screen test—and isn't that an unusual gesture for a star to make toward a newcomer?

[Continued on page 70]
Grace Bradley swims along with the tide, ushering in the beach fashion parade for the season. In her Jantzen Square Back Mio she's ready to tackle the sun or the sea. Some suit! Some girl!!

When Patricia Ellis takes to the springboard she faces the suntan issue squarely. You'll find her suitably attired in a chic Catalina model—and favoring a one-piece suit of smooth weave yellow wool. The tucking gives it that tailored touch.

Tidal Waifs
THESE SEA-GOING CINEMA STARS ARE S-U-I-T-A-BLY IN THE SWIM!
Jinx Falkenberg puts her best foot forward to set off her shore line figure. Her Gantner "Pareo" zephyr suit, with rayon ring pattern, is very smart — and typical of 1936 swim wear.

Ethelreda Leopold has a very swim-suitable figure, and will take the sea and sun in stride. She models a one-piece Catalina wool suit that features cartridge pleats on the halter.
Would you give up $400,000 for a dream? Doug did. Now go on with the story

By Ruth Biery

A boy stood on a musty, dingy street of the Left Bank in Paris, selling blue lead pencils. Young artists with eager, hopeful eyes hurried by him; old artists with long, shaggy hair and weary eyes shuffled around him. He saw neither. He lived in a dream. Even the sale of his pencils was mechanical. The eyes of that boy were upon the day when he would become a famous man like his father.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has never forgotten those days when he stood on the ancient sidewalks of Paris to help his mother. He has never forgotten his dream of becoming a film producer like his father. And that dream has come true. It was in London last summer that, with the aid of a few associates, he organized the Criterion Films, Ltd. He is making four productions a year and is the star as well as producer of two of them.

People in Hollywood have laughed at Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
A big change has come over Jeanette MacDonald—the "cool redhead" is living up to her red hair

By Katharine Hartley

For years we knew her as Hollywood's Moderation Girl...as Hollywood's original and unique Redhead-without-a-temper...as Hollywood's one and only Prim Prima Donna! Yes, and as the girl who didn't go to parties or even give them...as the girl who ran herself and her career on a school-marm schedule...as the direct antithesis of all those flighty, flirtatious, silk-and-satiny, high-kicking, head-tossing Lubitsch-type parts she played on the screen!

But now all that's changed. Now, Jeanette's no longer "meek and mild, reserved and ultra-conservative." After the preview of Rose Marie, critics had to peck out an entirely new set of adjectives on their typewriters, such as: "scintillating as never before...hitherto unrevealed warmth...unexpected fire...a first glimpse of the pulsating woman behind the star...at last tempeteuous as a prima donna should be!"

What's happened? Is it an act—or is it love? It's neither. It's Jeanette. Jeanette is not holding herself back now—she's letting herself go! The lid is off and for the first time in her professional career, she's really herself. Until Rose Marie, critics always acclaimed her voice, lauded her legs and applauded her beauty—only to add a derogatory "but"! "But she lacks something...an undefinable flesh-and-blood something..."

Well, Jeanette doesn't lack it any more!

She never did in reality. Only when Jeanette first came to Hollywood she was under the impression that meekness and mildness would make more of a hit than her own prima donna personality. She was under the impression—(erroneously, as she has since found out!)—that Hollywood was fed up with temperament, and that therefore...
Choice morsels of gossip and news about the latest and liveliest goings-on in Hollywood

Leapyearnings

Leap year proposals, as you may well have expected, are wowing Hollywood's famous. From gals in all corners of the globe come proposals, in every mail, to Hollywood's famous bachelors. And sometimes to those who aren't bachelors. Bing Crosby got one from a widow in the midwest, who wrote that she owns a farm, left her by her husband when a bull killed him; she thinks Bing might weary of Hollywood's "wild life" and settle down. She adds: "P. S.—I got rid of the bull."

From Guaymas, Mexico, a senorita writes John Caliban Barrymore that she has learned to cook every dish the fan magazines report he likes and "in addition I have tempting dishes in the manner of my own country which I'm sure would bring joy to your heart."

Clark Gable gets scores of proposals. A Japanese girl from Tokyo writes in perfect English her list of qualifications to marry him. George Raft got a proposal from a circus fat girl and strong woman, who can lift 500 pounds with one hand, she says, and adds as an inducement that if he marries her he can fire "Mack The Killer Grey," his bodyguard.

Sir Guy Standing got a letter from a girl who says she has "such regal manners that my friends call me 'the duchess,' and all that's lacking in my life is a title, so if you'll marry me I'd make you a perfect Lady." And Louis Hayward got a letter from a school教师 in Ireland who wants to reform him after seeing his bad-guy roles!

Paramount's picture scouts couldn't resist Olympe Bradna, formerly an entertainer in a Gotham night club. She's in the movies now whenever Wally Beery wants to escape from it all he jumps into his plane or car and searches for a good hunting ground. And like any real hunter he always takes his dogs...
Hollywood

More for the Quints

JEALOUS of America's success with the quintuplets—20th-Fox's 'The Country Doctor' is a tremendous picture!—England is trying to follow up by hiring a set of recently-born quadruplets for appearances in British films. That still leaves the U. S. one up. By the way, 20th-Fox has the quints tied up on a long-term arrangement, and plan to produce a series of pictures wherein the quints will appear, from time to time in the years to come, until they're eighteen years old!—(or should I say 90 years old, 5 times 18 being that?)

Can Still See His Toes

I'VE noticed that Bill Powell's gaining weight lately. BUT instead of making him look older, it's making him look younger, because it's showing in his face, and not around the equator! Bill should share his secret with Bing Crosby, whose equator takes a larger belt.

Two Rogues' Galleries

CHESTER MORRIS has a new fad. He's collecting his friends' fingerprints. Up at his house, he's got them enlarged, strung in a border around the wall of his playroom. On the walls of Pat O'Brien's playroom, on the other hand, are the autographs of 536 people—all scratched into the wood with an icepick!

Butter-and-Egg Man Spurned

CAROLE LOMBARD recently had an offer of a string of racing ponies, half-ownership of a string of hotels across the continent, and half-ownership of eight big apartment houses. She turned it down—the catch being that she had to marry the man to get them!

Teasing the Tresses

WHILE all the girls are following Jean Harlow's lead, and letting their hair go dark, Jean's putting one over, or I'm going color-blind. Lately, Jean's hair has very gradually, but very noticeably, been a shade or so lighter each time I've noticed her. [Continued on page 59]
JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON is a contradiction. She's a gentle redhead. And that isn't according to the rules. Moreover, neither quality is synthetic. The titian tints are without benefit of henna. And the gentleness is genuine, too. It is evident in the softness of her voice, in her graciousness of manner. Nor does the anomaly end there. Although she's a redhead, she keeps her temper under perfect control.

Notice, please, that we don't call her Josie, or Jo. She isn't the type. The full dignity, the regal bearing that go with Josephine are hers. One doesn't slap her on the back with a "Hi, Toots," or "Har yuh, Babe." It just isn't done, any more than Lady Furness would call Edward VIII, "Kid." Yet, mind you, Josephine is no poker-backed touch-me-not. She unbends charmingly but is so damned considerate of others' feelings that she'll impersonate a maid to turn away 'phoning pests rather than tell them to sea-ram.

She has a cardinal weakness of femininity in that she can't resist shop windows—and doesn't stop at just looking, either. She left New York, recently, fully expecting an admonition from husband, Jimmy Townsend, when he noted the modiste's bills for the large, swanky wardrobe acquired in a brief excursion. Hubby, you see, is an artist's agent and her business manager, as though it weren't tough enough for a girl to tackle these thorns-in-side, one at a time.

There's a chance, though, that she'll come through the encounter unscathed. For aside from a smile that should turn away wrath, and gold-flecked eyes that would make any but a husband forget, Josephine has just finished I Married a Doctor, which she really didn't, of course, and it got preview raves. So with this feather in her hat, who could scold?

How does she like Hollywood? Just fine! Does she miss the theatre. Oh, yes! So that was over with. Then she explains that she's nomadic. You know, she always wants to be some place else. Some place where she isn't at the moment. After a spell of California climate, she gets to wishing for New York. In New York she battles against a nostalgia for London, Paris. On rainy days she wants sunshine. But in any event she enjoys life as she lives it.

Best of all about Hollywood she likes the blessing of a home. Josephine was in the theatre before [Continued on page 88]
Sh! Meet PETER LORRE —the Menacing Man!

A close-up of Hollywood’s film shocker who would like to get away from horror roles and frightening people to death

By Leon Surmelian

“THERE is much of the born poet in Peter Lorre. His is a fresh and original talent. He is endowed with such intuitive, emotional and imaginative powers that he impresses me as one of the greatest of character actors. I look forward to seeing him make a genuine contribution to the art of acting on the screen.” This tribute comes from Charlie Chaplin, universally recognized as the greatest living representative of the acting profession, who never before has opened his mouth in praise of an actor. He gave me authority to quote him. And that is remarkable.

Now what kind of person is Lorre in real life? Recently a man spent ten dollars to get his telephone number and called him up "just to hear his voice" and make sure that he was a real flesh and blood figure. The popular mind visualizes him as a combination of Mephistopheles and Frankenstein’s monster. He is known to movie audiences as the most frightening villain of the screen. He can be most startling indeed!

No other horrific star has created such violent reactions. In Europe he created a panic wherever he went. Cafes, stores, theatre lobbies, emptied whenever he made his appearance. Parents grabbed their screaming children and dashed to safety. A woman gave hysterical and fell dead in the audience of a theatre while watching his sinister antics in the German chiller, M.

People with distorted natures have written him pathetic letters. A large number of masochistic women, fascinated by his sadistic roles, have written him with the hope that they have told him how wonderful it would be to suffer in his hands. He is unusually popular with women fans. Hundreds of them have wanted to mother him. Any authority on Human Behavior will tell you that physical deficiencies in man arouse the maternal instincts in woman. Good-looking chaps don’t need that mothering, but homely men appear so helpless. And they need it.

Peter Lorre is not homely, yet physically he doesn’t measure up to the standards of the ideal male cherished by romantic womanhood. He is not tall, handsome, dark. He is a roly-poly lad. In his bulging, peculiarly expressive brown eyes there is the trusting, gentle expression of a child. But these same eyes sometimes take on a brooding, ponderous look, giving him the appearance of a Buddha contemplating the mysteries and miseries of the human soul.

He is shy with strangers. Nevertheless, there is a certain breezy, Bohemian air about him. He is very gallant with women, and no matter how high or low their estate they get the same boyish smile from him. Although he is under average height and rather rotund, he is not the phlegmatic type. He has the agility of a trained athlete and wields a mean tennis racket. He’s a

[Continued on page 92]
INTIMATE SHOPPING TIPS

By MARY PAULINE CALLENDER

Naturally, we women can't ask a man clerk about personal hygiene accessories. So let me give you the beautiful gift experience on intimate items in which you can have complete confidence.

For Ulmost Comfort
Perhaps a friend has told you about the pinless Kotex belt. It's truly a new design for living! Dainty secure clasps prevent slipping. The belt is flat and thin, woven to a curve that fits. This gives self-balance—you can bend every-which-way without harness-like restraint, without being waist-line conscious! Yet this extra comfort and safety costs nothing extra. Your store has 2 types: Kotex Wonderform at 25c and the DeLuxe at 35c.

For Personal Daintiness
If you've listened to the radio story of Mary Marlin, you've heard me tell how Quest, the positive deodorant powder, assures all-day-long body freshness. And being unscented it can't interfere with your perfume. You'll want Quest for under-arms, feet, and for use on sanitary napkins—it doesn't clog pores or irritate the skin. See how long the large 35c can last, and you'll agree this is indeed a small price for the personal daintiness every woman treasures.

For the Last Days
Here's something new that's gaining favor with many women. Invisible sanitary protection of the tampon type—and the name is Fibs. They are a product of the famous Kotex laboratories, and best recommendation I know for hygienic safety. Perhaps you'll want to try Fibs when less protection is needed. They're absolutely secure—may conveniently be carried in your purse for emergency measures. The box of 12 is 25c.

A Gift For You!
In fact, three gifts. One is a booklet by a physician, "Facts about Menstruation." The others are "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday" (for girls of 12) and "Marjorie May Learns About Life" (for girls in their teens). They give facts in a simple motherly manner for you to tell your daughter. All are free—write me for the ones you want. Mary Pauline Callender, Room 1408, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

If you watch your posture and weight, you will have youthful contours such as Grace Bradley, shown here.

Beauty—to Have and to Hold
by Denise Caine

WHEN you looked at the lovely photograph of Grace Bradley at the top of this page, were you filled with envy? Did you note the beautiful young lines of her chin and throat and the soft curves of her mouth and think, vainly, how nice it would be to look like that? It's a natural thought.

If that was your reaction, I'm sorry—I put the picture there to inspire you with something more constructive than envy. I wanted you to be filled with the desire to achieve that same fluid smoothness of facial contour. Or, if you have it, to keep it! And that's important.

We become so pre-occupied in selecting clothes, thinking up novel ways of doing our hair or trying out new shades of lipstick, that we are inclined to forget that these ornaments will not count for much if we allow our facial and throat contours to sag into premature ugliness. A girl's hat may be jauntily "teen-age" and her mouth, a provocative scarlet, but if a double chin mars her profile, she never succeeds in fooling any stag line!

There are three requisites for retaining or gaining youthful contours: (1) You must keep your weight normal; (2) your posture must be correct; and (3) you must devote a part of each day to simple exercises, especially designed to keep the muscles of cheek, chin and throat, firm and youthful. An over-supply of fat pads around the chin and throat; or, on the other hand, a complete lack of them, will prevent you from having luscious contours like Miss Bradley's... I am not going into the matter of weight control here, because that is a complete subject in itself. All I will say is that it requires stern vigilance for anyone inclined toward extremes of weight, to keep her figure normal. Don't go in for patent medicines, trick diets or other harmful methods. Pin your faith in sensible diet, outdoor exercise and the correct amount of sleep. Too much sleep, you know, can do as much harm to "over-weights" as too little can to "under-weights!"

COUNTLESS figure faults disappear like magic when the principles of correct posture are applied. I've seen this happen so often that I no longer wonder at it as I once did—but the idea may be a new, and a comforting one to you. If you stand and sit with your backbone straight, head erect and shoulders settled (Continued on page 77)
Francis Lederer and Ida Lupino look as if they never want to be parted—as if each would like to have and to hold the other through a movie eternity. So having arms only for each other, they make the first Pickford-Lasky film, *One Rainy Afternoon*, all sunshine.
Did you ever stop to think that your hair is just as individual as your fingerprint? You know, of course, that some hair is oily—other hair dry; that there is elastic—porous—brittle—coarse—fine—strong and weak hair, as well as many other types. And to insure absolute success of your Permanent Wave... the material used must be scientifically correct for your particular type of hair. Would you like to take the guesswork out of your next Permanent? Of course, you would. And now for the first time you can be sure before you enter your favorite beauty shop that:

1. Your hair has been scientifically and microscopically tested for tensile strength, quality and texture.
2. The material used for your wave is exactly right for your type of hair.
3. The solution and pads used on your head are your personal property—fresh and clean.
4. That you have taken every precaution to insure perfect satisfaction with your next Permanent.

HAIR SERVICE, INC. offers you, FREE... this scientific test of your hair. Simply cut a small strand of your hair, and send it to us. We agree to diagnose and analyze your hair and will send you a personal permanent wave unit, consisting of the proper solution for your hair and 36 permanent wave pads! More than enough for many, many more. Take them to your favorite beauty shop and be assured that the materials used are comparable with those used in giving your 36.00 permanent—what they are hygienically safe, and can be used with practically any permanent wave machine.

Remember... you pay only $1.00 for the solution and pads. The personal scientific analysis is FREE. You may pay postman if you prefer.

HAIR SERVICE, INC.
521 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
Please scientifically analyze enclosed strand of your hair.
☐ Enclosed $1.00 for personal permanent wave material.
☐ I will pay postman $0.00, plus postage, on receipt of personal permanent wave material.

Name
Address
City...State

My hair is ☐ Bobbed ☐ Long ☐ Dryed ☐ Bleached ☐ Natural Shade

Take the Guesswork out of your Permanent Wave...

PRIZE LETTERS
HOW READERS RATE THEM!

PRAISE FOR PAUL $15 Prize Letter
By William S. Mann
To THE many enthusiastic comments on movies and stars appearing in your publication, let me add my iota of praise to what I believe is the best picture and the best performance of the year: Paul Muni in THE Life of Louis Pasteur.
Always noted for sincere, truthful, dynamic portrayals, Paul Muni simply surpasses himself here. It's no easy task to recreate a historical figure, and to make him live on the screen. Imagination is required. And intelligence. And lots of hard work. What an audience sees in this perfect picture is not Paul Muni, the actor, but another man— the living, breathing Pasteur, working, fighting, suffering, carrying his experiments to a successful conclusion, just as the original Pasteur did in France, a half century ago. The illusion is startlingly real—William S. Mann, 148 Sixty-eighth Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

COLOR CONSCIOUS $10 Prize Letter
By Martin H. Herlick
I'M HEARTILY in favor of Technicolor in films. Yet I am wondering what the effects will be while the revolution in films is taking place. We all know what effects the sound pictures had on certain of our favorite film characters. However, there's one thing that's certain. Technicolor will bring forth restful colors, pleasing to the eye. How beautiful the trees, blossoms, forests and flowers in their natural colors. And the golden, God-given sunsets. How glorious are the flesh tints of a beautiful girl and a handsome man.
It looks, indeed, as if Technicolor is finally coming into its own. Very soon, we are going to see pictures in Technicolor that will astound and please us. Here's a cheer for THE Trail of the Lonesome Pine. And may there be more like it!—Martin H. Herlick, P.O. Box 572, Glendale, Calif.

THE AMERICAN SPEECH $5 Prize Letter
By Harold E. Sampson
THERE seems to have been a sudden change recently in the oral senses of American movie actors that threatens our own individuality of expression. It is the adoption of the so-called English accent by many of our best screen stars. I believe that a slight softening of the vowels is agreeable. But, in my opinion, any further deviation from the true American diction is surely a pretentious inferiority which places us in an inferior class, by throwing our tradition and our originality on the scrap heap. I hope this is merely a passing fancy. And—through the American actors can profit greatly by the English school of acting—they should retain their own dialect. It is a known fact that the true, cultured pronunciation of the English language is the most perfect in the world. Let's have our own language, and eliminate this tongue twisting.—Harold E. Sampson, 216 Grand Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

ERROR OBSERVED $1 Prize Letter
By Archie Amos
While I was sitting in the theatre, watching a showing of Mutiny on the Bounty, I was so absorbed that I was almost living in that historic age which was unfolding before my eyes.
However, while I was watching Franchot Tone teaching a native belle, I noticed an error. When Tone was holding up a coin (presumably and properly an English coin of the period), and said "money," I instantly recognized it as a very late American piece, a Washington quarter. I was rudely awakened.
The producers had spent thousands of dollars to make this picture as authentic as possible, but had slipped up on the price of a shilling!—Archie Amos, 2502 Terrace Rd., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

HIS EYES APPEAL! $1 Prize Letter
By Mrs. Carl Pennington
I'VE OFTEN wondered why Ronald Colman's screen performances were so realistically effective. But after seeing A Tale of Two Cities, I think that I have the solution. It's his eyes—the finest in filmdom! Without benefit of gesture of facial expression, Mr. Colman registers joy, sorrow, hope, despair, surprise. And here's my personal nomination of Ronald Colman's Sidney Carton as the outstanding individual cinema characterization!
The "eyes" will have it!—Mrs. Carl Pennington, 2544 Gilmore St., Jacksonville, Fla.

WHEN FANS APPLAUD $1 Prize Letter
By John F. MacDuffee
Several times—in recent months—I have heard the audience express its approval by applauding at the close of a picture.

[Continued on page 67]

Motion Picture for June, 1936

Prizes for Letters!
Your opinions on movie plays and players may win money for you! Three prizes—$15, $10 and $5—will go to each for additional letters printed. Enter your entries to Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.
THEY ALWAYS SAY
THEY WANT SOMEONE
WITH MORE
EXPERIENCE...

BUT THAT
WASN'T
THE REAL
REASON
SHE COULDN'T
GET
A JOB

NO, MRS. WHITE — I
HAVEN'T HAD ANY LUCK. I
CAN'T SEEM TO PUT
MYSELF ACROSS. I
WISH I KNEW WHAT...

MY DEAR, I'M GOING TO BE
VERY PERSONAL. I THINK
THE TROUBLE MAY BE YOUR
SKIN. HAVE YOU EVER TRIED
EATING FLEISCHMANN'S
YEAST TO CLEAR UP
THOSE PIMPLES?

SAY, MISS BAKER — I've GOT STILL
ANOTHER TRADE —
LAST FOR YOU —

JIMMY, ARE YOU
SURE YOU'RE NOT
MAKING UP ALL
THE NICE THINGS
YOU TELL ME?

NEXT DAY
I'M SORRY, MISS BAKER,
BUT I THINK MRS. WHITE
MISUNDERSTOOD ME — WE
REALLY NEED SOMEONE
WITH MORE
EXPERIENCE

I COULDN'T TAKE ON
A GIRL WITH PIMPLES
LIKE THAT!

MOTHER — I'VE GOT A JOB! IT'S
WHERE ALICE WORKS — AND SHE
SAYS ONE REASON THEY TOOK ME
WAS BECAUSE THEY LIKED
MY LOOKS! I MUST TELL
MRS. WHITE!!

AND BE
SURE TO
THANK HER
AGAIN FOR
TELLING YOU
ABOUT
FLEISCHMANN'S
YEAST!

Don't let Adolescent Pimples
be a handicap to YOU

AFTER the beginning of adolescence—from
about 13 to 25, or even longer—many
young people are troubled by pimples.

During these years, important glands develop
and final growth takes place. This causes dis-
turbances throughout the body. The skin gets
oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irri-
tate this sensitive skin and pimples break out.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is often prescribed
to help get rid of adolescent pimples. It clears
these skin irritants out of the blood. Then
—pimples go!

Eat 3 cakes daily—one about ½ hour before
each meal. Eat it regularly—plain, or in
a little water—until your skin clears. Start today!
Is Your HAIR AS BEAUTIFUL AS ROSINA LAWRENCE's?

ROosa LAWRENCE
20TH CENTURY FOCK STAR

Choose one of Duart's Hollywood Hairstyles and your
hair can be as lovely and alluring as that of any star

It's the truth! A screen star's coiffure is her ONE personal feature that you can copy exactly.
First, send for the FREE book of Duart's screen star coiffures. Then, take it to your hair-
dresser and do just as the lovely stars themselves do—demand a genuine Duart Permanent
Wave. Duart is the only wave endorsed by the MOTION PICTURE HAIRSTYLISTS GUILD. The
distinguished members of the Guild are responsible for the beauty care of each and every
star in all Hollywood Studios. Their highly prized beauty advice has brought glamour and
allure to many a star. No matter what type or color hair you have, a Duart Permanent
Wave will bring you new and radiant loveliness.

Remember to ask for your SEALED package of Duart waving pads for your next permanent.

Brighten Your Hair with Duart Rinse
Choose from 12 beautiful shades. No dye—no bleach.
Rinse the hair “squeaky clean” and adds a touch of sun-
light. Send 10 cents for a full 2-rinse package and the
FREE book of Duart's Screen Star Coiffures. See coupon.

NEW TYPE CREME OVERNIGHT

by DORis DUMONT

HELP! I'm becoming hysterical. Phones ring, photographers dash in and out, mail pours in by the bagful, four secretaries work at racing speed to keep up. Who would have thought the introduction of this new type
creme made from milk would have caused such a tidal wave of interest. Excuse me if
I sound breathless and confused. The magazine has just wired, "Where is your article?
you are late," so I'm writing this and eating a three o'clock sandwich at the same time
(no lunch today), for this copy must make the next air mail.

BEAUTY editors of famous magazines and newspapers all over the country are writing,
writing and telephoning for information to give their readers on this, the first beauty
creme ever made from milk. At the same
time, stars, social celebrities, and hundreds
of others just like yourself, dear reader, are
writing in to say that never in all their lives
have they used any creme, lotion or soap,
that produced such marvelous results—and
so quickly. I'm not good at astrology or
fortune telling but I predict right here and
now that Creme of Milk—that's the name of
this new type creme, will revolutionize the
whole face creme industry. As you perhaps
know there are thousands of brands of face
creme, but never before in all the world has
anyone succeeded in making a face creme
true, pure, fresh, dairy milk. Let me pause
here and give you briefly the reasons why
Creme of Milk is such an overnight sensation.

MILK has been famous as the Number 1
skin beautifier for thousands (yes, thou-
sands!) of years. Scientists have now found
out why. Milk contains certain delicate oils
that are very closely related to the natural
oils of the human skin. You see both the milk
oils and the skin's own oil are produced by
the same natural process—glandular secre-
tion.

THESE milk oils can penetrate the outer
skin tissue and the pores more quickly and

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BEAUTY IS SENSATION!

ABOVE: Edith Hubner, Guild member and head of the Hairstyling Department at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, says: "Even blot Hollywood has never seen any creme to equal Creme of Milk."

more deeply than any face creme ever known before. Besides, the milk oils have a revitalizing effect on the skin and blemish blackheads, clogged pores, dryness, roughness, oiliness and other skin surface troubles are quickly banished.

THE skin specialist explains it this way. Ordinary creams, lotions or soaps remove the natural oil from the skin at the same time the dirt and makeup are removed. Thus, almost every woman today is bringing on skin trouble by actually starving her skin for natural oil. Prove this to yourself, the specialist says, by comparing the skin on your face with the skin on other parts of your own body.

REPLACE the lost natural oil and you will quickly win back the natural beauty of your complexion. It's as simple and easy as that. But then, aren't all the best things really simple?

STORES everywhere are being supplied with Creme of Milk as fast as possible but production is far behind. Best thing to do is write direct to me (I'll hire four more secretaries if I have to) and you'll get your first jar of Creme of Milk by return mail—postage paid. Send fifty cents for regular size jar or $1 for large economy size. Address your letter to Doris Dumont, Hollywood, Calif. P.S.—Creme of Milk will stay sweet and fresh practically forever.

BEAUTY CREME made from Milk

Milk replaces lost natural oils of the skin—then dryness, blackheads, coarse pores and other blemishes are banished.

No ordinary creme, lotion or soap has ever been able to duplicate the amazing effects of milk on the skin. And now all the beauty benefits of pure fresh dairy milk have been made into a delightful and entirely new type of face creme—Duart's Creme of Milk. This is the quickest, simplest, easiest and most effective beauty treatment ever. Just a minute morning and night. You can almost feel your skin drinking it in. Creme of Milk positively will not grow hair and it will stay sweet and fresh no matter how long the jar sits on your dressing table. Mail our coupon now. You will be delighted and surprised at the thrilling effects Creme of Milk will have on your skin from the very first day.

All Hollywood Praises Creme of Milk

Hollywood's "Supreme Court" of beauty is officially known as the Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild. They are responsible for the beauty care of EVERY STAR in every studio in Hollywood. All 85 of their official members EN- DORSER CREME OF MILK, the only face creme they ever endorsed.

Mae Clarke

starring in "A House Of A Thousand Candles," a Republic Production, says: "Milk has been the finest of all skin beautifiers since the beginning of civilization—and now that science has discovered how to make a beauty creme from milk—every woman can easily enjoy its marvelous effects on the skin."

DUART'S creme of milk

all-purpose facial creme

In 50c and $1 sizes at your favorite Cosmetic Counter

Motion Picture for June, 1936
GANTNER Floating Bra SWIM SUITS

GANTNER & MATERN CO., Dept F
San Francisco Chicago New York
Makers of America's Finest Swim Suits

CLARENCE BROWN
Director of Anna Karenina

An interesting item of information about Brown concerns his habit of playing "bit" parts in many of his pictures. In The Accord, he was a red head; in The Goose Woman, a murderer; in The Eagle, a Cos- sack officer; in The Signal Tower, a switchman; in Flesh and the Devil, a bugler; in The World Beyond, a prospector; and in Wonder of Women, he played his first audible part in a "mob" scene.

Although it cannot be said that all of Brown's pictures have been big hits, it can be said truly that no film of his has been a box-office failure. This is an extraordinary record.

Speaking of the qualifications which a director needs to succeed, Brown once:

"The director has to have a sense of drama and a sense of story-telling. He has to have the ability to inspire in the actors the emotions and reactions necessary to his story; he has to have a pictorial sense that will enable him to assemble his scenes in what he may call pictorial composition. He has to have business ability—enough of a gift of management to keep his picture within reasonable limits of cost; he has to have resource enough to adapt himself to any difficulty that may arise... He must have infinite capacity for detail.

That's Brown's description of the successful director. And that's what he, himself, is. However, these qualifications— which Brown mentioned— do not necessarily make a director great. As Brown himself has been justly called, Jim Tully once spoke of Brown in these words:

"In spite of mathematics, and six years as an assistant director, ... the one-time automobile engineer rises to the realms of art, and gives, as in life, the sternest realities with soft poetic glimpses... He is inferior to no director in a sense of dramatic values..."

To be painstaking in detail, to cut to a minimum the cost of making of a picture, to make no box-office failures, — those are all important factors in the building of a successful directorial career. But, beyond them, there is vision, depth of understanding, sympathy. Those qualities Brown has, and those qualities it is that have given him rank as a great director—and a great man!—Gunnar Norberg.
The Talk of Hollywood

[Continued from page 49]

And if it keeps up, she'll be back to her platinum again before the other girls have gone completely brownette. Among those going dark is Alice Faye; she says she's doing it because she wants to play drama instead of hot-cha blonde baby roles. Ann Sothern's another who's going brunette.

Putting the Finger on Them

VIRGINIA GRIFFITH is learning to play the pipe-organ because the house she recently rented had one in it. . . . Jack Oakie's getting stout, and stout, and stout! . . . Anita Louise, champion harpist of Hollywood (next to Harpo Marx) is going hot-cha, taking tap-dancing lessons. . . . Carole Lombard learned a Swedish dialect for a bit in a film, and made such a nuisance of herself practicing on friends that they all quit her cold until she behaved. . . . Bob Montgomery, who gets mad when you say he's superstitious, has a striped tie which he has worn in at least one scene in every picture he's made. . . . Only four years old, Norma Shearer's young son goes to school daily, and in addition has a physical instructor and a private language tutor. . . . Carl Brisson makes a daily recording of his voice, either in song or talk, to send his folks in Denmark. . . . Dick Powell has gone absolutely haywire over 16-mm. movie photography, and has built a studio in his home for developing and printing the films. . . . Ginger Rogers is so popular that on a recent visit to New York, her hotel had to put on an extra switchboard girl to handle the extra phone calls for Ginger!

Tristan und Isolde

JOAN CRAWFORD and Franchot Tone are going opera-minded in a big way. "Piece-de-resistance" of the entertainment Joan and hubby provide at their parties is usually either a solo by either, or a duet by both and invariably grand opera. More, Joan recently had Leopold Stokowski, world-famous orchestra leader, lecture to a select group of guests.

Photo shows Bette Davis (left) with her husband, Harmon O. Nelson, at the Cinegrill. At right is Eadie Adams.

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

REMEMBER this important fact—and take the sure way to avoid bad breath! Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums, and around the tongue—which dentists agree cause most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate's. If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will refund TWICE what you paid.

Motion Picture for June, 1936
Shirley Temple—Her hair is naturally curly. Her weight varies. At last reports, it was 43 pounds. Her new film is Captain January. Her address is 20th Century-Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif. (Y.T., Fairview, N.J., R. M., Westville, N.J.)

Dick Powell—Born Nov. 14, 1904, at Mt. View, Ark., he is thirty-one years old. Coleen is his recent film; after that, Hearts Divided. His height is six feet; his weight, 175 pounds. At present, he is not married. His address is: Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. His eyes are blue; his hair, auburn. His real name is Richard E. Powell. Screen tested in 1932, his first film was Blessed Event. ("W", Wailou, N.Z.; A.F., New Paris, Ohio; A.R., Summerhill, Pa.; A.A., Los Angeles, Calif., D.W., Lewiston, Pa.)

Ginger Rogers—You can address her at Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. Her next film is tentatively titled, Never Gonna Dance, with Fred Astaire as co-star. Dancing is her hobby. Swimming and tennis are sports which she enjoys. (J.S.D., Chicago, Ill.)

Walter Abel—Born at St. Paul, Minn., he left there upon being graduated from high school for New York. His hair is black; eyes, brown; height, 5 feet 10 inches; weight, 170 pounds. His address is Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. (M.S.)

Tom Keene—You can write him at Paramount-Publix Studios, 3451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif. (M.S.)

Jack Holt—His birthday is May 31. Born at Winchester, Va., he is a direct descendant of John Holt, Lord Chief Justice of England, and of John Marshall, Chief Justice of U.S. He is six feet tall; weighs 184 pounds; his hair is dark brown; his eyes, brown. His real name is Charles John Holt. His record in Hollywood is: He has been a star for eighteen years. (E.L.H., St. Louis, Mo.)

Margaret Sullivan—She was born at Norfolk, Va., May 16, 1911. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall; weighs 112 pounds. Her eyes are grey; her hair, brown. Her next picture is tentatively entitled simply, Rosanna. She was slightly injured on the Paramount lot recently. (R.S.: M.S.C., South Bend, Ind.)
As seen at the recent Academy Award dinner in Hollywood, Virginia Bruce and Robert Taylor were pleasing pair of 5 feet tall; his eyes are hazel; his hair, black. (A.A.S., Trenton, N.J.; I.C., Cheraw, S.C.)

Harry Barris—That's the name of the piano player in Every Night at Eight, the recent George Raft picture. (L.B., Cumberland, Md.)

John Howard—Born in Cleveland, Ohio, April 13, 1913, John is twenty-three years old. He was studying to become a professor of English at Western Reserve University in his home town, when a Paramount talent scout persuaded him to go to Hollywood in 1934. He's 5 feet 10 inches tall; weighs 150 pounds; his eyes are blue; his hair, brown. Border Flight is his coming film. (F.S.M., Lima, Peru, S.A.)

George Raft—Yes, his differences with his studio have been adjusted. He's still under contract to Paramount. (P.I., Philadelphia, Pa.)

Jimmy Ellison—You can address him at Paramount-Publix Studios, 5431 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif. Bar 23 is his new picture with William Boyd. Jimmy is a real cowboy, having been born on a ranch in Montana. The horse that he rides in films, a South American Palomino, is a thoroughbred. (S.E.N., Malta, Mont.; M.S.; F.N., Saratoga Springs, N.Y.)

Henry Wilcoxon—Born and reared in the British West Indies, he was educated at Harrison College, Bridgetown, Barbados, and at Woolmer College, Kingston, Jamaica. At the age of sixteen, he left the West Indies for England. First employed as a clerk in a milling firm, Henry was soon promoted, becoming a buyer on the Corn Exchange in London. Deciding that he wanted to become an actor, Henry secured a job in a tailor shop, thus learning how to wear clothes well and also securing a warm robe for himself, inexpensively. Eventually, he did get on the stage and into pictures. He is six feet two inches tall; his weight is 190 pounds: his hair is brown; and his eyes are blue-green. (M.B., New York, N.Y.)

Elizabeth Allan—Her birthday is Feb. 17. She was born at Skegness, England. (M.S.C., South Bend, Ind.)

Randolph Scott—He was born at Orange, Va., and his birthday is Jan. 23. (M.S.C., South Bend, Ind.)

"What! Go to bed? . . . Well, that's a dirty trick! We let you get us dressed up, and we did stunts for your old company . . . and now your dinner's ready, you pack us off to bed!"

"We won't lie down and go to sleep! Not one eye will we close all night long . . . you'll see how much noise twins can make! Our feelings are hurt—and we're prickly and cross!"

"Ah—. . .! She's getting the Johnson's Baby Powder! (Good teamwork, eh?) When we get rubbed with that silky-slick powder, we'll purr like kittens. Mother—we forgive you!"

"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder—the comfort and joy of millions of babies, because I soothe away prickly heat and all the little chafes and irritations that make them cross. The tale I'm made of is the finest, rarest Italian kind—no gritty particles and no orris-root. And I have three helpers in taking care of babies' skins—Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil. Try them, too!"

Motion Picture for June, 1936 61
COLUMBIA'S And So They Were Married (which started as Bless Their Hearts) gave Hollywood its best winter workout of the season. On location near Lake Tahoe, high in the mountains, the company hit such blizzards that shooting had to be suspended. Mary Astor, star, collapsed with influenza, had to be rushed to a Hollywood hospital where her ex-husband, Myrna Loy and Robert Montgomery had to wear snowglasses to avoid snow-blindness!

But—at MGM, where they dodged real winter by shooting snow-country scenes on a man-made snow mountain near the old, Myrna Loy and Robert Montgomery had to wear snowglasses to avoid snow-blindness!

MGM's Romeo and Juliet is still Holly wood's most thrilling production. The sets are fascinating; the action furious. No faking in the dwelling scenes—and so, to date, Basil Rathbone, John Barrymore and Leslie Howard have all been hurt in duel sequences. For the great balcony scene setting, MGM technicians planted thirty real trees—cypresses and magnolias—on the set. Loud-speakers and electrical gadgets mingle curiously with mediaeval costumes. An extra, holding up her long red velvet skirt, reveals painted toe-nails in ultra-modern sports sandals underneath! Two Capulets, caparisoned as young blades of the era, spend time between shots shooting craps. Directors' assistants spend much time keeping extras from chewing gum during "takings." In the mass dwelling scenes, real swords are used—and an ambulance and doctor and nurse stand waiting on the sidelines.

Dietary orders follow stars to the very sets where they are working. Jeanette MacDonald, trying to add weight, drinks a quart of milk daily on the San Francisco set at MGM. Loretta Young, still recuperating, uses between-shot periods to do away with at least a half-dozen icecream cones a day while making The Un guarded Hour, and at 10:30 every morning, shooting is halted while, at doctor's orders, she eats a second breakfast.

Pioneer's Dancing Pirate, shooting on the RKO lot, is bringing lots of new things, since it's all color. One of the actors was slapped so hard by Victor Var con in a scene that his face got so red he decided to photograph properly, and they had to stop the cameras until the redness died out. Not alone color-trothes bother Dancing Pirate, for white girls had to be used to fill in mob scenes when the casting office couldn't find enough Mexicans, and the added make-up boosted the budget!

Racial casting troubles hit other color production, when Selznick's Garden of Al loh was held up for several days because the Hollywood anti-race pool couldn't find enough people who could speak Arabic. Hollywood only lists about 100 Arabian and Moorish types, and most of them, American-born, can't speak the native tongue!

MGM's San Francisco wrecked three Clark Gable tuxedos and one Clark Gable temper! The earthquake scene called for Clark to be trapped under falling debris. They had to shoot the scene several times. Three tuxedo outfits were ruined on Gable as the falling plaster, bricks and material covered him. On the fourth take, the bricks hit so hard that Gable, in a rage, left the stage. But he came back next day, so it all ended in a laugh.

Mary of Scotland at RKO provided the laugh-sight of the month when Katharine Hepburn (trust her to do the unexpected!) got fed up with her heavy velvet gowns of royalty in Mary's time. So, for lunch, she ripped them off, scrambled into her own riding breeches and sweatshirt, and still wearing the queen's headdress and crown stalked into the RKO café looking like nothing in the world but Hepburn at her behest. Other girls working in the picture contented themselves with merely unhooking the wisp-waist-costumes so they could eat in comfort—and then there was trouble when they had to hook 'em up again for the afternoon shooting!
Country Beyond. Like Columbia's So They Were Married company, the troupe shot the picture in the Tahoe mountain country. First Rochelle Hudson was buried under a snowslide and had to take to bed for several hours, when dug free. Then Paul Kelly fell through river ice. Cameraman Molina had to be rushed to Reno for an emergency hospitalization. Two of the company cars collided and injured several of the technical crew. Flu hit the camp and laid up others. And yet, the picture was finished on schedule!

At Warner Brothers, the Negroes making up the Green Pastures cast had a real feast. For the "heavenly fish-fry" scene, the studio imported great barrels of live catfish from the Sacramento river, hundreds of miles away. And Los Angeles Negroes, employed hundreds strong on the film, tasted the first catfish they'd ever had. Boy, was it a feast!

Columbia The King Steps Out revealed Grace Moore as an accomplished milk-maid. During the shooting, she and Director Josef von Sternberg seemed pals of the finest, she calling him "Yo-sif" and he calling her "Dah-ling." BUT—no sooner was the film done than Grace, heading East for opera, announced that she was forever through with movies, because they were too mechanical and she was unhappy making them. However, Hollywood has heard that before, from others, and bets that Grace will be back under the studio arcs, sooner or later.

Hollywood-Has-a-Heart note. From Dancing Pirate. When Producer Whitney learned that four of the girls hired for the film had had to be laid off because of accident—two in an auto crash and two from flu—he ordered that, despite their inability to work, they be paid!

Having returned from New York, where she stayed at the Savoy Plaza Hotel, Toby Wing is back in the film colony.
"BE LOVELIER," the Rockettes tell you. "Be lovelier," echo stars of stage and screen and society. You will be — when you wear Marvelous the Eye-Matched Makeup.

For here at last is makeup that matches . . . face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow, and mascara, in true color symphony. And here's makeup that's right for you ... scientifically keyed to your personality color, that color that never changes, the color of your eyes.

Artists, models, beauty experts approve this new makeup now featured by drug and department stores . . . Marvelous Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick, Eye Shadow, or Mascara . . . guaranteed for purity by Richard Hudnut . . . full size packages, 55 cents each. (Canada, 65 cents.)

Be ready for romance. Prove the magic of Marvelous the Eye-Matched Makeup . . . and thrill that man-who-matters . . . this very night.

SIMPLE DAY SMARTNESS

Above: Style No. 951—Just the thing for vacation is this white crêpe tub silk dress worn by Lila Lee. A novel treatment is seen in the green and white polka-dotted crêpe trimming. It resembles the old-time rick-rack braid. Chic details are the cape-like sleeves, patch pockets and youthful plait in the skirt. Silk or cotton shantung, linen in plain or print, tique prints, challis prints, etc., are smart and inexpensive mediums for this easily made dress. Style No. 951 is designed for sizes 14, 16, and 18 years; 36, 38 and 40-inch bust.

MARVELOUS The Eye-Matched MAKEUP by RICHARD HUDNUT

Motion Picture for June, 1936
I've Fought for Everything I Have—Grace Moore

(Continued from page 30)

I think, that my 'fight' theory crystalized. I saw that the things in life that I wanted had to be fought for. I had realized it when a child in Jellicoe, Tennessee. Now I saw the situation for the first time through adult eyes. My next move was to run away from school to New York. Six months later my mother found me. What did I tell her? That I preferred to be in the big city, living in a walk-up in Greenwich Village. I refused to go home. All of this has been told, many times.

"ONE of the biggest battles in my life," Miss Moore continued, "was not to get a certain objective, but to re-trace my steps over the long road of study, rehearsal, lessons, auditions. I lost my voice. You may not be a singer, but you can imagine the sickening sensation of having legs and not being able to walk. I had a voice, and I couldn't use it. I had to fight, then, to convince a famous voice specialist, Dr. Mario Mariniotti, to treat me. He was too busy to examine the throat of an unknown. I sat in his office for three days, until he would see me.

"For six months, with a maid-companion, I hid away on a small island in the St. Lawrence River, writing, reading, walking, studying languages, trying to do, do, do down the rapid tempo of my city life to fit the endless hours of enforced idleness, during which time I could not even talk. My voice returned, and with it richer tones than it had before. I learned to cultivate patience—a quality that we must have in reserve for just such times.

"I know the periodicals are full of advice from established artists to beginners, and I can't resist adding mine; especially when, as a result of my experiences, I advocate fighting for artistic rights. In the first place, I would recommend that anyone wanting a career should seek competent advice from an accredited source to find out if he has genuine talent. If he lacks it, and has the courage to accept the truth and believe it, this expert advice should save him much heartache, and many years of indefinite progress.

"If he has talent, and has been told so by reliable persons, then by all means he should work furiously to achieve his goal. I can truthfully say, from my own experience, that there is no greater pleasure in life than in doing anything we do not fight for. If you have a 'taken for granted' attitude regarding your success, as though the world owed it to you, then the intrinsic value of your struggle, and the good it has done you, is lost. The biggest thrill in a career is the adventure of its ups and downs."

