There's more Chicle in it
that's what makes it better

It's the amount and quality of chicle used that makes such a big difference in chewing gum—Beech-Nut Gum contains a larger proportion of the world's finest chicle than any other gum on the market. This EXTRA CHICLE gives Beech-Nut its long-lasting smoothness—makes it easier, less tiring to chew—keeps it fresh and smooth-flavored much longer. It's this EXTRA CHICLE that makes Beech-Nut so truly refreshing and enjoyable.

Beech-Nut GUM

MAKES THE NEXT SMOKE TASTE BETTER

"Double" and "Redouble" the pleasure of every smoke

When you are smoking steadily... heavily... try a stick of Beech-Nut Gum... between smokes. It makes the next smoke taste better! "Doubles" and "redoubles" your smoking pleasure.

A complete selection to satisfy every taste

The tart natural sweetness of ORANGE, LEMON and LIME... the crisp tingling freshness of PEPPERMINT, WINTER-GREEN, and SPEARMINT... BUTTERSCOTCH with a real home-made buttery taste... and the new CHOCOLATE Drops, a crunchy delicious candy in the world's most popular flavor. The convenient 5¢ package gives you plenty of candy to satisfy your natural craving for sweets. There is no greater candy enjoyment—and remember BEECH-NUT is ALL candy. Ask for your favorite flavor—Beech-Nut is sold everywhere.

Beech-Nut FRUIT DROPS • MINTS
CHOCOLATE flavored DROPS

The new Chocolate Drops are protected by the Double WaxWrap that preserves the freshness of all Beech-Nut Candy Drops under every weather condition.
You're probably like that, too! Just have to have good-looking lingerie.

But the next time you don it—and cast a proud glance into the mirror—give your smile, your gums, your teeth—the once-over!

Is anybody ever going to say about you: “H'm. Pretty girl. When she keeps her mouth shut.”

It's like this: you aren't attractive unless your teeth are brilliant and white. And good-looking teeth are absolutely dependent on the health and firmness of your gums.

Your gums aren't firm and healthy. The soft foods of the present day and age don't stimulate your gums—give them enough work to do. And instead of staying firm and healthy, your gums gradually become flabby and weak-walled. They tend to bleed. You have “pink tooth brush”.

And “pink tooth brush” is more serious than it sounds. It can dull the teeth—make them look “foggy.” And it often leads to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis and Vincent's disease and even the dread but far rarer pyorrhea. It may even endanger the soundness of your teeth.

Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste. It keeps them brilliantly white and thoroughly clean. Then—each time—rub a little extra Ipana right into those weak, tender gums of yours.

The ziratol in Ipana, with the massage, firms the gums, and keeps them firm. “Pink tooth brush” disappears—and you need never be afraid to smile!
The New Movie

ONE OF THE TOWER MAGAZINES

HUGH WEIR, EDITORIAL DIRECTOR  VERNE PORTER, EXECUTIVE EDITOR

Cover Design by McCLELLAND BARCLAY

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The Bandwagon
The Boulevardier Defends Garbo
Radio Rambles
Forthcoming Films

Ivan St. Johns — Western Editor

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ADVERTISING OFFICES
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919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
ONE WEEK LATER

HELEN, WON'T YOU GO WITH ME TO THE DANCE NEXT WEEK?

OH, I'M SORRY, BUT I HAVE ANOTHER DATE

"B. O." means UNPOPULARITY (body odor)

PEOPLE won't excuse "B. O." (body odor). And why should they? Even on the hottest, sultriest day when the least exertion makes us perspire freely — it's so easy to check "B.O."

Take this simple precaution. Take it even though you think you don't need to — just to be safe! Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, penetrating lather purifies and deodorizes pores — stops "B.O." Helps protect health by removing germs from hands. Its pleasant, extra-clean scent vanishes as you raise.