GRACE MOORE is sincere when she says this. As a matter of fact, sincerity is one of her outstanding traits. What she does, she does with her whole heart, whether it is pronouncing the benediction with which she closes her radio broadcasts, or passionately reiterating her faith in her marriage, and how she longs for the day when she will Mrs. Lawrence Welk. She has a life to be "just Mrs. Valentin Parera," with a villa at Cannes.

Romance was one thing that she did not have to fight for, another was her un- bidden, as romance should, when she boarded the Ile de France on a trip to Europe, four years ago. In 1911 when she was twenty-two, she had a sensational appearance at London's Covent Garden, she and her Granada-born actor-husband delayed their sailing so that they could make a sentimenta l pilgrimage on the same ship of the French Line. "Our 'romance ship,'" Miss Moore confides. "'Real love,' says Miss Moore, who is certainly the embodiment of womanly charm, and, therefore, should know all about it. "It is a spontaneous meeting of kindred spirits, in which the warmth and understanding of human emotions. Although I did not have to 'fight' for him, I will not resist the urge to retain it. Every woman unconsciously 'fights' to hold the man she loves, although she may not be aware of it.

Perhaps it was the comforting support of her husband's love that gave Grace Moore the courage to do what she did on an October night in 1934. She sang Nedda in Pagliacci, and sang it beautifully, in Los Angeles' Shrine Auditorium, before a crowd of people that might have been hostile, or because of the woman. To sing Nedda is nothing for a prima donna, but for Grace Moore to sing Nedda and make an audience of film producers, actors, stars, like it and her, was overwhelmingly brave in view of what had passed before.

FIVE years ago, having "fought" her way into New York's Metropolitan Opera House for a three-year sojourn, during which time she sang La Boheme, Faust, Romeo and Juliet, Manon, Pagliacci; Tales of Hoffmann, Louise; after singing at the Paris Opera House and Opera Comique; with the Boston Pops, and appearances in the glare of her, Grace Moore came to Hollywood and films. As the queen of song, she was heralded as the super-discovery of the year by M-G-M studios, who starred her in the life story of that other song-bird, Jenny Lind (called A Lady's Morals), and co-starred her with Lawrence Tibbett in New Moon.

The bitterest news that can come to a star greeted her upon the releases of the latest pictures. The returns were not too encouraging. Chagrined, after all the fan-fare that had attended her arrival, Grace Moore returned to the East. It seemed to all observers, that her star was in the descent. But Grace, with her fighting instincts aroused, would not admit defeat. In a year's time she was back on top, of her form. The public were satisfied of her Nedda costume a red flag to the doubters who sat in the audience that night. It was a thrilling sight, and one that I shall never forget. Out on the stage walked Moore, the vitality, buoyancy, sparkle, that is her special gift, radiating from her as she commenced her first aria. It might have been love, this new element in her life, or it might have been the Moore "fighting instinct," that won her audience that night. It might have been both. Whatever it was, she had that critical, smug audience at her feet when the final curtain dropped.

It took the same kind of courage to again face the cameras when Harry Cohn of Columbia signed her for One Night of Love. Miss Moore, the "fighting instinct," Forever, and, currently, The King Steps Out. Her first Columbia picture is film history. Is she contented, now, that she has reached the top? Has she reached the top? I am never contented. When you are contented, that is the end. One can always grow. I am happy in my success, I will admit. But my success is of much less importance to my life, than my married happiness." she added electromply.

Motion Picture for June, 1936
Every girl owes it to herself to make this "Armhole Odor" Test

If moisture once collects on the armhole of your dress, the warmth of your body will bring out stale "armhole odor" each time you wear your dress.

It is a terrible thing for any nice girl to learn that she is not free from perpiration odor. Yet 9 out of 10 girls who deodorize only will discover this embarrassing fact by making a simple test.

You owe it to yourself to make the test tonight. When you take off your dress, remember to smell the fabric under the arm. If moisture has collected on the armhole, even once, you will be able to detect a stale "armhole odor."

You cannot protect yourself completely by the use of creams or sticks, which deodorize only. They cannot keep the little hollow under your arm dry.

You may be completely dainty, but people near you are conscious of the stale "armhole odor" of your dress! They think it is you!

There is one SURE protection

Once a woman realizes what the problem is, she will insist on underarm dryness. That is why many of fastidious women regularly use Liquid Odoron. With the gentle closing of the tiny pores in the small area under the arm, no moisture can ever collect on the armhole of your dress, to embarrass you later by creating an impression of unpleasantness.

Any doctor will tell you that Odoron is entirely safe. With Odoron, the excess perspiration is simply diverted to less "closed-in" parts of the body, where it is unnoticeable and evaporates freely.

Saves your lovely gowns

There's no grease to get on your clothes. And with all moisture banished, there's no risk of spoiling an expensive costume in one wearing. Just by spending those few extra moments required to use Odoron, you'll be repaid not only in assurance of complete daintiness, but in money and clothes saved, too!

Odoron comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. Regular Odoron (Ruby colored) need be used only twice a week. For especially sensitive skin or hurried use, use Instant Odoron (Colorless) daily or every other day. At all toilet-goods counters.

If you want to be completely at ease and assured, send today for samples of the two Odorones and leaflet on complete underarm dryness offered below.

Ruth Miller, The Odoron Co., Inc.
Dept. 6F6, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P.O. Box 3320, Montreal)
I enclose $1 for sample vials of both Instant Odoron and Regular Odoron and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.

Name—
Address—
City State—

Motion Picture for June, 1936
Knowing Gary Cooper Better

[Continued from page 32]

little hammers and attacked it furiously. In a few moments, the noise resolved itself into something approximating O, Simma. Gary kept that up for days—until they snugged it out of the hat, and gave it away. Gary noped for a while about it, but with the solace of his harmonics, he got over it—until he passed a music store window on Hollywood Boulevard and beheld a strange device labeled "Electric Guitar." He went in and found out it was a Hawaiian steel—named after those that wails Hawaii's everlastings Alohas—rigged up with an electrical amplifier that you plug into any electric socket. Gary bought it. When he turned it full on, it sounded like 7,000 sirens.

That night Gary plugged the guitar into the light circuit, twanged a twang or two, and rocked it around the room. Unfortunately, it was tremendous. And then, about 10:30, a police radio car came to the house. "Mister Cooper," they told him, "we like you and your neighbors like you. But—you don't that noise, we're gonna have to run you in!" So Gary got rid of the electric guitar.

But now there hangs the menace of that imminent tube over the Cooper menage. O, Simma on a tube, but Gary, Coop, might precipitate almost anything. Sandra hopes that by taking him far away to new sights and experiences, she may avert the tube threat.

Sandra and Gary are happy—ideally happy, you see—despite the gossip-chat-ters. When they were married amidst the trappings of a society hymeneal—amid the whisperings of Gary's romances with others, there were those tongue-clackers who shook their heads and said it wouldn't take. That the outdoor, silent, taciturn Gary, and the social, vivacious Sandra Shaw could never merrily merrily. But Sandra and Gary have proved them liars. When he's through at the studio, Gary hustles home like a bridegroom, happy for the hours he can pass with Sandra. When his picture is finished, he can hardly wait until he can gather Sandra and dash oft on one of those Cooper vacations—Bermuda, for instance.

Maybe, some day, the Cooper family'll be a bit bigger. I know Gary's quite mad about children. "Sure, he'd like a couple of kids of his own," says his pal and stand-in, "Slim" Talbot, who is perhaps as close to Gary as anyone ever will get.

And besides, I saw Gary go into a dither over Shirley Temple, the day he watched her working in Captain January. Gary and Shirley got along like two old cronies. So maybe, huh?—Sandra'll present him with one of his own to play with, some day.

He won't talk about things like that, himself. As a matter of fact, Gary won't talk about Gary at all. About the only things he talks about are (1) automobiles and their insides, (2) horses, and (3) guns. Or the great old West. Why? For he doesn't pal around with other players to talk about things so much. They talk Hollywood to the hilt. He doesn't discuss who's going with whom, who's going to marry or divorce whom, and who's going to have a baby. Gary won't talk about those things. He knows less about Hollywood gossip than Mahatma Gandhi does. Ten-to-one, if you'd tell him Joan Crawford was going to have quintuplets, he'd say, "Yeah?—I didn't even hear she was married." He's like that. So, he passes his time on the set either sprawling all over his chair, with an ancient pipe in his mouth, or absolutely nothing, or he's sitting in a corner with "Slim," talking about horses and guns.

A keen commentator I know once said, after watching Gary through a picture: "I've seen him like an automaton, sitting with his eyes closed—like enthusiastic women admirers. He was suffering and bored. But arouse his interest, talk to him of the things he loves—the outdoors and horses and guns—and it's like touching him with a galvanic wire!"

Working, as a matter of fact, is Gary's greatest pleasure. It's because he takes his work so seriously that he can't carry home his script and rehearse gestures before a mirror, like so many actors do. He just does it to the strip off his camera. There he sits, bare to the belt, enjoying his lunch—corned-beef hash, camembert cheese and beer. Or maybe a plate of lobster—"he'd eat lobster 90 times a month!"

A heavy eater—he manages to stay thin. His business manager who's been with him for years, hates to eat with him, because he already weighs four stone over what he should, and he tries to keep up with Gary's menu.

His manager is his greatest solace, because business is Gary's greatest annoyance. He simply will not talk business. He leaves all that to his manager who tells you Gary has absolutely no sense of business or time. His only interest in the starting date of his next picture is, "How many weeks from now is that?" The date, itself, means nothing to Gary; only "how many weeks?"

Even then, Gary has to be told about ten times before he realizes he has to start another film. Gary's something like a kid, grown up, that way.

On location, he's like a kid, too—wading in a air rifle. Only he owns a .22-caliber hornet ride. He always totes it on location trips, and, between shots of the camera, he's hanging away at hawks and eagles. His dressing-room walls are lined with stuffed hawks. His walls at home are lined with bigger trophies—African beasts he killed on that hunting trip of his several years ago.

Ostentation of any kind is Gary's one pet aversion. He hates loud people—loud-talkers and loud-dressers. People who put on front, who bat and chatter, who throw big parties, are boohed, shunned Gary. He doesn't go to big social affairs if he can avoid it. He'd rather wear overalls than formal clothes, and it's a battle to get him into a dinner-jacket, or tails, when he has to go to some function for policy's sake. At his own home, he seldom throws a party. Such gatherings are only to be considered little things, more or less, preferably with non-friends. Then Gary presides at the head of the table like a king, stopping for the smallest of occasions when his normal taciturnity and verbal reserve melts. Gary can be a genial, lively host, but never loud! I've seen him at the head of his table at a little
An admirer of Admiration

Ann Sothern has

. . . . no exclusive on this!

We can't all go to the top like Ann Sothern—we can't all have her winning personality and outstanding ability, but one thing we can do—we can wear the same beautiful hose Miss Sothern likes. It is ADMIRATION COSTUME HOSIERY, truly the admired hosiery of discriminating Hollywood.

Like Ann Sothern, the movie stars whose photographs have been appearing in our advertising—Joan Bennett, Rochelle Hudson, Adrienne Ames, Binnie Barnes and Loretta Young—really consider ADMIRATION COSTUME HOSIERY as being exceptional. It is so sheer, so beautiful, yet it wears so much longer than most hosiery.

Try it just once. ADMIRATION'S (1) better fit, (2) greater comfort, (3) freedom from runs and (4) its sheerer, clearer weave can't help but win you to its constant use. The heart at the left quickly shows what makes ADMIRATION hosiery superior.

We shall be glad to welcome you to our rapidly growing family of enthusiastic users. If your dealer doesn't carry them, write us, giving his name. Sample card will be sent to you showing all the spring colors.

COOPER, WELLS & COMPANY
ST. JOSEPH—MICHIGAN

Manufacturers of

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Costume Hosiery

for the Woman who Cares

Motion Picture for June, 1936
"played with her in her screen test, but—" Ginger gave the OLDER the position she was making, "but she didn't need any help from me. Her test was a highly dramatic scene from a recent Broadway hit. It lasted eight minutes. And in those eight minutes, she not only made you instantly acquainted with the character she was playing, but instantly whirled you into the suspense. The suspense was so intense that I believe you were tearing your heart out with her pathos. A girl who can do something like that doesn't need any help.

"I can't say enough for Harriet. She has everything that the movies need—beauty, brains, charm, individuality. She is absolutely different from any other girl I have ever known. She has been in and around show business ever since she was a young-ster—her father is a stage director, you know, and her mother has killed me and it hasn't touched her. A sweet girl, she is absolutely unaffected and unspoiled. And, to top off everything, she isn't just a prettier-than-usual blues singer. Harriet has depth, noticeable in her emotional fire. She can act. Really, I don't see how she can miss. And if she may the type to let the breaks go to her head, we had fun working together in Follow the Fleet."

That is how Harriet Hilliard's best Hollywood friend sees her. Now, let us take a look at herself.

She is in her very early twenties. Her figure is small, even delicate—and her features are small and delicate. Her eyes are blue. Her mouth, in repose, has a whisper of wistfulness—but her smiles are frequent, warm. An aura of dainty femininity surrounds her, an aura utterly devoid of self-conscious charm. She is an eager young girl—a thrill with life. And a bit amiss by life and its sudden, eventful twists.

In Follow the Fleet, she is brumette. In person, she is blonde—very blonde. The explanation? She wore a dark wig, one of the most cleverly contrived wigs in movie history, in order to emphasize the script's contrast of color. "And here is an other bit of news: When she went to Hollywood late last autumn, she was not scheduled for Follow the Fleet. But I had the test, and I'm glad."

"You know, I can't take much credit for what has happened to me. I didn't do much to bring it about. Other people did.

"First, there was Ozzie. I knew two years ago that I loved him—but every time he would ask me to marry him, I would say, 'No.' I was just beginning to get somewhere in a career way, after years of working up, and I wanted to go just a little farther before I stopped. And when I married, I didn't want to make any marriage. I wanted marriage to be The Only Thing That Really Mattered: the happy ending to my career. Then, early last Fall, I said, 'Yes.' I was positive that being with Ozzie the rest of my life was the only thing that really counted. And just after the date for the wedding was set—this morrow."

"And when I arrived in Hollywood," Harriet continued, "they didn't know just which picture to put me in. Finally, they decided to give me the role of the girl in "Toot in the Dark" that Margaret Grahame later played. They gave me a dramatic test, and a voice test. And that was where Ginger Rogers came in.

"I had met some people when I was out there a year ago, singing with Ozzie's orchestra in the 'Concert Groove. One of them was Ginger. At first I wasn't going to mention that I was there; I knew the hell she was busy. I didn't know if they would even remember me. But one day I decided to knock on Ginger's door, at least. And she welcomed me with: 'Hey, Grapefruit, Ozzie? We sat down and talked about New York, and Ozzie, for an hour. Well, Ginger could convince enough for me.

"When she heard that my test was coming up, she volunteered to make it with me. That was a very unusual offer for a star to make. And I don't know what I had to do to deserve it—except that after we had been together five minutes, we felt, as if we had been friends for life. Even before the tests were over I knew I'd be married with Ginger."

"But the battle wasn't over. Mark had to sell the idea to studio executives, and Ginger had to help him. Despite Mark being 'sick' on me they thought that maybe I should start off in some dramatic picture—not the second lead in a musical. Finally, they decided to ask me how I felt about it. (This was about three days later.) I voted for the second lead in Follow the Fleet. And Ozzie cheered me on from New York. 'You're a star,' he told me. 'You're a star.'"

"And when you stop to remember that I had never done any acting, you'll see how much I was in the news."

"I shared one big dressing-room with Ginger, Helen Broderick, Dottie Lee and Margot Grahame—and we had a circus. Helen Broderick kept us all in stitches. I was all broken up, they all warmed to being with Ginger."

"I hope they come back to New York—Ozzie and Ginger; and the studio was afraid that I might suddenly decide to pack up and quit, just to be with Ozzie. So they cautioned
Helen to be extra-cheerful. I didn't know this, of course. Well, I came in to find Helen with her elbows on her knees and her chin in her hands, looking as if life weren't worth the living. I said, "Why, what's the matter, Helen?" She shook her head, despondently. "Last night," she told me, "I took my husband to see me in To Best the Band, and he didn't say a word all the way back to the house. Then he told me that he was glad we had left the dog home. At least, the dog would still like me!"

"And just to show you what a pal Ginger was; I overslept one morning, in spite of the instructions to be on the set by nine sharp, and Ginger stayed there in the dressing-room, taking her time about getting ready, just so that I wouldn't be accused of holding up production. She didn't go down until I was all ready, too."

THEN came the question: "How does it feel to have a taste of movie fame, after one picture?"

"I don't feel any different," she replied, very simply. "I'm too happy, being back with Ozzie, to be thrilled by 'movie fame.' Or even by a five-year contract. Being here is all that really matters."

In case you have not suspected as much already, let me hasten to add a footnote to this story about the Des Moines, Iowa, girl who made good in the world's two greatest entertainment centers: She was a stage dancer, who had never sung a note, until Ozzie Nelson saw her in vaudeville. He had a hunch that she would be a great bet as a blues singer, trained her, made her the soloist with his orchestra, and then lost his heart to her. Now, apparently, he has an equally compelling belief that she has a great future as an actress.

Ozzie Nelson, proud of his wife, has persuaded her—again after considerable effort—to sign the handsome contract. But she has seen to it that the contract calls for only a limited number of pictures each year, allowing her to spend more time with him than away from him. And I could appreciate why, a little later, seeing them in the Silver Grill, with their arms about each other, smiling into each other's eyes, singing a love song—not to the dancing throng, but to each other.

Here are the Winners!

IN THE FIRST SEARCH FOR TALENT

These seven young women are the lucky winners in the popular Search for Talent conducted by Hold-Bob bob pins, Universal Pictures, Motion Picture and Screen Play! They have been sent to Hollywood...all expenses paid...

Good luck, young ladies. Hold-bobs are happy in the part they played in offering you your big chance!

Reading from top to bottom, the winners are:

Dorothy Kate Brown, Atlanta, Georgia
Norma Jane Slider, New Albany, Ind.
Margaret Hehn, Chicago, Illinois
Helen Dax, Minneapolis, Minn.
Dorothy Dalton
Memphis, Tennessee
Caroline Oliver
Tallahassee, Florida
Frances Nalle
Dallas, Texas

Here's Your Opportunity

HOLD-BOBS ANNOUNCE A SECOND SEARCH FOR TALENT

A winner selected every month—who will receive a screen test and $50.00 in cash!!

Because of the tremendous popularity and the intense interest with which the recent Search for Talent was received...Hold-Bob bob pins in conjunction with Walter Wanger Productions, Motion Picture and Screen Play Magazines are giving you another chance for movie fame!! In this new Search for Talent you may enter as many times as you wish...if you're not a lucky winner one month, you have a chance the next month!

All you need do to enter is fill out the entry blank on the back of the Hold-Bob card, attach your photo, and send it to Search for Talent Headquarters. At least one of the monthly winners, at the conclusion of the entire contest, December 31, 1936, will be sent to Hollywood, all expenses paid, to appear in a Walter Wanger Production at United Artists Studio!!

While you're filling out the entry blank on the back of the Hold-Bob card—notice the outstanding features of the Hold-Bob pins: small, round, invisible heads; smooth, round, non-scratching points; flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped; and Hold-Bobs come in colors to match your hair. No wonder Hold-Bobs are so popular and are Hollywood's favorite bob pins.

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Instead of using lipstick
TATTOO YOUR LIPS

Now...for lips...TATTOO instead of lipstick! Vibrant, exciting, Sea color...Jazzy patterns instead of "painted" Transparent and pastel instead of opaque and pasty. Chap-proof...actually makes lips smoother...younger...much more desirable! TATTOO! Put it on...let it set...wipe it off. Only the color stays...and it really stays...regardless. Test all five of TATTOO's thrilling shades on your own skin at the TATTOO Color Selector displayed in your favorite store. Then...tattoo your lips! TATTOO, $1 everywhere.

hollywood boulevard, i did plenty of other hard and fast doubling, too. i've made a fortune and lost it, and made it again in hollywood and i've never stepped out of character the way they want me so i went to the saddle and the director called, 'let's go'.

"no, i'm not interested about this new interest in westerns or outdoor pictures. i've lived through three cycles of just such popularity when the cowboy has come into his own only to be shoved into the background and i've gone right along giving the best i had to give and never letting down in quality of production, progressing with the times, or the vows i made to the boys who go to see me. right here, i think something should be said, not only for me, but for all of us so-called western stars, for the stature of conduct we set up to the west of the country. you never see one of us take a drink or use off-color language. i now have over 3,000,000 boys who belong to my buck jones ranchers and each of the boys has taken a pledge to live the manly, upright life portrayed in buck jones pictures. my plans for the future? why, lady, if i planned from now till doomsday i couldn't think of a better future than to go on making my own pictures and giving that lift along the way to the boys of this country. and remember, he called after me, "this will be going on long after hollywood has turned to another fancy."

the backbone of the industry! i'm beginning to understand what hoot gibson meant. and i'm beginning to wonder if this may not be a lasting fancy after all. "the toss of a nickel brought me to hollywood," ken maynard said. "i was rough-riding with ringling brothers circuses and during our los angeles stay i was slipped a movie contract to make western pictures. i went on with the circus, though, and didn't give much thought to the movies. and then one day i got mad and quit the show. i couldn't make up my mind whether to go to new york or hollywood. the nickel came up heads and i headed west. i wrote my stories, acted, composed all the theme songs and music for them."

"you boys certainly knew all the ground work, didn't you?" i asked. he tilted a pearl gray sombrero at a sassy angle. "lady, we are the groundwork." i apologized in confusion. he's so right. they are just that. the groundwork. "we are really not of hollywood," ken added. "i mean we live our own lives, mess in very little with the other end of the picture business, and actually know very little of the other side of it. i mean the army side," he grinned and winked a black twinking eye. "oh yes, they go arty, don't they? only one big company here in hollywood died near west broke going arty all over everything and i stepped in and offered to finance them till they got on their feet. they only begged me to find them a cowboy star and said he'd pull them out." he threw back his head and shouted. and suddenly it occurred to me that these boys, sitting over their saucers and plates, may laugh at hollywood with its ideas of wealth and its show which (too often) has nothing behind it. here, in the heart of the old west, is a fourth place, a pinto horse, and a group of boys who can rattle the dough bags. here is success! here are boys with years behind them and years ahead. buck jones will be backing it when today's manly hero is but a memory. small towns and double bills have been the aladdin's lamp to these boys of the plains.

a vision of hoot's ranch, buck jones' massive and luxurious yacht, mix's glories, past and present, and, then, ken maynard's new rodeo-circus at van nuys, california. buck jones' own working picture circus, myself," ken said, "and plan to bring back the old wild west show of yesterday. we'll have indians, cowboys, animals, everything. i'll make so many pictures a year and then, like mix, who is out with his circus now, i plan to make tours, with my show."

wild west are we going to town! ride 'em, cowboy! a word for these younger boys who have taken the saddle in drama. remember johnny dodge, yes, it's true they haven't the real cattle-ranch background. nor have they gone through the trials and tribulations of those early days. but they can ride, and—best of all, they are sincere. "with boys like buck and hoot, tom and ken, then, they would carry it, i'm sure, whatever you do expect?" asked young dick foran, the former princeton football player who is now a warner brothers' western star. "i had no more idea of becoming a western star than you have of becoming a trapeze artist. my heart was set on becoming an operatic singer. a test at fox brought me into pictures and when warners needed a western star they chose me. listen, are you going to believe me when i tell you i've forgotten the opera business? i'm not even happy in straight roles like the one i played in the pettiford forest! i want to make western pictures. you hear me? i want to make them all the rest of my life." the lad grew rather abashed at his own vehemence, but the sincerity was too obvious to be doubted. "i get a kick out of singing my heart out on a pinto pony and knowing that thousands of boys and girls, yes, and men and women (you could see the fan mail) in the sticks, in hamlets and mountain villages are hearing and loving it. those are the real fans, the kind that will squeeze you down when some new screen sensation comes along. hope i'll keep on being a western star as long as i can cling to a saddle and sing out my heart 'neath the stars."

george o'brien was accosted by an important biggie in hero roles not long ago. "trade you places, george," he grinned. "try to do it!" o'brien dared him. "and listen, this isn't sour grapes. i had my innings in drama. remember john wayne? the johnny dodge of the small-town flood? remember sunshine? well, they didn't do so badly, but i'm sticking to the saddle!"

why not? george o'brien is one of the wealthiest young men in hollywood! with four years of radio background as a yeolder of cowboy ditties, gene autry, a young oklahoma lad, has taken his place in the parade across the sagebrush. "i'll just keep my ideal, tom mix, ahead of me as i go, and i guess i'll make it," he told me, "and i can't go far wrong."

the talk, quiet john wayne, also a republic star, has risen in the saddle. his popularity among cowboy stars in the short time he has been in pictures. the honest sincerity of the lad has undoubtedly won him that place.

motion picture for june, 1936
with Gilbert Roland—Johnny McGuire, 20th-Fox's young actor, quite that way about Florine Dickson, Los Angeles socialite—Tom Brown, champion male eye-gagger of the younger set, now all a-dither about Eleanor Whitney—Rochelle Hudson, switching heart-throbs from Harry Richman to another Harry, this time not an actor but one Harry Peale, a cashier at RKO studios—Betty Furness, being rushed and how by Alfred Vanderbilt of THE VANDERBILTS—Cecilia Parker and Henry Willson.

WISH Glenda Farrell and Addi-

son Randall would make up their minds. No sooner do we in Hollywood get all set for the pealing of wedding bells than they go off into one of their spats! Their romance, long-standing, has survived plenty of them, and maybe they'll get married just to make it official. Happy battles.

THE death-knell of any possible recon-

ciliation-talk anent Dolores Costello and John Barrymore was sounded by Dolores herself, in one of the most biting remarks any Hollywood divorcée has ever publicly made about her ex-hubby. Dolores, slipping down questions about Barrymore, said finally: "Mr. Barrymore has com-

pletely exhausted my sense of humor!"

As if that weren't cuttingly final enough, she added: "I never knew that such hap-

piness as I am enjoying now, with Mr. Barrymore out of my life, could be."

Meantime, in Hollywood, Jawn goes blandly on making pictures for MGM, and public appearances in various places with Elaine Barrie, who wears very low-cut evening gowns, and who's still trying to crash into movies, but unsuccessfully. Bar-

rymore's fifty-some years don't seem to weigh heavily.

New unlikely next-marriage in Hollywood has ended Edmund Lowe's widower-hood. Eddie, whose grief at the death of Liliyan Tashman was sincere and profound, was ex-

pected by everyone to marry Rita Kauffman, famed studio stylist. And he did. [Continued on page 75]

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Fifteen Years Ago
in MOTION PICTURE Magazine

SAID Anita Loos in an ar-

ticle on writing for the screen in the June (1921) number of MOTION PICTURE Magazine—"There are great stories which are not salable, but there are also salable sto-

dies which are great. We hope you will write the latter... It is worth while, if nec-

essary, to sell your first story for a song... this will give you a tremendous advantage in selling your next story... "The Ceci B. DeMille production, The Affairs of Anatol, is a salable product," wrote Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Wanda Hawley and Agnes Ayres... "Kathleen Norris, with unknown author, has been signed to write original stories for Goldwyn Pic-

tures Corp... The Man of Stone will be the next starring vehicle for Conway Teale... "Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks will soon leave for Mexico City, where they will celebrate their first wedding anniversary... "Marion Davies' next star role will be that of a romantic, head-

strong girl in Meshulah... "D. W. Griffith's next production, to follow Dream Street, will be Fantôma..."

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Motion Picture for June, 1936
From Hollywood comes
This NEW and BETTER Nail Polish!

There's a reason why Moon Glow Nail Polish is so popular with the stars of the screen and stage. Women everywhere who are particular about cosmetics use Moon Glow because it makes their hands more lovely, attractive and dainty than ever before. Also because its sparkling luster looks as good on fingers as on nails. Try one of the 8 smart new Hollywood shades. Only 25¢ for the giant size bottle at drug and department stores. Or get the great new economy size at all and ten cent stores.

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Use wonderful KLEENPLEX WASH! Amazing new scientific discovery. This marvelous, pore-purifying liquid acts quickly, safely, gently, thoroughly without pores. A marvelous aid in overcoming Blackheads. Large Pores. Oily Skin. Uncut, uncaring—‘Natural Hair’ Lighthearted look, always clean. Gives all the features a touch-up. Look, no harmful chemicals! No magnifying glass! Guaranteed pure! Thousands of doctors and women. Waste time money on ordinary creams, shorten. Nothing like this before. Try Kleenplex NW! Get your 2 oz. supply of Kleenplex Wash TODAY! Just write your name and address on a piece of paper, enclose 51. plus 10¢ for postage and mail direct to KLEENPLEX INC., 105 Fifth Avenue, New York chemist or pharmacist. Place in old 2 oz. OBD numerous courts. Don’t let it slide! MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

Fresher Tired Eyes

Tired eyes make you feel tired all over. Refresh them with Murine. Cools and soothes red, sensitive eyes. Relieves burning, irritated eye instantly. Use at least twice daily.

Murine
For Your EYES

How It Feels to Become an Academy Winner

[Continued from page 36]

exception of a bit of lipstick; my clothes were nothing to write home about. But I did have things."

"In any event, here I was in Hollywood, and I proceeded to make possibly the worst picture of my career, a little opus that I called "Burnt Out". Of course I made it for fun and for me, I had an abhorrence of cameras—it was almost a phobia with me. It wasn't until one day I still came out of the photograph of me when I wasn't looking, and happened to be smiling, that I finally decided perhaps it would be quite all right if I did grin occasionally. That smiling photograph he made of me helped me more than anything else, to banish my camera fear.

"It was a long grind—that first year. Hollywood was a fantastic place. I didn't think I could ever adjust myself to it. Everything was so different and my New England conscience and training left me wide open to all sorts of kidding. After a while, I learned to talk back, and that helped, of course."

But still Bette Davis was making no great splurge on the Hollywood scene. She was just another little gal out from Broadway who had realized her possibilities. When her agent went to the studio manager and begged that Bette be given a chance, that gentleman replied:

"But the girl has no sex appeal."

"We can't possibly permit the hero to get her in the last reel. No man in an audience would want a girl like that."

"I want her. She has to be as carefully cast as Slim Summerville."

IT WAS at the Academy banquet that successful night when the Hollywood Academy of Arts and Sciences had selected her as the outstanding woman star of the year, that she said back that score. After the photographers were through, and the newswraps had recorded her thanks to that august body of one of the important officials, the boss of the man who had liked her to gangling, comical Summerville, and told him the story. With no comments, with no "I told you so," to lessen her triumph.

Bit by bit Bette began her dogged climb. First she was typed as the incessant ingénue, it was only to look decorative. But there was something about this girl, something in the flame of her eyes that was an index to the latent talents within her. This George Arliss recognized when he insisted that she be cast with him in The Man Who Played God. In twenty feet of film she displayed the tigerish talent which brought her acclaim this year. But still she was not given anything in which she might have made her mark. No rôle sufficiently outstanding so that those producers might put their fingers on her and say, "Here is an actress—here's a girl we will develop."

In the meanwhile, she did many things to herself. She bobbed her hair. She learned by observation of the stars who had achieved importance. She modified the idiosyncrasies of others to apply to her own personality, and out of it came a girl as distinctive as anyone in Hollywood. Her first like role was in "Red Head" of Bennett and that appeared. She was something different; an unusual personality who could imbue a difficult character with dignity, even in weakness.

Bette Davis' greatness lies in the fact that she has never played herself on the screen. She separates the girl she is, from the women she interprets. "I am not sufficiently interesting enough to be myself," she says. "No person is, in screen rôle after screen rôle. And so I throw myself into the habits, thought and behavior of another person.

"IT REQUIRETS a bit of imagination, but ever since I was six I have played make-believe, pretending to be the characters in a book I had read. Perhaps it was imagination that made me certain that Mildred in Of Human Bondage would be the perfect rôle for me. I had to have it. All my friends cautioned me against it, told me that I would, eventually, be typed. I suppose it is somewhat of a minor miracle that I did not turn into a 'heavy,' but after all, the women I have played are not bad women primarily, but rather weak women, who have a certain flaw in character, or a certain defect in mentality.

"Strangely enough, I never believe the women I play. I have never yet come out of a theatre without a picture of mine was showing, and been able to say, 'That's all right. I suppose it's because I know that I am not that sort of person. I did not believe Mildred. I did not believe any of the characters I have ever portrayed.'

"It is this peculiar ability to look objectively upon her work, which augurs well for the future development of Bette Davis. Aside from the fact that any star would find disappointment in missing the Academy award last year by a slim margin, Bette was certain that eventually that accolade would be hers.

And so this year she is Hollywood's Star Number One. But she has no fantastic notions of future plans. All she wants is to go along, growing, developing, becoming more certain of herself with every role.
DON'T be surprised when Miriam Hopkins suddenly goes to the altar. Bachelor-girl since she divorced Andy Parker some time ago, Miriam is head-over-heels in love with a certain "biggy" whose divorce isn't final yet. But as soon as it is, they'll say their I-do's.

AND it'll be almost any day now—Myrna Loy's first matrimonial venture. Yes, the man's still Arthur Hornblow, and it's never been anyone else, for many months. Only thing that's delayed the marriage so far is the little matter of finalizing his divorce.

OLD Doc Stork's command performances in Hollywood recently included a doubling-up act, when he brought twins to Chic Sale's sister Virginia, who's the wife of Sam Wren, actor. Twins run in the family—Chic himself is father of twins, but they're in their teens, now. Virginia, like Chic, is a comedienne on-screen, TOO.

DOC STORK'S got a date in the near future with the Norman Fosters. Sally Blane, whom Norman married right after Claudette Colbert announced that Mexican divorce from him, is preparing for the arrival of a little Foster. Loretta Young, Sally's sister, will be the baby's godmother.

BOB MONTGOMERY is calling himself "Senior" now, ever since an 8½ pound son was born to Mrs. Bob, Bob lost all his famed sang-froid in the hours preceding the baby's arrival. So jittery was he as he paced the hospital corridors that the doctors didn't know for sure whether it was Mrs. Bob or himself who was having the baby. And finally, Bob's two closest friends, Chester Morris and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., hurried to the hospital and paced the corridor with him, like the Three Musketeers. And within a week after the baby's arrival Bob had bought it the most expensive and elaborate electric-train set to be found in Hollywood. When told the baby was too young, yet, for that sort of thing, Bob explained that he himself had always wanted to play with toy trains, and now at last he had an excuse.

The Talkie Town Tattler [Continued from page 73]

Five Years Ago in MOTION PICTURE Magazine

"IN LESS than a year, Lew Ayres has fought his way to the top. If you believe the rumors, he's actually ill from overwork. His latest effort is Iron Man."... "Ruth Chatterton is starring her final seven months at Paramount. And they plan to make four Chatterton pictures in that time!"... "In appearances: Thelma Todd and Lew Ayres, Carole Lombard and William Powell."... "Sylva Kosciny was working on An American Tragedy and City Streets at the same time."... "Rock Jones is playing a hunk in Joaquin Murrieta."... "Mario Lanza has been acting for forty-five years—ever since she was fifteen. Mary Robinson, Manager rival, has been acting for forty-five years."... "Will Rogers originally intended to become a Methodist minister."... "Kay Francis and Kenneth McKenna have decided that their future marries their own affair."... "George Arliss is to do Alexander Hamilton with Doris Kenyon as his leading lady."
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The instant you apply New De Luxe Dr. Scholl’s Zino-pads on any sensitive spots caused by nagging pressure, rubbing or pinching of shoes on your toes or feet, discomfort is relieved. Painful Corns, Callouses and Bunion stop hurting. New or tight shoes won’t annoy you or cause sore toes or blisters. You’ll walk, work, dance and golf without suffering from your feet. Using these soothing, healing, cushioning pads with the separate Medicated Diks, included in every box, will safely loosen and remove your corns or callouses.

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**Hydrosal**

Motion Picture for June, 1936

**How It Feels to Become an Academy Winner**

(Continued from page 37)

during the 1936 season since such newcomers as Robert Taylor and Fred MacMurray don’t fit any of the "old boys." have a right to be hoggish—even about best performances.

There was a thrill in talking to Victor about his becoming Hollywood’s champion. He’s one of those "oldsters" of Hollywood who’s supposed to have taken the last count several times. But Victor knows the prize ring. He’s never been on the final count there even if he never became champion. “And yet this championship all began by accident—so wonder-fully. It’s that it’s of life which make it so—well, you just can’t understand it. All you can do is keep at it. If I hadn’t walked up those stairs at the stadium—

He was referring to the manner in which he secured his first big role in Hollywood. He was accustomed to living upon drags, when necessary, still he had never lived as closely to hell in twenty countries, through which he had wandered until the night in Hollywood. His room was a garret. It/overlooked the sewage plant. To this day, he can’t go into a public room without becoming ill. His food was fresh fruit bought from an Italian vendor each morning and eaten as he walked the streets because he could not eat in his ill-smelling quarters.

There were a few little parts now and then. Nagging when he had extra money, he went to the prize-fights. Hadn’t he intended to become a ring champion? “While going down one of the gang- ways of that first fight in Hollywood,” he continued to walk restlessly around while telling this story, “I bumped straight into a complete stranger. We collided at top speed as we were going around a blind corner. Both of us stood gasping and glaring indignantly. There is nothing quite as annoying as losing your wind as a stranger prods you well and truly amidships. The feeling vanished in a second, and we both made haste to apologize. I thought no more of the incident until the following day, when I was told Frank Lloyd, the famous director, wanted me to get in touch with him immediately. I had heard of him, of course. He was about to make Wings of Chance. I hurried along to find out why he was sending for me and found he was the man into whom I had crashed. You see, you may work for years attempting to get to the top and stumble up there by accident—but the point is, you won’t stumble up if you stop working.”

He laughed. “In this business, you have to start working before you are even sure they are going to make a picture. I read in the papers they were going to make The Informer. I had made up my mind that if any company was going to do that, I was going to play it. The papers might be wrong. Still, you had to work right away, without knowing. You work in the dark as well as in the light. If you really want to go places. It said John Ford was going to direct. I hunted for Ford. He’d gone away to work on the script. I was going to fly to Panama and find his hide- out and say, ‘You son-of-a-gun, I’m going to play that part or else’— but before I took off, I did a little gumshoeing and found I was first choice anyway. So I didn’t leave. Then I heard R.K.O. was going to pick Richard Dix. Then I wasn’t sure. It was too late to fly down there, then, and I was walking around Hollywood more nervous that at any time in my life. When John got home I was afraid to go to him. I was afraid to ask anybody. And then I met somebody on the street and he said, ‘Have you heard? They’ve decided on who’s to play The Informer,’ and I could scarcely ask ‘Who?’ The guy laughed and said, ‘I think it’s you.’ Thank God, he thought right.”

**HAPPY as he is; proud as he is—Victor McLaglen is happiest because of his children. We don’t think of Victor as a father, but we don’t think often of this bulldog man as he is, really is. When we remember he’s the one English star to have taken out American citizenship, largely because he feels he owes allegiance to the flag which gave him his championship opportunity, we glimpse the heart of the fellow who has given as much work to raising his children as to becoming a prize-winner.**

“I can’t get better advice on a script than from my boy,” he says proudly. “Andrew is fifteen, but neither he or Sheila, who is thirteen, have been raised as children. They’re pals to their parents. And that boy can analyze intelligently any script. He’ll say, ‘You haven’t the footage, dad, but the part is more powerful. Take it.’ On another script it’s ‘wait until you know who’s going to direct it. This story depends entirely upon the director.’ He was crazy about The Informer, so was Sheila. And if I wanted to rest, they’d never let me. I’ve got to be champion twice or they’ll never be satisfied. And to satisfy those kids—

He smiled toward me. “It’s wonderful to be champion of something once. I’ve been trying all my life. But it’ll be more wonderful to be champion twice. And we’re all going out for that now. Clark Gable’s one of the grandest guys I ever know. Nothing’s ever gone to his head. The others are great, too. But I hope I get good pictures. None of us can win this race without a good picture and I’m all for winning—in 1936.

*Rhodes*

**See sailing off Catalina are Paul Kelly and Evelyn Knapp, Sea breeze and salt air in what they’re after!**
squarely—you won’t have a bulging tummy, pronounced “derriere” or double chin {provided that your weight is right}. It’s slumping shoulders and drooping head that causes many a double chin and many a thickened neck.

As for daily exercises, they can be made more beneficial and lots less “routine” if you chew gum as you do them! That this pleasant pastime can be an aid to beauty may seem a bit far-fetched at first thought; but it’s actually true that the exercise it affords the lower facial muscles is definitely beneficial. It increases facial circulation, and exercises muscles that otherwise would not be used sufficiently to keep them toned.

Here’s an excellent exercise for beautifying the mouth: Chew gum with your lips shaped as if you were whistling, and while you are doing this, toss your head from left to right. After this, twist your mouth “round and ’round,” chewing determinedly the while. You look pretty silly, of course, but who’s going to see you? Just retire to the bathroom if you have a jeering husband! To beautify the neck and chin, open your mouth wide, then close it gradually, continuing to chew gum.

If you have had a hard day at the office and come home at night with tense fatigue lines etched around your mouth, indulge in some chewing gum and do these exercises for six or eight counts, always stopping before they tire you. You’ll be amazed at the quick “pick-up.” Those tired lines will disappear and there’ll be a new zest for life in your eyes!

Centuries ago, when there were no toiletety counters like ours, women had to rely on natural beauty aids—herbs, crude vegetable oils, ground meal, milk, sunshine and water—to preserve their youth and freshness. Modern science still recognizes

[Continued from page 52]

Ten Years Ago

in MOTION PICTURE Magazine

RAMON NOVARRO was the cover subject in the June 1926 issue of Motion Picture Magazine. "Why color Pictures and Talking Movies Can Never Be Universal" was the title of an editorial by the editor in the June 1926 number of Motion Picture. Said the editor: "...the average drama is more impressive without color, because color...

leaves too little for the imagination...the moment you put words in the players' mouths, you call upon another sense (hearing) and spoil the illusion..."Cecil B. DeMille's new picture, The Volga Boatman, is opening in New York, as we go to press..."The Barrymores are very much in the forefront in the movie news. John...in The Tavern Knight; Lionel has been signed to a long term contract by Metro-Goldwyn..."Gene Tunney, a leading contender for the world's heavyweight championship, has been signed to play in a movie serial..."Constance Talmadge will have Tallulah Bankhead in her new film, The Duchess of Buffalo. The young Italian won favorable notice for his work in The Bat..."Jean Crawford will challenge Bessie Love in a Charleston contest to decide the championship of the world..."North of So Paulo[!] is magnificent in The Black Pirate..."Ronald Colman is playing in Ben Hur; Marion Davies in The Red Mill; Edmund Lowe in Siberia; Norma Shearer completed The Devil's Crown."
BRUSHING brings Beauty

If your hair is dull and drab, you can make it lustrous with life, beautiful for all to see. STRANZIT, the new kind of hair brush, does it almost自动续写 way. Beauty Holisters all say it is marvelous for waves. Instead of spoiling waves, its U. S. Patent design actually helps them. That's why STRANZIT is used in most movie studios.

Remember, real honest beauty of hair and skin comes from within. You must nourish both, say dermatologists, by stimulating blood circulation. The easy, pleasant way to do this is brushing. But avoid "sissy" brushes. Be sure to get husky, penetrating bristle which really works and lasts. The PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC name is your guarantee of bristle quality. Look for it on hair brushes, complexion brushes, bath brushes, hand and nail brushes. PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC Brush Company, Florence, Mass.

Hollywood Curler presents the "JULIET"

Now that Shakespeare is "tops" in movie town, the longer bob, as featured in "Romeo and Juliet," is becoming a fast favorite. The hair of one of many easily made with Hollywood Rapid Day Curlers...Whether you want lots of curls or just a few, you can arrange your hair quickly in a variety of flattering ways with "the Curler Used by the Stars." Write for FREE BOOKLET of hair styles, sketched in Hollywood. Address Hollywood Curler, 5106 Hollywood Boulevard...Hollywood, California.

Charles Boyer—As You Like Him

[Continued from page 39]

staunchness of purpose. He doesn't remember the time when he didn't want to be an actor. "Even at three and five always relating poons, learning lines. At school we gave concerts for charity, and I was acting already in them when I was seven. If my father had lived, I would have contrived him that I should go on the stage. What I would have been, I don't know. I might have been very happy—writing bad plays, perhaps. Yes, even now I have written some and put them away in a trunk."

HE SITS quietly, talks quietly. He has none of the customary Gallic gestures or mannerisms. Animation is centered in his eyes, brilliant yet gentle and a little melancholy—though well developed sufficient to reflect the thoughtful. He speaks English fluently—his accent and rolling r's and occasional sign twists serving only to add color to his speech.