Watch your skin improve

Millions know it — Lifebuoy for lovely complexions! Its pure, bland lather — so gentle, yet so cleansing — makes dull skins bloom with healthy radiance. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.
"I was never so EMBARRASSED
in ALL My Life!"

For even the movie stars' faces get red—according to
DICK MOOK and JACK JAMISON

Did you ever go to a party? And happen to say, "Who is that funny-looking woman over there?" And have the gentleman to whom you addressed the remark reply, "Oh, that's my wife?"

Did you ever put on your best clothes, go downtown and then, when you arrived there, suddenly discover that one of your socks was brown and the other black?

Well, a lot of these embarrassing moments happen in Hollywood, too! So, cheer up. We of the multitude are not the only ones that make bad breaks. For the movie stars, with all their savoir faire, make them too! And how!

Some of the stories of the stars' social blunders have become classics in Hollywood. For example, the first time Monte Blue went to New York and was invited to tea by a famous newspaper woman who wanted to interview him. Monte has hands the size of hams, and at the table he got his finger stuck in the handle of his teacup. Sweating and inwardly cursing, he tried to work the darned thing loose, meanwhile keeping up a chatty, gay conversation. At length, all the tea was gone, and he could never take lifting the cup to his mouth. He had to slide the thing down under the table, and break the handle off! And then, looking around the room innocently, ask, "My, my, my! Where on earth did my cup get to?"

NOT that you have to go that far back to get some tales. Take Neil Hamilton's first appearance on the stage, before he was in pictures. He was playing with Grace George in an opus called "The Ruined Lady." At the end of the first act, he was supposed to offer Miss George his manly arm and ask, "May I take you in to dinner?" Simple? Sure! But so was Neil! He had heard, you see, of the fun actors have ad-libbing on the stage. Unfortunately for him, he had not heard of Miss George's temper. So one night, when the moment came for him to speak the fateful words, he inquired, in the most casual tone imaginable — "May I show you the goldfish?"

Wham!

That slap Neil got on the cheek echoed through the house and made people outside in the street think that someone had dropped a piano. Instead of the curtain falling upon the pair marching sedately into dinner, it fell on an astonished Neil rubbing his jaw.

OR take the evening Clark Gable had his first date with his best girl of the moment. It was some years ago, before he was married, so there's no sense in telling who she was. But Clark was nerts, goofy, ga-ga, that-way and haywire about her. He had been trying to meet her for a long time, and finally he had been introduced, had asked her for a date, and she had told him to come out and spend an evening at her apartment. Clark devoted two hours to brushing his hair and getting his black tie to set just right, and showed up promptly on the tick of eight. The evening went off in perfect style. It was all he could have dreamed, in the way of perfection, and more. (Please turn to page 104)
The Washday Experience of Mrs. Margaret Fair

See how these lively suds save work for you!

Mrs. Fair's experience pictured above is by no means unusual. Thousands of women write to tell us how much work a big box of Rinso does—not only on washday but every day, all through the house.

Try Rinso for a week and see for yourself. You'll be amazed to find how dirt soaks out in Rinso's thick, soapy suds—how clothes soak white as snow. You'll say goodbye forever to back-breaking work over washtub and boiler.

Rinso is the only soap you need, even in hardest water. Cup for cup, it gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps. Recommended by the makers of 40 famous washers. Wonderful for dishes, too. Get the BIG package of Rinso. See how much work it will do for you.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

Millions use Rinso in tub, washer and dishpan.
The GIRL I WANTED

As told to Rada Bercovici by CHARLIE CHAPLIN

"Don't ever miss out on anything when you are young," Charlie Chaplin said to me. "Take it when it is ready for you, no matter what people tell you. Don't wait till you are older. I want to tell you about the things I wanted, and about my first hundred dollars that I might have used to buy them."

BECAUSE I waited too long for many things in life I am a failure. Not as an actor. I am a good actor. But there are many things I have missed. Things I wanted and could have had—a screen, a rug and a chair, and a girl to sit in the chair! Now that I can have them—so many of these things I wanted—I don't enjoy them. The happiness they once could have given me is lost.