"My mother," he continued, "like the mothers of most, did everything I asked. She was scolded, as she said. If she did not she could warn me. She said thousands wanted to be actors and one was successful. At last she made me promise that I would go to the Sorbonne and take my course of philosophy. Then, in case of failure, I would be always able to go back to another work."

Though the young Charles was steadfast, he wasn't stubborn. He went to the Sorbonne and got his degree in philosophy.

"And now," he smiled, "we are both happy."

"Then?—Well, then I was so lucky that it isn't even interesting to hear. First, the Conservatoire of the Drama—after a few parts on tour—then a break in Paris, and that was all right."—"all right" being a Boyerism for one of the most dazzling triumphs Paris had ever known—then I was signed by a famous director and everything went smoothly along." He will cheerfully regale you, however, with the details of his less successful moments. As, for example, his first venture into French movies in the silent days. "I was very bad," he stated tranquilly. "Even my friends told me so," and here his voice dropped to an ominous whisper, "'better not try to make films.' What was wrong? First, I was too unsteady to play pantomime; and second, I looked like a bandit who eats little children. Maybe it was the fault of photography, maybe it was the fault of my face. Since I could improve neither one nor the other, I stopped making films."

He kept his word till the talkies brought a demand for stage-trained actors—and photography and acting developed sufficiently to produce something subtler and more satisfying than a doll-like regularity of feature.

I FIRST heard his name from Maurice Chevalier a few years ago. I remember how his eyes lighted and his voice glowed with enthusiasm as he said, "If you want to know something really interesting, ask me about my friend, Charles Boyer. He is our greatest actor in France, and unless am altogether craze, he will be the next sensation of Hollywood. Between Chevalier's prediction and its fulfilment lay the ill-fated production, "La Belle Delphine." But if Hollywood brought disappointment in one quarter, it brought a more than compensating happiness in another. The Frenchman is a lovely, blue-eyed English actress, and promptly flung overboard all her

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Oxygen is nature's safe bleach. It is not drying to the skin. The fact that Dioxogen Cream actually makes face hair invisible, shows that it really does things which ordinary cream cannot do. Dioxogen Cream lightens spots and breaks up the gross stubbiness that causes blackheads.

Start using Dioxogen Cream and within 24 hours you'll see a surprising improvement in your skin. Within 30 days you'll have the kind of complection you've always dreamed about. Bold at 50¢ and $1 by dept. stores and druggists.

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Motion Picture for June, 1936
his theories on the inadvisability of marriage for actors. A few weeks later they arrived together at a theatre, to find that the house was sold out. What to do? "Let's get married," said Boyer, less impulsively than would appear, since he'd had little else on his mind from the day they'd met. A plane chartered for Yuma, a flight under the stars, and Pat Paterson was Pat Boyer.

"I thought once an actor shouldn't marry," said her husband with the smile which, contrary to expectation, comes more frequently than not to illuminate the otherwise brooding face. "I was wrong. Everything is a particular case. When two people have good sense and good faith in each other I think there's no reason why they shouldn't marry, whether they are actors or something else. It is nice to have somebody. Only you must have somebody who understands you."

Boyer had decided to leave Hollywood for good. But the meeting with Miss Paterson was to prove fateful in more respects than one. He had to wait two months for his wife's contract to expire before he could take her with him to France. Meantime, Walter Wanger, on a steamer bound from Europe, saw a French film called *Thunder in the East*, starring Charles Boyer. He wired the Frenchman's agents, offering their client a contract.

Boyer signed it a few days before leaving Hollywood. "Wanger was the only one," he said. "I could have changed my mind. I knew he was a relative of Henri Bernstein, whose plays I have done in Paris. I had faith in him. And I have gratitude for him. He saw my first picture only after he had signed me. He said: 'You were right. We are going to make people forget this film.' That is why I would not leave him for three times as much money." Such a statement, made by others, you might take with a grain of salt. So compelling is Boyer's honesty that if he had said, "for ten times as much money," you would still have known he was speaking the literal truth.

He was in France when Wanger sent him *Private Worlds*, and he cabled back that he'd like to do it. "About myself I was not very confident," he said. "I was self-conscious about my English. I cannot speak fast. I cannot have the tempo. And it was a strange part—so restrained that always I had the feeling I did nothing. But about the picture I had a good feeling always—feeling that it would be a great qualité, whether a success or no.

"Now? Now I am happy. I have an ideal arrangement—six months here, and back to France for six months. I don't hope for anything better. Outside of every sentimental reason, I want to go back to France because I think an actor needs the stage. And my English is not good enough for the American stage. Besides, I believe it is fatal for an actor to stay for twelve months a year in the same spot. You become lazy, you become standard. All the people you see here belong to the same profession. And on the screen you don't have to play actors, but lawyers, business men, carpenters, shopkeepers. You must live, read, observe—see how people act in front of joy, pain, anything—you must have a knowledge of humanity, so you may be able to translate any emotion.

"And then there is perhaps a more selfish reason. My position in Paris is surer than my position here. I am a foreigner, and my accent is a handicap, which prevents me from being absolutely different from one part to another, as I would like. The public is entitled to tire of an actor who is tied to this extent by an accent. I have done nothing here to feel that I should be secure," says this man at whom every studio in Hollywood casts yearning sheep's eyes.
Hollywood’s Most Thrilling Friendship

[Continued from page 42]

until the ship arrived in California. He had no special place to go, no special plans to follow. Arriving in Santa Barbara, he thought it might be well for him to visit friends before he returned to England. Fate again stepped in, when he went to visit brother-officers about a battle on its way to San Diego to participate in the ceremony of launching the good ship Bounty, which was to be used in Metro’s production of Mutiny.

The night had grown much older as David had celebrated his reunion with fellow officers, and before he knew it, it was broad daylight and there he was in a dinner-jacket, part of the welcoming committee to studio executives.

HOLLYWOOD was as good a place as any in which to land. Fortunately, he met a number of people whom he had known in London, and as the son of a well-known British family he was welcomed and beautifully entertained. Pictures were suggested to him, but somehow his tests either did not materialize or did not click. Hollywood would not take his ambitions seriously. And here he was getting more frantic by the hour.

It was then he again encountered Merle Oberon, whom he had met casually in London. With that intuition which is characteristic of her, she realized that here was a man who needed friendship, beyond all else—someone to guide— and encourage. So it was Merle with her laughter, wit and understanding who came to his rescue.

“She tried to do whatever I could,” she says today, “because I remembered how best I felt in my twenty days in London when I was trying so desperately to get started, and had no one to give me a hand.”

“It would have been so much easier if I could have turned to a friend, then, and asked for advice and received a bit of encouragement. I believe I would have gotten along much faster. And so, when I met David I tried to do the things for him which no one had done for me.

“We became devoted to each other because no two people constantly together can avoid that. Our friendship was built on the basis of things enjoyed in common. We both like to fish and to walk and to talk. We even like to fight over backgammon. We have no marriage plans at the moment. David won’t be ready for marriage for at least another year, and there isn’t anyone else that I would care to marry.”

“Marriage, as such, appeals to me. A career in itself is well worth having. And I enjoy every minute of my picture work. But I think that marriage is far more important to a woman—my kind of woman. If I want a husband, and a home and children, and for these I would gladly give up career, even fame of a sort. I know this must sound queer to a lot of people who would like to be in my boots. But the world outside sees only the glamour of a career—its heartbreaks and the petty annoyances—inevitably linked with it—these are always overlooked or discounted.”

MERLE OBERON looked deeply into the fire, hugging her brown-slated legs closer to her, and smiled. “It would be nice,” she said, “to have someone to...
lean on, someone of whose protection you would be sure.

There was a knock at the door and Dave Niven, stately and sun-browned, came striding in. He had been making a test for a role in a forthcoming production, and Merle Niven, wildly wanted to know what had happened. What costume he had worn. What hat. Did he know his lines? Did he think it came out all right? As impatient as she was to know the results, he was equally impatient to tell her every detail.

And that brief interchange between them told more piercingly than words the things each held for the other.

This girl of the mystery-laden, slanting eyes, set in face of fresh English charm, undoubtedly teaches David Niven the value of patience and the value of purpose. He, in his impatience, had always sought excitement in strange places and in strange pursuits. But she has given him an understanding of the excitement inherent in definite and solid accomplishment.

She is as feminine as a rosebud, as stimulating as a fresh breeze from a salty sea. The sort of girl who is an inspiration as well as a challenge to a man.

To David Niven her friendship has definitely been a challenge. For her faith in him has been undeviating, and in all their days of companionship, she has given him the sense of strength, and of the possibilities within himself. She understands his moods and falls into them. If it is a moment to laugh, she laughs with him. They are as carefree as children on occasion, and then they will go roller-coasting and they'll eat popcorn and talk with their mouths full. And then they have quiet moments when they present ideas for mutual appraisal, and meet on a basis not only of devotion, but of a deep understanding of each other's natures.

It is said in Hollywood that Merle's power as an actress lies not so much in her beauty or her talent, but rather in that absolute feminine appeal and naturalness, part and parcel of her nature. It is this naturalness which has won for her David Niven's adoration and the respect and affection of intolerant, skeptical Hollywood.

To Merle Oberon, friendship has a definite meaning. It means sacrifice. Certainly the opening of all the wealth in her nature to another. She has helped David Niven, not only by words, but by actions. She studies his lines with him, advises him on the interpretation of a character, and not so long ago even made a test with him for Splendor, the Miriam Hopkins picture, which, for the first time, gave him a real opportunity as an actor.

Merle had been working for weeks and the day set for David's test was the first day she was at leisure. But gladly she put on makeup, "fed" the lines to Dave, and her confidence in him reverberated into his own mind, and the results were happy for him. It was on the basis of this part that producers are now looking with favor on the young Englishman who landed in Hollywood through a series of amusing and amazing incidents.

This attachment is a far cry from the usual Hollywood devotion. Its foundation is substantial. If they marry, their marriage will have a better than even chance, for they have entered into each other's lives and natures completely!

DID YOU KNOW THAT Joseph von Sternberg has discarded the overall, that he formerly wore while directing, and now appears in repudiant ensembles, topped by brilliant colored shirts?

* * *

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You Can’t Help Liking Claudette Colbert

[Continued from page 33]

might have thought up?

And while their wedding was not punctuated by any of the impromptu drama which characterized her wedding in The Bride Comes Home and It Happened One Night, it was by no means the conventional wedding. Instead of following the usual custom of taking a plane to Yuma, they drove, starting out at five A.M. When they crossed the Arizona line they had to stop for the usual inspection routine.

"Apparently the guards at the state line must have telephoned the court-house," says Claudette, "for when we arrived at the court-house the clerks and the stenographers were hanging out of the windows watching for us.

"So here you are at last," the clerk greeted us. "Say—we've been looking for you two for a couple of months. We were afraid you'd decided to have the knot tied some place else. And would we have been sore if you hadn't come to Yuma?"

Finally the license was made out. "I guess you'll have to wait a little while for the Judge," the clerk said. "We have heard that you were on your way he dashed out to get some flowers for the bride."

Pretty soon the Judge arrived, carrying an enormous box of red roses and the ceremony got under way. They really do things right in Yuma," says Claudette.

Though the new bride was only partially furnished they returned there for their wedding dinner. "The decorator had been thoughtful enough to move in some stage furniture while we were gone," laughs Claudette, "so it really looked homeless."

Claudette is really more thrilled over her garden and the wide expanse of lawn than she is over the house itself. "The trees are all handpicked," she told me. "I went out into the woods and picked them out myself. It was a lot of fun picking out my own oak trees and a group of poplars and my pet tree, a magnolia, and then later seeing them take root in my own yard."

Her horse is probably the only one in Hollywood that doesn't have a swimming pool. "But swimming is bad for my sinus trouble," she explains. "If we don't have a pool there will be much danger of my succumbing to the temptation to swim."

In addition to the thrill of getting married and moving into a new home Claudette has also had the thrill of playing an absolutely different type of role... that of cigarette in Under Two Flags.

"I was awfully excited over doing this picture," she told me. "For one thing I was thrilled to have the opportunity of working with such a fine director as Frank Lloyd. It's the first time since I've been in pictures that I've ever had occasion to use a French accent. And that was fun. Another thing that pleased me was that I didn't have to bother about clothes. My wardrobe in the picture consisted of a striped skirt and a cotton blouse and a pair of Zouave pants and a shirt that was designed for an Arab chief. Also, for the first time in my picture career I rode a horse—an Arab horse at that."

Cigarette, in case you've forgotten the story of Under Two Flags, is a little French girl who runs away with Cigarette located at the desert's edge and frequented by the soldiers of the Foreign Legion. She is a
vivid character with a pleasant little habit of flinging knives at officers who chance to arouse her anger.

Claudette thinks that it is going to be an interesting picture, but our conversation soon swerved from that to another more unusual picture which I suspect may, in a way, be her favorite film of the year. It is an unusual little picture showing the human larynx in action and was made and directed by none other than her husband, Dr. Joel Pressman. No—it won’t be shown at your theatre. It was made exclusively for the medical profession. “It shows exactly what happens to the vocal cords when we’re swallowing food—something that, heretofore, doctors have speculated about,” explains Claudette. “Oddly enough, we have a pair of false vocal cords which suddenly appear from nowhere when the process of swallowing begins. It’s really very dramatic to watch the way they work. It took Dr. Pressman two years to make this picture which runs for only a few minutes on the screen. It is really a genuine contribution to medical science. I’ve seen it several times and each time I have been absolutely fascinated by it.”

Now when a girl would rather talk about a picture showing the human larynx in action than to talk about her own latest starring role, it sounds to me suspiciously like real love. What do you think?

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Keeps teeth white—mouth healthy

DENTYNE DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

Motion Picture for June, 1936
His Dream Came True
[Continued from page 46]

UNDoubtedly, he left Hollywood to get away from it. After all, his divorce from Joan Crawford was something he was not able to dismiss easily. Possibly, he went to London, first, to join his father. But his father is also always jumping from one corner of the world to another. While in London Doug has seen him but twice in one year. Possibly he did remain, in the first place, because of some interest in his stage lead—lady, Gertrude Lawrence. But all these causes are relative. The real reason he has stayed in London is because of the opportunity to become a producer in a new field.

"Over here, they're like Hollywood was fifteen years ago. Every man has a chance. Every man who knows how to make pictures in Hollywood can get money to make them here. Oh, it isn't easy. You can't just pick the money off the streets.

No, it wasn't easy. It took Douglas almost two years to get started. He did not want money from his father, nor from his friends. On going into business, he was determined to secure finances just as any cold-blooded, business man would. To get this money, he must have an assured sale of his pictures both in England and America. He made one of those theatres would run his finished product.

It was natural he should go to United Artists, partially owned by his father. But on the way here, a new obstacle awaited him. Alexander Korda, the Hungarian director who failed in Hollywood and went to England to produce such successful films as The Mad Woman, The Scarlet Pimpernel, was already releasing his pictures through United Artists. At first, Mr. Korda did not welcome the idea of another Hollywood-trained person displaying his pictures through the same theatres. "We had a run-in," Doug, Jr., eyes twinkled. He had enjoyed the excitement of that battle. "But when I finally told Alex I was only trying to do what he had done himself, he said, right-about faced and let me in. Now I'm making four pictures a year at his new studios in Denham."

And still his problems were not over. He wanted to act in two of his four pictures, but had seen his pictures as producer that he was frightened. So he figured out how to avoid the troubles of Gloria Swanson and others.

"I made a list of all the mistakes I knew had been made in Hollywood, and then worked out a system I think will avoid them. I am just an actor in the pictures in which I play. Although I am head of my own company, I haven't a word to say about one of the pictures in which I act. I have to obey orders like any other star. I can even be fired. I come in on the profits when the picture is finished, but I am just holding a job while it is being made. In other words, I don't boss myself. No one can do that."

WHICH all sounds rather simple. Did I hear someone say, "But Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has plenty of money even to taking two years in accomplishing the dream he had as a youngster?"

He must have had enough money since he has pulled through. As to plenty—he moved from a swanky hotel apartment to an expensive apartment. He couldn't afford Bond Street clothes! But most important—he turned down $400,000 in cash in one year from Hollywood, including offers to play—

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INSIST on Quality—INSIST on genuine MAYBELLINE

From Prim to Prima Donna

[Continued from page 47]

Hollywood might like a prim prima donna, a whimless heroine, for a change. Look at the way she handled engagements for example. Whenever anyone made a date with Jeanette—for a costume fitting, a gallery sitting, or a press interview—she could always be counted on to keep it. And nothing less than a fire, or a flood, or an act of God could keep her from keeping it! And I don't have to tell you what a Seventh Wonder that's been in Hollywood all these years!

Yet many was the time when Jeanette must have wanted to take advantage of her star's privilege and beg off—especially when she was tired, or ill, or when she'd just as soon do something else! But she never did. She never indulged her own moods. In those days Jeanette thought it was more important to be known as dependable. Today, Jeanette knows differently. Today, she knows that no one wants her to toe the mark—or expects her to.

JEANETTE made her discovery last fall—when there were, suddenly, more tempestuous opera stars in Hollywood than you could shake a stick at—and when all of them were raising an awful fuss about something. There was Pons and Swarthout and Eggerth and Klepper and Martini among the newcomers—and each of them, with rugged individualism, was making Hollywood sit up and take notice. They all got what they wanted! And now Hollywood and the world taking notice! Long before Gladys Swarthout's first picture hit the screen, every magazine in the country was buzzing over her portrait in Kiepert's, that was on every tongue even before any of us had met him. Martini's stories heralded him as God's gift to woman. Eggerth hasn't yet made an American picture, but already all Americans know of her glamour. And so on and on. And Jeanette, being a wise woman as well as a quiet, restrained one, took stock of the situation and saw that something had to be done. Not that she gave a small-sized "damn," personally, about being on the tip of everyone's tongue, but it was important to her career. After all, this was before she made Rose Marie, and a lapse of six months after Naughty Marietta—a long time to be away from the screen.

But more than that—Jeanette was suddenly tired of her role as the "cool redhead." If it had grown boresome to writers and publicity makers, it had also begun to gall on her. She was tired of always being on her dignity.

A CHANCE remark made by a friend was what decided her. They were talking about the escapades and extravagances of a certain glamorous star. "Too bad you can't be like that Jeanette," said the friend. "I think fans like a little fireworks, now and then. But, of course, no one expects you to change. You couldn't be erratic like that if you wanted to."

"Oh couldn't I?" said Jeanette. (And it was then that the lid really popped.) "Listen here—deep down inside me I'm just as capricious as the next person! Deep down inside me I crave service and attention and I for the responsibilities and being 'dependable,' and there are lots of times when I don't feel like being pleasant, and when I'd rather say 'the devil with it' and kick my heels in the air, and go off on a tangent. But why don't I—I? Why haven't I? Because I've always made a point of con-
trolling myself, because I always thought it was the thing to do."

"Please," said her friend, "please let go. You'll be more lovely and more compelling than ever if you just let go!" And that's just what she did. She released all the whims and whimsicalities—all the moods and mad moments that had been straining for so long to be released—and let go.

Inside me I crave service and attention," she had said. So one of the first things she did was to trot her new French maid right over to me with her, and now the maid is constantly at my side with smilling salts, fans and fragrance-filled atomizers at hand. She has anything milady desires. Then, too, the maid doesn't murmur or mutter—even in putting the filmy gossamer hose on those famous MacDonald legs! Also the two spots French maid oil each and every day long after because Jeanette has found that voluptuous French most easily expresses her artistic soul! But do we condemn her for any of this? Not at all—because it's more like a real prima donna!

At last she's wearing the shingly sex appeal satins she's always been dying to wear. For example, if you know your Jeanette you know that, up until recently, she has worn only the most conservative sports clothes in the daytime, and only the most tailored evening dresses in the evening. Nothing satiny, nothing swirly, nothing revolved. Now, however, she clothes were like that—demure and dignified, except for those naughty nighttime in the Lubitsch boudoir scenes—and how Jeanette used to fuss about those! But now that the lid is off, her natural feminine urge for startling and seductive clothes is coming to the fore. And did you notice that satin she wore in the opera scenes of Rose Marie—cut low in both the front and back, and worn over a girdle-less figure? And there was Jeanette in her own personal wardrobe! The plain, little glamorous clothes she has put aside for the moment!

THEN there's the change in the MacDonald business dates. Today she exercises her prima donna privilege and cancels them whenever she has something better to do. And we don't mind. We like it! Haven't men always said it's much more interesting not to be sure of a girl! But her business is just one of the many that have changed. The girl who never went anywhere with anyone but her fiancé, Robert MacDonald, is now stepping high, wide and handsome lately—mostly with Gene Raymond. It has set the gossip tongues wagging, but Jeanette says, "Just because we've been together doesn't mean that it's a romance. I'm still engaged to Bob Ritchie, only he's terribly busy and can't always take me out when I want to go. So what's a girl to do?"

"Answer: If she's released, like Jeanette MacDonald, she steps out. Only the old restrained Jeanette MacDonald would have stayed at home!" It's like that about everything now. Jeanette is following her impulses these days. She's stopped caring what others do things she doesn't like doing—and it works! During Rose Marie she only sang when she felt like it and not even the best good sports would she sing just because they were ready for her. Consequently, her voice never sounded more lovely than it did in that picture which, incidentally, MGM had a few expensive delays. But it was worth it! They're letting her have her own way and it's wonderful in her new picture San Francisco, just to prove that there are no hard feelings! The old Jeanette never had many "ways" to want; the new Jeanette, however, is much more willing to do anything to keep her red hair at last—and are we glad of it! And you'll be glad, too.
The Warners "discovered" her. And the theatre isn't all applause, and after- theatre parties. This star remembers those one-night wonders, with the living in a trunk, and those weary weeks in stock. Even in first-rate touring companies there's no place like home, unless you travel by auto-trailer. So Josephine arm-wrestles her house on a Beverly palm-lined drive, and a husband who comes home to dinner and takes her to the movies. She has no hollow against Hollywood.

Would she advise a girl to try for a movie career? Her lips smile, her eyes laugh, she says: "Now did you ever know an actor who would recommend the theatre as a life-work?" They always say, "Oh, no—not the theatres! A terrible life. You don't know what you're thinking of! That's what I got when I was a little girl. Oh, yes, cultivate poise, presence, personally and out on the stage as possible. Yet, I don't believe there's an actor who would do anything else. I don't believe they would build again they'd choose a different road. I know I wouldn't. So I say yes, if a girl, or boy, would rather act than do anything else the theatre is all right. But as a rule, and rise above disappointment, go ahead and try!

The most important requisite for screen success? Well, an element of luck plays a part. But I think that most of all is a great, abundant vitality—you can't always keep one on tap, and can be turned on a hundred times a day for every "take" of every scene. There can't be an instant's let-down before those cameras. They're uncanny. They can't be fooled.

This vitality that is so utterly essential in picture work puzzled me at first. I mean, in the theatre one gives a sustained performance of two hours or so and is able to concentrate intensely—and then relax. In pictures, one gives eight hours every day, at least. And one must learn to spread his pep over that period. There are long waits between shots, and if a player attempts to build up all the time, there'd be nervous collapses all over the place. Some of the most famous stars have it down to a point where they actually can sleep between scenes.

"You ask me whether stage experience is essential to a screen career, and I tell you that I don't believe it is. Loretta Young, for instance, isn't familiar with footlights, yet she is wonderful in pictures. But, just the same, I think stage experience is a very great help. In the theatre one learns the tricks of acting, and they don't differ too much from those employed before cameras.

"One thing the stage offers an actor that is missing in screen work is the satisfaction derived in giving a complete character. Pictures are made in episodes, in takes, and, as a rule, not even in sequence. It's difficult to gauge one's work, to know how it will appear. Personally, I gather very little from the day's rushes. That's where a skilful director is invaluable. He is a second actor in having some of the best. I've been fortunate, too, in having been selected for a variety of roles. There isn't much in common between Happiness Ahead, Oil for the Lamps of China, and Louis Pasteur, for instance.

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I've made five, you know. Oil for the Lamps of China is the sort of thing I'd do by preference. Oh, yes, I read plays and stories all the time. But I'm glad to have the studio select my vehicles. An actor is liable to become obsessed with one character, and so overlook the weaknesses in the story. The producers know best. They get a lot of criticism, but I don't see anyone stepping in and doing any better.

"There is one character I'd like to play. She's Jane Eyre in Charlotte Bronte's novel. I think it has been produced by a company other than ours although I've never seen it. Oh, yes, I'm a film fan. My husband and I see just about every picture that's released. It's part of his business, and I suppose it's part of mine, too. But I go because I like to."

"Would I like to do a play? Well, you know about the old fire-horses! I think the ideal condition would be a division of one's time between stage and screen. I think that's what is going to happen, too. You'll see. There's no more animosity between the theatre and pictures, or between stage folk and screen personalities. They're practically one now, and pretty soon there'll be a complete amalgamation. I've been doing two pictures a year, and that schedule would almost enable me to appear in a play. Three or, at most, four, are all an actor should make in a year. I think. This way one remains fresh and enthusiastic. Plenty of pep. Don't forget about the pep or vitality."

IF YOU should ask Josephine how she happened to become an actress, she'd tell you it was pre-destined from the cradle. Her mother, Leona Roberts, has been listed in the dramatic feature for years. And what more natural than that the daughter should follow? Indeed, what more natural than that mother and daughter, Seattle residents, should invade Hollywood? This is just what happened years ago when Josephine played a baby role in The Little Princess with Mary Pickford starring. But the career didn't stop there. The moment, and between The Little Princess and Happiness Ahead lie years in stock and long adventure in repertory.

Oddy, her first important Broadway play was A Man's Man. And guess who was in the cast? Pat O'Brien! And so enough, after all that interlude she and Pat were teamed in Oil for the Lamps of China. My, my, what a small world it is, to be sure. Oil, you know, is her favorite picture, so far. Though she's keen on I Married a Doctor (Sinclair Lewis' Main Street)—all except the title. And of all her theatrical parts she likes best Alice in Wonderland. Her favorite among contemporary playwrights is Noel Coward. Of the dear departed, Chekov rates as Number One Boy.

Like so many of these amazing motion picture stars she has any number of accomplishments. She plays and dances well enough to be a professional. She rides and swims, and is a strong and agile fencer. She takes good care of herself, husbanding that vitality the possession of which, she claims, is half the battle won. The books in her extensive library have been read intelligently. She believes that a camera photographs thought, too.

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Beauty—to Have and to Hold

(Continued from page 37)

the value of these things, but has succeeded (as science usually does when it sets itself a task) in separating their beneficial qualities from those of the milkable case. Now, for example, you can secure—in a jewel-like jar—all the finer beautifying qualities of certain herbs, without having to bend over a heart fire for hours, stirring a mess of greens that smell like garlic! Two recent examples of the modern adaptation of ancient remedies are (1) all purpose cream containing the natural oils found in diary cream and milk, and (2) a soap irradated with the sunshine element, or Vitamin D.

THAT beautiful sister of Napoleon’s who used to insist on a daily bath in milk (even though the children of the neighborhood had to drink water) was smart even if she was a shade too haughty to suit democratic tastes, . . . She knew that those baths helped her incomparable skin the envy of all the ladies at court. The scientific reason for this, although she probably didn’t know it, is that the oils in milk are closely related to our own sebaceous oil, and therefore, especially effective in lubricating a skin lacking in its own natural oils.

This new all-purpose cream, which is milky-white and delicately perfumed, acts as a mild and non-drying cleanser. Its light, creamy texture makes it swift and penetrating, both as a cleansing agent and a night cream. The cerise label on the attractive jar tells you quite plainly that the cream is pure enough to eat, so that you can use it on your skin with the same confidence with which you sip a glass of pasteurized milk! The price of a small jar is 50 cents; the large one, $1. I shall be very glad to send you the trade name, if you are interested.

Sunburn in moderate doses is an essential to skin health and, of course, to skin beauty; but, until recently, no one ever devised an indirect way of conferring its benefits. Now, however, scientists have succeeded in treating certain substances, called sterols, with ultra violet rays so that Vitamin D is produced in the sterol. When this substance, impregnated with Vitamin D, is applied to the skin, it is absorbed, along with its vitamin content—just as are the beneficial sun’s rays.

To go a step further in this process, one of the substances capable of receiving and retaining Vitamin D through irradiation is an ingredient in the excellent facial soap to which I referred. So, seeing an opportunity to make their soap more beautifying...

Motion Picture for June, 1936
than ever, the firm's chemists irradiated the substance before incorporating it in the soap. . . There you have the whole story, and now I suppose you want to try the soap itself (I did, when I heard about it!) . . . You can do this with very little bother and expense, for it costs only 10 cents a cake, making it a practical neck-to-toe cleanser as well as a facial cleanser. Do write me if you want me to furnish the trade name.

NECESSARY as the sun is in proper quantities, you can get too much of it! You may think it's a bit early in the season to bring up this matter of sunburn, but that is the sort of attitude that's liable to get you in trouble. True, the sun is its fiercest in July and August, but it isn't exactly weak even in May and June. Its drying and coarsening effects may be almost imperceptible at first, but they are in operation, and it's up to you to thwart them before it's too late. Besides guarding the skin against burning and coarsening, you'll want to start early in acquiring a fine sun-tan or in preventing it—depending on your views in the matter.

If you want a golden tan to contrast with your white bathing suit, then I can suggest a perfumed bronze-tinted oil that promotes an even tan. After it is rubbed into the skin gently (to prevent stimulation), it provides a satiny sheen that won't come off in the water and that prevents burning and inflammation. When the first application is absorbed, be sure to make a second, if you remain in the sun. A trial bottle costs 50 cents and a large one, a dollar.

The same cosmetic firm which, by the way, is noted for the purity and quality of all its products, makes a greaseless finishing cream that will permit you to enjoy the summer sun and still keep your skin fair, unfreckled and fine-textured. It leaves a smooth, dull finish that is most flattering, and provides a grand protective base for make-up, too. It is priced at $1.25 a jar. Want the name?

When it's time to discuss sunburn preventives, it's also high time to remind you of some other toiletries that will add immeasurably to your summer time comfort and personal daintiness. . . . Those I have in mind are a trio of bath preparations, eau de cologne, bath salts and dusting powder—all with the same floral perfume—and a delicate yet alluring one it is! With the bath salts perfuming your bath water, eau de cologne rubbed all over your body and the powder dusted lightly, you'll feel fresh enough to get through the hottest day successfully. The eau de cologne ($1.75) is newly packaged in a tall graceful bottle, that blends nicely with the lavender and green color scheme of the other containers. The other two items are 85 cents each.

THEN—In January, 1910, Biograph started its first feature-length picture in California. It was Ramona. D. W. Griffith directed and the company included Owen Moore, Mary Pickford, Florence Lawrence and Mack Sennett. It took thirteen weeks to make—a record at that time.

NOW—Of those, and not elsewhere mentioned, is Owen Moore who is still in Hollywood, still in demand in pictures. You may have recalled his fine work in She Done Him Wrong with Mae West.
Sh! Meet Peter Lorre—the Menacing Man!  
[Continued from page 51]

conscientious objector to ties, coats, and all other forms of dress—appears. He wears his polo shorts and the oddest hat in Hollywood—one he purchased in London. It's gray tweed and he can roll it up and stuff it in his pocket.

ONE of the most amazing things about Lorre is his perfect command of English. Two hours later he could say yes was 'yes.' Now he speaks it better than many a native highbrow, with hardly a trace of foreign accent. He knows how to gain uncanny effects with his soft voice. "I've never had a teacher of English," he says. "I just picked it up myself. I believe in learning languages by ear, like a child does. Once I familiarize myself with a word in its written form by pronouncing it in my own way, it would be very hard for me to learn normal pronunciation." But he is an omnivorous reader in German, French and Hungarian, and every night reads himself to sleep. Born in Hungary 32 years ago, he was brought up in Vienna. Peter likes our racy vernacular, and takes delight in using popular slang phrases. He has the loose lips and one sister, none of whom are actors.

Lorre's pet aversions are writing and milk. He doesn't write more than two letters a year, and milk makes him sick. His wife is his former leading lady whom he married in London just before he left for Hollywood. He proposed to her while he was wearing his horrible make-up, which would have made a less understanding bride hysteric with fear. Mrs. Lorre believes the wife's place is in the home. She's content to let Peter do the acting in the family. Until his recent departure for London to make a picture or two they lived in a spacious bungalow in Santa Monica, overlooking the blue Pacific. It was an ideal retreat for them, 15 miles from Hollywood, far from the madding crowd. They don't care for the social gayeties of the film capital.

"I am the worst actor in private life," he told me, "I can't make nice faces, pay nice diplomatic compliments. When I am not acting, I can't pretend. A man like me needs solitude. In Hollywood I am often gone out of my way to please people, lest I be taken for a snob." Peter takes his acting very seriously. "It's the only thing I am really serious about," he says, "I'd get sick if I didn't act. I need it for my nerves, just as others need stimulants."

He was a restless kid in Vienna, ran away from home at 17, starved, slept on park benches, and finally, meeting kindness and encouragement in a little theatre with them, Peter, as the director and leading player, would evolve a situation, describe the characters to the gang, and they would storm and talk their heads off, ad-libbing both action and dialogue. It sounds ridiculous, but is in the best tradition of the arts. These youngsters didn't act because they wanted to be rich and famous—they acted because they couldn't help it. It was in their blood.

A year ago in 1922, Peter got a job as a bank clerk, meanwhile spending all his spare time at his Little Theatre. "My son," give up the bank job. Admiringly, he told him. "You have a good job at the bank, some day you may rise to be a cashier, even a director. Acting is no business for a

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Lorre." He was eventually discharged from the bank, as he was late for work in con-
sequence of staying up at night with his theatrical troupe.
He made his film debut in 1931, in M. This acting brought him screen offers from
all over the world. But he turned them down, not wanting to be typed as a film
shocker. On the stage he had played all
kind of roles, from comedy to menace.
When Peter came to Hollywood he met
Chaplin at a party. Charlie did his famous
impersonations. Peter did his. He can make
himself look like anything. He can imitate
almost any animal or bird you can name,
but is particularly adept at impersonating
psychopathic and neurotic types. He once
wagged with a noted scenarist that he
could make him ill by imitating the con-
tortions and nervous twitches of the men-
tally ill, and won his bet.
Peter made his American debut in Mad
Love, another chiller. He wants to remain
an all-round character actor. He realizes
that there is a demand for bizarre and
macabre films, but he'd rather not specialize
in them to the exclusion of other roles. He
knows he can survive by frightening peo-
ple. A born actor if ever there was one,
he wants to portray, within certain limita-
tions imposed by his physical appearance,
all types of people. When I asked him if
he copies characters he has met in real life
he replied emphatically in the negative, "I
never look at a person with a view of using
his characteristics in a role. I don't believe
in imitation, I can't play a role save by
imagination."

HE DOESN'T believe in make-up. "You
can cheat people a lot with make-up.
I would rather depend on facial expressions
and the right shading and light to get the
effects I desire, instead of resorting to the
usual methods of disguise." He has much
faith in the value of underplaying for gain-
ing the maximum effects. But it is his own
peculiar type of underplaying, really a form
of nervous tenseness, which makes him
much more terrifying as a villain.
Peter Lorre is the youngest character
actor we have, and already one of the best.
Not since the meteoric rise of Charles
Laughton, who comes closest to him in ap-
pearance and talent, have we had such a con-
vincing player. His future looks very bright.
Rochelle Hudson, Janet Gaynor, Loretta Young—but you know them all anyway. The second tour has Universal Studios in store, and here again are stars you all know. Universal, just sold, is now embarked on a bigger production schedule than ever. It’s this studio which recently completed that great film, Sutter’s Gold, and also gave us Irene Dunne in Show Boat, Carole Lombard in Love Before Breakfast, and Marjorie Sullivan in Next Time We Love, and many others. Right now, Edward Everett Horton is finishing a grand comedy, Uncavities.

Then comes a trip through Beverly Hills to see the homes of the stars. Then back to the hotel, to dress for the big banquet at Ritzmore Hotel. This is going to be a grand wind-up of a perfect day, with stars invited to be with you at your tables, and with dancing to the strains of Jimmy Lederer’s orchestra.

Tuesday will be another whirlwind day of action, and Tuesday is Circus Day. Ken Maynard, whose picture appears here with some of his gosh darned circus tricks. From this circus, it is a host, typical of the West. He wants us to lunch with his performers and have a grand wind-up the day. Ken has just gone into the desert to round up a bunch of real Indians for his outfit, and with his fifteen train circus set all up Ken’s big ranch in Van Nuys, things are humming out there. It’s a real Western circus, of course, and Ken Maynard is the star of it. Running a circus and continuing to make his films for Columbia has kept him pretty busy, but never too busy to play host to you, his special guests.

The afternoon brings us to the annual cocktail party, given at the home of a star. Paula Stone, daughter of the famed Fred Stone and featured in Warner Brothers pictures, will be the hostess for the first party. On the second tour, Donald Woods, handsome leading man of the screen, will be host.

After dinner at the Roosevelt, you are invited to inspect Max Factor’s cosmetic plant a few blocks from the hotel, and be his guest at a party for you. Special souvenirs will be given to the ladies in the party.

The Factor plant is, of course, the beauty hub of Hollywood, for he makes the rouges, lipsticks and powder for the actresses and supplies the studios with make-up. Four different make-up rooms are maintained here, one for each type of beauty—blonde, brunette, brownette, and redhead. The women partake early will want to see these lovely rooms.

Wednesday is given over to an ocean voyage to Catalina Island, pleasure resort and southern California. And the next day, the party leaves for home. Two weeks of glorious fun—a circus all for you!

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Motion Picture for June, 1936

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Talent Winners Chosen
[Continued from page 23]

you have to do is fill in the entry blank which appears on the back of every Hold-
Bob bob bin card, or make a copy of the entry blank and send it to Search for
Talent Manager, Irving Richard Green,
1918 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Attach your photo to this blank and be sure to write
your name and address on the back.
These photos will be judged by the Search
for Talent staff and three winners selected
each month. The photos of the winners will
be published in Motion Picture Magazine and
in Screen Play Magazine. One of these
three will be selected for a screen test to
be made from each of your photos. The cast-
ning director will be Walter Wagner's
casting director. Complete rules follow:

RULES

1. Any woman 16 years or over who is a
resident of the United States may enter the
"Search for Talent." Girls from the ages of 10 to 16 years must have the consent
of a legal guardian. It is not necessary to purchase
any article to enter.
2. The "Search for Talent" opens May
1st, 1936 and closes as midnight, December 31st, 1936, unless extended by announcement
in Motion Picture and Screen Play Maga-
azines. This program is open all
monthly contests.
3. Each photograph must be attached to
an official entry blank or facsimile.
4. Each month three persons will be
selected and their names will be pub-
lished in Motion Picture and Screen Play
Magazines. Among the winners, at least one of these girls will be selected by the Judges to receive a free
screen test at some convenient date and
to be selected by the Judges, plus $100.00
in cash. This screen test will be submitted to the
officials of the Walter Wagner Productions
at the United Artists Studios if this
screen test is accepted, this person will be brought to
Hollywood immediately for motion picture
work in a Walter Wagner production.
5. At the conclusion of the entire pro-
gram the guarantee at least one of the winners
of the monthly contests will be brought to Hol-
lywood, all expenses paid, for motion picture
work in a Walter Wagner production.
6. Entries for each monthly contest will
close at midnight of the last day of the
month. Entries received post-mailed after
that date will be put into the following month's
competition.
7. Entries may submit as many pho-
notographs in each monthly contest as desired and
may enter as many monthly contests as they
wish, but each photograph must be ac-
sociated with an official entry blank or facsimile.
8. Photographs cannot be acknowledged
or returned unless accompanied by a stamped
return address envelope.
9. Judges of these contests will be execu-
tives of the Walter Wagner Productions at
the United Artists Studios, The Hump
Hairpin Men's Cloak and Suit Makers
and Motion Picture and Screen Play Magazines. Their decisions
will be final.
10. Contestants agree to abide by the de-
cisions of the judges and any entry must by
her signature to an entry blank agree to
per-
mit the sending of her photograph in con-
nection with advertising and publicity con-
cerned with the "Search for Talent." Con-
testants must agree that Walter Wagner Productions first option on motion picture
services and if a motion picture studio is
made after a contestant is selected, con-
testant must give Walter Wagner Productions an option on services for the same amount as
offered.
11. Employees of Walter Wagner Produc-
ions, United Artists Studios, The Hump
Hairpin Men's Cloak and Suit Makers
Publications and publications of their
families are not eligible to compete in these
contests.

GET OUT ROOT AND
ALL—THIS SAFE WAY
THAT aching, burning, blistering corn... it’s like
a kick in your soul! Don’t stint from the head off.
Get it all out! Get rid of it for good!
How? With Blue-Jay—the scientific corn plaster
that draws out root and all. No danger of Infection,
as there is when you cut or pare a corn. No growing
back of the same corn over and over again. When
you Blue-Jay a corn you draw it out completely—
end it forever!
Blue-Jay has remarkable double-action. It stops
pain instantly, the moment it’s applied. Then
quickly the corn dries, loosens, lifts out— is gone!
Package of 4 for 25c at all drug stores.
TRIAL OFFER: We will gladly send one Blue-Jay to any-
owone. Write today for this special offer. Offer
limited to first 2,000 requests. When you have
completely drawn out your corn, send us this
coupon for still another Blue-Jay. Send name
and address. Dept. 27-5, 1320 Dearborn St.,
Chicago, 111.

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At non-caustic, contestant Drus-

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PAR-I-GEN

96

PAR-10-GEN

(Pronounced PAR-TO-JEN)

\* TAP DANCING

LEARN AT HOME

ALAN CHRISTIE,

TEACHER OF THE STARS

TAP DANCING

LEARN AT HOME

ALAN CHRISTIE,

TEACHER OF THE STARS

Motion Picture for June, 1936
WHY MEN GO "BALD"

Science Finds Easy Way to Remove Germs in Superciliary Layers of Scalp and Stimulate Dormant Roots to Promote Hair Growth

A germ called "Flask Bacillus of Urna" gets deep into the scalp skin in many cases of abnormal hair deficiency, causing a most dangerous type of baldness. It strips up pores and hair follicles, causing itchy scalp, falling hair, baldness and prevents dormant root hairs (napails) from growing hair. Washing and shampooing does not remove the cause. It merely cleans and treats the surface, rolling off the outer skin like water off a duck's back. No wonder baldness is increasing.

Now a new method enables people who have dandruff, falling hair, than hair and baldness to easily remove the congested, thin outer layer of scalp skin. This permits opened pores and follicles to absorb air, sunshine and a blood-constitutive compound to activate the smothered, dormant hair roots to promote and growth as nature intended. It is all explained in a new treatise called "HOW HAIR GROWS," a new strategy of your hair and tells what to do. This treatise is now being mailed FREE, to all who write for it. Send no money, just stamp and address to Dermatol, Ltd. Desk 12-7-A, Xo, 1700 Broadway, New York, N.Y., and you get it by return mail free and postpaid. If pleased, tell your friends about it.

You Can Regain Perfect Speech, if you STAMMER

Word info for beautifully illustrated book entitled "DON'T STAMMER," which describes the Bureau Test Method for the accurate correction of stammering and stuttering. Method successfully used at over 30 hospitals in the United States and Europe by physicians. Full information concerning correction of stammering, titles, price and manufacturers. Send 40c, postpaid, to Bureau, Dept. 707, Circle Tower, Indianapolis, Ind.

Z Glassier, Quick-Drying Waves with ZEPHYR WAVE LOTION

"YOU will be thrilled with the greater liveliness possible with these new Zephyr Wave lotions. With them you get waves that are as beautiful as the waves on a glassy sea, and as sure to last. We are so confident of them that we give you a guarantee that you are satisfied or your money back. No doubt you already have tried some of these lotions, but if you haven't, call for a sample, to-day. We will send you the sample without obligation."

LACROSSE

paid by Monte Publishers and Talking Picture Producers. Free booklet describes most current noise-saving offer ever. Hit writers will review, arrange, compose music to record. Salesmen, business salesmen, manufacture beauty aids, clothing aids, etc. Send today for display sample.

58 W. Washington, Dept. 12, Chicago, Ill.

MOTHER OF THREE EARNS $2-$3 A WEEK

"Thanks to Chicago School of Nursing, I have been able to support my three chil- dren and keep my home together." writes Mrs. A. E. Waterbury, Conn. And Mrs. E. is only one of thousands of men and women who have found that O.S.N. training opens the way to a well-paid skilled position.

C.S.N.-trained practical nurses all over the country are earning from $2.50 to $3.50 a week in nurses' homes, schools, and in other private agencies. Others, like Mrs. E. own home. This complete training course is underwritten by physicians enables men and women to be ready for any type of practical nursing. Best of all, it is possible to earn while learning—Mrs. E. took her first care July 1st and earned $2.50 for five hours. In addition, she earned $100 for the home help.

High school not necessary. Complete nurse's uniform included. Easy payment plans.

Would like to send for "Practical Crosstwist Training in Nurses," which shows how you can win success as a nurse.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

Dept. 86, 160 East Ohio Street, Chicago, III.

Phone and booklet and 2 sample lesson plans.

Name:

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Age:

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Between Ourselves

CARL LAEMMLE

Presents: You've read that announcement on the screen for many years (20 years to you old-timers) whenever a Universal picture was shown. Now after these many years—30 years in all—in the picture business, Uncle Carl steps out. Having disposed of his Universal holdings for a tidy fortune—one he has earned against all kinds of odds, changes, upheavals—factors that have figured in all film companies, he steps aside to take it easy to see what makes the rest of the world go round. During his lengthy identity with Universal (the company he founded) he has always played fair and square, giving everything he had and winning deep-seated loyalty in return. He has “discovered” star after star, as well as executives, directors, writers and technicians—and helped them up the ladder.

So along with Hollywood and the picture industry, Motion Picture Magazine (which has followed his career and company for 25 years) wishes him a Hail and Farewell, with the hope he continues to find health and happiness in a world free from cares and worries. We also extend greetings to the new boss of Universal—R. H. Cochrane, who, having been associated with Laemmle for 30 years, has the competence and confidence to keep the company marching onward in the best Laemmle tradition.

THE BACHELOR boys of Hollywood who have frowned on matrimony are beginning to listen to the pit-a-patting of their hearts. One of the last “give-ins” or “fancy-freeers” to tell it to a judge (the marrying kind) is the rollicking, round-about-townish Jack Oakie whom everyone thought was immune to playing the rôle of bread-winner. So what? So this: one can build up to an awful letdown for just so long, and then comes a day when the letdown slips into reverse. Jack’s heart shifted gears into high—and when he met Venita Varden there weren’t any detours on the way to the altar.

Then there’s Charlie Chaplin who, while he has been reported married to Paulette Goddard for a year or three, is now being reported as very attentive to her—with the attentiveness of a love-sick swain arm-in-arming it with his amorita to their first dance. When a man is unduly attentive to a girl it usually means (1) they are in love, (2) engaged, and (3) that they are seriously thinking of standing before the preacher man. Charlie and Paulette will probably be married for keeps by the time they leave the Orient for Hollywood and home. Which brings to mind the status of the “never-give-ins”—Dick Powell, Bill Powell, Robert Taylor, Fred MacMurray, Cary Grant and Gene Raymond, who are now carrying the torch all over Hollywood. So starting with Dick and ending with Gene, the torches are lighted respectively for Joan Blondell, Jean Harlow, Barbara Stanwyck, Lillian Lamont, Mary Brian and Jeanette MacDonald. The boys may, like Oakie, step out of the stag line any day now and marry the girls. Provided the girls are willing to be shackled.

JEAN HERSHOLT certainly deserved all the encomiums heaped upon him recently for the 30th anniversary of his start in motion pictures. One of the few dependable character actors on the screen, no matter how easy or difficult the assignment—he always contributes a sterling performance. 30 years before a camera is a long time. It means that he started with the real infant days of screen drama—and his art has progressed along with it. There is only a handful of players who can look back on such a record of service and achievement. We hope you didn’t miss his last triumph in the title rôle of The Country Doctor.

Which reminds us that the far-sighted showman, Darryl Zanuck (who doesn’t miss a thing) has arranged to bring the Quints to the screen in a series of features as they grow older. In a year the famous babies will be chattering like so many magpies—and you’ll be eager to hear what they say. And speaking of the Quints, their parents have signed with Universal to make a picture—which will also feature these Dionnes’ five older children. This is something of a record—a family of 12 all appearing before the camera. But wonders never cease when you read about the Dionnes.

If you don’t think “Bank Nights” are sweeping the country try and get close to a box-office window the night the lucky winnies are paged. The idea has swept into restaurants, stores and girlcye-burleycue shows, too. Yeah, Dr. Manhattan’s 42nd Street is banking ‘em in and around his edifice. Between “Bank Nights” and the double features the two-reel short subjects—aside from the Disney cartoons and the newsreels—are making a pretty sorry showing. No wonder Hal Roach, the kingpin in the short subject alley, will concentrate on turning his two-reelers into feature-length comedies.

MICKEY MOUSE, now that we’ve caught up with him here, is trembling in his boots over the fast-growing popularity of his stable-mate, Donald Duck. The loud-squawking, incorrigible little meanie has risen into such esteem that his creator, Walt Disney, has made him a star in the short span of a year. Perhaps human nature is contrary enough to demand and exult over a noisy, cantankerous go-getter like Donald, who won’t be put upon. We probably feel a kinship with him when things don’t go right with us. But where most humans, when roughly, usually growl to themselves, Donald comes right out in meeting and airs his grievances to the whole wide world. And there’s no back talk from the sidelines when he starts, either. The way Donald is squawking now he may squeal Mickey into playing second fiddle. This man, Disney, is a genius to create such a little roughneck as a stalbemat to Mickey, the little gentleman. No matter how you respond to them, Don and Mike are the two most entertaining fellows on the screen today.

Larry Reid

PRINTED IN U.S.A.
KADLE BROS. CO., PRINTERS
NEW CREAM MASCARA

Truly waterproof—far easier to use—because not mixed with water when applied

Make the Eye-Cup Test

Instead of waiting for tears, rain, or a plunge to show you, in a tragic way, that your mascara isn’t safely smear-proof, make the eye-cup test ... with an eye-cup full of water. If your lashes are covered with old-fashioned mascara they will likely become a sticky, “runny” mess ... showing how easily the charm of your eyes can become a disillusioning smudge upon your cheek.

Then ... tattoo your lashes with Tattoo Cream Mascara ... let it dry ... and make the eye-cup test. Tattoo cannot run or smear ... you'll be delighted to discover that each tattooed lash, regardless of the drenching bath, remains beautifully tattooed!

The two little circled pictures at the right show another reason why you will become loyal to Tattoo once you have tried it. In the top circle you see how a tattooed lash is smoothly and evenly darkened from base to tip. Obviously, such lashes appear entirely natural and a thousand times more entrancing than lashes from which hang beady clods of lumpy mascara.

TATTOO CREAM MASCARA

Tattoo's smoothness likewise makes Tattoo extremely easy to apply—far easier to apply than cake mascara. Simply whisk it on. Your very first try will yield a perfect result. Instantly your lashes will become exotically dark; they will look twice their real length, and will have a lovely, coaxing curl. Tattoo is non-smarring—non-irritating—and absolutely harmless. Tattoo your eyelashes once and you'll never go back to old-fashioned mascara.

Black, Brown or Blue only 50c ... complete with brush in a smart, rubber-lined satin vanity ... at all toilet goods counters.

SEND COUPON FOR 30 DAY TUBE!

TATTOO, 11 E. Austin Ave., Dept. F-50, Chicago
10c enclosed. Please send 30 day tube Tattoo Cream Mascara with brush. □ Black □ Brown □ Blue (check color desired).

Name ____________________________
Street ____________________________
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Lucky Strike - a Light Tobacco

Adjusted for less acidity

Results verified by independent chemical laboratories and research groups.

"It's Toasted"
WHAT JOAN CRAWFORD HAS FOUND IN MARRIAGE
Hollywood Wants New Talent—Win a Screen Test!
THE PRIVATE LIFE OF RONALD COLMAN REVEALED
"Now I know how Columbus felt..."

I'VE DISCOVERED AMERICA!

"See America first!" I've heard that phrase all my life—but it was just another slogan until I made this memorable Greyhound bus trip. Starting on the east coast, we swung clear around the continent, westward by one great highway, returning east another—and this was only one of several coast-to-coast circle tours that Greyhound offered me!

"Now I've revised the old slogan... for you 'See America BEST' when you travel by Greyhound! I've met and made friends with the real America—its kindly, interesting people, its surpassing natural beauty, its mountain grandeur and desert magic, huge cities and charming country towns.

"And what a comfortable way to explore—in a big Greyhound motor bus, among congenial fellow travelers, with one of America's finest drivers at the wheel. The cost of my trip was less than gasoline and oil for a small private auto.

Let me mention just a few of my delightful memories:

"Our big bus paused in the Delaware Water Gap while passengers marveled at the towering mountain walls—the sparkling ribbon of river below us.

"Everyone smiled when that starry-eyed young couple got off the bus at Niagara Falls. As if we didn't know all the time where they were bound!

"From the Greyhound Terminal in Cleveland, we could clearly see the Great Lakes Exposition—so we stopped over for an exciting day.

"What a thrill—when a tiny fawn burst from the woods, scrambled across our highway, and went splashing through a Minnesota stream!

"Yes, sir, the bears are right out of my hand, in Yellowstone National Park! I wouldn't have missed that short side trip for anything in the world.

"When we stopped in a grove of giant California redwoods it took fifteen of us stretching our arms wide, to circle one of those tremendous trees.

"As our bus was ferried across San Francisco's Golden Gate, we could look up and see workmen spinning the cables of the world's mightiest bridge.

"Imagine—masts of a ship sticking out of a grassy hillside, with sailors at work in the rigging! Crazy? No, just a movie location near Hollywood.

"Of course, we stopped off for a day at the San Diego Exposition—even lovelier this second year—and Arne Caliente only a few minutes away.

"I can never forget that wrinkled old Indian woman who sold me the clever little hand-woven basket, beside the Apache Trail of Arizona.

"We actually visited a foreign land! Stepping at El Paso, we couldn't resist crossing the Rio Grande bridge into glamorous old Juarez.

"The romance of the real West came to life again at Dallas—where we spent many fascinating hours at the Texas Centennial Exposition.

"Grand old southern melodies! They came floating through the star-filled night as we stopped for dinner near an Alabama plantation.

"Our Greyhound bus actually passed right over the top of Virginia's amazing Natural Bridge—in beautiful Shenandoah Valley.

"As we rolled down Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, a brilliant military parade swung along, only a few feet from our bus windows."

"So there are some of the highlights of my Greyhound trip. Why don't you plan just such a journey of exploration for yourself? Whether you travel a few miles or a few thousand, Greyhound offers the most interesting way, and by far the most economical. The coupon below will bring complete information on any trip you may plan—or you can step into the nearest Greyhound office, for telephone in YOUR area rates and schedules. Start now by mailing this coupon.

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SEND FOR PICTORIAL FOLDERS, TRIP INFORMATION

Send this coupon to nearest information office, listed at left, for interesting pictorial folders about Texas Centennial Exposition [ ] Great Lakes Exposition [ ], San Diego Exposition [ ] (check which one). If you have some other trip in mind, jot it down on this line, and we will send full information.

Information on trip to...

Name...

Address...
HOSTESS: "Your picture is disgraceful. No girl with a spark of intelligence or breeding would ever eat like that." (But your dentist disagrees—emphatically.)

DENTIST: "That picture is a perfect lesson in the proper exercise of teeth and gums. I hope millions of people see it. If more people chewed as vigorously, there would be far fewer gum disorders—fewer evidences of that dental warning 'pink tooth brush'."

Check up on your own menu, and you will see the dentist’s point. The modern menu is a soft-food menu. It deprives teeth and gums of the work and exercise and stimulation they need. No wonder gums grow weak and tender—no wonder "pink tooth brush" is such a common warning.

"Pink Tooth Brush" is serious
The first sign of that tinge of "pink" calls for a visit to your dentist. You may be in for serious trouble. But he is far more likely to tell you to take better care of your gums, to give them more stimulation, more exercise. And he may tell you—he usually does—to switch to Ipana Tooth Paste and massage. Follow his advice. Rub a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth! For Ipana is especially designed to help your gums as well as clean your teeth. You'll soon notice an improvement in the health of your gums. New circulation wakens lazy tissues. Gums grow stronger. They feel firmer. They look better.

So switch to Ipana today. The first ten days of Ipana and massage will show an improvement. And thirty days will convince you that you should have changed to this modern, sensible health measure long ago.
THE WINNER!

METRO · GOLDWYN · MAYER

We're taking space in this magazine to tell you to keep your eye on Leo, the M-G-M Lion!

He's had the best year of his career with grand entertainments like "Mutiny on the Bounty", "China Seas", "Broadway Melody of '36", "A Night at the Opera", "Rose Marie" and all the other great M-G-M hits! And of course there's "The Great Ziegfeld", now playing in selected cities as a road-show attraction and not to be shown otherwise this season.

But (pardon his Southern accent) Leo says: "You ain't seen nuthin' yet!"... On this page is just part of the happy M-G-M family of stars. Look them over. You'll find most of the screen's famed personalities and great talents on Leo's list. They will appear in the big Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer productions that are now in the making and planned for months to come.

Ask the Manager of the theatre that plays M-G-M pictures about the marvelous entertainments he is arranging to show. And when Leo roars, settle back in your seat for real enjoyment!

SORRY! WE DIDN'T HAVE SPACE FOR THEIR PHOTOS! MORE M-G-M STARS

Franchot Tone, Robert Young, Rosalind Russell, Frank Morgan, Edna May Oliver, Reginald Owen, Virginia Bruce, Nat Pendleton, Lewis Stone, Johnny Weissmuller, Jean Hersholt, Ted Healy, Allan Jones, Buddy Ebsen, Joseph Calleia, Maureen O'Sullivan, Una Merkel, Chester Morris, Stuart Erwin, Bruce Cabot, Elizabeth Allan, Brian Aherne, Charles Butterworth, Madge Evans, Frances Langford, Eric Linden, June Knight, Ann Loring, Robert Benchley, Jean Parker, May Robson, Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Ernestsine Schumann-Heink, Harvey Stephens, etc.
ERROL FLYNN
BORN ADVENTURER
Will Hollywood be able to hold Errol Flynn...the screen's new challenge to the Clark Gable's, Dick Powell's, etc.? Since he has been nineteen this young Irishman has roved the world: Australia, New Guinea, China, Japan, India and most of the South Sea Islands. Can Hollywood offer him as romantic and colorful a life? Or, has his appetite for adventure been sated? Read his answer in the August issue of MOTION PICTURE.
Her Tennis Stroke is
Correctly Timed

—too bad her laxative wasn't!

HER SWING is a marvel of precision and timing . . . What a pity she didn't know that correct timing is vital in a laxative, too!

You see, when you take a laxative into your system, you can't afford to take chances. Look out for harsh, over-active cathartics that might upset you, nauseate you, cause stomach pains, leave you weak and dragged down. Such laxatives abuse you internally. Their after-effects are unpleasant, sometimes dangerous.

DEMAND CORRECT TIMING

Just what is meant by correct timing in a laxative? Simply this: a correctly timed laxative takes from 6 to 8 hours to be effective. Its action is gentle and g-r-e-a-t, yet completely thorough.

Ex-Lax is just such a laxative. It won't throw your system out of rhythm. No stomach pains, no nausea. No unpleasant after-effects of any sort. Ex-Lax works so naturally that, except for the relief you enjoy, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

PLEASANT TO TAKE

Ex-Lax is not only kind to your system—it's kind to your taste, too. Its flavor is just like smooth, delicious chocolate. All druggists sell Ex-Lax in economical 10c and 25c sizes. Get a box today!

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX
The Original Chocolate Laxative

Q. Must you have a high school or college education in order to become an actor or actress?
A. Not necessarily. While most of the players in Hollywood are high school graduates, very few of them ever had time to go to college. The Thespian muse gets 'em early, you know. What you need to become an actor is not so much algebra or geography as personality, a deep understanding of the emotional mechanism of human beings, and the ability to use the brains you were born with.

Q. Did Freddie Bartholomew have any experience before he made David Copperfield?
A. He had no professional experience. He appeared in one or two school plays, and who hasn't?

Q. How long has Leslie Howard been married?
A. Twenty years. Write your own comment.

Q. How many of the feminine stars are licensed pilots?
A. The only ones I could run to earth are Gail Patrick, who rents her plane, and Ruth Chatterton, who owns hers.

Q. Where do the studios get all the furniture used on sets, and what happens to it after each picture is finished?
A. The studios rent ordinary and antique furniture. Modern furniture they make themselves, because it is usually styled several months ahead of the picture. Notice the furniture in The Princess Comes Across. The Paramount mill made one hundred pieces of extremely modernistic furniture for this picture. These pieces they will keep and perhaps use again in another picture, after which they will rent it to other studios. When it gets old, Paramount will sell it. On Santa Monica Boulevard in Hollywood are many, many furniture shops that buy furniture from studios and rent furniture to them. There's a constant turnover.

Q. Are any of the Hollywood stars vegetarians?
A. We searched diligently, and the only one that comes to mind was Claudette Colbert, who never touches meat.

Q. Is Ginger Rogers as pretty and charming off the screen as she is in her pictures?
A. Now, what could I answer to that but yes? However, in this case the "yes" is perfectly true. Miss Rogers is just as pretty when you meet her on the Boulevard as when you gaze at her on the screen with your heart in your eyes. And she is one of the most popular and loved stars in Hollywood.

Q. How many feet of film are there in a feature motion picture?
A. Well, for example, in Mr. Deeds Goes to Town, the whole thing runs just 167 feet less than two miles in total film length. If the arithmetic is reliable, the film measures 10,993 feet.

Q. What do they do in sunny California when a storm is required for a scene?
A. Thanks for the climatic compliment. Out here we have to manufacture our own storms, of course. Each studio has a number of sound recordings of storms in different degrees of fury. The recordings are of loud thunder and thunder that only mutters; the sound of angry waves crashing against the stern and rockbound coast; little cyclones and big cyclones; all kinds of wind storms, floods, and what have you in other parts of the country. These recordings are synchronized on the film with the corresponding visual storm, manufactured by the studio's "weather department," which has on hand all kinds of wind and rain machines, as the scene is being shot. In other words, the rain and lightning machines provide the camera with the visual storm, and the recording supplies the attendant noise.

Your Witness on the Stand

with Winitfred Aydelotte

who tells you things you never knew till now

Ruth Chatterton takes her prize Sealyhams to the airport to show them her plane
PARAMOUNT brings you America's beloved comedian, W. C. FIELDS, as the one and only Professor Eustace McGargle in the musical comedy "POPPY" with Rochelle Hudson . . . Directed by A. Edward Sutherland

Motion Picture for July, 1936
Here are the latest inside answers to Hollywood's romances, weddings, divorces and blessed events

BY HARRY LANG

Mr. Cerf should know about Hollywood appointments! "My husband said picture people were all crazy," Sylvia also testified. To which Of Man Tattler sayeth nothing.

ANOTHER divorcing that goes on without quizzing is the parting between Helen Twelvetrees and Hubby John Gable. No sooner had Helen, living in a hotel with her 3-year-old son, told inquirers that she and Woody, while separated, were "perfectly good friends," than he popped in a nite club. Seems Helen was there with a boy friend from San Francisco ("purely business," she insisted) when he came Woody with a party. Things happened—and at the finish, Helen's San Francisco friend was on the floor, and Hubby Woody was nursing some aching knuckles.

At this moment, Caliban and Ariel are apart. As for how long they'll stay apart, Of Tattler wouldn't say for anything. John Barrymore is staying in Hollywood, making movies, while Elaine Barrie returned East with her mama, who played the role of chaperone during Elaine's coast visit. If Elaine hoped to crash pictures, she got exactly no place in Hollywood with that campaign. Moreover, although there was talk of her and John making a double personal-appearance tour at $7,500 a week (eeee-magine!), the thing fell flat. In Hollywood a newspaper got John, once a newspaper man himself, to write a review of Little Lord Fauntleroy, wherein appears Dolores Costello, his very ex-wife. In his review he said she is a "genuine actress." Moreover, he wrote she has "an intriguing personality." Wonder what he'd write about Elaine?

The Fairbanses are still intriguing Hollywood chatterers. Papa Doug is coming back to Hollywood and he's bringing Lady Ashley, Mary Pickford's successor as Mrs. Doug Senior, with him, of course. Hollywood hasn't quite made up its mind how it's going to receive the new Mrs. F. Mary's still very popular! To assure Lady Ashley of companionship, anyhow, Doug has sent orders to refurbish his

HOLLYWOOD bookies are paying off, now that the Sylvia Sidney divorce from book-publisher Bennett Cerf has come off. There weren't many bets though; most Hollywood stars won't bet on odds like that. Hollywood giggled, though, at the tale unfolded by Sylvia from the divorce court witness-stand. "We had our first quarrel ten days after we were married," she told the judge, "because I was 20 minutes late." H'm—

It doesn't do any harm to practice up for the 4th of July and get used to those sky-rockets and cannon crackers. Pulchritude and dynamite are practically synonymous in this case. The pulchritudinous playgirls recently helped glorify The Great Ziegfeld.
The TALKIE TOWN Tattler

beach cottage, at Santa Monica. It's one of the smaller places, near the Irving Thalberg-Norma Shearer and Marion Davies places. And it's also near the Carmel Myers house, where Merle Oberon lives, and since Merle and Lady A were pals-walsies in London, they'll probably see a lot of each other here.

MEANWHILE, Doug's little boy, Doug Junior, is mystifying the gossipers. He's being seen with lots of gals, and everybody's wondering which is which! Listen to Ol' Tattler, and mark down the name of one Sheila Stevenson, of London. If ever there's a successor to Joan Crawford as Mrs. D. F. Jr., it'll likely be this Sheila gal.

MEANWHILE, Joan and Franchot Tone are the perfect newlyweds. They're everything in common, it seems, and are as devoted a couple as Hollywood has ever seen. At the moment, music is their peak interest. Joan, studying opera singing, has Franchot's help. Franchot, too, is helping finance the Pacific coast trip of Leopold Stokowski and his Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra.

MENTIONING the Thalbergs, up above there, brings to Ol' Tattler's mind that the silliest Hollywood rumor isn't dead yet. It's the perennial whisper that Thalberg and Norma are about to break up. To which Ol' Tattler replies "hooey!"

JUST made a phone-call to Ol' Doc Stork's office. Got word that the reason for his inactivity is that he's resting up—in preparation for an active month. You see, he's got THAT many orders to fill...!! You watch an' see.

There's been a lot of publicity in the press lately over the status of Freddie Bartholomew. His mother arrived from London to wrest custody of him from his aunt, Mylicent, shown with him here. According to last reports Freddie stays with his aunt New York newspaper reporter. No one had even known that Jean was engaged, so her elopement to Las Vegas to marry George came as a complete surprise. And then Jean topped it off by saying she'd been secretly engaged to him for four months! She met him when she sailed back to New York from London, and he covered her ship's arrival as a reporter.

FROM Ann Harding came no comment whatsoever, the other day, when it was discovered that her ex-hubby, Harry Bannister, whom she accused of various things in their court fight over the custody of their child, is married again. It seems that more'n a half year ago, Harry up and married one Leah Welt, New York stage actress. Ann doesn't seem interested.

ANOTHER marriage that titillated Hollywood was that of Jean Parker, of the gorgeous figure, to George MacDonald, who's one of 20th-Fox's boys. And there's still Michael Whalen and Alice Faye, and she's taken off 11 pounds, although what that has to do with their romance, I don't know! But even Shirley Temple is kidding Mike and Alice about being that way, and does Mike get red in the face! And Louis Hayward, who was all a-jitter about Wendy Barrie not long ago, seems to have switched his affections to Ida Lupino. He just goes for those English gals, it seems. Helen Twelve-trees has been seen about with Cy Bartlett, who is Alice White's Ex. And then there's Marjorie Lane and Brian Donlevy, and if they're married by the time you read this, Ol' Tattler won't be surprised. And there's still Glenda Farrell and Addison Randall...

THEY deserve a paragraph to themselves. Remember the old "off again on again" gag? They're like that. You can't

[Continued on page 10]
The Changing of the Guard in front of the King's palace in London is a British institution, and is a daily ceremony. Now Warners are duplicating it as a Technicolor short and using the same name—with Sybil Jason commanding a Scotch regiment of chorines.

[Continued from page 9]...tell, from day to day (make it hour to hour!) whether they're blowin' hot or cold. At the moment (as this is being written) they're incandescent, but that doesn't mean that by tomorrow night, Addison won't be nite-clubbing again with Grace Bradley, or Glenda be some place with Craig Reynolds of the Warner lot, whose name used to be Hugh Enfield before it was changed for movies' sake, and who used to go places with Mary Pickford.

Laugh of the month in Hollywood is Jack Oakie's marriage. Not because Jack's marriage to Venita Varden isn't serious and real, and so on, but simply because Hollywood just can't take Jack and romance seriously. Why? So many pictures of gals decorated Jack's dresser that Mama Oakie, who's his bestest-of-all sweetheart, has to think twice before she can remember whom he's married to! And marrying Venita, Jack did NOT forget Sweetie No. 1, because he gave his mother a five-carat diamond ring as a wedding gift...!!!

Of course, you know all about how Jack and Venita got married in Yuma between train stopping time and starting time. (Remember, O'Man Tattler told you, last month, that they were gonna get married in New York? Well, they couldn't wait until they got there on the same train, so they stopped in Yuma and got mr-and-mrs-ed.) Jack's big remark during the ceremony was "this is all new to me." The train engineer and conductor were official witnesses. And meanwhile, back in a lake resort near Hollywood, Jack's friends were celebrating his wedding.

Marriages in the offing include Myrna Loy's, as much as Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Jr., is Reno-vating in preparation for divorcing Arthur. All of which means that Miss Loy will become Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Jr., about midsummer. And divorce is clearing the way for Georgie Raft to marry Virginia Peene, for finally it seems that the Rafts have agreed on a property settlement and soon Mrs. Raft will be Ex, after more than ten years' separation. Delay has been over what Mrs. R. wanted and what R wanted to give.

Didn't I mention that Cy Bartlett and Helen Twelvetrees were out together? Uh-huh, but Cy's been seen places with Nancy Carroll, too. Just a divorcee get-together, eh? And doesn't Cy stick to type?—I mean, wouldn't you call Alice White and Nancy Carroll and Helen Twelvetrees all more or less the same type of gal?—Or wouldn't you? Oh, well...

Seems that Arline Judge and Director Wesley Ruggles have come to the crossroads. Each, they insist, consider the other the tops, but insist, too, that married life together is impossible. And there's no "other" man or woman in the picture, as far as Hollywood has been able to learn. For the time, they're just separating—but their friends say that a divorce is in the air.

Betty Grable and Jackie Coogan are still like that, despite rumors. Jackie, who recently won the damage suits that grew out of the auto accident in which his father and others were killed, is still engaged to Betty, so pay no attention to the whispers.

Marriage-to-come is that of Bert Wheeler and Sally Haines. They've finally admitted it, but all Hollywood knew it. It'll be the altar march just as soon as Bert's decree is final.

As for the Dick Powell-Jean Blondell marriage, it's got a few months to wait. Jean's decree from Cameraman George Barnes, whose fifth wife she was, won't be final until early Fall—but almost immediately after, they'll be mr-and-mrs. On the verge of a Mexican marriage not long ago, despite the unfamiliness of Jean's decree, she and Dick have decided to wait until it's all set, all round.

[Continued on page 73]
Here's JOAN BLONDELL caring for a million-dollar skin

My beauty care keeps skin soft and clear... guards against Cosmetic Skin

Here's a girl like YOU who's learned Joan Blondell's beauty secret

Use cosmetics all you wish but don't risk Cosmetic Skin

IT'S foolish for any girl to risk the tiny blemishes and enlarged pores that mean Cosmetic Skin!

Guard against this danger with Lux Toilet Soap. Its ACTIVE lather removes thoroughly every trace of dust, dirt, stale powder and rouge. Don't take chances with dangerous choked pores! Cosmetic Skin develops gradually. To protect your skin, follow this simple rule:

Before you put on fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed, use pure, white Lux Toilet Soap. This care keeps million-dollar complexions flawless!

Motion Picture for July, 1936
Glorifying the ROAD to GLORY

What'll bring you a dramatic reminder of the late war is forthcoming soon in *The Road to Glory*. All signs indicate that it'll be the most realistic war picture since *All Quiet on the Western Front*. The film is glorified by the presence of an all-star cast—comprising Warner Baxter, Fredric March, June Lang and Lionel Barrymore. This means the acting is in good hands.
Hollywood's Trick Parties

You can always depend on Hollywood for a new trick party, every so often....

Last gag was the Whiskerino Party given by Lew Ayres and Wife, Ginger Rogers. It all began because Lew Ayres, having worried late the night before, shaved up on the set at Columbia without shaving, next morning.

Immediately there began an argument as to who could raise the best set of whiskers in a given length of time. Pay-off came at the Whiskerino Party at Lew's, who served cocktails and buffet supper, while Ginger gave out the prizes. Camera-man Ernie Miller, who raised the thickest whiskers, got a huge loving cup. The consolation prize, a bottle of hair grower, went to Supervisor Clark.

Another nutty party was the zoo-test given by Adrian, MGM's famed designer. The party was an el fresco affair, and was set in Adrian's private menagerie—which boasts a bunch of bloodhounds, a jackass, a flock of pigeons, another flock of parrots, some white monkeys, a brace of cockatoos, and the French poodle Helen Hayes gave him. Adrian had the luncheon tables decorated with huge heads of cabbage, out of which prop rabbits peeped (this being near Easter), and surrounded by scores of colored eggs. Food consisted of tiny meat patties, very thin pancakes, scrambled eggs, and strawberries with thick cream.

Inveterate party-givers are the Hugh Herberts. Every Sunday, they have dozens of people out at their big ranch-residence in the San Fernando Valley. Hugh's parties are so well attended that he has had to devote one acre of his property into a parking lot for his friends' autos! And last Sunday, Hugh served up 20 gallons of chili con carne, just to give you an idea of how many people were there!

Errol Flynn, who has traveled much and spent much time in China, turned Chinese for the party he gave to celebrate selling his latest story to Warners for a picture. He hired a big Chinese restaurant in downtown Los Angeles for the occasion, and had a 20-course Chinese dinner served. The place was decked in red. The place was decked in red. The place was decked in red.

Fred Keating gave two nurses a party to celebrate his recovery from a recent hospitalization. It was a small party—just a few guests: Fred and a man friend, and the two nurses who attended Fred during his recuperation. They made a night of it at the Trocadero, celebrating Fred's birthday. And there were 56 candles on the birthday cake!

Nuttiest party of the month, probably, was the one that celebrated Jack Oakie's marriage. It was at the Norconian Club, at a Lake resort near Hollywood. Jack and Venita Varden, his bride to be, wore there when it started. Then they left, to take the train east, but the party continued. It reached its peak the next day, when the wire came from Yuma that Jack and Venita had married there, during the 15-minute train wait. Funniest incident of the party was when Jack confidently admired the gown worn by Mrs. Pat O'Brien. Immediately, Venita bought off her back (but that was ok, because Mrs. Pat runs a modiste establishment) and wore it when she and Jack were married in Yuma!

She found the lovelier way to avoid offending

Daintily fragrant, so alluring...since she bathes with this exquisite perfumed soap!

It keeps you dainty in two ways...this lovely Cashmere Bouquet!

First, with its rich, deep-cleansing lather, which frees you so completely from any danger of body odor. And then, with its lovely, flower-like scent, Cashmere Bouquet brings you the lingering fragrance you would get from a costly imported perfume.

For Cashmere Bouquet is not just an ordinary scented soap!

Its fragrance comes from a delicate blend of 17 costly perfumes. That is why, long after your bath, Cashmere Bouquet's elusive fragrance still clings gloriously about you!

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

Now Pursued... instead of Shunned!

Motion Picture for July, 1936
"WIN a LETTIE LEE Dress!"

When you win one of these frocks—modeled by Jane Wyatt—you'll be dressed like a Hollywood star!

Speaking of FIT

Permanent Fit is the First Essential in a swimming suit. Many suits fit satisfactorily in the try-on-rooms. Not so many a month later. Week after week, month after month, a Jantzen fits perfectly. It's America's finest-fitting swimming suit. The magic of Jantzen-stitch literally molds it to your body with an amazing degree of figure control.

ROSALIND KEITH...appearing in Paramount Pictures, wears the Jantzen BRA-TUCK, $5.95. Other Jantzen models $4.50 to $8.95.

Jantzen molded-fit swimming suits

Motion Picture for July, 1936
J ANE WYATT, the star shown wearing these four Lettie Lee frocks, is a member of New York's Social Register—who, after winning marked successes on the Broadway stage, is now a full-fledged screen star. You'll see her soon in Columbia's Lost Horizon. She is only one of many Hollywood actresses who turn to Lettie Lee for their frocks. Other well-dressed stars costumed by Lettie Lee include Heather Angel, Dorothy Stone, Mona Barrie, Peggy Wood, Evelyn Knapp, Kathleen Burke, Sally O'Neal and Evelyn Venable.

You will be seeing these stars when you come to Hollywood on the Movieland Tour, leaving Chicago July 19, or if you take the later Movieland Special Tour, leaving Chicago August 9. For full particulars about each Tour turn to page 23. You have a chance to win a Lettie Lee dress if you take either Tour. Read the important announcement below.

Incidentally, a list of stores in your city that feature Lettie Lee gowns will be found on page 86.

Here is your last chance to enter the July Movieland Tour, and reservations are closing now on the August Tour. Lettie Lee, Hollywood's famous dress designer, will award one of these four frocks to the lucky girl in each tour who, in her opinion, has the most charm and personality. The two lucky winners may have their choice of the four dresses. So take one of the Tours—and win a dress. You'll be gownned like a Hollywood star.
GOOD SPORTS

Jess Willard is world's champion badminton player. He teaches Dorothy Wilson the correct style in gripping the racquet.

Dick Arlen, one of Hollywood's star golfers, is不得超过 to England.

Arlene Judge has one of the "sweetest" figures in Hollywood. She keeps in trim by pedaling her bike 'round and 'round.

Virginia Dabney, at left, stands on two of the most beautiful legs in Hollywood. She also uses them to dance in musical films.

When it comes to tennis most of Hollywood's colony can take lessons of Errol Flynn. Above, he sets himself for a "kill shot".
By John Schwarzkopf

Eleanore Whitney Has Become a Favorite Because she is the girl you saw in Millions In The Air and Three Cheers For Love... You are not alone in wanting to know more about her. She has been in Hollywood a little more than six months and her fan mail is already bigger than some top-notch stars... proof enough that other people are interested! But there's more than just six months residence in Hollywood behind Eleanore... It didn't just happen over night. Eleanore has a thousand dance-step-minutes to her credit for every minute she has appeared on the screen... Minutes that were spent in constant practice, dancing on the stage and dancing before people who were trying to pave the way for her. They were people who liked her personally, and who knew that she had a great future as an actress and a dancer... Among those who helped along her career were Bill Robinson, Rae Samuels and that fine showman, Rudy Vallee. Robinson saw her when she was just ten years old (she's just eighteen, now)... It took Bill exactly one hour to teach her the routine of every step he knew... after that, dancing for Bill meant only practice in front of a mirror of the dance. Rae Samuels, who's husband was Bill's manager, naturally was interested in the little girl and gave her a start on the stage... Miss Samuels invited Eleanore to appear with her one night... Eleanore was standing in the wings of the theatre and didn't suspect that Miss Samuels was going to call her out... her act that night was entirely impromptu, but it brought the whole house down in applause... Miss Samuels saw then how things were going and invited Eleanore to appear with her every night going on the road. Eleanore and her mother took a tutor with them and she never missed a day of class work. Her tapping speed is phenomenal... Eleanore dances at the rate of fifteen taps per second... "The only way I can account for her ability to dance at such a pace is that her dancing becomes reflex action after she gets up to and over five taps a second" said a famous doctor... That is faster than the new high-speed machine guns... Men in her life? We happen to know that she has a date with Rudy Vallee when he comes out to California to appear at the Coconut Grove... Don't get excited, it's not romance on the part of either. It's just sheer admiration on the part of Vallee... he wants her to appear at the Grove with him... She is the first dancer that Rudy has ever allowed to appear with him.
Frances grand And Hollywood right, Max The picture salary far like
WITH Glazo hrushful. you realm beauty latest Red— first peeling brilliant fashion-approved nail on, tips counters Still The This 18 For this nail wear or luxury need evaporation to the new-type addition of Glazo's range of authentic fashion-approved shades.
This new Glazo wears extra days... its brilliant surface unmarred by chipping, peeling or cracking. So easily does it float on, without streaking, that there's never a nail in need of re-doing.
For even a day, don't deny your fingertips the luxury of this new perfected Glazo. Still only 20 cents each—at toilet goods counters all over the world.

Glazo creates new polish far lovelier, far superior

WITH this new-type Glazo formula, even evaporation has been so reduced that you can use the polish down to the last brushful.
The new Glazo provides a richness of beauty and sheen that has been beyond the realm of old-type polishes. Be among the first to wear Suntan, Russet, and Poppy Red—stunning new "misty" reds, and the latest additions to Glazo's range of authentic fashion-approved shades.

The winner of this new contest will not only be fortunate enough to meet and see the stars at work, but will have the opportunity of actually being in a picture and being paid for it. The winner of this second contest will appear in one of the Walter Wanger productions, working with such stars as Sylvia Sidney, Charles Boyer, Henry Fonda, Joan Bennett, Frances Langford, Peggie Conklin and other screen celebs. Someone is going to win a trip to Hollywood, all expenses paid, and a salary of $75 per week, besides, while appearing in the picture. Why can't that someone be Madeleine Carroll, top, is a Wanger star. Left, Motion Picture-Hold Bob winners visit Carole Lombard on the set. Frances Nalle is with Carole (seated). In back row, left to right, Norma Jane Sluder, Dorothy Dalton, Caroline Oliver, Dorothy Kay Brown, Margaret Hehn, Helen Dax

Hollywood Wants New Talent—WIN A SCREEN TEST!

By Jack Smalley

THE Search for Talent goes on! And while the new contest is getting under way—and it's well under way now, hundreds of entries have already been received by Motion Picture Magazine—the seven girls who won the first Search for Talent, sponsored by Universal Pictures and Hold Bob bob pins, are busily at work in Hollywood making sound tests. They are also having a grand time meeting the stars and watching movies being made.

Max Factor supervised the make-up of the Motion Picture-Hold Bob girls for their Universal sound test. Here they are made up in his salons, ready to face the camera
you?  

The makers of Hold Bob bob pins have made this possible. They are sponsoring this contest so that some young talented person can have a real chance to get into pictures—and to see Hollywood, the capital of filmland.

Three photographs will be selected each month from among those received and published in this magazine. Out of the three selected for publication, one will receive a free sound test at the nearest large city and in addition a special award of $50.00 in cash.

And in addition to this, there is also the chance of winning a free trip to Hollywood and a contract with Walter Wanger Productions. This is the award for the final winner chosen at the end of this new Search for Talent on Dec. 31, 1936.

THIS is an opportunity that no one with movie ambitions can afford to miss. For you not only have a chance to become an actual screen player at the close of the contest, but also, should you miss the final award, have the opportunity of having your photo shown to other producers. All photos of all entries published will be shown to the different producers.

Your photo must be accompanied by an entry blank, or facsimile, which you can obtain at any store selling Hold Bobs. You can also secure folders and further details of the contest at these same stores.

And, should you win the final award you will be allied with such screen celebrities as Mary Pickford, Charles Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks and Samuel Goldwyn of United Artists. This famous group recently made an announcement that Walter Wanger was joining their producing group and will make his pictures there instead of at Paramount, as heretofore.

If you could have been with the seven winners of the last talent search, we are sure you would have been wildly enthusiastic over this plan of Hold Bobs and Motion Picture to give these young people a real chance at a picture career. These girls, whose names and photos were published here last month, are certainly getting around—going places and seeing things. Their sound tests were very satisfactory.

The girls are having a glorious reception—being partied, attending previews and luncheons at Universal and other studios. And, the greatest treat was a trip to the Max Factor beauty salon where they each received a personal make-up to enhance their particular type of beauty. Mr. Factor, the criterion of make-up in Hollywood himself, directed [Continued on page 84]

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**She knows her MEN!**

Joan Bennett—one of Walter Wanger's most successful stars—contributes a fine performance in *Big Brown Eyes*.

**T**he girl who gets the invitations is the girl who knows how to please the men! She takes great pains to learn their likes and their dislikes.

One of the first things she learns is that nothing so quickly prejudices a man against a girl as the ugly odor of under-arm perspiration on her clothing and her person.

And so she runs no risk of this danger. For she knows how easy it is to avoid— with *Mum*!

Just half a minute is all you need to use this dainty deodorant cream. Then you're safe for the whole day!

Another thing you'll like—use *Mum* any time, even after you're dressed. For it's harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too—so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Mum, you know, doesn't prevent natural perspiration. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration odor. And how important that is! Use *Mum* daily and you'll never be uninvited because of personal unpleasantness.

Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York.

**ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS**

is on sanitary napkins. Use it for this and you'll never have to worry about this cause of unpleasantness.

**MUM**

takes the odor out of perspiration

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Motion Picture for July, 1936 19
The Picture Parade

CARD INDEX OF THE LATEST MOVIES

SHOW BOAT

Beauty never grows old. So here is Edna Ferber's story again with script and lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein, 2nd, and music by Jerome Kern, more beautiful than ever. Irene Dunne, in the starring role, is superb—not only as a singer, but as a comedian and actress as well. The hero, Allan Jones, is a newcomer, but you can be sure you will see much of him in the future. He has a striking personality and a very fine voice. The plot remains the same with a few new touches which enhance the story and is sure to make this picture one of the finest ever produced by Universal. Paul Robeson again sings "Ol' Man River" and this alone is worth the price of admission. The splendid supporting cast is headed by Miss Helen Morgan and Charles Winninger who were also in the original Ziegfeld production—Universal.

UNDER TWO FLAGS

This spectacle-drama of the French Foreign Legion comes to the screen with a full complement of romantic and stirring moments. Against a background of hot Sahara sands there's unfolded a love triangle involving a cafe proprietress, the commandant of the regiment and a young ing soldier. The girl takes the romanticizing of the hero into falling in love with him. The climax is the battle scene—where the soldiers in a jarring manner, but the Britisher's indifference piques her into falling in love with him. The climax shows her sacrificing her life to save him and the regiment—a climax charged with exciting battle scenes—to say nothing of the romantic conflict generated by the fiery scenes—to say nothing of the romantic conflict generated by the fiery scenes. It's a picture with a wallop. Don't miss it—20th Century-Fox.

[Continued on page 22]
BY JOHN SCHWARZKOPF

EDITH FELLOWS and Bonita Granville Have Become Favorites Because they are the exact opposite in their screen portrayals of every other child star. They are true to life in their acting. They both have pep and personality that they can direct into any channel. They got places because they can act mean in a convincing manner. You've seen hundreds of kids just like them. Perhaps you have a kid sister around the house that gets into your hair. You know just how it is then. However, let us hastily add that this is not the case in real life. They are both very sweet, talented children with a bright future before them.

You found out what Bonita Granville can do when you saw her in These Three. Did you ever see a meaner kid? If it should ever occur to anyone to have an award for the best child actor or actress of the year, we are sure that these children would, at least, get honorable mention. You remembered how little Edith Fellows stood out in She Married Her Boss starring Claudette Colbert. It pays to be mean in Hollywood.

Bonita Granville was born and raised in the proverbial theatrical trunk. Both her father (Bunny Granville, former matinée idol) and her mother are from the stage, so Bonita made her first appearance on the stage almost before she had learned to walk. From the experience she gained in this manner, she got her first part in pictures.

Bonita's ambition is to become a great star. She loves to play tennis and to swim. She is doing everything she knows to prepare herself for future stardom. Her studies include French, dancing and Shakespeare. But let's take a look at the other little girl who found that it pays to be mean. Edith Fellows has been in pictures longer than Bonita and although she is only nine, she has appeared in over a hundred productions. She started from the bottom when but three years of age. Like Bonita, she comes from a theatrical family. She can be mean so convincingly that just one session with director La Cava convinced him that she was the girl for the part when they were casting She Married Her Boss. Her experiences at acting are almost as varied as grown up actresses.

She has played in stage productions; she appeared at the World's Fair in Chicago, and she has appeared at benefits. She can't make up her mind whether she wants to continue with straight acting or become an opera star... she can sing in five languages. Doesn't that prove that it pays to be different and not to depend too much on curls and fipperies for stardom?
The Picture Parade

THE MOON'S OUR HOME

AAA—Climb aboard for a ditty ride through a world of delightful madness, as narrated by Margaret Sullivan and Henry Fonda. Here is 90 minutes of grand comedy, yet behind it all is a touch of sadness created because this film is too close to the actual human lives of Margaret and Henry, who once knew each other hand and wife in real life. Margaret plays the role of Cherry Chester, a movie star, who is escaped from the clutches of another world-renowned traveler, who has been all movie stars.