I remember when my brother Syd and I lived in Paris when we both were young. We lived in a bare room over a store. I trudged home every night over a long distance. tired and lonely. Syd would never let me spend a few of my sous for a luxury such as carfare. "You would be wasteful," Syd would say. "You must learn to save for a rainy day."

Syd was the practical one. I adored him. I thought him wonderful. But, much as I loved him, there were times when I was resentful that I could not spend a few sous for fare on the creaking boards of the quaint wooden car that would have taken me home, across Paris, from my hard day at clowning. Often I dreamed of the time to come when I had saved enough to justify me in the wild extravagance of a ride home.

But months went by. Sou by sou, franc by franc, I saved until my coins began to clink merrily. And now I began to have other ambitions. I did not only want to ride home, but I dared to linger before the working-men's wine houses and listen to the talk and laughter inside and think of the time soon to come when I would have enough to go inside and buy a glass of wine for myself and join in the talk. (Please turn to page 106)
TOGETHER AGAIN in another M-G-M hit!

Ever since beautiful Joan Crawford and Bob Montgomery appeared together in "Our Blushing Brides" and "Untamed" we've been swamped with requests to co-star them again. You'll be delighted with the result.

Joan CRAWFORD
Robert MONTGOMERY
in CLARENCE BROWN'S production

Beautiful Joan Crawford gives what many critics believe to be the most impressive performance of her career. Faced by her former lover and her husband-to-be she takes a course which leads to the very brink of tragedy. Once again Joan Crawford mingles tears and laughter, heart-throbs and thrills—again she captures the hearts of millions of her screen admirers! You'll compare it with the most thrilling picture you've ever seen!

with
NILS ASTHER
MAY ROBSON
LEWIS STONE

From the novel by Marie Belloc Lowndes

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
Reflections on Lupe, the girl
who would give up everything
she has for Love

Lucky at Life—
UNLUCKY at LOVE

By VIRGINIA MAXWELL

S
UPPOSE Aladdin were
to appear to you sud-
denly and tell you to
make a wish—just one
wish—and you could have it.
Would you wish for
beauty, wealth, fame? Or
would you be willing to relinquish all these things for
just one hour of love—real, honest-to-goodness love
with all the sincerity and devotion the magic gift
holds?

We were chatting about these things one evening, a
group of over-the-er-i-cocktail friends, when Lupe
Velez breezed into the party, fresh from a triumphant
conquest of Broadway in her Ziegfeld stardom.

"Ha, ha, ha—eet ees to laugh when you talk so," Lupe
jeered. "There ees no girl living who would not
give up everything for love. It is grand, magnificent! —
but where can you find it?"

"Lucky at life, unlucky at love," someone reminded
her. This consolation didn't satisfy the glamorous
and seductive little Mexican firefly. Lupe wants life,
luck and love, and makes no bones about telling the
world she expects to get it
even after the disappoint-
ments in love Lupe has suf-
fered.

SOMEHOW, Lupe has been
terribly lucky at life. In
love she has had more miserable hours of silent suffer-
ing than most people know about. Lupe used to sit home
and cry over a man, not so long ago—but she doesn’t
cry now. She says in her own piquant way:

"I will not cry more for any man. I am out to have
one grand good time, to enjoy life, to enjoy the success
which life has given me, and to forget all the bad things
which have happen to Lupe."

While she was saying this, John Gilbert was in his
New York hotel but a few steps away. Suddenly she
recalled something important, and she dashed toward a
secluded telephone to get a number.

Lupe didn’t say whom she was going to call. From
current rumors around Broadway, however, it was more
than likely she did not call John Gilbert. For the wise
boys around town have been (Please turn to page 77)
Homeless and an orphan—facing life without promise—picked up by kind-hearted men and sent to Culver to make a man of him. He rebels—fights—loses—WINS. What a lesson in patriotism—what a thrilling climax for the street gamin who became TOM BROWN OF CULVER.

Cash: TOM BROWN, H. B. WARNER, SLIM SUMMERVILLE, RICHARD CROMWELL and others.
Directed by WILLIAM WTLLER

Universal Pictures

Universal City, California

Carl Laemmle
President

The New Movie Magazine, July, 1932
Two Cats of Hollywood

Not rival film beauties but two regular felines who found fame and fortunes in Hollywood and brought stardom by proxy to their mistress.

By JOAN TRACY

This is the story of the two most famous cats in Hollywood—and of their mistress, to whom they brought stardom by proxy...

When Nadine Dennis was a little girl, she dreamed of the day when she would go to Hollywood and become a motion picture actress. A leading lady—and even, perhaps, a star!

It was not new, the dream. All over the world, in cities, in the country, in towns both large and small, other girls were living and dreaming the same sort of youthful, schoolgirl dreams....

Hollywood was not big enough for all of them. Its starry firmament could not hold so many luminaries. Nadine Dennis became just another one of the eager, striving girls who were pitting their youth and their glorious fresh beauty against the cold cruelty of the cameras—pitting their all and losing.

And Nadine Dennis might have been just like most of those others—lost and forgotten in the struggle. But because of a gentle, kindly deed, performed several years ago, she remains in Hollywood today, comfortably, happily, and with an income that is far from negligible....

In 1926, during the cold grey hours of an October dawn, Nadine Dennis was awakened by wails and moans that came from somewhere in the fields near her window. At first she thought it was a trapped rat, but when she investigated she found a newly born kitten, half frozen from the cold, almost dead from starvation.

Picking up the poor, pitiful little animal, she carried it to her home and gave it into the keeping of her highly-prized Persian cat, which only a few days before had had kittens of her own.

Of high pedigree and royal lineage, the Persian frowned upon the mongrel kitten, and refused to allow it among her brood. But Nadine cared for it tenderly, feeding it from a bottle, until it was old enough to lap up milk by itself.

One of the Persian's kittens, Ko-Fan, began to play with the little waif, which Nadine had named Puzzums, and the two cats became inseparable. In fact, Nadine could not leave them even to go to the studios in her daily search for work.

Occasionally her efforts were rewarded, and she obtained an obscure bit in some production. And while she was performing before the cameras, the two cats would sit on the sidelines, waiting quietly for her to finish.

And then, one day, an assistant director noticed them, and suggested that she show them to Mack Sennett, who could use them in his comedies.

At first she did not give the suggestion much consideration. After all, she was in Hollywood to get in pictures herself, not to train cats for movies. But the more she thought of it, the more she was inclined to give the idea a trial.

Acting on a hunch one day, she made the long trip out to the Sennett studio, where she was immediately offered a contract for Puzzums at the stupendous salary of $50 a week for the first week, graduating to $250 a week by the end of three years, the term of the agreement.

Today, Nadine Dennis has given up all intention of striving for stardom for herself. She has a comfortable home—a nice car—pretty clothes and pleasant friends. Her life is very full. She has no financial worries.

And her days are occupied in managing the business affairs of two of the most beautiful stars in Hollywood—The two cats!
HAROLD LLOYD, the bespectacled comedian, is busy making another of his hilarious pictures, "Movie Crazy." And Papa Harold has selected pretty Constance Cummings, Columbia star, for the feminine lead.

The New Movie Magazine, July, 1932
How I met Charles Farrell

By ELISSA LANDI—Film Star, Composer and Author of the recently-published novel, "House For Sale."

As the train chug-chugged out of Albuquerque on its way to Los Angeles, I opened a day-old morning paper. I was on my way to the film city to seek my fortune, as it were, through the medium of the American celluloid. (I had already immortalized myself in various and sundry European filmatic works of art, but then, as everyone knows, we all make mistakes when we are young.)