Both traveling incognito meet, fall in love, and marry. When the truth is out, the best fun begins. Third most important in the excellent cast is Charles Butterworth, who is amusing despite the fact that his role holds very little.—Alfred Walter, Warner-Paramount.

THE EX-MRS. BRADFORD

AAA—Here is a richly entertaining comedy with a murder plot—in fact, three murderers, one of whom is a surgeon, can't get nose out of murder cases and becomes involved in one of the killings. Jean Arlett, a mystery writer with a so-called ex-wife, is saved by the very delightful performance of Miss Arthur. She gives a very delightful performance and The Powell, as usual, performs flawlessly. The plot is a bit complicated but there are some very sparkling lines and the story has a crisp freshness. Ralph Morgan, Eric Blore, James and Lucille Gleese, Morgan, John, Ben, and Lila Lee keep in pace with their excellent contributions.—RKO-Radio.

HUMAN CARGO

AAA—Brian Donlevy and Claire Trevor in a new story that may not seen very new, but nevertheless is very interesting and human, interspersed with some very fine bits of entertainment. The plot deals with a man who poses as an ace reporter and an other society girl determined to prove to her father that she can be independent. Both are set on the same assignment, which然 the activities of a group of smugglers. Instead, they become the object of the smugglers who are determined to wipe them out. However, everything turns out happily and the two are rewarded. The story is a bit commonplace but the performances are excellent. Allan Dinehart as the editor, and Helen Troy as the telephone operator add some delicious comedy and are supported by an able cast.—20th Century-Fox.

SONS O'GUNS

AAA—Joe E.Brown, ace comedian, continues to maintain first spot in the comedy field. This is a hilariously funny picture and Jean Blondell does more than her share in keeping the audience in stitches. The period is in the neighborhood of 1917 and Joe is what we may call a slacker. However, he becomes embroiled in the war when in an army uniform. Being mistaken for a soldier, he is dropped into the army and sent to France. Over there, he finds Eric Blore, his former valet, who becomes a hard-boiled sergeant and Joan Blondell, a little French girl with a charming accent and voice. Together they do a swell song-and-dance number. The performances are excellent. Allan Dinehart as the editor, and Helen Troy as the telephone operator add some delicious comedy and are supported by an able cast.—20th Century-Fox.

Motion Picture for July, 1936
You'll Soon Be Here in Hollywood!

IT'S nearing the last call to make reservations for the second annual MOTION PICTURE Movieland Tour. The trip was so successful last year that in 1936, this magazine decided to offer TWO big tours to California—the first leaving Chicago July 19; the second leaving Chicago August 9. It's up to you to make your choice—the earlier or later trip. The same program is planned for both.

So we urge you to make up your mind as quickly as possible in order to make your reservations. Remember first come, first served. And only 200 will be accommodated on each trip—which will be in the nature of a house-party. You are going to see all the prominent stars of Hollywood—and will be the guest of Paula Stone and Donald Woods—as well as Ken Maynard, who'll show you his circus.

So hop aboard the train (either the July or the August train) and come to Hollywood as our guests. You'll visit the studios and see all the stars. The costs of the trip are vastly reduced because of the house-party plan and chartering a special train. And this magazine has the facilities for showing you Hollywood in all of its fascinating glamour. While the studio city furnishes the climax to your trip, you will see enough, on route, to make you thoroughly excited. The trip includes stops at Denver, Salt Lake City, Rainier National Park, Seattle, San Francisco and other interesting spots. And don't neglect to bring your camera.

The pictures you take will bring back fond memories of a vacation that you'll cherish a lifetime.

HOLLYWOOD'S Roosevelt Hotel (in the heart of the city) will be Tour headquarters. Plans are made to give you a big surprise party at the world-famous Brass Rail (where the stars eat) the evening of the day you arrive. This will be your first meeting with the stars.

And then comes a veritable round of exciting hours, visiting 20th Century-Fox and Universal studios, watching pictures

[Continued on page 85]

A Hollywood Invitation to YOU

Dear Ambitious:

Be sure to enter the second HOLD-BOB "Search for Talent", for among you readers we hope to find several future screen stars. There will be a winner selected EVERY MONTH—and these lucky girls will receive a free screen test and $50.00 in cash! And—at least one of these winners will actually make her screen debut in a Walter Wanger Production at United Artists Studios in Hollywood!

HOLD-BOB bob pins in cooperation with Walter Wanger Productions, Motion Picture and Screen Play magazines are offering every girl in America a chance for movie fame. If you don't win one month—try again. You may enter the "Search for Talent" as many times as you wish. Closing date—December 31, 1936.

All you need do to enter is to fill out the entry blank on the back of your HOLD-BOB card, or facsimile of same, attach your photo and send to the "Search for Talent" Headquarters.

And when you get your HOLD-BOB card... for full instructions and application to enter this contest... be sure to notice the outstanding features of the HOLD-BOB pins; the small, round, invisible heads; smooth, round, non-scratching points; flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped; and colors to match all shades of hair. Use HOLD-BOBS once and you'll understand why these bob pins are the favorites of Hollywood.

In the first "Search for Talent"—seven girls were sent to Hollywood!... Don't miss your opportunity to win this new "Search for Talent." Get full instructions on the back of every HOLD-BOB card. Look for the Gold and Silver Metal Foil Cards at all stores, everywhere.

Motion Picture for July, 1936
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Kelpamalt Company,

Dear Sirs:

I am 5 ft. 5 in. tall. Before I was married I weighed 115 lbs. That wasn't much, but better than the 96 lbs. I was weighed ever since my baby was born 5 years ago. My figure has always come in out of season and in dancing, but recently, I've been ashamed to put on a dress. I used to wear my old clothes, but with the extra weight I could wear a sweater and skirt. Now, thanks to Kelpamalt I'm looking lovely in-some. I came to lunch in a back dress with straps over the shoulders. Mrs. H. looked at me and said: "If I had thought that looked right, I certainly would have worn a back-necked dress." Can you imagine her reaction when I told her I was glad when the summer was over and I could wear a sweater and skirt. Kelpamalt Company.

Mrs. J.

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THE Picture Parade

BIG BROWN EYES

AAA—This is an amusing melodrama introducing the new Joan Bennett. Joan plays the part of a wise-cracking mannequin and does it very well. Cary Grant is also a good fellow who, with the help of Joan, turns up in a newspaper woman, uncovering a gang of jewel thieves. Walter Pidgeon finally gets a chance to display some of his talents as the master mind behind the jewel ring. Alan Baxter, the menace and he is so sincere in this role, we fear he shall suffer seriously from being "typed." Lloyd Nolan does a splendid job in the part of work as Pidgeon's accomplice. There are some very tense moments at the climax when Joan and her life to save Cary, who is in the grip of the gangsters. It all ends happily though.

Walter Wanger-Paramount

THE GOLDEN ARROW

AAA—A lively adaptation of Michael Arlen's story, poking fun at America's public officials. Bette Davis is Daisy Appleby, a phonily employed by the Appleby Cream Company to keep their name in the headlines. Kelpamalt, bored by the attentions of titled Dowry, is constantly followed by highbrows after her supposed wealth, attracted by John E. Jones (George Brent) newspaper reporter sent to interview her. Her story and yacht in the Florida waters, preparations for the society weddings, the object of his society and the object of his society, the object of his society, the object of his society, the object of his society. In the publicity fellows decides to quit and the meantime, Daisy has fallen for him and Johnny is "to go to work" to make him happy. He is the best attended and independent. Just when he is about to elope it all he learns so he forces his heart to a new job—being just plain Mr. Johnny Jones. She likes it!—Werner

ABSOLUTE QUIET

AA—Chance and mishap bring an ill-assorted group of characters to a lonely ranch in the western wilds. There cut off from civilization, quite a few of them kill each other between laughs. This comedy melodrama is distinguished chiefly by fine characterizations. Smoothly orchestral Lionel Atwill furnishes his beautiful secretary, Irene Hervey to a great extent for no good purpose, but his plans are foiled by the arrival of Bernardine Haye and Wallace Ford, desperate gunman and his moll. Then a transport plane crashes, bringing Stuart Erwin, a cynical reporter, also a woman of Atwill's past and her heartbroken, who is disfigured in the wreck. Speedy playing and tension between characters seeking conflicting avenues of escape will make you think twice about taking your vacation on a dude ranch.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

THE WITNESS CHAIR

AA—In this courtroom drama Ann Harding gives a flawless demonstration of how the well-bred woman should conduct herself during a murder trial. The film deals with a skullduggery in a business office with villain Douglass Dumbrille faking the books so Daniels Dunbrille is found guilty that he is not guilty. Albert, played by Walter Abel, will be hanged after he has been hanged. On the morning after he was hanged, the woman with Abel's daughter as well as the, plays the part of a wise-cracking mannequin and does it very well. Cary Grant is also a good fellow who, with the help of Joan, turns up in a newspaper woman, uncovering a gang of jewel thieves. Walter Pidgeon finally gets a chance to display some of his talents as the master mind behind the jewel ring. Alan Baxter, the menace and he is so sincere in this role, we fear he shall suffer seriously from being "typed." Lloyd Nolan does a splendid job in the part of work as Pidgeon's accomplice. There are some very tense moments at the climax when Joan and her life to save Cary, who is in the grip of the gangsters. It all ends happily though.

Walter Wanger-Paramount

Motion Picture for July, 1936

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EVER since Jean Harlow started the "out of blondeage" parade by going brunnette, more and more movie gals have followed her lead, until now it's a landslide. Latest to join the ex-blonde ranks are Glenda Farrell and Mae Clarke, both locked are Joan Bennett, Alice Faye and Carole Lombard. But Jean still keeps the lead. She's gone the others one better. Now that she's changed her hair to brown, she's changing the entire interior decoration of her home, to match. She's ditching all the white-and-pastel shades, and substituting greens.

BECAUSE men are becoming more clothes-and-color conscious, RKO has signed one Hugh Daniels as male stylist! Daniels says that Technicolor will make men's clothes more colorful. And if Hollywood male stars' fashions are a criterion, he's right. Nothing more colorful has ever been seen on the movietown boulevards than Dick Powell's screaming new sports jacket, a sort of Joseph's coat of many colors. Gary Cooper went for brilliant checks in his spring outfit. Clark Gable looks like a panchromatic riot in his sports clothes. Even conservative Bill Powell and Robert Montgomery are going strong for vivid colors and checks in their summer suits.

MOREOVER, men are going more for jewelry, too— which reminds us of the days of yore, with Rudolph Valentino's famous slave bracelets clanking around. Men this season, according to the Hollywood trend (and that's what makes fashion) are using heavily jeweled scarfpins, tie clasps, rings, studs and cigarette cases.

JEAN HARLOW is going in a big way for big hankies. The other day, she appeared at the studio carrying a printed linen handkerchief a yard square, in white and blue! Lightweight raincoats are all the rage in Hollywood, too. Wendy Barrie has the lightest—it's so thin-textured that she can carry it in her purse! And newest fashion trick on the boulevards is Faye Wray's introduction of summer hose—the kind you wear with sandals. The hose are nude-colored, and the toe-tips are brilliant red!

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Motion Picture for July, 1936
ANITA LOUISE Kept Her Chin Up and Became a Star

By Katharine Hartley

ANITA LOUISE is dainty, feminine and fragile-looking. She likes to sit at a golden harp and sing and play little French songs that her mother taught her. Her blonde hair is looped back off her face by a narrow ribbon tied in a tiny bow, and the curls fall softly around her shoulders. Her face is serene. Her skin is fair. Her tiny hands flutter against the strings. The chiffon of her gown flows gently around her. An artist would sigh to paint her . . . a bard to write songs about her . . . and all men to protect her.

Yet it is only Anita's physical appearance which gives the impression of helpless femininity. Anita Louise is not helpless, fragile and clinging at all. Quite to the contrary she is hard, fearless and invincible . . . a girl who is perfectly capable of taking care of herself, and making her own way in the world. A girl who has made her own way in the world. As a matter of fact, she's a girl who has already proven her mettle.

Fearlessness is the keynote to her character—the secret of her success. Anita was thirteen when her mother put it up to her. "Shall we go to Hollywood, Anita? Shall we go even though it may be lonely and hard for a while . . . maybe some days without much to eat?" Anita's blue eyes never flickered. "Yes, Mother, of course. Let's go. I'm not afraid."

And so a few short years ago, they arrived in the town where fortunes are made and hearts are broken. For two weeks they hounded the casting offices with little success. For two weeks they looked at strange unfeeling faces. For two weeks they kept their chins up without giving in to discouragement. Sometimes they walked in the hills and brought home armfuls of wildflowers to add cheer to their bleak room. Sometimes they ate meatless meals to allow themselves bus fare for a trip to the ocean.

Then one day, happily, they ran into an old friend who had been transferred from the New York office of Fox to the coast. His eyes brightened. "Funny, Anita, I had just been thinking of you . . . wishing you were out here. Murnau is directing the next Janet Gaynor picture, Four Devils, and he needs a little girl like you. I'll make an appointment."

Murnau looked up from his desk at the blue-eyed girl who stood before him and said fiercely, "Can you walk on your hands?"

"I've never tried . . . but I will! I'll try anything once!" she answered quickly, and proceeded to do so . . . without even looking for a pillow. Thump! Anita laughed. And so did Murnau. Anita scrambled up again and proceeded to try once more, but Murnau stopped her. "That's enough," he said. "I don't really want you to stand on your hands. I only wanted to test your spirit. You'll do. They'll probably send for you Monday."

It was some time after that that Anita also had a chance to play the part of Garbo as a child in Women of Affairs. Still she would never have won this role [Continued on page 28]
One of the most striking personalities of Hollywood, Ann Sothern is the type whose irresistible charms are causing Hopeful Hearts to beat faster. Ann may be married soon to some young "heart-case" (perhaps Roger Pryor), but meanwhile RKO’s bigwigs surrendered to her appeal and talent by signing her to a seven-year contract—with good roles in the offering. Those provocative eyes and hair (take note of the brownette shade), smile and figure just can’t be wrong.
Bette Davis

Having been acclaimed as the best actress of 1935, Bette Davis just had to find relaxation from it all. So between a trip East and lolling in the sun in a bathing suit, Bette is all set for a siege of acting in Mountain Justice. Davis, being an artist, is sure to add new laurels to her triumphs.
Jean Parker takes time out to look serenely into the future, realizing that she has outgrown the role of "the perfect ingénue." Furthermore she is happy because after finishing Farmer in the Dell she is able to catch up on her swimming and enjoy a honeymoon as the bride of George McDonald, writer.
What

JOAN CRAWFORD

Found in Marriage

Here's your chance to know all about the new Joan

Mrs. FRANCHOT TONE stood sapling-slim against the wall, and breathing deeply, reached for glorious high notes, and achieved them. Her music teacher at the piano smiled contentment and approval as her fingers raced over the keyboard in accompaniment! The girl taking her music lesson—the girl you know as Joan Crawford, in her sleeky-tailored white slack suit, was as unlike the Joan Crawford of a few months ago as the mind can conceive. There was the same broad, intelligent brow, the same deep eyes, the same fluent mouth, the same intentness, which always characterized her. But the point of difference was a quietness as penetrating as it was intangible.

For years the most remarkable characteristic of this ardent young person was a driving force. Not always with purpose—not always with clarity. But so intensified that at various times it high-lighted the varying facets of Joan's personality, giving basis to the many stories about the "changing" Joan Crawford. Unquestionably it is marriage. Unquestionably it is marriage. Franchot Tone has correlated her qualities and talents—even the forcefulness of her ambition. Certain it is, that as she stands there while the minutes tick away in that sound-deadening room, (so that she might receive no distorted idea of the importance or the beauty of her voice) this is a Joan Crawford who becomes in turn an inspiration and a revelation.

There is a poise in her bearing. A lack of emotional tension which adds not only to her as a person, but also as an artist. She has had self-assurance before—that is indicated by the distance she has traveled from her beginnings. She has had faith in herself before—for women with little faith do not span the distances between a job in the chorus and stardom on the screen. Such a hurdle demands courage as well.

This Joan Crawford is the embodiment of all the Joan Crawfords who have been presented to the public. It is my belief that in reality those varying Crawfords were only phases of the same girl—a girl who was seeking the underlying personality within herself, and was succeeding merely in revealing small portions of herself as crises in her life arose. Today she is a happy Joan. Because at last she has found a love which permits her completely to lose herself, she has, paradoxically enough, found herself! [Continued on page 76]
Glamouritas

Two of the appealingest girls gifted with the quality called glamour are Gail Patrick and Terry Walker. Gail, who has developed into one of the most seductive charmers of the screen, will soon appear in Early To Bed. And Terry, who comes from Alaska via New York, Miami and way stations, gave up night-club and radio singing to be Paramount's most promising newcomer. She debuts in Duster. A film surely benefits with such come-hither lookers in the cast.
By Harry Lang

T H R I C E I've seen death reach out for Ronald Colman—first time was a few years ago in Spain on the ranch of the famed Spanish grandee who raises the fiercest and deadliest bulls used in Spain's bull-fights. Colman was traveling in Spain. He'd caught up, in Madrid, with Ruth Chatterton and George Brent. There they'd met a newspaperman who's a bull-fight fan. His delight is to take American visitors to the bull ranch, get them feeling good, and then urge them into a bull ring to make a pass or two at some of the bulls. "They won't hurt you," he tells them, blandly. "They're only young bulls." He doesn't add, though, the tales of the banderilleros who've been killed there, gored to death by those "harmless" young bulls. . . . They're not tales to talk about.

Well, anyway, Colman fell for the young American newspaperman's gag. Feeling good, he let himself be handed a red cape, and led into the ring. In the stands, Chatterton and Brent (George had already made a successful pass or two in the ring) laughed at Colman, baiting the bull. Of a sudden, the laugh changed to a cry of horror. Colman, after all a tyro at this sort of thing, had slipped, fallen full length. And the bull, already snorting with rage, was lunging at him . . .!

In a spot like that, one of two things may happen: the man on the ground may be gored, probably fatally. Or the banderilleros who stand about may, luckily, rush in and with their own capes and shouts and gestures, distract the bull and divert his attack. In this case, the bull charged straight for Colman, who couldn't possibly get out of the way. It looked like the end for him. Chatterton covered her eyes; Brent was leaping into the ring. Then, by one of those quirks of fate, the bull caught the flash of a banderillero's madly-waving cape at one side, and in that instant he swerved, made for the other man instead of Colman. It was sheer luck—or maybe it was that same providence that saved Colman one day, later, at the M-G-M studios.

That was when they were shooting that Devil's Island picture, some time ago. There was a scene wherein Colman dives from a low pier into the sea. Soldiers swarm the pier after him, but Colman does not reappear. They believe he has drowned, and leave. But all the time, Colman is supposed to have come up under the pier while the soldiers tramp vainly overhead, seeking him. Something went wrong. The set wasn't strongly built. Colman did his dive neatly. The soldiers swarmed the pier. And Colman, as calculated, came up under it. But the pier, with the soldiers' weight, had sagged several inches. There wasn't room for Colman to bring his head out of water so he could breathe. The trampling overhead of the soldiers drowned out the noise of his knockings—and almost drowned Colman, too. By the time his plight was discovered he was so exhausted that it was an hour or more before he was sufficiently recovered to resume shooting. That was his second escape from the Old Man with the Scythe.

And the third—that was just the other day near Yuma, Arizona, where they were shooting Under Two Flags. In one scene, a knife is thrown to hit Colman, but it misses, sticks quiveringly into a post, just beside . . .
How Hepburn is "Queening" It

On the set with Hepburn as Mary of Scotland

By James Reid

"LONG, narrow eyes ... russet hair ... a classic brow ... firm mouth and chin ... beautiful, expressive hands ... a lithe body ... tall and graceful with a captivating smile ... decidedly more fascinating than beautiful."

What is this—a telegraphic description of Katharine Hepburn? It might well be. Actually it is the picture of the appearance of Mary, Queen of Scots, that historians paint. Before she ever applies her screen make-up as Mary, Katharine has an advantage that no other actress, playing a historical character, has ever had. Feature by feature, she looks like the woman she is to portray. Moreover, she thinks like her.

Nor are these the only uncanny coincidences in the production of Mary of Scotland. The name of the Earl of Bothwell, whom Mary loved, was James Hepburn. And the most amazed contemplator of these coincidences is Katharine, herself, who once said that she hoped some day to play the young Queen Elizabeth, the impulsive and auburn-haired "Tudor Wench" ... and now is playing Mary Stuart, Elizabeth's most dangerous enemy, who challenged her right to the English throne.

Yet she completely ignores all intimations that she and Mary could be called "look-alikes"—and "think-alikes." Many another star would have found ways to emphasize such similarities. But not Hepburn. No, Katharine hasn't gone queenly on the RKO boys and girls, even though the studio has surrounded her with one of the most impressive casts in recent movie annals. In fact, she takes pains [Continued on page 66]
It took Shirley Temple to rout the screen’s glamour girls. Hollywood’s greatest siren has cornered the town’s available men.

By Dorothy Spensley

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

La Temple, you see, appeals to a Man’s Intellect. None of those petty subterfuges of the weaker sex are used by her. Forthright, straightforward, she doesn’t rely upon dimples and curls to win her victims. No-sir-ree. Her attack is absolutely cerebral, appealing to the mind. Her conquests, we might add, are legion. Make no mistake about that!

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

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

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

Some women are born with the ability to dominate men. Shirley is one of them. Heaven help the male contingent when she reaches voting age. As a small, gurgling infant in her
cradle, La Temple (according to her mother), would open wide baby eyes whenever one of the Stronger Sex appeared, and drop her fringed lashes when one of those stupid females came to coo over her. She would laugh and dimple and hold out tiny arms whenever a man appeared on her horizon, which was then bounded by the pink ribbons of her bassinet. Since then her horizons have widened. So has her interest in masculinity. Coming down to brass tacks, she likes the boys.

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

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

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

OF COURSE, Shirley has always preferred Older Men. Young whippersnappers in long corduroy slacks and zipper pockets, have never held the slightest interest for La Temple. Oh, momentarily, perhaps, as in the case of Master Dickie Jackson who played in Littlest Rebel with La Temple, but only for the moment. Jerry Tucker, ten-year old Captain January juvenile, had her attention for almost a day. That was because his line-remembering agility was a slight thorn in Shirley's side. She learned her two pages of dialogue and leapt into it like a gazelle, not permitting Director David Butler to break it into smaller scenes and thus lessen the tax upon her memory. She'd show that Jerry Tucker who had done his scene in only two takes, that women

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

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

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

Of Shirley Temple

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

John Boles, Shirley's No. 2 Heart-Man, was a very easy conquest.
There's a new type of girl in Hollywood today—one who is still glamorous, but who also uses her brains.
Hissed to the Heights
THAT'S RATHBONE
(Villainy has brought him world-wide fame)

By Leonard Soule

URING the past year or two a powerful new personality has compelled attention from picture audiences the world over. We refer to Basil Rathbone, currently the most hated man on the screen. There is a steel-like, formidable quality about his acting. This consummate screen villain won fame in London and on Broadway in glamorous, romantic rôles. He was, for instance, the poetic Browning in the stage production of The Barretts of Wimpole Street, and played Romeo opposite Katharine Cornell. He came to Hollywood "to exchange applause for hisses," as he says.

I met him on the set of Romeo and Juliet. He plays the fiery Tybalt, the deadliest swordsman in fair Verona, who slays Romeo's friend, bold Mercutio (John Barrymore), whose death Romeo later avenges with his piercing steel.

Rathbone has played forty-seven parts in twenty-two plays of Shakespeare. He has played Romeo alone over five hundred times. He is passionately interested in the commercial success of M-G-M's elaborate production of the ageless love classic. "Oh, God, how I pray that it's a success. If it isn't, it's goodbye to Shakespeare," he said. He is very enthusiastic about Norma Shearer as Juliet. "I haven't seen any of her shots yet, so I don't know what she is like in them, but at the rehearsals of the play I thought her by far the best Juliet I'd ever seen. I've never seen anybody so believably young. I don't know Norma's age, but believe me, in the play, she is eighteen years old. She is simple, sincere, earnest, quiet, and yet has a capricious quality, a suppressed emotion, that will make her characterization particularly effective on the screen. She'll be a sensation."

"It is extremely difficult to play Juliet with conviction. At the right age one doesn't have the education and experience to speak the exquisite phrases written for this part. And when one has grown to an age where one can give full value to Shakespeare's magnificent language one is perpetually busy chasing back over the years searching for the illusion of youth. Miss Shearer lives her part beautifully and is my ideal Juliet."

"I suppose you are playing another heavy," I said.

"I'm afraid that's what many people will think. But Tybalt really is not a villain. True, he kills Mercutio, who defends Romeo, and who belongs to a household which is the hereditary enemy of his, but remember, we are in the fourteenth century, and Tybalt is a man who lives by his sword. He kills Mercutio in defense of the honor and dignity of his family."

THE romantic-looking Rathbone is determined to escape the great menace of the actor—"typing." He said: "I was never typed before I came to Hollywood. I am a character actor, if you please. Imagine saying to a painter, 'Look here, you can paint only cows.' Or saying to a musician, 'You can compose only études.' I am tremendously interested in motion pictures and like to live in Hollywood, but if I have to sacrifice my artistic freedom of portraying characters according to my experience, training and temperament, and be confined only to villainous parts, I'll go back to the theatre."

The hard guys of the screen are notoriously soft-hearted in real life. Rathbone will never cease to hate his screen self in David Copperfield. "When I had to beat Freddie Bartholomew," he said, "I wanted to go to the producer and tell him that I couldn't do it, I was through. But there was no other way out, I had to do that beastly thing. When I came home in the evening my wife said, 'You look ill.' I was. I told her I had done the most terrible thing in my life. 'Murstone is supposed to have done me a lot of good....' He smiled painfully. 'When David Copperfield was released, they treated [Continued on page 74]"
It takes spunk to get ahead on the screen—and Irene Dunne, being Irish, sure succeeded.

“YOU have to be a fighter to be a movie star,” Irene Dunne said with a flash of her Irish eyes. “It takes spunk to get anywhere in this business, especially when you aren’t endowed with all the gifts of the gods. Those that have reached the top aren’t ravishing beauties or geniuses. I have seen so many girls trying to enter pictures, girls who had beauty, brains, background, but got nowhere because they lacked—” and Irene Dunne indicated the region of her abdomen.

“Guts,” I blurted out.

“Don’t quote me! I didn’t say it!” she implored.

In her soft, warm, velvety voice Miss Dunne speaks a racy vernacular, but “guts” isn’t exactly the kind of word she would use. I was worried when I went to her home in Beverly Hills to interview her. I thought she might be all right for a lyric poem, but not a magazine yarn. Her grace, charm and beauty are well known. When a fan magazine writer is sent out to interview a movie star who is not a movie star in private life, he has a mighty tough assignment on his hands.

Now, an interview with Irene Dunne would be a cinch if all you have to write is what we “fan-maggers” call a straight personality story. Then you can rake up all your choice adjectives and luxuriate in such phrases as “Lovely Irene Dunne with the melodic voice carries the gracious gentility of the patrician of the old South like a halo about her pretty face,” or “This delectable Kentucky thoroughbred is tops in chawn.” But alas, I had to find a new angle on her, something other scribes have missed.

I expected to find a study in the austerities of drawing rooms, but it was an entirely different Irene Dunne that greeted me. There was, to be sure, an aroma of Park Avenue about her, but she was free and debonair, with a girlish quickness to her movements, and the twinkle in her eyes indicated that I had to deal with a funster, and not a regal, distant lady. This put me at my ease, although I still felt miserable brooding over my angle. I wasn’t sure I would get a story. I frankly told her my difficulty as I sipped my drink and munched the delicious cookies she had baked herself.

“EVERY fan magazine writer that comes to interview me wants a new angle,” she laughed. “I have no more angles. They’re all exhausted.” [Continued on page 68]
Loretta Young is not on guard any longer. Recapturing her girlhood has definitely made her a new person.

"UNGUARDED HOURS are HAPPIEST"...says LORETTA YOUNG

By Virginia T. Lane

UNGUARDED hours are happiest—because you don't plan them, said Loretta Young.

It was the last thing on earth I had expected her to say. Because, you see, I’ve always seen Loretta during her guarded hours. Hours when she was before the camera, or dancing to some provocative music in a popular night spot, or lolling on somebody’s yacht. Hours when she was on public display, so to speak, and watching every little step. For there has been nothing haphazard about Loretta’s career. She has left little to chance in the clever patterning of her work, in her efforts to perfect every rôle.

"This is the first picture I’ve worked in since last summer. Perhaps there’s something significant about its being called ‘The Unguarded Hour!’" Loretta laughed. "I’ve had plenty of them during the last few months. You do, I think, at home with your family like I’ve been. Something is released in you and somehow you feel freer, gayer. Do you know, even if I was ill during part of it, that’s the first vacation I’ve had in nine years? The first real breathing spell I’ve had... I sure earned it!..."

Certainly, it’s changed Loretta. There is an increased power in her personality. But most surprising of all is this: Loretta is recapturing the girlhood she lost. You sense it in the lift to her voice, in her enthusiasm over trifles she never noticed before.

That is what her un guarded hours have done for Loretta. At nineteen I thought her the most sophisticated young woman in Hollywood. A product of the crowded, necessarily watchful years that brought her stardom while other girls were still dewy-eyed over their first beaux. Now, at twenty-three, she has slipped back into a young charm that’s as refreshing as spring itself.

I’d heard she had been bored with the European trip she took with her mother immediately after completing Shanghai. She looked startled. "Bored? Why it was one of the few things I’ve looked forward to in my life that I wasn’t disappointed in! After going through a few of those castles I actually began to appreciate what mother saw in antiques! She has our house full of them, you know. When I got home I made the rounds and had her explain the history of each one of them over again."

"Rome was my favorite. The Countess di Frasso was there at the time and her ancient Italian palace is so lovely I don’t see how she can ever bear to leave it. Time seems to stand still over there. It makes you feel just how small your place is in the tremendous Scheme of things. I had an audience with the Pope, too. That was terribly impressive. There were about sixty of us present, all kneeling, the women dressed in long-sleeved black gowns. Mother and I bought special dresses for the occasion which I’d like to keep to show my grandchildren!"

"Then in Paris we met a very

[Continued on page 72]
From 11 A.M. till noon, Marian spends at a sunny beach!

Tennis hour for Marian starts at 9 and ends at 10

Marian’s breakfast attire for 8 o’clock wear

Marian’s breakfast attire for 8 o’clock wear

Dressed for the bridle path for hour: 6 to 7 A.M.

Time

My

Marian Marsh is showing correct costumes for an active day here!

It takes only one ray of warm sunshine on a crisp day to turn one’s thoughts to summer. And half the fun of summer is preparing for it, planning the vacation and dreaming for hours about what to wear. With innumerable places to go, some will choose the beach; others, the mountains; a flock will wave from the rails of pleasure bound steamers, while still others will take to the open road in cars.

A man can open a suitcase and dump his stuff into it, but a woman’s vacation is only as attractive as her clothes. “But what kind of clothes?” she asks.

There are many things to consider. Some of them are merely annoying trivialities; others, seemingly insurmountable problems. What to wear must wait on the question, “where to go?” And even if “where to go” is decided, another problem arises: “What is being worn at the place to which we’re going?”

The solution is general preparedness. This sounds like costly advice. But, for the smart woman who craves smartness, it’s a cinch!

The secret lies in taking along clothes that may be worn for more
than one occasion. For instance, one of the new culotte skirts may be worn for golf, bicycle riding, tennis, any outdoor game of an active nature. Different blouses and sweaters will change the outfit entirely.

AROUND the clock with the Columbia star, Marian Marsh, shows you the correct costume to wear at a particular time and the sort of clothes required for an active day at an average vacation resort.

Naturally, it is possible, as we said before, to double up and wear the same dress for golf as is worn for tennis. Add a tricky scarf, a novel

[Continued on page 80]
Starting with Fred MacMurray, above, and going around clockwise, you find Robert Taylor, Errol Flynn, Francis Lederer, and James Stewart—who are not only aces as actors, but are also “heart-cases” for ninety per cent of the feminine fans attending movies today. They’re all tall, dark ‘n’ handsome, and are experts in the art of making love. And each is an answer to a maiden’s prayer. Are you a bit “choosy,” or do you love them all?
Why Hollywood Fears CONSTANCE BENNETT

By Gordon Crowley

She is a great star, but not a great beauty. She has brains, personality and, above all, spirit. She is slender, with wide blue eyes, and a husky voice which ripples with laughter, but all Hollywood fears and respects her. When she is in the company of her fellow stars, no matter what gossip they have recently heard or read, they guard their tongues for few gossips have failed to feel the reproving whip-lash of her sarcasm. Producers tremble when they sit down to talk contract with her, remembering that the only arguments she considers are her own. Remembering too, that despite her demands, she's a money-maker for them. Tradesmen kiss the thought of exaggerated "movie star" profits farewell when they enter their shops, knowing her for one of Hollywood's most level-headed bargain drivers. She is dynamite personified.

Her name is Constance Bennett!

We sat in the living room of her new Holmby Hills home. She wore a plain home-dress and had just discarded a soft fur sports coat she had worn to the preliminaries of a current tennis tournament where her side had won.

"I am what I have learned to be. Hollywood taught me to fight for my rights."

There was no malice in Connie's voice or face as she expressed herself on her opinions of Hollywood. She was entirely matter of fact. It is this matter-of-factness—sans alibi—this straight-from-the-shoulder honesty which has been difficult for Hollywood to understand. And Hollywood, like everyone else, does not always like what it does not understand.

"When I first came to Hollywood, inexperienced in Hollywood's methods, I'd much to learn. In Paris I had been urged to sign a contract offered me by Pathé Studios. I was on the verge of an operation for appendicitis and so, almost without realizing what I was doing, I signed. Pathé put me in one picture. Then they began lending me out at huge profit to the studios. I thought I should share in that profit and demanded a bonus whenever they "loaned" me at more than they were paying me. They refused, and I signed my first declaration of independence in Hollywood."

So it was not for numerous other rumored reasons that Constance Bennett staged her early walk-out on Hollywood. She was fighting for what she considered her rights. She stayed in Europe twelve weeks, until she got her bonus and a new contract, written on equitable terms!

Ever since this fragile girl, who has the courage of her convictions, proved that she was the rarest of Hollywood experiences—a young business woman of such astuteness that she regarded her worth with an impersonal, but correct valuation—untrue tales have been rife about her.

Connie was under contract and a very nice contract, too, with RKO. It called for her to work only forty weeks out of each year and during the other twelve, so she had planned, she would rest in her beloved Europe. But with offers pouring in from all sides it seemed illogical and extravagant for her not to take advantage of them. Why shouldn't she cash in on that vacation period? So RKO capitulated to her demand to make pictures elsewhere during her twelve week lay-off. Warner Brothers had offered her a contract to make two pictures during the ten weeks she had left. They asked her to name her price and all but fainting when she calmly put fresh powder on her stub nose and said:

"Three hundred thousand dollars, gentleman!"

"You are crazy," they all howled in unison, "if you think we will pay it!" But Connie knew, as many stars do not, just what her pictures would net the company—knew too, that the price under discussion would leave a margin of profit for the company which proved her demand not unreasonable. To make a long story short, had they not known that her proposition was a fair business deal they would not have paid. But as she had figured, the deal netted a profit to the company.

[Continued on page 50]
Shore Lines

Even the Tide Will Turn— to Take a Second Look

Olivia de Havilland joins the floating population this summer in a Catalina one-piece polka-dot suit.

Beverly Roberts is taking a short cut to Summer in a Catalina one-piece suit that features a novel belt. And her pleasing shore lines make it a tide-y outfit.
In her Gantner & Mattern swim suit "Jinx" Falkenberg rests her shore lines right on the shore line. She will have people turning for a second look.

Sub-deb Dorothy Belle Dugan subdues a sub-tropical sun in a white Gantner & Mattern. Wearing white for summer, in order to keep cool is just what the doctor ordered.

Stretched out in her Jantzen, Maxine Doyle hopes Old Sol will be kind and not burn her. She wants the color of your mahogany table.

Speaking of shore lines—Carol Hughes, in a Catalina form-fitting suit offers an eyeful. She surely takes your mind off income taxes— and John D's birthday.
LEE TRACY, never Hollywood's best boy, thumbed his nose at the gossipers in the page ad he took in a movie trade paper after finishing Sutter's Gold for Universal. It read as follows:

Number of days on location—65
Time of arising—5:30 a.m.
Times late—2 or 3 or 4 but no more.
Percentage—98.74

But the laugh pays off in the item which appeared in the same issue of the trade paper and read: "Having finished Sutter's Gold, Lee Tracy did not return to Hollywood with the rest of the company. He stayed in San Francisco for the weekend."

Things Are Happening

ADVENT of technicolor is raising hob in Hollywood. Stars, directors, make-up and cameramen are learning their businesses all over again. Strange things happen—for instance, different makeups have to be worn morning, noon and afternoon. Experience shows that in the morning, sunlight is greenish, yellow at noon, and reddish, late afternoon. All of which reflects on the players' faces. And now comes Jack Pierce, one of Hollywood's makeup masters, who says that after three years of experimentation, he is on the verge of perfecting a system to change the color of stars' eyes. (He says it will be available to all you gals out of pictures, too.)

Most earnest color student is Marlene Dietrich. She is spending hours daily in camera tests, costume and makeup for The Garden of Allah. Marlene's no fool—if technicolor (as has been prophesied) is going to crowd out some stars, she's not going to be one of the crowdees. Incidentally, because the technicolor camera showed up the artificiality of the painted palm trees in Garden of Allah, Selznick International has had to go to a lot of extra expense importing the real article to their location.

The swimming season is on us again and Ann Rutherford of the Republic studios is all set for that first-dive-of-the-year. Ann's new one-piece Jantzen suit features a wide open back—a suit with a "sunny" disposition. She'll soon be a native-brown

Swiss Family Robinsons

IT'S like an army advance when the Gene Markey-Joan Bennett family goes to Palm Springs for the week end. Besides Diane and Melinda (the daughters), there's a governess, a maid, a chauffeur, a radio script writer and secretary for Papa Gene. And the children's two pet dogs. But that's nothing compared to Marlene Dietrich's contemplated trip to London. When Marlene goes over there to make a picture, she'll take along her good-looking daughter, Maria, a maid, secretary, make-up girl, hairdresser, chauffeur, and her limousine.

Joan Queening Now

HOLLYWOOD is tongue-clacking about how Joan Bennett has stepped into her abdicating sister Connie's shoes as one of Hollywood's social queens. Latest Joan distinction is to be hostess at one of the Mayfair Club's smoozy supper dances. Meanwhile in London, where she has gone to make a picture, ex-queen Connie is having "nerves" between "takes."

Foreign Oughday for Ken

KEN MAYNARD has to spend $70,000 but not in America. The gag is this. Many European countries have laws against removing money earned there. Ken's pictures have made him $70,000 in Italy, Holland, Bulgaria, Germany and other countries. On his coming vacation Ken's going to those countries and spend his earnings there.
Dorothy Stone limbers up her leg muscles to be in trim for dancing roles. And can she dance!

Ranking artists have elected Anita (Counihan) Colby the most beautiful model who ever posed for them. But she has given up modeling to become a screen actress for RKO. She debuts in Mary of Scotland.

Dorothy Stone limbers up her leg muscles to be in trim for dancing roles. And can she dance!

Patricia Ellis looks quite South Sea-worthy in her beachcomber suit. Come now—are you looking at the suit?

Raising a Hue

IT's going to be gay, bright colors in the better homes of Hollywood from now on. Carole Lombard has tired of the pink and blue pastels she started the fad with a couple of years ago, so she is redecorating her home in vivid colors. Watch them all follow suit.

Hepburn-March Tidings

MAybe the reason Katharine Hepburn wants absolute privacy and quiet on the set when she is working is because the poor gal is worn out with the noise she gets at home, where she is constantly surrounded by two cocker spaniels, canary birds, a monkey, a Siamese kitten and a French poodle. Speaking of the set-seclusion demanded, the latest one to be hit by it is Florence Eldridge, wife of Fred March. Florence was on the lot a couple of days before she started work in Hepburn's picture, Mary of Scotland, and decided that before she went home she would take a look at the set and visit her husband. But the Hepburn "No Admittance" sign had been put up and not even Queen Elizabeth could get by. But that's not the only trouble Florence is having with the picture. One of her court gowns is so heavily embroidered with gold fleur-de-lis and roses that it weighs fifty pounds. Walter Plunkett, the designer rigged up a frame with small rubber wheels—something like the toddlers babies walk in—to take the weight from Miss Eldridge's shoulders. After Mary of Scotland is finished, the Marches plan to co-star in a New York play—and I'm betting it's not done in costume. Freddie just finished refusing to sign a long-term contract because he was tired of playing costume roles—and then immediately accepted the part in Mary of Scotland.

No Sucker Money

"UnCLE CARL" Laemmle's going to be no coal-ool-Johnny. With the four million dollars cash he got for selling Universal, Camy Laemmle leaves himself no loose coin to be a sucker for salenmen. With two millions he's established himself a trust fund that pays his own living expenses, but no more. The other two million he split fifty-fifty between his son, Junior, and his daughter, Rosabelle.

Sweet and Lowdowns

You remember when Bing Crosby refused to appear with Gladys Swarthout in a picture to be entitled Opera versus Jazz? All because he didn't think a comparison should be made between the two? Well, Bing is now appearing as guest artist with Leopold Stokowski and his Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. But that doesn't mean your favorite crooner has forsaken the sweet and low—it's just because he admires Stokowski and the great conductor has a secret yen to appear in movies. Or maybe Bing is just getting even with "Cuddles," the ball appearing with him in Rhythm on the Range. Everything was going great on the set—they were recording Bing in some of his umphiest bo-obooboos—and right in the middle Cuddles couldn't take it any longer and let go with his own particular version of a Crosby croon: "BOOoo-oo." On top of all this is the report from New York that Lily Pons, of all people, is taking lessons from Bee Palmer, one of the hottest of the hotcha torch singers.

Back in Style and Health

On his first public appearance after a year's serious illness, Adolphe Menjou didn't forget that he is supposed to be the best-dressed man on the screen. When he

[Continued on page 64]
STAY Young and Beautiful

Increase your appeal! Give yourself beauty that intoxicating, that stirs the emotions of others. Putting this or that on the outside will not bring glowing cheeks, lustrous hair, smooth firm throat, lovely back.

"Brushing does it!" say famous beauty editors.

Brushing urges the tiny blood vessels to deliver more blood to the scalp and skin. Cleanses pores completely. Strengthens sagging tissues.

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Imagine a 300 page beauty book boiled down into 12 crisp and helpful pages. With 25 diagrammatic illustrations. Tells you exactly what to do and how to do it—for hair, skin, and figure. Mail this ad and send it with 65 in stamps to cover cost of mailing.

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EyeLids Burn?

Bathe them with LAVOPTIK

Instant Relief for cattle, horses, dogs, and other livestock. Grown and on the market 25 years success. Get Lavoptik (with free eye cup) from your druggist.

Care of the Teeth for Beauty

by Denise Caine

I T'S necessary for movie stars to have teeth that are even and perfectly shaped because the camera exaggerates the tiniest irregularity of line or shape... But it isn't necessary for you. So long as your teeth are kept gleamingly clean and white, it makes little difference if one extends a fraction of an inch in front of its neighbor or if another is a tiny bit shorter than the one next to it...

The movie stars' beautiful incisors are not always the ones they had before they reached Hollywood. Many of them—both men and women—have had to have perfectly sound teeth reconstructed simply because they threw an unflattering shadow in smiling close-ups. But whether they were lucky enough to have been born with perfectly aligned teeth or not, the movie stars work hard at the business of keeping their teeth sound and gleaming.

They realize, for one thing, that the proper care of the teeth means more than faithful brushing alone. They know that the teeth are kept hard, white and undecayed by the correct type of diet—which includes plenty of calcium and phosphorous, two of the actual ingredients of tooth structure. Some of the foods containing large amounts of calcium and phosphorous are milk, buttermilk, cheese, cauliflower, oranges, carrots, spinach, oatmeal and corn —so please don't eliminate any one of these from your diet.