Out of the page there leapt at me my own name, coupled with that of Mr. Charles Farrell. "New leading lady found for Charles Farrell in his next starring picture," and all that sort of thing. In the next paragraph I found a quaint piece of contradiction: Elissa Landi was Fox's new Garbo. Tut-tut! Odd, very odd. Didn't make sense.

Farrell had always been associated with Gaynor, petite, piquant, pathetic. It had worked singularly well, too, that teaming. Now he was to be aided by a Garbo. Ahem! I looked into a mirror, found a pair of slit eyes, reddish hair, a round face and (I hoped) an expression of fairish good cheer and hope.

But above all, I found I looked as pleased as I felt. I felt singularly pleased, excited, elated. I hoped I would make a good impression on the great Mr. Farrell. I had never met any of the renowned film stars, I was still film-struck, and was sure they were all lovely, gallant, beautiful beyond belief and oh, so awfully well-groomed.

The groomed part struck terror into my very heart and soul. Gosh, how did they manage to be so groomed all of the time? That part of a screen career was the one I knew I could never achieve...

Two days after I had arrived on the Fox lot it all began.... Tests.

(please turn to page 78)
WALLACE BEERY is an honest-to-goodness flier. He is the only Hollywood actor possessing a full government transport license.

Mr. Beery owns an eight-seater plane, shown here, in which he has flown across the Continent several times.

The New Movie Magazine, July, 1932
Our HOLLYWOOD

Gloria Shea's quiet beauty offers an intriguing contrast to Joan Blondell in "Big City Blues," a Warner picture.

Wanda Mansfield, new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer featured player, is seen in Joan Crawford's latest picture, "Letty Lynton."

This nineteen-year-old Hollywood Cinderella, Ann Dvorak, is to appear next in Warner Brothers' "Competition."

Gwili André, exotic Danish actress, signed to a long-term contract by RKO-Radio. Her first part is in "Roar of the Dragon." She's slated for stardom.

George Meeker is a Brooklyn lad who learned about acting in a Cincinnati stock company. After "Strictly Dishonorable," Universal assigned him a role in the picture "Back Street."

This month New Movie Magazine presents would you choose
Nora Gregor (above) is the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player who was formerly a Max Reinhardt star in Germany. You will remember her performance in "The Flesh Is Weak."

Another Broadway juvenile who has made good! Morgan Galloway (left) has an important part in Tiffany's "Lena Rivers." Bowling Green, Kentucky, can be proud of him.

Another recruit to the movies from the stage is Margaret Perry. Her movie début was made in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "New Morals for Old," adapted from the stage play, "After All."

This petite blonde beauty, Nancy Drexel (left), can really ride a horse. Her dash, daring skill will take your breath away in "Law of the West," in which she is leading lady to Bob Steele.

nine newcomers in pictures. Which of them for future stardom?

The New Movie Magazine, July, 1932
The Veteran Movie Hairdresser Reveals

The Secrets of the Stars

Answering:

Why does Gloria wear her hair away from her forehead?

Is Tallulah Bankhead's hair naturally wavy?

Why doesn't Lilyan Tashman wear her hair low?

Why does Esther Ralston wear a wig on the screen?

As Told to Hester Robinson

By FERDINAND JOSEPH GRAF

Looking backward is a pastime I have tried to avoid because it makes me feel too keenly the passage of time. But with the closing down of the Paramount Long Island Studios, where I worked for eight years as hairdresser to the stars, I find it interesting to rake over my memories. It doesn't seem that eight years have passed since the day beautiful Natacha Rambova came into the beauty salon where I was working and asked:

"How would you like to be hairdresser to my husband, Rudolph Valentino?"

It was like opening the doors to a magic world. And without hesitating, I immediately accepted Miss Rambova's offer. Within a short time I was part and parcel of the studio where Valentino, though its greatest star, was wholly in the hands of his wife. Of all the men whose hair I have dressed, Valentino was the least vain. He took his handsome appearance as a matter of course, rarely offering suggestions as to how his sleek hair was to be dressed. He was thoughtful, considerate of his co-workers, and never temperamental.