In addition to these essential minerals, you need Vitamins A, D and C to keep your teeth one of your beauty assets. Foods that are rich in these vitamins are milk, cheese, egg yolk, cod liver oil, raw carrots, fresh lettuce, raw or cooked turnip greens, spinach, cabbage, tomatoes, water cress, oranges, lemons, grape fruit, bananas and strawberries.

If you have a little boy or girl, be sure to cut out the foregoing paragraphs and pin them up in your kitchen, so that you will remember to include in your grocery lists plenty of these foods that nourish the tooth building cells. Then, when your children grow up, they will have sound, attractive teeth and no morbid fear of the dentist... Follow the same diet to preserve your own teeth, too, and, in addition, brush them after each meal (or at any rate after breakfast and at bedtime) and go, unwaveringly, to see your dentist at least twice a year.

N ORMAL gums are as important as sound teeth from a standpoint of both health and beauty. There are few of us who do not show our gums when we smile, and if they are red or unhealthy looking, they can spoil the beauty of the prettiest lips and the most even teeth. If you are red, you will probably be able to see that your gums are receding from your teeth, if they bleed or if they are a red, tough tissue instead of a light pink, then they are not healthy. Any dentist will tell you that they need the tonic and stimulation of daily massage with a good tooth brush and a reliable dentifrice.

A tooth brush that is as well adapted to massaging the gums as it is to cleaning every crevice of [Continued on page 83]
I NEVER WANT TO SEE
ANOTHER SOUL AS
LONG AS I LIVE

HER PIMPLY SKIN
MADE ANN
FEEL LIKE A
TOTAL LOSS

HERE'S WONDERFUL NEWS,
ANN... AUNT MARY WANTS
YOU TO SPEND TWO
WEEKS WITH THEM
AT THE SEASHORE!

OH, MOTHER... D-DON'T
MAKE ME GO, P-PLEASE.
I JUST C-COULDNT—
NOT WITH MY FACE ALL
BROKEN OUT LIKE THIS.
IT MAKES ME LOOK
AWFUL.

WHY DARLING... THOSE
PIMPLES DO SEEM TO BE
GETTING WORSE. I THINK
WE'D BETTER ASK THE
DOCTOR WHAT TO DO
FOR THEM.

AND YOU REALLY THINK
I CAN GET RID OF THESE
PIMPLES?

I NEEDED I DO. EAT
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST
FAITHFULLY JUST AS I TOLD
YOU, AND YOUR SKIN SHOULD
CLEAR UP NICELY.

LATER

ISN'T THIS DRESS JUST TOO DULLY? AND
NO PIMPLY FACE ON ME TO SPOIL IT, THANKS
TO FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. OH, I'M SO HAPPY—
NOW I KNOW I'LL HAVE A GOOD TIME AT
AUNT MARY'S!

ANN IS SUCH
A DARLING—
SO CUTE LOOKING
AND SO FULL
OF PER!

YOU SAID IT—
SHE'S A
WINNER
ALL RIGHT.

Don't let Adolescent Pimples
spoil YOUR vacation plans

A BROKEN-OUT skin is no help to any
girl or boy who longs to be popular and
have good times. But unfortunately, many
young people are victims of this trouble.

After the start of adolescence—from about
13 to 25, or even longer—important glands
develop and final growth takes place. This
causes disturbances throughout the entire
body. The skin gets oversensitive. Harmful
waste poisons in the blood irritate this sen-
sitive skin. Pimples break out.

Thousands have found Fleischmann's
Yeast a great help in getting rid of adoles-
cent pimples. It clears these skin irritants
out of the blood. Then, the pimples go!

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast reg-
ularly—one cake about 1/2 hour before
meals—plain, or in a little water—until your
skin is entirely clear. Start today.

-cleans the skin
by clearing skin irritants
out of the blood

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How can I get a Wave like that?

THE LOVELY STAR, KATHLEEN BURKE

Thousands of women write to the Hollywood stars for this beauty advice. Always they receive the same answer, "After completely testing every known method of permanent waving, the Duart method has received the exclusive and official endorsement of the Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild . . . nearly every star on the screen has her hair Duart Waved."

This same Duart wave is available in your own community for there is only one Duart wave . . . it is the same in every one of the 20,000 shops that feature it from coast to coast. To be sure you are getting the one and only genuine Duart wave, look for the sealed package of permanent waving Pads . . . your hairdresser will let you open them yourself . . . then you'll know your hair is to be waved with the same method that adds such glamour and soft, glowing charm to the lovely heads you see on the screen. FREE BOOKLET enables you to copy a screen star's hairstyle exactly. Choose from page after page of Hollywood's newest coiffures styled by Hollywood's leading artists. Booklet sent free with one 10-cent package of Duart's Hollywood Hair Rinse. No dye—no bleach just a colorful and cleansing touch of sunlight. Select your shade—see coupon.

DUART permanent waves

SEND 10c FOR HAIR RINSE AND FREE BOOKLET
DUART, 984 Folsom Street, San Francisco, Calif.
Exceed your 10c; send me shade of ring marked and copy of your booklet, "Hollywood Coiffures for 1936."

[Options for hair colors are listed]

Name
Address
City
State

DUART WAVES ARE THE CHOICE OF THE HOLLYWOOD STARS

Why Hollywood Fears Constance Bennett

[Continued from page 43]

CONNIE was not in the least reluctant to explain her attitude toward the majority of the press. Nine out of ten newspaper people, columnists and magazine scribes hate her and she would have them back with the same intensity, double! Why? Because she tells them fearlessly that she will not talk about certain subjects. But she says:

"I am always ready to talk to an interviewer when the subject is one that I feel to be pertinent and intelligent. However, I will not let them dip into my private life or my personal affairs, nor will I talk on the thousands of insipid subjects I have been asked to talk on. Imagine being asked, as I was in New York a while back, to talk on 'Why Baby Talk Makes Small Girls Attractive' and 'Why All Girls Should Marry Millionaires.' I leave it to you. Would you talk on these subjects? No! Nor would anyone else! Members of the press who have been intelligent and decent I like, and I think they like me. I have never refused one of them an interview, as soon as I could find time, in a full schedule, to see them. It is not that I am afraid of bad publicity, I've probably had the world's worst."

"Connie," I asked her, "are there not a thousand and one big expenses incidental to being a star?"

"There are, if you do all the things a movie star is supposed to do," she replied with a smile, "but I don't! If I am traveling, for instance, I always buy a few new things, naturally, but I don't buy them in car lots, just because I'm Constance Bennett. I buy what anyone might, and that's all. I don't go in for lavish entertainment more than once a year. I don't let my common sense run away from me. My income and my capital are divided into three parts. One part is put into ultra-safe investments and I refuse to touch it, even if I don't get a new Easter hat. I set aside one comparatively small part for luxuries and if there aren't any funds in it, there are no luxuries, or at least, no new ones."

THAT there are two distinct Constance Bennett's, all Hollywood is aware. There is the Mrs. Hyde who frightens off impudent offerings and the most charming Mrs. Jewett who presents herself to her friends. And if Constance is your friend, she is a friend for keeps and will move heaven and earth to help a pal in trouble.

Most people will laugh if you associate the word charity with the name of Constance Bennett, and Connie is willing to let them. But if the world knew and if she would permit it to know, of the many great charities she performs each year, it would be astonished.

Even great directors take no liberties with Connie. Once a distributor for his star submitted to his boss's cut his star's, called her two mornings at nine o'clock and did not use her until four in the afternoon. On the third nine o'clock call, Connie's chauffeur came instead of Connie. He bore a note which, in no uncertain language, told the director that she would come when he knew her own mind well enough to know when he would make her scenes.

It isn't Constance Bennett Hollywood fears, really. It is a brain. Clear and sharp and logical, which dares to strip the tinsel of tradition from Hollywood and from life. And dares to be logical and courageously right. It is her lack of fear . . . for she says, "I'm not afraid of ANYTHING. Oh, there are lots of things I hate! But I'm not AFRAID of anything!"

So there you have her. A personality as variously faceted as the most brilliant diamond. Slave to no one—not even herself. She's not always tactful, but she's always, and infinitely, courageous. Knowing she is not always right, but willing and eager to face the consequences of anything she does! Unafraid. Ready to blaze her own trail in Hollywood—or any place else! As, for instance, London, where she is now engaged in making a picture for Gaumont-British. It's entitled Everything Is Thunder, and Douglas Montgomery plays opposite her.

Were you an entrant in the Pickford-Lasky Contest?

If you were, you were one of the many thousands who entered this contest and therefore received a personal breakdown of the judges—they were just swamped with entries. In order to give each trade-mark entered careful consideration they have asked for more time. We have concurred their wishes and the winners will be announced in our August issue.
MILK makes four star beauty news

By DORIS DUMONT

This new creme made from milk certainly is getting the big raves from Hollywood's beauty experts and the stars as well. In the dressing rooms and make-up departments at every studio the praises are the same. Nothing I could write here would convey one-tenth part of their enthusiasm so I'm going to publish answers to the four questions most frequently asked by my readers about the new Creme of Milk. Now for the questions:

"Is Creme of Milk really made from milk?"
I quote from a letter written to the makers of Creme of Milk by California's largest producers and sellers of dairy products, Golden State Co. Ltd. They say:

"The concentrated oils of pure, fresh, wholesome dairy milk, or dairy cream, furnished by us for inclusion in Creme of Milk, measure up to the highest quality standards of this Company for purity, freshness and wholesomeness."

"Does it nourish the skin?"
Because it is made from milk, Creme of Milk nourishes the skin in a very special way of its own. No other creme or beauty preparation of any kind has ever been able to duplicate the beneficial effects of milk oils on the skin.

"How do you use Creme of Milk?"
Creme of Milk is much quicker and simpler to use than an ordinary face creme. The moment you spread it on you can fairly feel your skin drinking it in. Leave it on for a minute or two, then wipe it off easily.

"Does it penetrate the skin?"
Creme of Milk penetrates the pores and skin tissues more deeply than any other creme known because milk oils are far more delicate and finely textured than the wax, mineral oil, lanolin and similar substances of which other cremes are made. For this reason it cleanses more thoroughly and more quickly. Creme of Milk shipments were rushed to more than 5,000 stores last month and in California alone more than 100,000 women are already using it. Stores in your community may not have received their shipments yet, so I suggest you write personally enclosing fifty cents for a regular size jar or one dollar for a large size jar of this thrilling new creme. Address your letter to Doris Dumont, Hollywood, Calif.

Cleansing and Nourishing Qualities

Here is a secret none of the other cremes has. Creme of Milk is a powerful cleanser. With its fresh, pure milk essence, it penetrates to the very depths of the skin. It cleanses the skin, leaving it soft, supple and tender. It even improves the complexion of the skin.

See Improvements First Day

You will know Creme of Milk is different the very moment you spread it on... you can fairly feel your skin drinking it in. Improvements that you can see and feel come quickly. Dryness, coarse pores, blackheads and other marks of a poor complexion go fast when the genuine milk-oils penetrate deep into the tissues, cleanse away dirt and build up the supply of the natural youth-giving oils that feed and nourish the skin.

No other creme, lotion or soap can duplicate the amazing effects of milk on the skin and yet Creme of Milk costs no more than the most ordinary face creme.

Only Beauty Creme in the World Made from Milk

Motion Picture for July, 1936
Get Acquainted Offer
10¢

New! Bud Vase Glass Urn of Pompeian Olive Oil and Book of Salad Recipes

Something new! Famous Pompeian Olive Oil in a classic glass urn that can be used as a beautiful bud vase when empty. To acquaint you with Pompeian pure, virgin, imported Olive Oil, we'll send it, together with a book of tested recipes (including famous Pompeian "Shreddering Salads") for only 10¢.

Pompeian is First Press Olive Oil, from selected, hand-picked Mediterranean olives. At grocers' and druggists', in classic glass arms and attractive blue tusks.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!
Pompeian Olive Oil Corp., Balto., Md., U. S. A.
I enclose $100.00. Now send me new bud vase glass urn of Pompeian Olive Oil and book of tested recipes. Dept. D.
Name
Address

NEW KIND OF SEAL
FOR JAMS...JELLYES...ETC.
A WHOLE PACKAGE OF 25 FOR ONLY 10¢
JIFFY-SEAL
FOR EVERY KIND OF GLASS OR JAR!
Saves Time—Money—Labor—Materials
A MARVELOUS new invention needed by every housewife who makes jellies, jams, etc. Seals any glass or jar in 1⁄4 the usual time, at 1⁄4 the usual cost! No wax to melt—no tin tops to sterilize—no mess—no waste. A perfect seal every time. Amazingly easy to use. Try Jiffy-Seals—the new transparent film invention, sent yet at your dealer's next 10¢ for full-size package to CLOPAY CORPORATION 1590 York St., Cincinnati 5, Ohio.

Tell Your Dealer to try Jiffy-Seals—get the new CLOPAY CORPORATION Package of 25! At All Woolworth, Kress & Other 5c & 10c Stores or Your Neighborhood Store

Make Way for the Jelly Making Contest!

Hooray—the race is on! Enter our jelly contest—win a cash prize!

By Dorothy Dwan

Making jelly is a time honored custom—I wouldn't be surprised if Eve didn't try her hand at a little apple jelly." May Robson told me with a twinkle in her eye.

"Women can't resist the luscious grapes, juicy peaches and plums—in fact, every kind of fresh fruit—to be found in the markets at this time of year," she continued. "They visualize the cupboard shelves stocked with nearly labeled glasses—a myriad of clear, sparkling colors—and I'm just like all the rest. Yesterday I came home, with the car loaded down with fruit bought for a song, and now look at me!"

I had been looking and marveling. Miss Robson was making jelly a "mile a minute." That phrase is almost the truth as she told me she now uses the modern method—bottled fruit pectin—and it seemed before I was comfortably perched on a kitchen stool. I was helping to label glasses!

After trying these Robson recipes, you'll be glad she isn't entering the jelly contest—no one else would have a chance!

SOUR CHERRY JELLY
3¼ cups juice [Continued on page 54]

Who Will Win These Prizes?

First Prize .................................................... $50.00
Second Prize ................................................ $25.00
Third Prize .................................................. 15.00
Ten Prizes .................................................. ($1.00 Each) 10.00

Total ............................................................. $100.00

Everyone get busy and try!
"MAKE-UP MAGIC"

I learned from LORETTA YOUNG

"Since I've been using the same make-up that Max Factor creates for Loretta Young and all the beautiful screen stars, all my friends say I look twice as attractive! Powder, rouge and lipstick in the color harmony shade for my type has made such a difference in my appearance—won't you tell other women about your wonderful secret, so that they may have beauty too?" Jeanne Earle.

A New Idea in Powder

"Using screen stars as models," says Loretta Young, "Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, has created new color harmony shades of powder which have proved by exacting tests to reveal more beauty in each type of face than any others." Max Factor's Face Powder harmonizes with your skin and also adds to it the color needed to give it beauty. Your mirror will show you how your color harmony shade will enliven your skin instantly with youthful radiance. One dollar.

Rouge that Gives You New Beauty

Max Factor has created rouge in color harmony shades that give you new appealing loveliness, "says Loretta Young. "The creamy-smooth texture blends easily, evenly, appears flawless even in a glaring light." If you want to see how lovely you can be, try this Hollywood secret—rouge in the color harmony shade for your type. Fifty cents.

Hollywood's New Lip Make-Up

"To make your lips more alluring," says Loretta Young, "Max Factor has created color harmony shades of lipstick which give you a charming, individual color." Max Factor's Lipstick lasts indefinitely because it is Super-Indelible, and may be applied to both inner and outer surface of the lips giving them an even, smooth make-up. One dollar.

Max Factor * Hollywood

Would you like to try the make-up secret of Loretta Young and other Hollywood stars—color harmony powder, rouge, lipstick? Mail this coupon.

© 1936 by Max Factor & Co.

Motion Picture for July, 1936
USE FREE COUPON BELOW

Make Way for the Jelly Making Contest!
[Continued from page 52]

7 cups sugar
1 bottle pectin

For a lovely looking jelly, bring to a boil and

rum and crush
about 3 pounds fully
ripe cherries. Do not

and boiling
stirring to mix
thoroughly. Continue
cooking until full roll-

Remove from range, skin, and pour quick-

May Robson uses the modern
method—bottled fruit pectin

AND NOW FOR THE NATION-WIDE JELLY MAKING CONTEST
I know you have already scanned our list of
prizes. Read the simple rules and follow
them carefully. Failing to adhere to them
closely may be the cause of your not win-
ing a prize!

1. Only jelly will be considered. No jases or mar-

Motion Picture offers you an opportunity to collect the preferred
recipes of the stars! Each leaflet has been personally autographed by
a film celebrity and the recipes have been tested by a noted food
authority.

The recipes are printed on a punched leaflet to fit any 8½ x 11 loose
leaf notebook.

SEND A THREE CENT STAMP FOR EACH LEAFLET ORDERED!

Heather Angel’s Salads
Valerie Holson’s Casserole Dishes
Mona Barrie’s Famous Soups
Tuna Recipes from Jim Cagney
Leftover Surprises from Sally Eilers
Mae Clarke’s Favorite Cakes
Adrienne Ames’ Apple Recipes
Raquel Torres’ Mexican Dishes
Andy Devine’s After Dinner Snacks
E. G. Robinson’s Honey Cakes
Margaret Sullivan’s Tasty Puddings
Raisin Recipes from Noah Beery, Jr.
Pinky Tomlin’s Favorite Hot Breads
Cottage Cheese Delights from Binnie Barnes
Savory Ham Dishes from Gloria Stuart

Address your letters to Dorothy Dwan, MOTION PICTURE
Food Editor, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. NO LETTERS ANSWERED UNLESS A STAMPED AND SELF-AD-DRESSED ENVELOP IS ENCLOSSED!

Motion Picture for July, 1936
Tip-Offs on the Talkies
Brief Reviews of the Recent Releases

AAAA—EXCELLENT; AAA—GOOD; AA—FAIR; A—MEDIocre

Forgotten Faces—AAA—Stirring drama with Herbert Marshall and Gertrude Michael. Marshall's character, a man who is executed, makes a character of himself. Miss Michael is excellent.特点和结论。Marshall returns on parole and forces his wife to murder him and commit suicide herself. Paramount.

Speed—AAA—A Detroit automobile race is the background for this film, packed with action and a thrilling auto race. James Stewart, a test driver at the factory, invents a carburetor which is given a test at one of the big races. The car is wrecked and Stewart accuses Walden Heyburn, the engineer, of being responsible for the accident. Stewart is given another trial and makes good but nearly loses his life—he wins the girl, however, who is lovely Wendy Barrie. —St-G-M.

Florida Special—AAA—An entertaining comedy about a gang of jewel thieves with the action aboard a Florida-bound train. Fellow passengers: Jack Oakie, a wisecracking newspaper reporter; Sally Eilers, train hostess, who falls in love with Kent Taylor after he has been jilted by Frances Drake and Sidney Blackmer the jewel robber. An amusing melodrama with musical interludes furnished by Jackie Hether—Paramount.

Don't Miss

the following big pictures which have been previously reviewed in this magazine: The Great Ziegfeld, a gorgeous spectacle with William Powell portraying the greatest showman in the world... Mr. Deeds Goes to Town, in which Gary Cooper goes to town... Things to Come, a gigantic picture with a story telling the future... Sergeant York, a historic picture excellently presented with Edward Arnold and Lee Tracy... The Country Doctor, starring the world's most famous baby and with Jean Harlow in a very sympathetic role as the doctor... Modern Times, a very eloquent "silent" picture with Charlie Chaplin... Captain January, Shirley Temple's latest and, perhaps, greatest picture... Small Town Girl, Ben Ames Williams' popular novel starring Janet Gaynor with Robert Taylor furnishing the heart throbs... The Trail of the Lonesome Pine, beautiful Technicolor film with an excellent cast headed by Sidney Smith, etc... I Married a Doctor, Pat O'Brien and Josephine Hutchinson in a swell adaptation of Sinclair Lewis' "Main Street..." Planner, a sophisticated comedy about jewel thieves with Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper... Robin Hood of El Dorado, a colorful picture of early Californian days with Warner Baxter in a fine, sympathetic characterization of a Mexican peon.

[Continued on page 57]

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

Leading dental authorities are agreed: "Most bad breath is caused by improperly cleaned teeth!"

Decaying food deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are by far the most common source of this social handicap—and of much tooth decay. Colgate Dental Cream has a special penetrating foam which thoroughly cleans each hidden crevice, and a soft grit-free ingredient which safely polishes the enamel... makes smiles sparkle.

So brush your teeth, gums, tongue with Colgate's at least twice daily. If you are not entirely satisfied, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will refund TWICE what you paid.

E-V-E-R-Y-B-O-D-Y
S-A-Y-S
H-E-N-G-E
N-E-L-C-G-T-
N-S
H-E-R,
B-U-T...

My Mouth Feels Fresher and Cleaner Already!

Mrs. Lane Sees Her Dentist

BAD BREATH COMES FROM TEETH?

EXACTLY! MOST BAD BREATH IS DUE TO DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN THE CREVICES BETWEEN THE TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. IT'S SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.

I'm Home Early, Dear! Thought I'd Take My Best Girl Stepping Tonight?

She Accepts with Pleasure, Darling!

How Glad I Am I Took the Dentist's Advice About Colgates

FRIDAY NIGHT—TWO WEEKS LATER

No Other Toothpaste Ever Made My Teeth So Bright and Clean!

Motion Picture for July, 1936

55
Michael Whalen—He has brown hair and blue eyes, weighs 170 lbs. and is six feet two. He was born in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., and was named Joseph Kenneth Shovlin. He later adopted his maternal grandfather's name which he has retained. (M. R., Brooklyn, N. Y.)

Ronald Colman—His latest picture is Under Two Flags. No, he isn't married. You can write to him at Columbia Pictures Corp., 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif., where he is making Lost Horizon. (D. B., Santa Barbara, Calif.)

Frances Langford—Her next picture will be Palm Springs and Smith Ballew appears opposite her. She was born in Lakeland, Florida, where she started her musical career singing at church and school entertainments. (F. V. R., Waukegan, Ill.)

Marlene Dietrich—Yes, you are right, Marlene's next picture is a color film. The title is The Garden of Allah and Charles Boyer co-stars with her. (E. A., Gary, Ind.)

Leslie Howard—No, Leslie Howard is not going to do Hamlet, not for the present anyway. His latest picture is Romeo & Juliet. He is now vacationing abroad. (G. M. R., Atlanta, Ga.)

Kay Francis—The White Angel is her latest. This is a photographic picture of a great heroine—Florence Nightingale. Yes, we agree with you that Kay has been absent from films too long. (H. H. B., El Paso, Texas.)

Robert Taylor—Bob denies that he has a "best girl." His current film is Private Number with Loretta Young. Tennis and horseback riding are his favorite sports. Filley, Nebraska is his home town. (E. H. N., Chicago, Ill.)

Mary Astor—And So They Were Married is Mary's current film and Melvyn Douglas is the lucky man—cinematically speaking. He can reach her by addressing your letter to Columbia Pictures Corp., 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. (E. D., Oklahoma City, Okla.)

James Stewart—No, Mrs. Secretary is not Jimmy's first picture. He was Jeanette MacDonald's brother in Rose Marie and he played the leading male role in Stage Door. He's Love with Margaret Sullivan. His next is Speed with Wendy Barrie and Una Merkel sharing the honors. He received his dramatic training playing in stock. (L. M., Washington, D.C.)

Errol Flynn—The Charge of the Light Brigade will be his next and Olivia de Havilland appears in this, his second film, too. Lily Damita is Mrs. Flynn in private life. (H. K., West Orange, N. J.)

Olivia de Havilland—This is her real name and she was born in Tokio, Japan. She is of English descent. Olivia will be out of her birthplace's birthday, July 1st. Her first picture role was Hermia in a Midsummer Night's Dream. Anthony Adverse is her latest film. (C. S., Tampa, Fla.)

Melvyn Douglas—Yes, he's married and Helen Gahagan is the Mrs. They have a young son. Melvyn is six feet tall, weighs 182 lbs. and has blonde hair and blue eyes. Macon, Ga. is his birthplace and April 5, 1901 his birthdate. (P. W., Sheboygan, Wis.)
Tip Offs On the Talkies  
[Continued from page 55]

Francis Lederer and Ida Lupino in an embracing moment from One Rainy Afternoon. Read the review below.

One Rainy Afternoon—AAA—A tuneful, breezy, comedy-romance starring Francis Lederer, Ida Lupino as the young romantic interest gives an outstanding performance. The plot revolves around a faux pas committed in a darkened theater. Lederer kisses the wrong girl—Ida Lupino—the daughter of a very prominent man. The fun begins there and is maintained throughout the picture—United Artists.

Half Angel—AAA—Ida Lupino returns from her long retirement from the screen in an interesting murder mystery. Lupino, who is accused but later acquitted of the charge of poisoning her father is pursued by Brian Donlevy, a news photographer who endeavors to secure her "own" story for his newspaper. He fails in obtaining the story, but gets the girl instead—20th Century-Fox.

Devil's Squadron—AA—An exciting melodrama with a background of suicide. The location an airplane field. Richard Dix, a test pilot, trying to cover up his sweetheart's brother's cowardice, who has committed suicide because of his fear for crashing, takes him up in a plane and lets it crash so that it would appear an accident. He hates himself out and is consequently accused of cowardice in letting the other fellow die. He exonerates himself, however, and wins the girl—Karen Morley—Columbia.

Three on the Trail—AA—Taken from Clarence Mulford's Bar 20 Three, it retains most of the fast moving action that has made his books so famous. Johnny Nelson played by Jimmy Ellison is always getting into difficult situations and Hesmond Cassidy (William Boyd) is always getting him out of them. A stage hold-up, rustling and a young school teacher make this a top-notch western—Paramount.

Song and Dance Man—AA—This screen version of George C. Hahm's stage hit lacks punch packed by original Broadway play, but is entertaining. Paul Kelly and Claire Trevor interpret dances with skill. Story deals with altruistic effort of Kelly in advancing career of his dance partner, Claire—20th Century-Fox.

Preview Murder Mystery—AAA—Murder and melodrama emerge in this thriller. Three people are killed: a star, a policeman, and a director. Plot relates who committed the foul deed. Reginald Owen, as a press agent, gives excellent account of himself, Frances Drake, Gail Patrick, and Cy Kendall do well—Paramount.

The House of a Thousand Candles—AA—An international skit-dodger, headquartered in Paris, is basis for this picture. Phillips Holmes, as a courier, and Mae Clarke, his sweetheart, are confined in Irving Pichel's "house of a thousand candles." Then the plot thickens—Republic.

Hell Ship Morgan—AA—Interesting item with reference to this picture is the return of George Bancroft to the screen. Story of ships and the sea, there are dramas and pathos, Victor Jory and Anna Sothern are the romantic team, Ann being the wife of Bancroft who dies at sea. Entire cast handles trite situations well—Columbia.

WHAT IS THIS WOMAN AFRAID OF? How often a haunting fear spoils good times! But now—women can say goodbye to all that! A new and different kind of sanitary pad is here! Just ask for Modess. Then forget all your old worries . . . for Modess is certain-safe!

FEARS ARE NEEDLESS NOW! No shadow of fear need cross your mind, with Certain-Safe Modess! Unlike many ordinary reversible pads, Modess has a specially treated material on sides and back to prevent striking through! No chafing—the edges stay dry. Modess stays safe . . . stays soft. Wear the blue line on moisture-proof side away from the body and perfect protection is yours.

End "accident panic"—ask for Certain-Safe Modess!  
The Improved Sanitary Pad

- Try N.O.Y.O.—the safe, easy-to-use douche tablets. Cleanses! Deodorizes! Refreshes! (Not a contraceptive.) In a dainty Blue and Silver Box—at your drug or department store.

Motion Picture for July, 1936 57
NEW TATTOO CREAM MASCARA

Needs no water to apply—really waterproof!

Congratulations, Mr. Hersholt!

$15 Prize Letter

At last! Jean Hersholt comes into his own! For years this splendid, gifted artist has played second fiddle, his ability and genius submerged in small parts. Oh, he made each one stand out superbly, but in The Country Doctor we see what he is really capable of doing. And does he do it! Congratulations, Mr. Hersholt!

Not for many years have I seen as fine a picture as this, nor as marvellous a portrayal in sincerity and genuine pathos, as that of Jean Hersholt as Dr. Dafoe. Of course, the Quiltons are adorably, but the tenderness and delicacy with which Mr. Hersholt plays his part makes him stand out as classic. The gentle, modest, kindly doctor lives before our eyes, making us love the actor and doubly respect Dr. Dafoe. Dorothy Peterson triumphs as the nurse and that upsurging birth scene is a masterpiece.—Evelyn Eatbrook, Bushnell Hill Golf Course, Dubuque, Iowa.

A GOOD INFLUENCE

$10 Prize Letter

Of all the movie stars, who is the idol of the boys and who, by the sheer sincerity of his acting, is doing more to prevent boys from developing into future criminals? The answer is Buck Jones!

Buck Jones, in the portrayal of the hero who stands for right, justice, law and order and clean living, is setting the finest example of a clean character before the eyes of his young and audience without "preaching". So shouldn't we movie fans give three cheers not only to Buck Jones, but to those Western stars who have done as much to put clean manhood upon a pedestal, Tim McCoy, Tom Mix and our beloved Will Rogers, the greatest of them all? Have you not noticed how the youngsters cheer when the villain is being captured? What better proof have we that the movies are a good influence upon the youth of our land.—Roy Robert Smith, 115 Sherman St., Denver, Colo.

LAUGHED FOR A WEEK

$5 Prize Letter

I think it's high time some praise be given those three "blues chasers," Groucho, Chico, and Harpo Marx. When I went to see A Night at the Opera, I was in such a terrible state of melancholy I would have sworn that no pictures could have made me forget my troubles, but I started laughing in the first scene and I didn't let up through the run of the picture. First it was Groucho, then Chico, and then Harpo.

The scene in the crowded stairwell was panic and Chico's happy sequence was a gem. Had I not been practically spellbound by this artistry in "tickling the ivories" it would have floored me. That one scene was worth more than the price of admission. Did the Marx Brothers cure my blues? Why, I laughed for a week at the mere mention of them.—H. V. Williams, 1619 Central National Bank Bldg., Richmond, Va.

TWO GLORIOUS VOICES

$5 Prize Letter

A toast to Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy for their splendid performances in both Naughty Marietta and Rose Marie! I sincerely hope and believe that in the future they will top both of these pictures and rise to even greater fame and glory. It would be disastrous to music lovers everywhere should they be separated.

What we want now is The Desert Song. Nobody could do that beautiful operetta justice as could Miss MacDonald and Mr. Eddy. Mr. Romero's masterpiece, of all the two such glorious voices—and they deserve it!—Jean Kulberg, 2501 Harriet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

A DOG'S LIFE

$1 Prize Letter

To leave a motion picture theatre feeling thoroughly satisfied with the performance is, for some of us, a rare experience, but I had that experience the other night after I had seen The Voice of Bulgaria. The incomparable work of Lionel Barrymore alone is gratifying, but added to that is Bulgaria Ann.

This is a simple picture about the love of a man for his dog, but the poignancy of that love makes it unforgettable. It surely did not cost a million dollars to produce. It has no fashion display, nor catchy airs, but the voice of Bulgaria Ann. But, it has more than all these—it has the very essence of reality, the stuff of life.—Caroline L. Kellar, 811 Tinton Avenue, New York City.

FAITHFUL FAN

$1 Prize Letter

FANS should stand up and cheer every time Jack Mulhall appears on the screen. Here is a man who is making a real fight to return to the screen and it's a distinct pleasure to this fan, at least, to find one

Prizes for Letters!

Your opinions on movie plays and players may win money for you! Three prizes—$15, $10 and $5—with $1 each for additional letters printed—are awarded every month for the best letters received. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. And remember: no letter over one hundred and fifty words in length will be considered! Address your entries to Letters Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.
old timer who doesn't expect the world to bow at his feet simply for what he was in the past.

Mr. Muhall is willing to work for a return to his place on the screen and no part is too small for this ambitious young man. You'll see him in one picture after the other in minor roles, but he's slowly getting to the fore. So, here's to Jack Muhall! Uncomplaining he's slowly getting ahead and it's great to see such a swell fellow back on the screen. The motion picture industry can use men with such admirable determination.—Leonard Evry, Library A. S. T. C., Boone, North Carolina.

TRAVEL AND MOVIES $1 Price Letter

ALTHOUGH I have traveled very little.

I can describe the cold, intense beauty of the Arctic, the balmy tropics, the modern conveniences of city life, and the quaint ways of rural life. In my mind's eye I can see the beautiful Thames River as she flows through London. I have climbed the icy, slippery Alps and visited Holland with her bright, cheerful people and clean airy homes with yards of yellow and red tulips waving in the breeze. Many of the beauties of life have come to me through pictures, for each picture is a trip in which I meet unique and interesting people and see the miracles of life spread out in a panoramic view. Pictures have given to me and to countless millions one of the greatest gifts, the ability to appreciate life and nature in its true form.—Margaret Evans, 219 Leake Street, Cartersville, Ga.

SILENCE IS GOLDEN $1 Price Letter

CHARLES CHAPLIN, as someone has aptly remarked, is a living proof that silence is golden. While I've never been, strictly speaking, a Chaplin fan, Modern Times has made me one of his staunch admirers. I saw The Kid, Shoulder Arms and other Chaplin films, enjoyed them to a certain extent and took it for granted he was "great" because others said so. But, since the "talkies" arrived, and the Chaplin pictures became scarce, I realize for the first time just how great this master pantomimist is and I wouldn't have the Chaplin films anything but silent. Charles Chaplin has, at least, the distinction of being unique in his chosen field. More power to him!—Samela K. Parkhurst, 6220-37th N. W., Seattle, Wash.

Billy Lynn, now playing the lead in the original B'way comedy, Three Men On A Horse, leaves soon for Hollywood.

You may blush with shame when you make this "Armhole Odor" Test

If you deodorize only, you will always have an unpleasant, stale "armhole odor"—Test yourself tonight by smelling your dress at the armpit.

THE more fastidious you are, the more shocked you may be to realize you cannot prevent armhole odor unless your underarm is dry as well as sweet.

Tonight, when you take off your dress, smell the fabric under the arm. No matter how carefully you deodorize your underarm, you may find that your dress carries the odor of stale perspiration!

This is bound to happen if you merely deodorize. Creams and sticks cannot protect completely, because they are not made to stop perspiration. They do not keep the underarm dry, so perspiration collects on the fabric of your dress.

The next time you wear that seemingly clean dress, the warmth of your body brings out an unpleasant "armhole odor" which is imperceptible to you, but embarrassingly obvious to those around you!

Only one way to be SURE

Women who care about good grooming know there is no shortcut to underarm daintiness. They insist on the complete protection of Liquid Odonor. It keeps the underarm not only sweet, but absolutely dry. Not even a drop of moisture can collect on your dress. Odonor is entirely safe...ask your doctor. It gently closes the pores in that little hollow of the underarm. Perspiration is thereby diverted to less confined areas where it may evaporate freely. Women safely use millions of bottles of Odonor yearly.

Time well spent—Clothes saved

It takes a few seconds longer to use Odonor but it is well worth your while. There is no grease to get on your clothes. And expensive dresses can no longer be stained and ruined in a single wearing. You need never worry about your daintiness or your clothes again.

Odonor comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. You need use Regular Odonor (Ruby colored) only twice a week. Instant Odonor (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin or quick emergency use—to be used daily or every other day. Keep both kinds on hand—for night or morning use. At all toilet-goods counters.

To know utter security and peace, send for sample vials of both Odonors and leaflet on complete underarm dryness offered below.

Ruth Miller, The Odonor Co., Inc.
Dept. 796, 193 Hudson St. New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 235, Montreal)
I enclose 8c for sample vials of both Instant Odonor and Regular Odonor and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.

Name.

Address.

City____ State____

Motion Picture for July, 1936 59
BESIDES making love to Norma Shearer in "Romeo and Juliet," Leslie Howard played chief obstetrician to a ewe. It was during a maternity case, wherein more than a hundred sheep formed a rustic background. In the middle of a take, Director George Cukor yelled: "Get that sheep over there seems to be in trouble."

"If I know anything at all about sheep," called Howard, "she's about to have a blessed ewe!" Then he hurried over, folded his own coat into an improvised bed, and with the assistance of cameramen, actors, director Cukor, helped at the birth of a lamb. P. S. They named it "Romeo."

Difference in temperaments, as exemplified on the set of Private Number: Lorena Young, between takes, patiently and quietly in a chair on the sidelines, not talking, barely moving, not even changing facial expression, for minutes. Patzy Kelly, in maid's costume, bouncing around like a jack-in-the-box, dancing, lighting a cigarette for a couple of quick puffs, peering into the camera lens for the birdie, and chattering all the time.

In MGM's Suicide Club, Bob Montgomery had to wrestle a bear. The bear's trainer gave Bob a dried prune before the take. "When he begins to squeeze too hard, bait him with the prune and he'll let go," the trainer instructed. "The take began. Bob's face grew red; then white; still the bear hugged. Finally, by luck, they rolled over—and the trainer saw that Bob had dropped the prune. He rushed in with another prune, rescued Bob, who was nearly fainting with the pressure of the bear's legs. "Never, never again will I say mean things about a prune," finally gasped Bob.

For a scene in "Lost Horizon," rare tropical flowers had to be used. They couldn't be procured at any florist shop in or near Hollywood. Finally, by trans-pacific telephone, they were ordered in Honolulu, shipped by air, and arrived in the Clipper and a relay plane from San Francisco. But they weren't used in the picture—they were used by one Betty Gibson, Hollywood artificial flower-maker, as models for the "prop" flowers she constructed to be used in the scenes.

Even the United States Mail detoured for the movies' sake. In Columbia's "Lost Horizon," scenes were shot for three days and nights at Los Angeles' principal mail airport. By special order, mail planes were routed to another airport, so as not to interfere with the shooting! And because the airport shooting called for battle scenes around inflammable property, six fire engines were detailed by the Los Angeles fire department to stand by during the three days' of takes.

In the middle of MGM's "Witch of Timbuctu," Lionel Barrymore went temperature-taking. It was when he was forced to don the woman's clothes, as a disguise. He grumbled over wearing the skirts and things. But he rebelled completely when Make-up-man Jack Levan approached, with lipstick to touch up Lionel's lips. "No sir!" screamed Barrymore. "I'll get on my pipe stem!" And so he played the part without lipstick!

At MGM, too, Director Clarence Brown introduced a new stunt when he had built 28 miniature replicas of sets for Joan Crawford's "The Gorgeous Hussy." He had them set up on a vacant stage, and ordered the cast to spend a day familiarizing themselves with the sets before going to work in the real ones!

Calamity in the form of Mary Boland's pekinese came upon Charlie Ruggles during shooting of "Early to Bed." There's a sequence where Mary and Charlie have a mock fight. Mary's peke took it seriously, rushed in and gnawed a piece off Charlie's ankle. The set is now barred to the dog.

Errol Flynn just can't seem to dodge adventure. Even in the midst of work, it catches up with him. On location at Lone Pine, California, for Waverly's "Charge of the Light Brigade," the company were routed out of bed one frosty morning, when the town began to burn down. Errol, with others, formed a bucket brigade, kept the fire confined to one gasoline station and one store building.

Toughest job during shooting of Counterfeit was to get a shot of Margot Grahame shooting off a revolver. Never in her life had she fired a gun. And when it came time for her to do it in the scene, she invariably closed her eyes tight when she squeezed the trigger. It took fourteen retakes before she kept 'em open, and she says: "It was the hardest thing I ever had to learn!"

"No admittance" was the rule during filming of those big glory-the-gal scenes for "The Great Ziegfeld." Franchot Tone, Joan Crawford's hubby, wanted to get in and see the glorious ones, but not even he could crash the gate. But he noticed a lot of extras entering, wearing evening clothes. So he hustled back to his dressing room, put on his own evening clothes—and walked...
by the doorman unchallenged, to get an
eyeful of glory.

* * *

**Talisman's Clutching Hand** serial, a re-
make of the one which starred Pearl White
20 years ago, will bring a lot of old-timers
back into your eye. On the sets I noticed
such once-stars as Bryant Washburn, Will-
liam Farnum, Rex Lease, Jack Mulhall,
Franklyn Farnum, Mae Busch, Reed Howes
and Gaston Glass!

To make the voluminous costumes for
Hepburn's *Mary of Scotland*, RKO studios
actually had to sign 50 extra seamstresses.

On the set of Walter Wanger's produc-
tion *Big Brown Eyes*, there's a special spot-
light known as "the bennett." That's be-
cause it's used exclusively for close-ups of
Joan Bennett's face. It throws a red beam
into her eyes, which, she has found,
brings out the expression in her eyes much
better than the usual studio lights.

They used to call him "Gunga Din,"
but he's so affectionate that they call him
"Cuddles" now. He's the 2200-pound bull in
the Bing Crosby picture, *Rhythm on the
Range*, at Paramount. And does he get at-
tention!—why, he's got a private truck to
transport him between studio and location,
he gets washed with fire hose every mor-
ing, and gets smeared with oil to make his
clothes slick, and with bay rum so he won't smell that way. And he even has his hooves polished daily!
Whoops—the big sissy!

At Warners' they're using a group of
real war-maimed veterans, from the famous
Sawtelle army home near Hollywood, in
scenes for *The White Angel*. Every lunch-
time, a special truck with special lunches
rolls to the stage where they're working,
to save the crippled soldiers the task of
making their way to the commissary for
food.

All for the sake of realism, Norman
Foster (Claudette Colbert's ex-hubby)
was nearly shot by a San Francisco police-
man. Foster is working in *The Trunk Mur-
der Case*, much of which was photographed
in San Francisco's Chinatown. During a
chase sequence, a real detective, un-wised-up
to the fact that a movie was being made,
joined a movie-set uniformed cop and
fired several shots to halt Foster!

The Pickford-Lasky production, *One
Rainy Afternoon*, led to a new technical
discovery—silent ice. Real ice squeaks
under skates, and the noise interferes with
dialogue in skating scenes. The Pickford-
Lasky technicians developed a chemical ice
which can be skated on silently. Another
sound problem came in MGM's *Un Guarded
Hour*, when the shuffle of dancers' feet
broke up recording of Loretta Young's
lines during close-ups on the dance floor.
So all the dancers—even in full evening
clothes and gals in high heels and gowns—
had to pull hastily-ordered wood socks
over the shoes, dance silently! Of course,
the cameras were trained high, so as not
to include the grotesque feet in the shots.

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**Go Best—young man choose PABST...**

Stop at your favorite spot and join the throng by asking for Pabst
TAPaCan. Treat yourself to the delicious flavor and brewery goodness
that millions of folks are enjoying.

For ninety-two years Pabst has been making fine beer. And now, for
the first time—that original brewery goodness is captured at the brewery
and brought to you just as Pabst made it. Sealed in—fully protected,
non-refillable, tamper-proof—Pabst Export Beer reaches you with all its
delicious brewery flavor. Enjoy Pabst

INSIST ON ORIGINAL PABST TAPaCan

- Brewery Goodness Sealed Right In
- Protected Flavor
- Non-refillable
- Flat Top—It Stacks
- Saves Half the Space
- No Deposits to Pay
- No Bottles to Return
- Easy to Carry
- No Breakage

**Old Tankard Ale**

Enjoy genuine Old Tankard Ale
—full bodied; full-flavored, full
strength. Brewed and mollified
by Pabst.

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**DID YOU KNOW THAT Jean**

*Crawford has letters which show that more
than 200 babies in America have been
named after her.*

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Before had not itvatoes. That happened fifteen years ago and, although, Sandrich is still a young man—thirty-four—he is now one of the most important directors in Hollywood. RKO Radio Pictures recently gave him a five year contract as a reward for his latest work, Follow the Fleet.

Mark Sandrich was born in New York City and is a cousin to Carmel Myers and, if you are too young to remember, Miss Myers was a screen star in those "silent" days. When young Mark set out on that trip West he intended to have a short visit with his cousin in Hollywood... that was a decade and a half ago! If he hadn't made that visit he might have been an 'Einstein' now... he was studying science...

Miss Myers, trying to entertain her young guest, took him visiting around the studios and, while watching the production of a picture, Mark became very interested and offered his assistance in devising some mechanical device. The director on the lot was very pleased with this bright fellow and asked Mark if he would like a job as a property boy. Mark didn't hesitate a second. He accepted without giving it a moment's thought. And, after all his ideas of returning home and becoming a scientist. Mark liked Hollywood and his job!

His youth, apparently, was a great advantage. He could put everything into his work and being very ambitious he advanced to assistant director, before long. Then assistant cameraman and cameraman. Finally, he was made a director of short subjects. Few men graduate from slapstick to features, but Mark Sandrich did—and, practically overnight! Before his promotion to features, though, he advanced to the top spot in the short subject field and was presented the Academy Award for the finest 'short' of that year. This was a three-reeler, So This is Harris. And, if you remember your films, So This is Harris was a musical and was heralded as the first 'new' musical. And, Mark Sandrich was heralded as the creator of a new type of cinema entertainment.

The first directorial assignment given Sandrich, after he had outgrown "shorts," was Melody Cruise, another musical. It was received with great applause and led to other assignments— always musicals. Mark Sandrich is still expected to direct and here's to his success! 

Men Behind the Stars

MARK SANDRICH

Director of Top Hat and Follow the Fleet

But, wiser still, was RKO's choice in selecting him to direct The Gay Divorcee. That turned out to be sensational, as we all know. It not only established Sandrich and made a fortune for the producers, but it catapulted that brilliant dance team of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers to stardom. It also revolutionized the motion picture field—dancing pictures were practically non-existent then. Dancing films became the rage and the remarkable duo of Astaire, Rogers and Sandrich went to work again and gave us Top Hat. And, they kept turning out the bounds with that! They couldn't be stopped then and Follow the Fleet followed and more glory...

And here is a strange coincidence. It was Mark Sandrich who cast Melody Cruise he invited the applause of the dance to come to Hollywood, but Astaire was then appearing in a show in New York and was unable to accept. The play that was keeping Astaire in New York was The Gay Divorcee; the same play that later led to this happy combination. When RKO announced their plans to film The Gay Divorcee which was such a huge success in the theatre, Sandrich didn't rest until he got them to sign Fred Astaire as the star and make him the director. He had proof then to back his convictions about Astaire having great movie possibilities for, in the meantime, Fred had made a picture—Flying Down to Rio.

MARK SANDRICH is one of the most beloved directors in filmland. He believes in complete cooperation and works very closely with every member of his company. He even invites his writers to visit the set while production is in progress. And he actually shoots scenes while the company is in rehearsal. He always takes the precaution of having the silence bell rung during these rehearsals so that actual photographic and recording conditions prevail and when he feels that a number is going over, he calls for a take by pre-arranged signals. He finds this system more satisfactory, economically but graphically, as well. He believes that practically every player is camera-shy and that if they think they are just rehearsing they are relieved from self-consciousness and, consequently, are much more natural.

Director Sandrich's next assignment is Picture of a Rebel starring Katharine Hepburn. Mark Sandrich is a very clever young man and being very clever he realizes the limitations of "show" and, therefore, is separating himself from musicals for the present and turning to the drama. We believe that this is not the climax, but the beginning of a spectacular career for the young director!
Anita Louise Kept Her Chin Up and Became a Star

[Continued from page 26]

either, if it hadn't been for more of her daring and nerve. Clarence Brown, the director, asked her if she could ride a bicycle, and Anita told him honestly, "No."

"Then I'm sorry. I'd like to use you, but riding a bicycle is a very important part of the business. You see, the little girl has to ride madly down a hill and smash into a tree. Thanks, anyway, for coming in!"

But Anita had no intention of being given up so easily. "Please," she begged, "Please let me learn to ride. I know I can. And it won't take long."

"At least two weeks," said the director. "And we can't wait that long. We're shooting the first scene tomorrow."

"Then I'll learn by tomorrow!"

"That's impossible."

"Won't you give me a chance?"

"Now wait, see here. I used to ride a bicycle, myself. Learn in a day? Why my dear girl... ask anybody who rides one, and they'll agree with me... it can't be done!"

BUT do it she did, and in less time than a day. Her interview with Brown had been at twelve. At one, Anita and her mother were entering a bicycle shop. At two, Anita was bandaging a scraped knee. At three, she was riding around and around the block. At four, she had learned how to stop and start. At five, she was turning, and at six she was speeding like the breeze. She got the part.

Again, later, in connection with another picture, Anita had to wade into a pool of water. It was a deep pool... over her head in some spots... and, if she had to, the director wanted to be sure that she could swim. "Of course," said Anita, and she looked away to hide the falsehood in her eyes. Anita had never learned to swim... had never even tried to. But she had made up her mind that if she walked into water over her head then she'd swim—or else! As it happens the water never quite crept up over her chin but you can imagine how some girls might have felt in that same situation! The trembling and the wariness fretting. Anita has not only never let her shortcomings stand in her own way, but she has never let them annoy anyone else, either.

"If I'm fearless," she told me, "then it's only because I've made myself conquer my fears. It's only natural to have them, I suppose... all of us grow out of childhood with at least a few. But they can be conquered. It might interest you to know I'm in the process of dismissing one right now. It's a fear of having anyone touch my neck! I first realized what an awful hold it had on me one day several years ago when someone, in a playful mood, came up behind me and grasped my neck from the rear. I let out a blood-curdling yell that even Fay Wray would have been proud of back in her horror picture days! And I was all shaken up for at least a half hour afterward!

"Then, more recently, while I was playing the part of Mary in Anthony Adverse, the same fear got the best of me again! It was during a very dramatic scene in which Claude Rains, as Don Luis, had to choke me. In spite of the fact that I knew the script called for this choking scene, I had forgotten what to expect and when Mr. Rains suddenly grabbed me by the neck..."

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The Talk of Hollywood

went driving the other day with his wife, Veree Teasdale, he wore the latest in men's driving gloves—pigskin with brilliant red leather palms. And he says he feels "like a feather in the breeze."

The Lil Record-Breaker

THOSE wiseacres who predicted that Shirley Temple was just a passing fad, in their words, each successive picture she makes does bigger box-office business than the ones before. Right now, Captain January is breaking records wherever it plays. And Darryl Zanuck, boss of 20th-Fox, is splitting the profits with Shirley. That is, he has just torn up her old contract for the second time within a half year, and signed her to a new one, which has seven years to run. On the old terms, she had to spend about $20,000 a picture; under the new contract, she's to get $64,000 a picture, for four pictures yearly! That gives Shirley a quarter-million dollars a year!

The Bartholomews

DESPITE a lot of newspaper excitement over the arrival of London of Mrs. Lilian May Bartholomew, mother of Fred- die Bartholomew, to launch a legal battle wresting custody of the little actor from his aunt, Myllicent, the insiders in Holly- wood pooh-pooh the whole business as a "stunt." It is said, according to the insiders, that the mother's trip to America was financed by a London newspaper, and that though she traveled across the Atlantic third class, incognito—she lived in first class style in a smart New York hotel. Be- sides, they point out that Mama Bartholomew sends a daily cable story to the London newspaper.

The mother's story is that she feels that she and her husband, a British civil worker, are entitled to some share of little Freddie's $1,000 a week, and that they're not getting a cent of it now, while Myllicent (whom Freddie calls Cissie—is getting hers. However, Hollywood's sympathy is, as Aunt City—she's en- deared herself to film folk. Mrs. Bartholomew rarely admits she turned over Fred- die at the age of 3 to his grandparents.

Cary On the Upgrade

CARY GRANT, who gets more fan letters from lovesick gals than you'd believe, has vindicated his own judgment. He's always wanted to play character parts, but the studio nabobs insisted on always casting him in romantic roles. Finally, in Sylvia Scarlett, he played the charac- ter rôle. Immediately, his fan mail increased hugely, and he made such a hit that he's in top demand now by other studios. Jazz Singer, for instance, gave him a tumble as a romantic star.

The "Creeps" for Katie

TALKING about Hepburn, she got the scare of the other day. You know, Katie, had to get some of the schuester pictures. Above all, she hates being recognized and made a fuss over. Well, the other day she was having lunch

with her director at the Assistance League Cafe, near the studio. Suddenly, a tall, gaunt woman rose from another table, fixed her eyes on Hepburn, and began to talk toward her. Never once did the other woman's eyes leave Katie's. Slowly, retentively, awesomely, she approached—and thrust her face to within three inches of Hepburn's. Just as Katie was about to scream, the creature whispered: "Ah—so your eyes are really blue, after all. I thought they were brown. They walked back to her own table—and left Katie in such a dither that she poured vinegar into her coffee instead of cream.

Sometimes It Works!

YOU'D say, wouldn't you?, that the last way to get into pictures would be to write a letter to a director, ask- ing to get in. Yet—that's exactly what a pretty Stanford University co-ed did—and she got the job!! Her name's Caroline Houseman, To Frank Capra, Columbia director, she wrote a straightforward letter, listing her qualifications as if she had them. So intrigued was Capra by the nature of the letter that he wrote the girl, telling her to come for a test. She did—and made good—and now she has a Columbia contract and you'll see her in a rôle in Trapped by Tele- vision. BUT—says Capra, anticipat- ing an inundation of letters, it was just a chance in a million, and so you needn't expect to become a Joan Crawford or a Clark Gable merely by writing a director that you think you are.

Newest Femme Rave

MAXINE, Buck Jones' 18-year-old daughter, is Hollywood's newest rave. After her recent-round-the-world trip, she was presented at a big dinner party at the Tocadero, and has plunged into Holly- wood's social life with a splash. But her big moment is still Noah Beery, Jr.—despite the fact that the round-the-world trip was engineered by her parents to see whether her romance with Noah would stand the separation. It did!

Mebbe Sitting Bull Took 'Em

QUICKIE production laugh: A small-time movie company is being sued by a Hollywood costume company. They made "Custer's Last Stand," and during shooting, between takes, Custer hung his pants and tou- pee on a tree branch, and somebody stole them.

The Temple Tidings

PROUDEST possession of Shirley Temple is the real diamond clasp which Lady Cavendish (Adela Astaire) presented her. Shirley's gift to her, and she's prouder of it than she is of her brand-new automobile, which her own money bought. Despite the fact that her latest, Captain January, is breaking even the huge records of former Temple films, 20th-Fox have decided that too many films in too short a time is too much, so you'll see her in only three pictures a year instead of four, hereafter.

Motion Picture for July, 1936

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the neck and shook me, I went all to pieces. Even Mervyn LeRoy, the director, noticed how I was trembling and asked what the matter was. And at first I told him 'nothing.' But after a while as we did the scene over and over, I got worse—and finally Mr. LeRoy sensed what the matter was, and said we'd change the business. So Don Luis had to twist my wrist instead! As a matter of fact, as it turns out, the wrist-twisting on the screen is much more dramatic and effective than the choking! And I'm glad, too, because I'd hate to think that any silly complex of mine had ever interfered with any part of a picture.

"And it was only a silly complex, as I've since found out. After that I knew I'd have to conquer that fear once and for all. So I tried to run it down and find out first of all where it had come from. I puzzled about it for days, and then suddenly like a flash it came to me! A long, long time ago ... couldn't have been more than three or four ... I was caught in a revolving door. It caught me right at the neck and the only thing that saved me was the fact that I was wearing a heavy woolen scarf! It's wonderful how fears leave you once you know where they come from. Now, whenever that particular one pops into my head I just say to myself, 'Silly! That happened ages ago ... it can't trouble you now!'"

A NITA'S stiff upper lip has come to her rescue in more ways than one. Few people know that there were lean years even after her lucky start. There were long periods without work ... and that meant long periods of assailing doubt. But Anita went right on studying ... dancing and singing lessons, French, and music. Even when the cupboard was pretty bare the Louises could always scrape up pennies, for lessons. And Mrs. Louise went right on making their clothes, too, and, more often, making them over. They bent over backwards not only in keeping up appearances, but in adding to Anita's accomplishments—for the simple reason that they believed in that old adage: "Build a good mouse-trap and the world will beat a path to your door." They didn't believe that an actress has to have an act, or a hoax, or a "pull" to attract fame. Never once in all her years of struggle did Anita stoop so low. Behind all the soft, gentle femininity, her motivating rule was "chin up. shoulders back, eyes calm, honest and true!"

So if, today, you call on her at her feminine white and gold house with its lovely white old-fashioned square piano ... and its golden harp ... and the princess-like portrait of her on the wall ... and you think of her as an angel sitting there playing for you ... just remember she's not an angel at all ... she's real! She's a girl utterly fearless— one who keeps her chin up but doesn't lead with it. As a result she's one of our fastest-climbing stars.

DID YOU KNOW THAT Grace Moore is building a swimming pool on her estate in Spain, and that it will have glass sides, behind which will be tanks containing colorful fishes from the seas and seas of the world?
Shampoo-Rinse Lightens Hair 2 to 4 SHADES

Every Blonde whose hair has faded, become brownish, yearns for the gleaming golden highlights, fascinating glance of true blonde beauty. If you are a “use-to-be” blonde—don’t give up—there is a marvelous, lovely hair—have it! Use Blondex. One shampoo with this unique combination shampoo and rinse, wash all in one does wonders for the dullest, most streaked hair. Use Blondex tonight. See how quickly your brownish hair is washed 2 to 4 shades lighter. And safely, too, for Blondex is also safe as rinse. Lunch, chemical or dye. Used by a million blondies. Don’t delay. Bring back glorious golden beauty to your hair today. Get Blondex today at any drug or department store.

How Hepburn is “Queening” It

[Continued from page 33]

Mary tells the Lords, passionately, “Up until now I have never done anything of my own wish. . . . But I’m through. I can’t go on coming as your re- fuse to marry. I love no one and I will marry no one. I am going to begin to be myself.” Quite a new conception to the voices in Hepburn’s loving of Mary’s sentiments. They are words that Katharine, herself, might well have uttered at some time in the story of her life.

“I shall take account of all the veiled insults that have been flung at me here tonight—under the name of ‘เกาหลี’ welcome.” Mary tells the Lords, “I realize now what kind of support I may expect from you.” (And there you have another very possible paraphrase of a Hepburn sentiment—which she might have felt when early interviewers seemed not at all concerned with her as an actress, but only as a personality: started rumors which they could not find the facts they sought; accused her of trying “to pull a Garbo.”)

But does not the impression that Katharine Hepburn, approaching the difficult, many-sided rôle of Mary of Scotland, is merely being herself. The fact that Mary offers many words that Katharine herself, might have said is only one more sample of the uncanny coincidences that surround this picture. No actress ever studied more intensively for a rôle than Katharine Hepburn studied for this. Six months before the picture started, she spent her spare time reading every book about the ill-fated Queen of the Scots, trying to reconcile the varying versions of Mary’s life—her faults and motives. When she sat down to study the script of Maxwell Anderson’s play, she had decided what type of woman Mary was, how Mary thought, how Mary would have acted in any situation. When the picture started, under the direction of John Ford (who won the Academy Award with The Informer), she knew exactly how. That is another old Hepburn custom—and an index to her phenomenal memory.

The impression, and God knows where it started, that Hepburn is temperamental, delights in battling with directors, and throws things. She doesn’t always agree with her directors. But she is another star who is worth her salary. But when a disagreement between Katharine and Ford arises, they settle it like this: Katharine says, “I don’t think Mary would do that”—and explains why. “Right—I never thought of that,” Ford admits. Or perhaps vice versa. They discuss situations pro and con, intellectually. Sometimes they shoot a scene both ways—and let the audience decide.

Incidentally, Katharine always sees the day’s rushes (rush prints of scenes filmed). And watching herself on the screen, she is more critical than her harsh-est critic would be. She is never satisfied. Often she will say, “I’d like to do that over again.” She is frequently heard even contemplated a “re-take.” She is never tired, never complains, frequently suggests overtime.

For concentration on a rôle has given rise to the canard that she carries the character around with her all through production. Katharine’s a very hard habit; but Hepburn is no “Ham.” She may be one-hundred-per-cent conscious of what she is doing in a scene, the effect that she is creating; but between scenes she relaxes.
Helen portrays overlook ordinary a Hepburn, tip-off. stage Katharine.) is she neither fine stool. politician always box she cool, she has perfect her of an cast._ And its have achieved the copyright. She gallops across the stage between scenes, as if she were wearing slacks; she sits down on steps or a box or a stool as if she were in ordinary clothes. (Incidentally, Walter Plunkett, who designed her costumes, is modernizing them for public consumption and predicts a Mary of Scotland vogue.)

Mary's heart ruled her head, to her own tragic downfall; Katharine's head rules her heart. Therein, they are different. But Katharine resembles the woman she is portraying in many ways—emotionally, as well as physically. She has the same fierce loyalty to friends and family. ("Pick a fight with a Hepburn, and the whole clan will accept the challenge," she herself says.) She has the same respect for truth, for frankness. (In one scene of the picture, she asks Alan Mowbray, playing the English Ambassador, but how can there be understanding without frankness?" That was typical of Mary; it is also typical of Katharine.) She won't evade, won't pretend, even to put herself in a good light. Someone asked her to pose for a certain photograph; for a personal reason, she wouldn't. She could have evaded; she could have posed and then had the negative destroyed and the person making the request never would have known. But she did not feel that that would be doing the square thing.

Mary was no politician; neither is Katharine. If she is fine to you, that is the tip-off to how you stand with her. If she is cool, that also is a tip-off. You don't have to guess about her attitudes. And you know that if she likes you, she will go to bat for you. She is always boosting some minor helper on her set. And it is not merely a gesture. She does nothing for the sake of making a gesture.

Some rumor manufacturer started the tale that she "demanded" Fredric March for the role of Raffles. Perhaps you have visions of Hepburn issuing peremptory orders to the Front Office. The truth of the matter is that the Front Office, on its own, selected March for the role. And Hepburn was delighted. The bigger the artist opposite her, the happier she is. And she would be happiest in an all-star cast. With Hepburn, as with few stars of her individuality, "the play's the thing."

She always gets along with anyone who has ability. She and Ford, who is also an individualist, are working together in perfect harmony. She measures people by what they do, not how they look. And she expects—or wants-others to take her

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The Irish in Her

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CIMARRON started Irene Dunne on her screen career, and she scored one success after another. She is one singer who is also a competent and experienced actress, having been through the rigors of the stage. They give her difficult roles, and she packs them with conviction. Remember her in The Magnificent Obsession, when she acted blind so naturally? That picture brought her thousands of letters from blind people, some of which she prizes highly. The tribute they paid to her acting, which they could follow through her voice, is the highest praise she could receive. Every new film increases her dramatic stature, and today, she is in greater demand than ever before. She is at the moment under contract to three studios, Paramount, Columbia and RKO, the first two calling for three pictures each. She has just finished Show Boat for Universal, which produced also The Magnificent Obsession.

She said that being a movie star makes one ruthless—ruthless not only with her colleagues, but with others as well. Competition demands it. Those who constantly spread sunshine around get nowhere. How to economize on time and keep her health and the quality of her performances, is the problem, when there are so many things to distract her. "When I go shopping I have to glance at my watch all the time for fear of missing an appointment. I can never do anything on the spur of the moment, and have to plan everything in advance. When you are under contract to a studio, it owns you body and soul. There isn't a minute you can call your own. You accept an invitation, and then can't go. Friends feel neglected, and even accused of having gone high-hat. Oh, I know I have hurt even my mother many times!"

And La Belle Dunne has temperament, too. But don't take her wickedness too seriously! I couldn't, and demanded positive proofs. "I hate to talk about my fights," she said. "But remember the real Irish!" To illustrate what she meant by being ruthless she said she stops working at 6 o'clock, promptly, and no amount of pleading on the part of director, producer, or other potentate can induce her to break this rule. Once you yield, you are lost.

As Magnolia in Show Boat she is quite unlike the perfect lady we have always known her on the screen. She plays in black face, cavers as a harum-scaramouche bagel-player and gives an exhibition of tap dancing that was considered pretty hot in those days. And when she blossoms out as an enchanting blonde, she has one of those come-hither looks.

"I have sentimental reasons for liking my part in Show Boat," she said. "I'll never forget how thrilled I was when Ziegfield told me I had made good in my try-out for the first road show of Show Boat. When later I went to Chicago, where it had such a successful run, Edna Ferber told me I was the ideal Magnolia. I had always wanted to do it on the screen. As a child in Louisville I grew up in an atmosphere of river boats, my father being connected with a large ship building concern."
she has formulated a philosophy of life. "I like to do a good job on the screen and get the most out of life off screen. The important thing is to find out what makes us happy, and stick to it, no matter what other may think of it. Happiness is the one thing to strive for.

"I have three guiding principles of life. The first of these is concentration. Concentrating on my work, concentrating on the people around me, especially on those who depend on me. The second is application. Concentration without application will get you nowhere. Once you figure the whole thing out, you must apply it. This means hard work, sacrifices, and a determination to put up a fight if, and when, necessary. The third is the most important: Always be yourself. Be true to yourself, and you can't be false to any man. I think it was Shakespeare who said this. I firmly believe in it. Maybe I would have enjoyed glamour if I played an act, but I can't. In private life, I can't be anything but myself. And because in private life I am just plain Mrs. Francis Griffin, I was a poor copy for you writers. But it is far more important for me to be Mrs. Francis Griffin, than good copy."

It takes intestinal fortitude to lead a perfectly normal, sane, unexceptional life in the bizarre whirligig of this movie town, and refuse to be a movie star off screen. Irene Dunne, who has the quiet strength of the truly strong, has done this, and the Irish in her can withstand very well accusations of seclusion and antiquated primness.

**Fifteen Years Ago**

in **MOTION PICTURE Magazine**

"HERBERT RAWLINSON has not been shadowed on the screen frequently of late—and that will make his appearance with Ethel Clayton, in "Winds of Wrath," doubly welcome." "The screen has claimed numerous popular leading men—but none more popular than Conway Tearle." "Motion Pictures, the eighth art, are not yet twenty years old, and yet they are always being sacred, as because they are not on a 'higher level'."

"Jackie Coogan, to bring the screen, in the title role of The Kid, one of the finest and most natural characterizations ever shadowed..." "Nashman is playing Edith Garfield out at the Metro studios and Rudolph Valentino, who scored such a hit in "The Four Horsemen," plays opposite her..." "Leaving the stupendous success of his stage career behind him, Richard Bennett has come to Hollywood..." "Bebe Daniels is not indulging in motorizing these beautiful days. Judge Cox sentenced her to ten days in jail for speeding in Santa Ana County..." "Jack Pickford plans to return to the screen himself at the head of his own company as soon as he finishes helping Alfred Green in the direction of his series, Mary, in "Little Lord Fauntleroy"..." "George Raft makes his screen debut in "Ave Maria"..." "Walter Reid, since his triumphant tour to British Columbia, is at work on "Tall Timber."" "Helene Chadwick plays the leading female role opposite Richard Dix in "Mary Roberts Rinehart's first original scenario, "The Ghosts of "..." "The screen is to be given another glimpse of Shakespeare's genius. John Stahl, who makes the Stahl Productions for Louis B. Mayer, announce that he will film a version of "The Great Gatsby"..." "Dick Barthelmess is "Youth" in the film, "Experience"..."

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Motion Picture for July, 1936
Wk midsummer, battered host other City of welcomed. It's silent. I don't leisure.

SAY anything? No—he didn't say anything. Colman never says anything.

That's his one predominant characteristic—the fact that he doesn't talk. He's a male Garbo, that way. Those escapes from death, show that luck must be with him. He lived through those, he'll probably live through others. Live to go on and keep adding fine portrayals, live to go on and living life in his quiet, retiring fashion; live, perhaps, to marry again.

Yes, it's as well mention it. It's the question that is asked by the great majority of fans who ask about Colman: Will he marry again? He did have one unfortunate experience. He was denied by divorce not so long ago. As to his plans, if any, about women, Colman, himself, is as silent as three sphinxes. BUT—and this is significant—a certain type of woman who works pretty closely to Colman, much of the time. "Marriage again?" says this chap, when asked about Colman's love-life. "Oh—hell—I wouldn't be surprised if he runs off tomorrow, elopes and marries her."

"Marries who?" you ask. And the fellow grin and apes Colman by not mentioning a name. But we in Hollywood know that his feminine intimates are Elizabeth Allan, Ruth Chatterton, and Benita Hume.

As for asking him. Because he won't answer. Ronnie will not talk about women. He's a 100-per-cent adherent to the gentleman's code. There has risen, from his silence about women, the legend that he's a woman-hater. Far from it, FAR! He's quite the ladies' man. As a host to women he's almost too solicitous. He shows them with those little attentions they love. Whoever happens to be with him, that woman must imagine that she's the only love in his life. What with jumping up and down to light her cigarette, help her in and out of her car, and see to her every imaginable whim before she's even aware of it herself, Colman, in a woman's presence, is the acme of perpetual attentiveness. What a man . . . ! But talk about him? NO! Not even his best friends know from him, who's tops in his heart—whether it's Benita or somebody else. They can only judge and guess by his actions, and hers.

This HOME—and only recently has he consented to move into a Beverly Hills home—is a house in which his servants are men. The only time the female influence really disturbs it is when Ronnie's Filipino houseboy falls in love with some Boulevard blonde and never shows up for work on time. Then Ronnie gets another Filipino. Major-Domo of the Colman menage is one Tommy Turner, whose duties are so inclusive that he's a sort of "deputy-colman." If he wasn't such a swell guy, you'd call him Colman's "stooge." He's social secretary, housekeeper, liaison-man, and sharp dresser all in one. Without Tommy as his buffer, Colman would go to pieces. Much of his hermit-like home life would be less easy on him.

Colman's recorded as an anti-suffragist of the old hornet's nest, oration, or personal ballyhoo. He doesn't care about publicity. And as for his personal "flash"—he's simply not any. He doesn't dress up, and his clothes are always clean. For example, I don't think even Garbo would be seen riding in what Colman quietly calls his automobile. It's a super-annimated old heap but he loves it. He likes to get into some old clothes, pull a battered cap down over his face, get in that ancient car, and drive somewhere alone. That's his idea of a swell time. And it'll probably be the desert he'll drive to—where he can get away from people. Even in midsummer, when the thermometer is way up above the 100-mark, Colman will drive out to his desert shack just to get away from people.

Colman carries that gentlemanly trait of his of "not-talking-about-women" even farther. He carries it to the point wherein he won't even talk about his enemies—but that, in Hollywood, is extraordinary. Like anyone else who's found success, Rashings enmity is legion, and it's probably the deepest to which he's ever gone in expressing dislike for any individual was a few months ago, when someone asked him what he thought of a certain fellow who'd just played him an unspeakably dirty trick. Colman paused a minute, and finally said: "Er—well—ah the fellow a bit anony—"

Social life for Colman is expressed in terms of a tennis game with Bill Powell. Bill is one of Ronnie's few close friends. Besides Bill, there are the Dick Barthelmesses, the Warner Baxters, and a few others. Warner's one of his pals, but it took Warner a long time to know him. Ever since he can remember, Baxter admits, Colman has been his ideal. And now, Warner, with Powell and Barthelmesses—"Liz" Allan and Ruth Chatterton and Benita those constitute a sort of closed circle, a social world of their own. Their gatherings are confined to the walls of their own homes; they shun and abhor night-clubs. They believe in individual privacy. They are the few in Hollywood who have, for the most part, succeeded in keeping their private lives private. And Colman has ever been their ring-leader.

BESIDES tennis, boats are his great passion—boats and travel. He wants to own a boat of his own, but can't find one quite "crummy" enough to satisfy him. He doesn't want it for swank. They try to sell him fancy yachts like Chaplin's or Hootz's. Colman possibilities are a sturdy, old tub that'll sail the seas and not be pointed out by Catalina glass-bottom boat sightseers.

And if he finally finds one like that, he wants to sail out of-the-way places, and not be "receptioned" to death. He hates that sort of thing. That's why he finds it so difficult to travel—he can't get
away from the fan-worship when he's recognized. He's tried hard enough. Usually, for example, he hires a courier when traveling abroad. The courier's job is to precede him from place to place and make hotel reservations. In a swank hotel he reserves rooms in Colman's name and in a little side-street dump he reserves rooms for himself. Then Colman slips into town, moves into the side-street joint, and lets the courier occupy the swanky suite reserved for the star. The courier tells the swank hotel proprietor that M'sieu Colman has changed his mind and will not come to town. And in the meantime, Colman, incognito, is having the time of his life right there in town!

Once it didn't work. That, too, was in Spain. The courier had done his stuff, but somehow, the owner of the little side-street hotel had gotten wise to the gag. Colman didn't know this, though. Comfortable that night in his little second-rate room, Colman answered a knock at the door, was astounded to see the manager, resplendent in evening clothes, inquire suavely: "An, now, veed Meestair Colman please to come to de banquet?" Colman, aghast, investigated—and there in the dining hall, sure enough, was a banquet table with scores of the town's big shots waiting for him. Admitting defeat, Colman sat at the festal board, learned that the astute hotel-manager had plastered the town with posters announcing "un gran fete" at which Colman was to preside, and sold tickets to the banquet at five dollars a head! Next day, Colman left town on the first train.

Yet with all his crowd-dodging, Colman is a charming fellow among those with whom he works. He's not snooty. To his co-workers, he's Ronnie, and not "Mister Colman." He doesn't "star it" around the lot. He doesn't have a private table at the studio commissary for lunch; he'd rather have a ham sandwich at the counter, with a fellow from the publicity department. This lack of swank manifests itself in downright timidity at times. Just the other day, at MGM, he wanted to visit a set next to the one he was working on. Between "takes" on his own picture, he wandered over, but the guard gave him a dirty look, not recognizing him. Colman, of course, could have said to the man: "Look here, I'm Ronald Colman and I want to visit this set." But did he? No—frightened, he fled to his Tommy Turner who arranged the visit.

IT'S HARD to sum the man up. His friends insist he's one of the grandest guys in the world. To others, he's a tight-lipped stranger. To interviewers, he's a terror, because they get nothing out of him about which to write. But once, to an interviewer, Colman himself said some highly illuminating things. He was discussing Sidney Carton, the character he portrayed in the memorable Tale of Two Cities. "Carton," Colman said, "is the direct antithesis of the Hollywood yes-man. It was impossible for Carton to make compromises with others, or with himself, or with the problems of life. He was the most unheroic of heroes, but he had the fundamental fortitude to march to the guillotine with a smile on his lips, because he was strong enough to be himself. He'd never trounce to anybody; he'd always be himself, and damn the consequences. He utterly lacked the desire to court popularity, although he was a brilliant man. He lived his life without a thought for the impression he was making on those around him.

That's what Ronnie Colman said about Sidney Carton, I wonder if he knew, as he said those words, he was giving the best picture OF HIMSELF.

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remarable person. He was an older man, an American from San Francisco, and he had a forty-two room place outside of Versailles that centuries ago had been a monastery. I spent most of the most interesting days I ever had there. You see, he had adopted three orphans and when he went to get him they asked for the home-liest and poorest little boys that could be found. They gave him three of the sweetest youngsters I've ever met. We spent the morning riding in a pony cart and afterwards they showed me the presents they were making for his birthday in their workshop. . . .

"And what I said, "about the other remarkable man in Paris?" There were rumors they were engaged when Loretta returned and he still cables and writes persistently.

"He wasn't remarkable. He was a plain, ordinary Frenchman—but he was nice!"

Her eyes danced. "I've never seen those level, grey eyes of Loretta's, dance before. They gave her a young sparkle that lighted up her whole face.

"YOUVE had two weddings in your family within a year. That means there is going to be a third," I assured her. "Maybe you haven't met the young man yet, anyway! There are not so many eligible men in pictures when you come to think of it. And the men I meet in other circles of business have interests so different from mine...

It's true. There is a man shortage in the cinema capital. Especially of the type Loretta prefers. She likes men of maturity—men of force—and a certain inner fineness that quickens their understanding and sympathies. There are such men—but most of them are already married!

Loretta is co-starring with that likable idol-of-the-hour, Robert Taylor. While he's been going with Eddie Sutherland, the director, recently. But there's nothing serious between them. And Bob is having a terrific re-bound on romance. They were engaged to for two years, Irene Hervey, broke off a short time ago and became engaged to Allan Jones, leading man in Show Boat. So Bob is in that particular state from which many a man has awakened to find the greatest love of his life. Will it be Loretta? She has all the qualities of his Ideal Girl. Grace, poise, eyes that can go decidedly mysterious, a lovely, husky voice, and a young-girl charm tailored along ultramodern lines!

Bob, by the way, meets her preferences with one exception. He's younger than the man she usually goes with. But he has a maturity of viewpoint, an intellectual integrity, beyond any boy I've ever seen. Developments are going to be very interesting to watch indeed. . . .

"I'D like to marry," Loretta mused. "I suppose more than anything else I want a happy marriage. Every girl does. No matter what the Modernists say, that's the focus of all love. But I don't want a typical Hollywood marriage! They dramatize it too much here. It's too often an on-again-off-again game with the wed- ding ring. I want mine to be sauve and firmly grounded, the kind that goes on and on, with children, and from generation to generation. I don't crave to have thrill piled on thrill. I'd rather have a simple, down-to-earth smile as sweet as sugar that has made for us. It seems much more important to me to be a success in marriage than in anything else. That sort of success lasts, you see. It doesn't always with a career.

"Yes, I believe decidedly that you can combine the two—marriage and a career. Some day I hope to. Look how happily Irene Dunne has done it and several others. For an actress, the more normal life you live, the better your work is. And what's more normal, more completely natural, than for a girl to get married?"

Recently her two sisters did. First it was Betty Jane (the Sally Blane of the screen) who became the wife of Norman Foster in a simple ceremony right there in the drawing-room of the big, colonial home. Loretta has built for all of them. Bet, in white velvet with a short Juliet veil, coming down the curving staircase Loretta had designed for both of them. Then last January it was Polly Ann who wore the bridal finery at a brilliant church wedding in which she became the wife of a former marine, partners for life. Loretta is a socialite . . . Loretta was bridesmaid. Was she thinking of her own imminent marriage at seventeen—which lacked any drama whatever? She and Dillant Withers had simply stood before a justice of the peace that rattled off the ceremony in the hot Yuma courthouse. It had never seemed quite like a real wedding to Loretta. It dissolved two years later. . . .

TODAY she and her mother and youngest sister, Georgiana, live alone in the colonial house on the hillside. But the family life still centers there. Bet and Dillant and the ailing Loretta. Georgiana brings crowds of young school friends home with her to swim in the pool or paddle in the lake. And when she swims or plays with them. But her chief interest is the new baby of her chum, Josephine Wayne. When she went down to Palm Springs she telephoned every day to see if it was getting along all right in her absence! Funny, about that Palm Springs trip. She was gone three weeks and she didn't bother to have a single "date." Instead, she pal-ed around with a sixteen-year-old Southern girl and had the time of her life. "I don't want anybody to go out with me because I'm Loretta Young," she said. "I want them to go out with me because I'm Gretchen—myself."

"Gretchen" is her own name, the one that I call her by. And it's Gretchen. I think, who has learned that unguarded hours can be so enjoyable. . . . They've given her a new softness, those hours in which she really found herself. They've taken away her tenseness and the terrific strain "Loretta" knew for nine years. Now she's looking forward to one of the big moments of her life—getting married to the one she prefers. And she's looking forward to a love so richly beautiful she can let down her young defenses to the world—and never have another hour of guarding. . . .

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The Talkie Town Tattler

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

NED (dead-pain) Sparks remains divorced from his wife, despite her court effort to set aside the decree. She insisted that Sparks' earnings, claiming $25,000 in community property, had been misrepresented to her, but a California judge ruled that that didn't invalidate the divorce, so Ned's still free, if anybody wants him.

LAST month, Ol' Tattler tipped you off to Mary Brian taking up with Charles G. He also recalled that Mary's been that way, more or less, about Buddy Rogers and Dick Powell and Jack Oakie and so on, and rather imagined that Cary'd be another "also-ran." BUT—Mary's still carrying on. And will Mary marry at last?

CUPID'S laugh-of-the-month in Hollywood is at the 13 gals who have formed a Movie Spinster's Association and vowed they'll never marry until either stardom has come for them or the certainty that it won't. They are Olivia de Havilland, Jean Muir, June Travis, Beverly Roberts, Marie Wilkins, Carol Hughes, Jeanne Madden, Linda Perry, Jean Bennett, Rosalind Marquis, Patricia Ellis, Margaret Lindsay and Anita Louise. He be lie he be ...! (and I do mean "he").

OTHER giggle by Cupid is that Jackie Searle, bad boy of the films, and Jane Withers, bad girl of the films, are goo-goo-eyed each other. And at their age!

DOROTHY Libaire Gering, wife of Director Marion M. Gering, got around to telling it to a judge the other day—who approved a property settlement whereby Miss Libaire will receive alimony based on a percentage of her husband's earnings. "He was always saying that show people had no business getting married... He never wanted a home although I did," she told the judge.

THE Ol' Tattler had to do some fast hopping to catch up with the whirlwind courtship very rapidly winnings, the RKO—er—paid her by Tony Browne, a member of H.M.'s Bengal Lancers. The lance arrived in Hollywood on furlough from India and became immediately attracted to Maxine. The courtship endured no longer than a fortnight before he popped the question. "There'll be a wedding any day now. Then it's Inja's sunny clime for the Browne.

IT'S a guessing contest over the status of Mac Clarke. Some of the gossipers have it that she has already eloped with Dr. Frank Nolan—with whom she took out a marriage license some weeks ago. Mac and the Doe aver that the ceremony has yet to be performed.

NOW that Mary Carlisle's impetuous British swain, Paul Mitchell, who courted her all over London town when Mary was over recently, making a picture, up and married a fair Britter, Mary is lating it off as of no consequence. Her most faithful suitor is the socialist, Jimmy Blakely. They've been palsie-walsey for ooh...to lo-o-o-o-g-

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Hissed to the Heights—That's Rathbone

[Continued from page 37]

me as if I had just been discovered, as if I hadn't been acting since I was eighteen. They wanted me to play more Murdstones. Never in my life will I play another Murdstone. He was smug, Mercutian, a brute. No murderer can be very kind to a dog, but Murdstone was the sort of man that would beat a dog to death. He did not have a single redeeming feature. Of Dickens' characters, caricatures, but so exaggerated.

In Anna Karenina I had what many would call a brutal and merciless part as the husband, yet it is a character that is real. No caricature there! My own attitude toward Karenina is that he was a man who played the institution of marriage, and there was no brutality about him. He was an upstanding citizen, married to a very physical woman, and there was nothing compared to his. He is, indeed, the central character of the story. I should like to play it again.

Rathbone speaks in quick accents, never hesitating for a word, and never saying anything he doesn't mean. He is highly aware of his abilities and is quite conversant upon the roles he has played; have a certain detachment about them even when he speaks with undiluted enthusiasm. An interview with him is a most interesting and educational in the art of acting.

In Anna Karenina, you will remember, he was Garbo's husband. I was curious to know how he would appear in the film version of Anna Karenina, which was filmed in Sweden. He paid her high tribute. "Before I played Karenina I was puzzled about the technique of film acting, and wasn't satisfied at all with what I had been doing. During the filming of Anna Karenina I watched Garbo and learned from her what I think is the secret of good stage acting; play your part with the least possible physical movement, and the greatest possible mental projection.

"It is different on the stage. There your whole body is constantly exposed to the audience, and you must have perfect coordination from head to foot. But in pictures you don't see the feet half the time, and when the character has something important to say, he says it in a close-up. Therefore, perhaps, more important on the stage than it is in films. In films mental projection means everything. And Garbo has this power of mental projection to a superlative degree. I learned from her how little to do in order to get the greatest results. My work improved one hundred per cent. Now, when I play a part, subconsciously I ask myself: What Garbo would do with this? How little she would do physically, and how much she would project mentally?"

First met her in 1928. I found her very intelligent and charming. I didn't meet her again until 1935, when we were cast in the same picture. She wasn't the same person, she had changed. You know, I think Garbo suffers a great deal for being typed. Her cameraman thinks so, too. She could play comedy very well. Sad as she is, she has a delicious sense of humor, a lightness of touch that makes her outstanding in comedy as well. That's my personal impression of her. There is no one I should like so much to play again."

Incidentally, I am convinced of the absolute genuineness of her craving for solitude and privacy.

A S WE spoke of the various roles he has played, I reminded him of his masterful characterization as Pontius Pilate in The Last Days of Pompeii, which I thought the greatest role I have ever played.

"Ah, thank you!" he said. "Yes, I think it's the best thing I have done on the screen, and perhaps the best thing I've done in my life. It was my introduction to Hollywood. My manager said, 'Basil, they want you to play Pontius Pilate in The Last Days of Pompeii. It's a week's work.' I told him I wouldn't even consider a week's work. He wanted me to read the script, as a favor to him. I got the script with the part of Pontius Pilate all worked out. As I read it, I had cold shivers running up and down my spine. I called my manager and said, 'Bill, I was wrong. Get that part for me because you don't do it independently written, with economy of words—truly a sublime characterization. I played the part, and the director will tell you that everything you saw on the screen was the first take. Not because I was a good boy and learned my lines, or a superlative actor, but because the part was me, and I was the part."

Rathbone looks upon motion pictures from the point of view of the actor in the highest meaning of that word. His opinions on the subject are worth listening to. He said: "The average producer hasn't freed himself yet from the mentality of the small town of twenty-five years ago. He still thinks the public likes a pretty boy hero, a pretty heroine, and a bad man. He is not the only one, for the producers do not give the public a heavy, expecting the audience to react to him as such, but they don't. On the contrary they LIKE him. Why? Because usually the best hero, and heroine, have no character, while the heavy is a real human being. And when, as it sometimes happens, he is led to death or prison, they don't hate him. He is a man who has failed, and most people have failed. There is a bond of understanding sympathy."

As for casting, he noted, if possible, throw out all the 'heroes,' 'heroines,' and 'beavers,' and have nothing but characters. In other words, portray the mental instead of the physical. Rathbone's casting judgments are always right. After all, we are trying to work out the complete reproduction of life on the screen. We have the picture, the sound, color, and, before long, we might have the third dimension. It will be the task of the actor to reproduce with perfection the emotions of the character he is portraying. But as things are now, they buy personalities, and not acting. This business is full of personalities. True, what gets you first is personality, but what lasts is acting. Personalities come and go; good actors remain. Chaplin, for instance, remains because he is not only a great personality, but also a great actor."

TALL, slim, athletic, with a lean, thoughtfully pensive face and flashing dark eyes, Rathbone is a decidedly romantic type. I don't know his age, but he doesn't look a day over thirty-five, much younger than I have seen him say. He looks like his age in Romeo and Juliet, a poetic Don Juan of medieval Verona. There is an air of merry old England about him—a real cavalier.

He was born in Johannesburg, South Africa, but passed his boyhood in England.
From his Irish mother he has inherited a facile wit and ardent temper. His youthful ambition was to be a writer, but he has been on the stage ever since he left school at eighteen. During the world war he served with the British army in France, and won a military medal. He is a great lover of dogs and stops traffic on Los Angeles Boulevard when he takes his five or six dogs for a walk.

In 1926 he married Ouida Berger, scenarist. She is American. He is very much in love with his wife. The Rathbones live in an exquisitely furnished English-type house, and are among the leaders of Hollywood’s British colony. Although Rathbone was brought up in England, he wasn’t happy there. ‘I felt confined and defeated,’ he said. ‘I am a born enthusiast, but I found that enthusiasm, generally speaking, is bad manners in England. I couldn’t stand the conventional British chill.’ He hopes the day will come when all English-speaking peoples would unite, to preserve peace and save civilization. ‘If England and America would get together they can stop a lot of trouble by saying to any aggressive nation, “Don’t touch us or we’ll knock the hell out of you.”

Such is Rathbone, the screen’s formidable new “heavy,” whose share of cinematic glory is bisses instead of applause.

**Ten Years Ago**

*in MOTION PICTURE Magazine*

“POLA NEGRi is going to Europe for her annual trip. And they do say that it is definitely all off between Pola and Rudolph Valentino”... “Ouida Berger, the scenarist writer, and Basil Rathbone, an English actor, were married recently in New York. "Many mishaps have held up production on Old Ironsides.”... “Harold Lloyd is looking for a new leading lady. Jobyna Ralston, who has been the object of love for Harold in his films during the past two years, is breaking into the serious drama.”... “Eugene Glyn is to write a book on IT!”... “Greta Garbo says that when she reaches the natural heights of a Lillian Gish, ‘I will no longer have publicity... shake hands with prize fighters and egg-salad men so they have pictures to put in the papers’”... “The screen today needs actresses of breeding,” says Mr. Lasky. And, he adds, they are the most difficult sort to find.”... “A preview of the screen version of Kipling’s Kim, given in Hollywood recently, reveals the fact that Norma Talmadge is at last going to give the screen something different in the way of character acting.”... “Greta Garbo appears to have the making of one of the greatest stars in recent film history.”