Valentino was one of the few actors whose hair was naturally glossy and rarely had to be artificially treated with tonics to make it shine on the screen. Personally, I suggest the use of some gloss because it makes the hair look more vital. The best way to apply it is with the palm of the hand, and it should be used sparingly.

I believe the policy I adopted in cutting Valentino's hair is best followed by any person with a well-shaped head. His head was so perfectly formed, that I cut the hair to fit it, cap-like, and that gave him the well-groomed appearance which other men envied and women loved. Hair cut in this manner looks well, even when in disarray.

Thinking about Valentino brings to mind the hair-dressing work I did for Jetta Goudal, who was assigned to a leading rôle in his film, "The Sainted Devil," a rôle she never played. The reason she never played in that film was because she could not agree with Mrs. Valentino on the wardrobe that had been created for the rôle. Miss Goudal was a difficult person to understand, and I had my own troubles with that unusual actress the first morning I attempted to dress her hair.

After arriving early, because I wanted plenty of time to dress her hair for a nine A. M. appearance on the set, I knocked on her door.

"I am not ready for you, Ferd!" she said.

I went away and returned again, receiving the same answer. Three times I knocked, and finally, when it was too late to do my best work, she let me in. Having to rush so much complicated matters, because Miss Goudal, unlike most actresses of the day, wore her hair in an elaborate coiffure, I might end the incident by saying we did not part the best of friends.

Let me state here that under no circumstances must you go to a hairdresser you do not trust—but when you have placed your faith (Please turn to page 102)
PEGGY SHANNON, is the young lady with the wind-blown hair, who was chosen to substitute for Clara Bow on a last-minute call, and soon became a distinct personality in her own right. She signed a Fox contract in February, and since that time has been in "Society Girl" with James Dunn, and "After the Rain."

The NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE GALLERY of FAMOUS FILM FOLK

The New Movie Magazine, July, 1932
Edgar Wallace, standing in front of the Hollywood home where he died—a picture he describes in his diary as taken especially for his wife. Author of 140 novels, selling at the rate of more than 5,000,000 copies a year, writer of twenty plays in three years and with six successes running simultaneously on the London stage, he died leaving debts of $300,000.
EDGAR WALLACE'S
Hollywood Diary

Beginning one of the truest and most fascinating pen-pictures of Hollywood ever published

Written by the man whose novels and plays thrilled millions

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Wallace, before he left England, told his wife he would keep a diary and would address it to her. He thought it the most interesting way of keeping her informed of all of his activities. Thus he did, religiously. We have omitted the first part, because it refers to his Atlantic passage, his stay in New York and his stop-over in Chicago.

Friday morning, 4th December, 1931.
En Route to Hollywood on the Santa Fe Chief.

We haven’t seen a cloud since Tuesday night, when we came through a snow-storm, and even then didn’t see one. All day yesterday we climbed and scooted up and down hills, and all the time there was on our left and right a stretch of semi-desert backed by hills and mountains, and that scenery continued this morning, except that there was a whole lot of cactus plant visible.

I saw the sun rise! It was a most amazing spectacle. When it came up over the hills it was really a sun.

For over a thousand miles a well-kept road has run parallel with the line. I think this must be the Lincoln Highway. It is out of sight at the moment, but it will reappear from nowhere in a quarter of an hour’s time, having taken a detour into the great desert.

We are now approaching the hottest point of the trip, though it isn’t at all warm this morning, despite the sun. This is a place called The Needles, where in summer you suffocate. After that we go down to Los Angeles.

We have just passed over the Colorado River, shallow and very wide, for this is not the season of flood, and we are following its right bank. The country has changed, naturally, because of the irrigation it gives, and all the brown of the trees and shrubs has become green. There are, also, a large number of trees in leaf, which is rather remarkable.