**THEN—In 1910, D. W. Griffith was producing his Biograph pictures in New York. Dorothy Bernard was playing in his company. One day, Dorothy told Griffith that she had just seen a girl, who looked like Billie Burke, then a successful stage star. Griffith told Dorothy to bring the girl in. She did. She signed her up. It was Mae Marsh. Her first Biograph picture was *Man’s Greatest*.**

**NOW—D. W. Griffith, for years a top director, is staging a comeback, one of several. Dorothy Bernard has retired. She is the wife of A. H. Van Buren, a New York stage director. Mae Marsh lives in Palm Springs, Calif. In private life, she is Mrs. Louis Lee Arms. She has several grown children. She recently returned to the screen to play in the Fox picture *Over the Hill*.**

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Motion Picture for July, 1936

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75
J. H. A. n. found in Franchot Tone, a person to whose interest she is more devoted than she has ever been to her own. Not that she has been selfish, but nothing compounded by her heart is of less decision or appeal to all else. Franchot Tone does. She is more interested in his career, in his happiness, than any other thing in life. At the present, she is preparing for the *Gorgeous Hussy* while Franchot is working. And so now, months after their marriage, when six o’clock comes and she knows that Franchot will be home shortly, she is the eager, vibrant girl whose day is defined by his home-coming.

Peace she has—a peace so enveloping that it is with considerable interest that I look forward to her next picture. For in it she should be revealed a Crawford whom the world has never seen before. A girl whose talents will be far more rounded, far more dazzling. Perhaps the reason Joan has this interest is that the road before her is clear. At last she has the thing she has never had before—security.

No matter how great a star is, no matter to what heights a woman climbs, there are moments when she wants to be only a woman, completely feminine and in some aspects, helpless. There has never been one person in Joan’s life who has protected her. No one who has given her the sense that if danger were to arrive, they could be there for her. Franchot gives her that safety and that freedom from care.

Since her marriage, Joan has not made a picture. The studio has been seeking suitable material and in *The Gorgeous Hussy*, a story of the era of Andrew Jackson, was found the costume vehicle for which she has been asking so long. She looks forward to it with extraordinary delight, for it will give her an opportunity to be something different, surprising versions of the *Dancing Daughter*. Joan takes her career today more seriously than she has ever done before, but not so intensely. It is this ripened, matured Joan who will undoubtedly present the best work of her life.

Her plans for the future hold the promise of additional achievement. Music definitely enters into the scheme. Four years ago Joan discovered she had a voice. At first she studied popular music, making a record of one song each month so that she might see her musical development as she went along. Two years ago, about the time when Franchot Tone entered her life, her interest turned to opera. Franchot has had a splendid musical background and his knowledge of opera and every department of music is great. He imparted his enthusiasm to Joan, and together they began their study. Not that it been only a suspicion became a certainty with training. Joan has an astonishing voice, with three octaves in range, and with a middle register mellow and clear, and full-bodied.

With the same intensity with which she had climbed to fame, she began the serious and consistent study of music under a coach. Since her marriage with weeks of leisure at her command, she has taken a lesson each day. Frequently, it is three and four hours duration. Simultaneously, with her study of music, is her study of languages, because to Joan, music is not only a diversion, but it also promises to become her future career.

Franchot, too, studies consistently, because of his training he is naturally, farther advanced than his wife. But according to their teachers, Franchot should be ready for opera this side of three years. Joan will receive additional six months or a year before she is ready.

Finally, then, there is another career for Crawford which may well parallel her screen appearances. An amazing career for a girl who had never suspected her own abilities, even though she had always had a secret yearning to sing. Ever since Joan was a child, she sang in the bathtub, or in other children’s do. But Joan would sit in the steaming water for hours on end. “That’s the only place my voice soared all right,” she reports. She had hidden this dream of a musical career for years—perhaps abashed at even the thought of such a desire.

The impetuous, the restless, the too sensitive Crawford is now part of the past. The Crawford of today is a woman who has achieved an extraordinary peace in love. One who has plans, but is not impatient with her planning. One who has a calm and full-versed attitude towards the future.

She enjoys her position as Mrs. Franchot Tone fully as much—if not more—than her niche as Joan Crawford. Without question, Joan will have children. Perhaps not in the immediate future, but certainly before many years have passed. She has the wholesome view that children are essential to the rounded and complete life of a woman.

Her marriage has been a magnet which has brought into one time whole all her phases, all the aspects of this kaleidoscopic personality. There will be no drastic changes in her character, no changing versions of the *Dancing Daughter*. Joan has taken her life in the priceless ingredient of protection.

And as a result, while her talents have been a by-product of her own driving ambition, the talents she will display in the future will be the by-product of a great marriage!
The Talk of Hollywood

[Continued from page 64]

From C.L. to C.G.

CAROLE LOMBARD'S rapidly gaining reputation as Hollywood's champion she-prankstress. One of her latest gags was to follow up the Hollywood gossip about her romancing with Clark Gable by sending Gabe a "love-gift." It was an ancient Ford, which she bought for $12. On it, she had two huge hearts painted in red and white, and monogrammed with Clark's initials and her own, and she had it delivered in broad daylight at Clark's hotel, with her card tied to the steering wheel. And what did Clark do? He took the wheezing old wreck to the Douglas Applewhite Ford agency in Hollywood, and gave them carte blanche to renovate it. They did. Put a new engine in it, replaced other worn out parts, and finally painted it cream white and added a lot of glittering accessories. Now it looks and runs like a million dollars—and Clark drives it daily.

An All Family House

MOST unusual residence in Hollywood (and are there unusual ones there!) will be the one that Fred Stone's building. On a big tract of land he's bought, he's building a main house for himself and his wife; a four-room house for Daughter Paula; a six-room house for Daughter Dorothy and her husband, and two three-room guest houses!

Once Upon A Time

WHILE Rex Bell goes on splitting his time between making western films and buying cattle for that ranch of his, his wife—Clara Bow—is done with films forever. Life on the ranch has added plenty of pounds and curves to her figure. Clara, once the hottest mama of them all when she was the "IT" girl, has gone so completely rustic that she hates to come to Hollywood on infrequent trips with Rex, because, she complains, the noise of the city annoys her.

Another "once upon a time" note: The other day, a good-looking blonde visited Rod La Rocque on the set where he's making Reunion. Inquirers learned she was Rod's wife. As Vilma Banky, she was top star at the very studio where she visited Rod six years ago!

And So—

BECAUSE Luise Rainer has been given too many speed tickets by traffic cops, MGM studios, with her permission, have had their experts tinkering with the motor of her car—so that now she can't drive it over 40 miles an hour. Alison Skipworth, who doesn't like eggs, has just spent $112 on a fence in her backyard. To keep stray dogs from molesting her seven chickens. Because of his hit in The Country Doctor, which 20th-Fox made, MGM has torn up Jean Hersholt's contract and given him a new one with a huge boot in pay!

YOU remember that black and white dog in "Trail of the Lonesome Pine," don't you? Well, the dog makes plenty of money acting in movies for his owner, one Ger Orvedahl. BUT he keeps Ger from seeing [Continued on page 81]
How Hepburn is "Queening" It

(Continued from page 67)

measure by the same standard.

Mary of Scotland had courage. She stood steadfastly, that she thought was right. Similarly, if Katharine thinks that she is right, she stays with her decision. The men on her set respect that courage. And I could not find a woman at RKO who did not like her. She has a brand of independence, poise and courage that other women would like to have. Stay on a Hepburn set for a time and you will soon have this impression: She is not trying to be a Hollywood Personality; her interest is in trying to be a good actress.

See her at the studio or at her home, and you soon have this impression: Most of her "eccentricity" is a myth. Gossip writers make much of the fact that she usually wears slacks to work. So does Ginger Rogers; so does Ann Sothern; so do most of the other actresses in Hollywood. When they have to report for work at 7 o'clock in the morning, changing into costumes as soon as they reach their studio, why should they dress up? Hepburn is sensible, not eccentric, in pulling her hair back under a beret and wearing tailored slacks to work. She can get out of them easily and quickly when she reaches the studio. When she appears in public, she avoids attention-calling by wearing a dress, coat and hat. She uses very little make-up. You can see her freckles—most of them on her arms, very few on her face.

Her dressing-table is located just off the set, and is unenclosed. It might as well be parked in the middle of the Lincoln Highway, for all the privacy that she has there. The answer is that, among those who understand her, she has no need for privacy. The lowliest "extra" thinks nothing of powdering her face before the star's mirror—on a Hepburn set.

She has a big home in Beverly Hills, surrounded by five acres of ground, on which she has a swimming pool, a tennis court, garden, fruit trees, countless walking paths. Whenever she is there in the daytime, she is out in the sunshine. Indoors, she likes to wear very sheer, ultra-feminine negligé. It is one of her few extravagances. She attends few parties, gives few, has few close friends. The closest, perhaps, is Director George Cukor, who was responsible for her coming to Hollywood to play in A Bill of Divorcement. She has a housekeeper, a cook and a chauffeur-gardener; she also has a personal maid on the set, but not at home. The reason for her small circle of friends in Hollywood? When she is in Hollywood, she is working; when she is finished with a picture, she flies East to be with her family.

Though Mary of Scotland is her first biographical picture, she hopes that it will not be her last. She still would like to film Tudor Wrench, dramatizing the young Queen Elizabeth. Also, she would like to play Joan of Arc. And she has reasons: "I enjoy this experience of playing a historical character. I have been able to make a real study of Mary from authentic information about her—I have been able to see her from all sides, not just one, as a novelist might see a heroine. And out of this study, I hope I have learned enough about her to bring her to life—a ruler who was also a very human being, with virtues and faults and honest emotions," And that's how Hepburn is "queening" it....

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DENTYNE
DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM
Motion Picture for July, 1936
79
MOTION PICTURE Magazine

FREDRIC MARCH

For quick relief from the itching of eczema, hives, chronic dermatitis, and other skin eruptions, try DR. DENNIS’ cream, the operator of the cream. Apply to affected skin. It soothes and arrests the irritation and stops itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—more money back. Ask for D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION.

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THE BET TO BE HAD

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Stop Itching

TIME TO TAME

In One Minute

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movies. "You see," explained Ger, everyplace I go, 'Tuffy' goes—and they don't let dogs in movie theatres, so I haven't ever seen Tuffy on the screen yet!"

**Garbo Talks**

WELL . . . well . . . and another well, for good measure—and said here because Garbo is back on schedule and moreover, came back with a smile for everybody. She was due to arrive on the Swedish liner, *Gripsholm*, docking in New York instead of catching the usual tramp steamer and sailing mysteriously for Los Angeles. So what happened? So this happened: the ship news reporters met the boat down the bay and found a Garbo with smiles and hands stretched out in a friendly greeting. She wasn't disguised in dark glasses either. And she met the boys in the smoking-room and answered all their questions, the silly ones as well as the sensible.

So a new Garbo came back—one who didn't indulge in her customary hide-and-seek with the newspaper gang. She spiked the "Ay tank Ay go home" line with the retort that she hasn't any home since she is a wanderer. She had a quiet trip over, rising around six in the morning and, after breakfast, indulging in deck

Here is Greta Garbo as she looked in greeting the reporters and cameramen on the S.S. *Gripsholm*. Note the smile
tennis and shuffle-board. She retired early every night.

And now Garbo is back in Hollywood and preparing to give you *Camille*—and Robert Taylor has the inside track as her leading man in the rôle of Arnaud. And how are you today, Mr. Brent? She looks about the same as when she left for Sweden several months ago—her hair is brown and she is still slender.

If Garbo has really turned over a new leaf whereby she isn't playing the artful dodger any longer—then it comes down to Hepburn alone. And somehow Katie doesn't look as well in this rôle as Garbo. Garbo made it a three-ring circus; Katie makes it look like a one-ring wagon show.

**Battle-Cry of Freedom**

ANOTHER Greta (Nissen is the name) has finally had her marriage to Weldon Heyburn annulled—and it took four years and five lawyers (none of whom came from Philadelphia) to accomplish it. If there's another man in L.A. Nissen's life she isn't telling the world his name. The star has been playing in English pictures the past three years and after spending several weeks in the East will return to Hollywood. Meanwhile Greta's Ex—Weldon Heyburn, has married Jane Eichelberger, socialite.

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A New Way to Men's Hearts—as told by
Carole Lombard

[Continued from page 36]

type. Purely physical charm is still
important, naturally. But they come back to the
other—oh, the girl who are using their
brains!"

AND the most fascinating women
in Hollywood bear out Carole's state-
ments. Carole herself, poised, brilliant,
whose latest witicism is broadcast through a
delighted teledrum, drags, the
laughing sophisticate, who charms men with her "mad-cap" intelligence; Kay
Francis, whose fine intelligence shines
through her beauty; Martine Dietrich,
known off the screen among a small
group of intimates for spontaneity cleverly,
slyly humorous remarks and comments on life
which she usually makes in her native Ger-
man; Jeanette MacDonald, a serious philos-
opher despite her completely feminine
manner.

Dumb Doras are out in Hollywood! It
was a case of Wit vs. It—and the brains
won! It's significant that almost all of
these glamorous beauties choose men com-
panions of the more intellectual type. Kay
Francis goes with Delmar Davis, a writer.

Lytna Duryea is liked by a tall, dark and
dashing fellow, a producer. Carole Lombard's
humor and intelligence, no less than her
blonde beauty, surrounds her with a group of
writers, artists and other men of intellectual
accomplishments.

Carole told me, "I'm the most feminine
woman in the world—ridiculously feminine in
my attitudes and clothes and things—like
that. I adore to shop. I love re-
decorating my new home. But because I've
worked for my living ever since I was fif-
teen, because I've been up against the same
things, in earning my own way, I can under-
stand a man's mind."

"That's just one attribute in which the
new woman differs from the old. We can
appeal to men through other channels than
through their stomachs—referring to the
old catch-phrase about the soundest way to a
man's heart. Another attribute is compani-
ionship. There's no need for us, desperately,
to chase after men—we have no small sal-
aries, however big or small they may be. Our
own interests. Love can come naturally
and spontaneously because we want love—
not because we need a man's check-book or
his support!"

"This in itself creates a mutual respect
between the sexes. Love can be based on
big things, with all the prettiness cut away
clean. That's why I believe financial inde-
pendence is the greatest preserver of love
in the world. And the man of charm comes
about purely through such independence!
Working for a living, successfully and hap-
pily, will give almost any woman its essen-
tials. She'll begin to use her brain!"

CAROLE smiled reflectively. "Have you
ever attended a dinner party where all
the women were women of leisure and
idleness? Have you listened to the dull,
the deadly dull conversation? No wonder
men grow bored with us! "Women—if they
work and keep their minds active—can
discuss any topic under the sun as intelli-
gently as a man. Politics, sports, world
affairs, you name it!"

"And God knows I'm not always the
home all day, letting boredom and pettiness and
day-dreams poison her mind. She hasn't
been tied down to nothing. I hope some
women are more clever—if they are still essentially
feminine. They love independence in a
woman—it gives them something to con-
quert! A chance to be more precise that much
vaunted male superiority!"

We wondered suddenly how this modern,
financially independent woman would react
to sterilization. Carole Lombard, because she
broke up with Bill Powell ended in divorce, according to
Hollywood, because of her career. She usually
showed no thoughts honesty for
which she is famous. "My career had lit-
tle to do with the divorce. We were just
two completely incompatible people. I hon-
estly believe that a woman who is or has
been financially independent is more pre-
pared for marriage than any other!"

Independence eliminates almost all of
the superficialities upon which a woman can
lean—she doesn't have to lean—against a
man and wife. The woman who works can't relax—can't stagnate.
She finds in the vivid, attractive, awake
woman the man married. He'll still have
to court her. If there's a slight jeal-
sousy of her work, all the better. She is still
a woman to be won!

"If I should marry again, I could find
time to manage my home and be with my
husband without interfering with my ca-
reer. Right now I run my own house.
I have pleasant, ample vacations. I find time
for an interesting social life, seeing my
friends, going where I choose. If marriage
is difficult for an actress—and I believe it
is difficult—it's for other reasons than the
fact that an actress works. Certain emo-
tional complexities that needn't concern
us now."

SHE added, honestly, "It may be hard,
at first, for a man to adjust himself to
a woman's independence. I haven't noticed
that in my own life because I wouldn't
bother with any man who showed jealousy
for my work. But—perhaps in spite of
themselves—men respect an independent
woman. Instead of jealousy and possess-
ive, love can be based on a natural
trust and honor."

Study the heroines of the newest pic-
tures and you'll see that Carole is right.
The tantalizing charm of Carole, herself,
upon the screen depends largely upon her
independence toward men. Her humor—
her freedom—her poise all spring from
it. Rosalind Russell has played girls of
the same type, refreshing in her frankness
and honesty. For the first time, these
sparkling women have had a chance to play
themselves! Bette Davis once told me,
"Probably the most important factor in
being popular with men is not trying to be
popular! The days when women schemed
and worked to attract men are over.
Now we know it's better to develop interests
of our own, depths within ourselves. Be in-
dependent—and you'll find men seeking you
out!"

Jean Harlow said, "If I had to name one
vital necessity for a girl in being popular,
I'd say, above anything else, a sense of
humor and mental alertness. Surface wit—
which has become a deeper, more
worldly phrase—can become an or-
ful, unexpected and dramatic aspects
of life. And Jean's dramatic change from
a smiling blonde to a dramatic actress
who carries out her theory that in 1936 it's more
important to amuse and interest men—than to
amaze and shock them!" Wit counts more than
it used to with glamorous girls. The pictures
headed by Carole Lombard, are proving it!
Care of the Teeth for Beauty

[Continued from page 48]

every tooth, has bristles with rounded ends that cannot irritate or lacerate the gums. I didn't believe it was possible to round the micrometer bristle end of a brush until I saw actual bristles, magnified hundreds of times, before and after this polishing or rounding process. The ends of the bristles in the "before" screen looked too much like splinters for one's sense of comfort, while the "after" ones were reassuringly blunt and harmless-looking.

This particular brush has other features besides the round-end bristles. The quality of the bristles is also excellent, for they are all taken from the backs of Siberian boars, which are known to produce very durable yet flexible bristles, even if they are such ugly animals... Instead of becoming soggy after repeated moistening, these bristles retain their firmness for three months or more. Still another thing I like about this brush is the longer tuft of bristles at one end, which enables you to cleanse even your wisdom teeth with ease. Fifty cents is the retail price. It comes with hard, medium or soft bristles. I'll be glad to send you the trade name.

When you were a child, you were probably taught to brush your teeth down on the "uppers" and up on the "lowers"—unless you weren't taught at all and acquired the habit of brushing them back and forth, horizontally. This latter method does little or nothing to cleanse the teeth and it irritates rather than massages the gums. The up and down method is a simple one for children to learn, but the best one consists of closing the teeth and using a rotary or circular motion of the brush.

After brushing your teeth thoroughly, devote a minute or two to a brisk massage of the gums. This practice stimulates the circulation in this area, hardens and strengthens the gums and, indirectly, benefits the teeth, which are dependent on the health of the gums. A dentifrice that is especially designed to massage the gums as well as to cleanse the teeth has a delightful mint taste and a stimulating tang. Daily massage with this tooth paste gives the gums the activity and exercise they need. Unfortunately, our modern diet, consisting largely of the ice-cream-and-mashed-potato type, doesn't afford a proper amount of exercise for the gums—and this deficiency must be remedied. It is not necessary to use a great deal of this tooth paste, for a small amount produces sufficient foam to penetrate all dental crevices liberally. Besides removing food and discoloration from the teeth, the dentifrice polishes their surface gently and makes them dazzlingly clean. It's an inexpensive tooth paste and made from an irreplaceable formula. Want the trade name?

THE use of an inferior brand of lip- stick or the incorrect application of a good one often completely cancels beautifully colored lips. This lipstick consists in flattening shades, the newest of which is a true, warm red that refuses to change color.

[Continued on page 86]

**CONSTITUTION?**

**Get Real Relief—and End the Laxative Habit**

**IF you've come to rely on cathartics—habit-forming, and giving only temporary relief at best—science offers you wonderful news. For repeated clinical tests have proved this fact: The real cause of countless stubborn cases of constipation is shortage of Vitamin B Complex! And in such cases, constipation goes—headaches end—energy returns—when this precious natural factor is added to the diet!**

**That is why Yeast Foam Tablets have freed thousands after years of slavery to cathartics. For there is no richer natural source of Vitamin B Complex yet discovered than pure whole yeast—and Yeast Foam Tablets are pure whole yeast!**

Start now to restore health this easy, natural way—with Yeast Foam Tablets. They have helped thousands. For you, too, they should strengthen digestion—restore regular, natural elimination. Ask your druggist today for Yeast Foam Tablets—and refuse substitutes.

**YEAST FOAM TABLETS**

**100 YEARS OF RIDGWAYS TEAS ———— 1836-1936**

**Drink Ridgways Teas**

PRAISED THE WORLD OVER FOR THEIR FLAVOR

A Tea for Every Taste and Purse—Obtainable at the Better Stores—RIDGWAYS, Inc., 230 West St., N. Y. C.

Motion Picture for July, 1936 83
Hollywood Wants New Talent
[Continued from page 19]
these treatments. Of course, the girls used Hold Bob bob pins, the pin with the 'invisible' quality. They are the favorite pins of Hollywood.

After this they went to Universal where Dan Kelley, casting director, had arranged for their special sound test. The girls were selected from a group of 100 women who had put them through a skin. In an early issue of Motion Picture we will let you in on an interesting fact. It will show you how to make yourself more effective, what preparations to use, how tests are made and how the studios develop new talent. Photos will be included.

Don't miss this grand opportunity. Get in on this new search for talent right away. All you have to do is send in your photo and entry blank. It costs you nothing. Just read the rules below.

RULES
1. Any woman 16 years or over who is a resident of the United States may enter the "Search for Talent" contest. Women of the ages 16 to 18 years must have the consent of guardians. It is not necessary to purchase any article to enter.
2. The "Search for Talent" opens May 1st, 1936 and will close at midnight December 31st, 1936, unless extended by announcement in Motion Picture and Screen Play Magazines. This program will consist of eight monthly contests.
3. Each photograph must be attached to an official entry blank or facsimile.
4. Entries will be entered and photographed by the studio. If selected, the girls will be judged by the judges to receive a free test at some convenient place and time to be selected by the judges, plus $50.00 in cash. This screen test will be submitted to the officials of the Walter Wanger Productions at the United Artists Studios. If this screen test is acceptable, this person will be brought to Hollywood immediately for motion picture work in a Walter Wanger production.
5. At the conclusion of the entire program, we guarantee at least one of the winners of the monthly contests will be brought to Holly-
wood, all expenses paid, for motion picture work in a Walter Wanger production.
6. Entries for each monthly contest will close at midnight of the 25th day of the month. Entries received postmarked after that date will be put into the following month's competition.
7. Entries may submit as many photographs in each monthly contest as desired and may enter as many monthly contests as they wish but each photograph must be accompanied by an official entry blank or facsimile.
8. Photographs cannot be acknowledged or returned unless accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.
9. Judges of these contests will be executives of the Walter Wanger Productions at the United Artists Studios, The Hump Hair Ton Mfg. Co. and Motion Picture and Screen Play Magazines. Their decisions will be final.
10. Contestants agree to abide by the decision of the judges and any entrant must by her signature to an entry blank agree to permit the public sale of all photographs in connection with advertising and publicity concerned with this contest.
11. Employees of Walter Wanger Productions, United Artists Studios, The Hump Hair Ton Mfg. Co., Motion Picture and Screen Play Magazines and their families are not eligible to compete in these contests.

Motion Picture for July, 1936
You'll Soon Be Here in Hollywood
[Continued from page 23]

in the making, touring Beverly Hills to see the homes of the stars, banquetting at the Biltmore Bowl, visiting Ken Maynard's big ranch where he is conducting a circus and wild west show, visiting Paula Stone (if you take the first trip) or Donald Woods (if you take the second trip) where you will be their guests at cocktail parties. Plenty of movie celebrities will be at both parties.

You will also visit Max Factor's cosmetic plant where he has four different make-up rooms—one for each type of beauty, blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead. You will also take in the famous ocean resort, Catalina Island—right out there in the Pacific, several miles from Hollywood.

During your stay in Hollywood you will have seen everything worth seeing—stars, studios, homes of stars, etc. You'll attend lunches, dinners and cocktail parties, an ocean trip and a wild west show. Four crowded days of a grand vacation.

All in all, it's a vacation you won't want to miss—surely one you can't afford to miss. Full particulars will be sent you if you address your inquiry to Joe Godfrey, Jr., Movieland Tour Manager, 360 North Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

It's the last call—and your last chance to join MOTION PICTURE'S July Movieland Tour. Make your reservations NOW! It means two weeks of glorious fun. Full schedules for the two Tours and the coupon for you to use, appear on page 88.

You will also have the chance to win a beautiful Lettie Lee dress. One of the four frocks shown on pages 14 and 15 (as worn by Jane Wyatt, Hollywood star), will be carried away by you, or you, or you. Turn to page 15 for full particulars.

Steffi Duna did such fine acting and dancing in Hi Gachko that she was chosen for Dancing Pirate, the color film
Care of the Teeth for Beauty

on your lips. The price is only a dollar, the case is of the durable swivel type.

THE makers of a well-known face powder that comes in my favorite powder container (a glass jar with screw top) have introduced two unusual new "sunlight" shades for summer. While they are not tannish in tone, they blend beautifully with a deep, a golden or a light suntan, giving the skin a soft, natural warmth. One shade is slightly lighter than the other and is just right for the face, too, to remain as fair as possible during the summer.

Both powders were tested last winter by lucky girls longing at Palm Beach, and pronounced unusually flattering in shade and perfect in texture. There are two sizes in the glass jar with its flower-wreathed blue top at 35 cents and 75 cents and two more in generously proportioned boxes at 10 and 20 cents. Don't hesitate to ask me for the trade name.

To keep cool and comfortable, in hot weather, as well as irrepresently fresh, you need a deodorant body powder and a reliable underarm anti-perspirant. Without these considerations, you will be a burden to yourself as well as to your companions.

Two very reliable and safe anti-perspirants that have fully met their work are a new sister preparation—a dusting powder that deodorizes perspiration and has a floral scent of its own. Besides being cooling and refreshing, the skin it is mildly antiseptic. Dusted all over the body immediately after your bath, this powder promotes the assurance of being "daisy fresh" for hours.

It comes in a huge pink and white box with a pink puff, for use in your own bathroom, and in a shaker can that is most convenient for traveling. It's even available in compressed form, in a dainty metal compact that you can tuck into your purse for emergencies. The large box costs $1, the can and the compact only 50 cents. If you are interested in the trade name, do let me know.

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

The only way your body can clean out Acids and poisonous wastes from your blood is thru 9 million tiny, delicate Kidneys. A stricken Kidney is often a result of cheap, drastic, irritating drugs. If functional Kidney or Bladder disorders make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Lea Pains, Backaches, Circles Under Eyes, Droopiness, Rheumatism, Infections, Acne, Blisters, Sunburn, Sore or Itchy Skin, don't take chances. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription drug that is not only safe and sure, but in 48 hours it will bring new vitality, and is guaranteed to work in one week or money back on return of empty package. Cysters can be cured with ease at druggists and the guarantee protects you. 

S C A R S !

At last, a marvelous cream brings hope of smooth skin to replace scars caused by cuts, burns, accidents or minor infection. I know, my Hands are again sightly "writes a famous newspaper woman. Another user says "it is miraculous"; still another, "the small scar on my face has almost disappeared." Mail below coupon today and we will rush FREE booklet telling of KEL-LENA SCAB CREAM, and 90-DAY TRIAL OFFER.


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To enjoy relief from painful bunions, wear Dr. Scholl's Bunion Reducer. Molded of pure, soft rubber, worn invisibly. It reduces the swollen part by the natural process of absorption; hides the unsightly bunion and preserves the shapelessness of your shoes. 50c each.

For wear outside the stocking, Dr. Scholl's Bunion Protector. Made of leather with soft padding to prevent pain from shoe pressure and preserve shape of shoe. 75c each. Sold at drug, shoe and dept. stores. Write for FREE BOOKLET, "The Bunion", to Dr. Scholl, Inc., 430 West Scholl St., Chicago.

Dr. Scholl's

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AND REMEDIES FOR ALL FOOT TROUBLES

Gray Hair

If you are dissatisfied with your hair dont enter into unique French method KNOGRA, Colour hair any shade, blonde to black, from the same bottle. Hair has been colored in only a few minutes. KNOGRA colors never perfectly. Premil Pumper's World Famous Hair Color KNOGRA, MADAME TURTEL, Dept. T-256, 61 St., New York.

POEMS

Set to Music

Published

Free Examination—Send Poems to MCNEIL

Bachelor of Music

1582 West 27th St.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Motion Picture for July, 1936
Dick Powell
Renounces the Screen!!
— Long Enough to Edit SCREEN BOOK for You!

Stories of unusual interest about your screen favorites crowd the pages of July Screen Book by order of Dick Powell, who has personally supervised the editing of this issue.

Read When Shirley Grows Up, a revealing article by her mother . . . read From Extra Girl to Screen Star, the true life story of Norma Shearer . . . read When Barbara Stanwyck Learned that Love Doesn't Last, the dramatic story of a gallant lady who fought to safeguard her marriage—and lost . . .

Read these and many other articles about your favorite stars in

NOW ON SALE
10¢

Motion Picture for July, 1936
**Hat by Lilly Daché**

Lilly Daché, one of America’s foremost hat designers, creates this utterly charming daytime hat of soft blue toyo straw—with a perky oriental yellowbird set on the crown directly off center. Its striking,rowning, narrow accordion brim is a sure challenge to adventure, says Mme. Daché: “The shallow sailor crown lifts the hat off the eyes, and to achieve real chic it is important of course to reveal the eyes at their best—in eye makeup as well as hat design.”

**Modern Eye Make-up is As Necessary to Chic as the Smartest Hat**

**Eye Makeup by Maybelline**

CHIC!—elusive, magnetic quality—sweep of long lovely lashes! This most compelling of all feminine charms can be yours instantly, easily, with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Don’t deny your eyes their marvelous powers—darken your lashes into long luxuriant fringe with Maybelline Mascara—the modern, non-smarting, tearproof mascara preferred by more than ten million fastidious women throughout the world. Try it in either the famous Solid form or the new Cream form—light for the smoothest, most silken effects; or more heavily for a deep rich appearance. In Black, Brown and Blue.

Encased in a beautiful red and gold vanity, the modern Solid form Maybelline Mascara is priced at 75¢ at all leading toilet goods counters. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids—including the new Cream form mascara—may be had at leading 10c stores. Try them today!

**MOVIELAND TOUR SCHEDULES**

**Sunday, July 19th (or Aug. 9th)**—Leave Chicago on special train 9:30 P.M. Central Standard Time.

**Monday, July 20th (or Aug. 10th)**—En route through Minnesota and North Dakota.

**Tuesday, July 21st (or Aug. 11th)**—En route through Montana.

**Wednesday, July 22nd (or Aug. 12th)**—Arrive Yakima, Wash. Breakfast at hotel before motoring over the beautiful new Naches Highway to Ramon National Park. Luncheon at Sunrise Lodge. Sightseeing and motoring. On to Seattle for dinner and overnight at the Frye Hotel.

**Thursday, July 23rd (or Aug. 13th)**—Breakfast at the Frye Hotel and then across Puget Sound to Victoria. Luncheon on the boat. Sightseeing trip around Victoria and a visit to the famous Butchart Gardens. Dinner on the boat.

**Friday, July 24th (or Aug. 14th)**—Arrive at Portland early in the morning. Breakfast at the Hotel Benson. Sightseeing tour around city of roses and leaving Portland at noon. Luncheon and dinner on the train.

**Saturday, July 25th (or Aug. 15th)**—Arrive San Francisco. Luncheon at the St. Francis Hotel. Thirty miles auto tour in the afternoon. Dinner at the St. Francis. A tour of Chinatown in the evening.

**Sunday, July 26th (or Aug. 16th)**—Arrive Los Angeles. Transfer to Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel. In the evening a big Hollywood Boulevard Surprise Party as guests of Fawcett Magazines with official welcome by movie stars.

**Monday, July 27th (or Aug. 17th)**—Open morning for tour guests to do as they please. At 1:00 P.M. a trip to 20th Century-Fox studios. Later in the afternoon a motor trip around Hollywood, Beverly Hills and Santa Monica. Dinner at 8 P.M., and entertainment at The Biltmore Bowl.

**Tuesday, July 28th (or Aug. 18th)**—Morning open. Breakfast and lunch where you please. Cocktails as guests of Paul Stone with other stars attending. Dinner where you please. Overnight at the Roosevelt Hotel.

**Wednesday, July 29th (or Aug. 19th)**—All day trip to Catalina Island. Overnight at the Roosevelt.

**Thursday, July 30th (or Aug. 20th)**—Breakfast and lunch wherever guests choose. Leave Los Angeles 1:15 P.M.

**Friday, July 31st (or Aug. 21st)**—Breakfast on the train. Arrival Salt Lake City for special organ recital at the Mormon Tabernacle. Luncheon at Hotel Utah. Sightseeing trip in the afternoon.

**Saturday, August 1st (or Aug. 22nd)**—Arrive Royal Gorge 8:30 P.M. Arrive Colorado Springs 10:15 P.M.

**Sunday, August 2nd (or Aug. 23rd)**—Breakfast on the train. Lunch at Broadmoor Hotel, Colorado Springs. Cheyenne Mountain auto trip and returning through the Garden of the Gods. Leave Colorado Springs 2:45 P.M. Arrive at Denver 4:45 P.M. Leave Denver 5 P.M. All meals on train. Arrive Chicago 5:30 P.M. next day.

**Use this Coupon!**

**Mr. J. C. Godfrey, J. P. 500 North Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Ill.**

Without obligation on our part, send me your coupon, illustrated booklet descriptive the Maybelline Tour. Fall in the blank below:

I enclose $_____. Please enter my reservation now for _______ persons, to insure a place for

us on tour ______ (state whether July 10 or August 10 tour). A deposit of 50¢ per person will hold your reservation, but the booklet describing the Movieland Tours may be obtained by coupon below. (Enclose in 3-cent stamp for reply)

Name ____________________________

Address ___________________________

City ____________________________ State ______________

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Maladies will be accepted.
2. Jellies MUST be made with bottled fruit pectin.
3. Entries must be sealed with paraffin and then covered with a tin top.
4. Each glass must have a neat label stating the name of jelly and the date of making. No other information is permitted.
5. Only those entries made since June 15th will be accepted.
6. You may send as many packages and as many jellies as you wish but each glass must contain a different variety.
7. The recipe used must accompany entry. Postal regulations will not permit the receipt inside of package. Put recipe in envelope stamped with a three cent stamp and addressed correctly, with your name and address in the upper left hand corner. Glue envelope securely under twine with which package is tied. The package must also be addressed correctly and with your return address and name on the label.
8. The contest is from July 1st to August 15th. No entries mailed after midnight of August 15th will be considered.
9. All packages must be sent PREPAID BY PARCEL POST OR EXPRESS to DOROTHY DWAN, MOTION PICTURE FOOD EDITOR, 815 NORTH EL CENTRO AVENUE, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.
10. This magazine will not be responsible for breakage or damage to your entry during transportation.
11. Announcement of prize winners will be in the November issue of Morton Picture.
12. All jellies will be turned over to charitable organizations. This distribution will be controlled by the editor of Morton Picture.

We have experienced judges for the contest. They will be:

Tom Martin, Supervisor of Home Economics at the Los Angeles Bureau of Power and Light.

Dorothy Dwan, Home Economics Division of Favretti Publications, Inc.

The entries should be packed in a strong box and tightly surrounded with excelsior, or some shock absorbing material. Heavy wrapping paper and strong twine should be used. Be sure the word fragile is on all sides of box. Your return address MUST be on the envelope containing recipe, and the package, and both must be addressed to DOROTHY DWAN, MOTION PICTURE FOOD EDITOR, 815 NORTH EL CENTRO AVENUE, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

TO THE LADIES—FROM THE BORDEN COMPANY!

EAGLE BRAND Sweetened Condensed Milk recipes are a blessing to housewives—not only for the tasty results, but for the speed and ease with which they are prepared. The premium now offered by The Borden Company will prove just as valuable.

Make delicious Chocolate Caramels the Eagle Brand way.

1 cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
1/2 cup water
3 squares unsweetened chocolate
1/2 cups sugar
1/4 cup corn syrup
3 tbls. butter

Mix condensed milk, water, chocolate, sugar, corn syrup, and butter together and gradually bring to boiling point while stirring constantly. Cook over slow flame and stir constantly until mixture reaches 235 degrees or makes a firm ball when tested in cold water. Remove from fire and pour into slightly buttered pan. When cool, cut in squares with sharp knife.

You will enjoy the premium offer fully as much as Eagle Brand recipes. For details, see the inside back cover of Morton Picture.

There's nothing like a quiet, restful relaxation in a Lido chair after long tedious hours before the camera. Glenda Farrell takes it easy after the day's work.

Motion Picture for July, 1936
THERE'S no getting away from it, the movies are showing genuine creative ability these days and are storming the heights of dramatic and artistic achievement in their new found expression. Take Warner's production of The Green Pastures, for example. As a play it scored one of the greatest triumphs of the American stage, though unfortunately, only seen by thousands in our larger cities. As a picture it will reach millions, and demonstrates, anew, that Hollywood is fashioning real works of art (art that spells box-office as well) to grace the screens of the world.

It presents an all-Negro cast. The story remains faithful to its original design since Marc Connelly, the author, had complete charge of its filmization. It explores the realm of true fantasy—touched with a fine spiritual glow. And in bringing it to the screen Warner's reveal again that their studio is alive to the bigger and better things. The Green Pastures is Number Three in their cycle of big shows—being preceded by Midsummer Night's Dream and Anthony Adverse. The last-mentioned, though made earlier, will follow it in the release schedule.

Such a classic of American Negro religion and folklore had to be approached with understanding and sympathy if it was to be worthily treated. Let it be said that these qualities mark the production throughout. Rex Ingram enacts the leading role of "De Lawd" with deep reverence (a portrayal as memorable as the original study by the late Richard B. Harrison. The supporting players are as thoroughly in character as Ingram. The singing of the spirituals by the Hall Johnson Choir is accomplished with fine voice and feeling. Summing it up, we'll say that fine things are being done on the screen these days, and The Green Pastures is one of the finest.

While we are on the topic of better films there are others you won't want to miss. There's Mary of Scotland (with Katharine Hepburn in the title role of what is probably her greatest production—certainly her most artistic); there's Lost Horizon directed by Frank Capra—which is recommendation enough; there's The Good Earth, adapted from Pearl Buck's best-selling novel; there's MGM's stupendous production of Shakespeare's immortal romance, Romeo and Juliet; there's The Charge of the Light Brigade, based upon Tennyson's stirring poem. And Universal's Show Boat will dock at your theatre any moment now. Reports have it that it eclipses the original stage production in its appeal to the mind, the heart, the eye and the ear. And in the offering there's The Life of Beethoven, which will offer the story of the great composer, as well as musical interludes of his symphonies and sonatas. Not forgetting the all-color film, The Garden of Allah, with Dietrich, and Camille, with Garbo. This is truly an extraordinary list of productions that will be coming your way this year. Who said Hollywood is slipping?

According to Darryl Zanuck, the dynamic charge d'affairs of 20th Century-Fox, there are only about a dozen players deserving the title of film stars. Of course, the producer was diplomatic enough not to list the dozen personally. He has admitted, however, that about 1,200 people are called stars who don't deserve the ranking. His definition of a star is one who can draw 2,000,000 patrons to the box-office and do it on his own personal magnetism, without a necessarily great story or a supporting cast of popular players. So moving the 1,188 players, who don't rank, to the background, we fall back on the box-office winners (our selections—not Zanuck's) as the only 18-karat stars in Hollywood. These are Shirley Temple, Clark Gable, Joan Crawford, Claudette Colbert, Norma Shearer (who is always "box-office" even though she hasn't appeared on the screen in over a year. It's a cinch her Romeo and Juliet will gross heavy figures), Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire (as a team), Mae West, Bing Crosby, Joe E. Brown, James Cagney and Dick Powell.

Some of these stars are in the $100,000 class. In all there are thirteen of them who receive that sum or more for making a picture, either at their own studios or on loan to rival studios. While some players reach this inner circle on occasions, the big financial rating goes on steadily to include Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Fred Astaire, Bing Crosby, Wallace Beery, Claudette Colbert, Eddie Cantor, Katharine Hepburn, Mae West, Fredric March, Ronald Colman, Norma Shearer and Clark Gable. While a round dozen are easily "box-office" there are in all, about forty players who have a monopoly on the burden of carrying pictures on their shoulders. Zanuck says "that the lack of genuine stars is something that worries all of us engaged in picture-making. It'll be worrying us in 1960, as in 1936."

It seems fine to record the success of Fred Stone who, after a nation-wide popularity as a stage star, has developed into one of the screen's most dependable character actors. The type of musical show which endeared him to stage audiences a decade ago is now outmoded. But so thoroughly grounded is Stone in his art that the jump to the movies was negotiated easily—so much so, that after two pictures he has been catapulted to stardom. A versatile actor, he is destined to achieve the same sort of popularity that was accorded the late-lamented Marie Dressler and Will Rogers. It was Rogers, in fact, who gave his old friend, Stone, a boost up the film ladder. And he has captured the fancy of the public through his realistic character roles in Alice Adams and Farmer in the Dell. It was The Trail of the Lonesome Pine, the color film, that started him on the road to stardom. Yes, Fred Stone has caught his second breath in the movies—and with the proper material he should become as big a figure as when he capered and clowned behind the footlights in The Wizard of Oz, Jack-O-Lantern, and a dozen other memorable musicals.
"A distinctive pattern," comments Mrs. Pierce Frisby, smart New York hostess, "perfect for serving pickles and olives—or assorted preserves—or candies and nuts. The weight is excellent, too."

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
To everyone who takes advantage of this opportunity to secure the $1.25 chromium-plated relish dish, we make this guarantee: If within two weeks after buying this dish you are not entirely satisfied, you may return the dish to us in good condition, and we will refund you the full 25 cents you paid for it.——THE BORDEN COMPANY, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

And the labels from two (2) cans of Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk

IMPORTANT: This offer is made solely to acquaint you with the amazing magic pies, frostings, puddings, cookies and candies that you can make in entirely new magic short-cut ways with Eagle Brand. You'll find an astonishingly magic recipe on every Eagle Brand wrapper and label. And at the left are two magic recipes you'll use again and again!

Save $1.00 by prompt action!

Don't delay. You can have the $1.25 Relish Dish pictured above for only 25c and two Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk labels*, if you'll act at once. Please understand that this dish is in highly polished chromium plating—on durable nickel-plated steel base. This amazing offer holds good for a limited time only. Use coupon at the lower right.

Free Cook Book
Along with the dish you get a whole cook book of magic recipes—for cookies, pies, puddings, candies, frostings, salad dressings and delicious ice creams.

ACT AT ONCE!

Your order not good unless postmarked before midnight, July 31, 1936.
The Borden Company, Dept. FWG-76
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Enclosed are two (2) Eagle Brand labels* and 25c in coin, for which please send me the 7¾-inch chromium-plated relish dish or verified $1.25 value with money-back guarantee as specified in your advertisement. Also please send free magic cook book.

Name ____________________________
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City ____________________________ State ______

*Please note: The label en- closed for this offer is the upper label, the one with the food picture. Next time you order, please use the lower label.
...AND GOOD DIGESTION TOO!

An experience: diner de luxe at the Pierre. Feuille Norvégienne, perhaps. Then Borsch Polonaise, followed, if your Russian mood continues, by Suprême of Halibut à la Russe. Then Braised Lettuce, String Beans au Gratin. Then a Camel, a crisp salad, a Camel again...and an ice with demi-tasse and—Camels. "Camels are by far the most popular cigarette here," says M. Bonaudi, banquet manager.

The delicate flavor of Camels is a natural complement to fine foods. For it is a matter of scientific proof and common experience that smoking Camels promotes good digestion. Enjoy Camels with meals and between meals—for their mildness and flavor—their comforting "lift"—their aid to digestion. Camels set you right! And no matter how steadily you smoke—Camels never jangle your nerves.

Miss Lucy Saunders, of New York and Newport.
She likes:

- Smart sports clothes...Palm Beach...
- the young crowd at the Virginia hunts...badminton...the new dances, including the son...the strenuous New York season...Bailey's Beach...lunching on Filet Mignon, Bouquetière, at Pierre's...Camels...dashing off to late parties...Lobster Thermidor...and always...Camels. "Camels are delightful when dining," she says. "They make food taste better...bring a cheering 'lift.' And they're so nice and mild."

Among the many distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

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FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE—SMOKE CAMELS