Beyond Needles the country becomes delightful. Imagining grove after grove, millions of orange trees, all in bloom; beautiful streets with great, straight palm trees running up each side; delightful little houses; and, as a background to it all, the mountains and foothills.

Everything is green, and there is, about the place, an air of prosperity which you don’t find elsewhere in the United States.

We came into Los Angeles, an indescribable city which straggles all over the face of the earth. I was photographed when I got out of the train, where I was met by the press agent of the R.K.O.

From Los Angeles to Hollywood is, I think, about ten miles. When I tell you you are in boulevards and streets all the time, and you are never once in the open country or away from the stores, you will realize the extent of it. The Beverly Wilshire, which I pictured as being in the most rural surroundings, is, in fact, on the main street.

Hollywood seems to consist of filling stations, fruit markets and drug stores. I suppose we passed forty filling stations on our way from Los Angeles here, and God knows how many fruit markets, which are rather nice to see. The studio is about a thousand miles away from here, but our present arrangements are in a state of flux, and until I have seen Schnitzer (Joseph Schnitzer, then president of Radio Pictures) tomorrow, I shan’t have any idea as to what I am going to do.

There is no sign of a wild party. In fact my first impressions of Hollywood are not exceptionally favorable. But we shall improve on all that, and I suppose I’m a bit tired.

I shall go to bed fairly early tonight, and see what the place is like in the morning. I am going to the studio at nine to see (Please turn to page 80)
ROBERT MONTGOMERY, recently completed "But the Flesh Is Weak" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, which earned him a well-deserved vacation. His idea of a good rest is to ride a swift horse in pursuit of a little white ball. And in his spare time, a little tennis.
JOAN BLONDELL, the Warner Brothers-First National star, is a little tornado who has swept across Hollywood and scored one success after another. Her first starring picture was "Miss Pinkerton"; her current release is "Big City Blues."

The NEW MOVIE Magazine’s GALLERY of FAMOUS FILM FOLK

The New Movie Magazine, July, 1932
HERB HOWE tells of the strange career of ANNA MAY WONG

Between Two Worlds

Oriental by birth and Western by training, Anna May Wong walks broodingly along the imaginary line that divides the races.

WHEN his second daughter was born to Wong Som Tsing, on Flower Street, in Los Angeles, he named her Wong Liu Tsong—Frosted Yellow Willows—because it was his desire, he said, that his daughter be graceful, tall and golden.

Beneath the poetry lay keen disappointment. The scholarly Wong had wished for a son. And so to please him, Liu Tsong's submissive mother placed a Chinese boy's cap on her daughter's head and arrayed her in the robes of a prince. By a chance of inflection in her name, which I can't explain, that also took on the masculine.

Complication was added to the role of this American lotus who, despite her success as an actress, her reception in society abroad and her financial independence in a depressed world, is a gently brooding spirit on the baffling line between East and West.

LITTLE Liu Tsong's first contact with Western civilization was painful. The American boy in the seat behind her at school stuck pins into her. Not meanfully, just experimentally. He wanted to see if the Chinese have the same feelings we do. To his lasting astonishment they apparently have not. Trained to suffer stoically as the

On the left-hand page is a photograph of Anna May Wong taken in Tower Magazines' studios. Directly above are Mr. and Mrs. Wong, Anna May (next to mother), and a sister. At the right, Anna May in a scene from one of her stage plays.
Anna May was named Wong Liu Tsong (Frosted Yellow Willows), by her father because it was his desire that she be graceful, tall and golden. Imagine that name in electric lights.

Seizures of a much more painful kind.

Considering all her vicissitudes it is small wonder that Anna tripped home one day with St. Vitus dance. The Christian life was too much for her. But the Chinese, knowing nothing of the nervous disorders that beset us, declared that Anna had become the habitation of evil spirits. It was more than a year before they were driven out by the soothing ministrations of her genteel mother.

Several years passed without outbreaks from Anna. Apparently the evil spirits had been thoroughly evicted. Then one peaceful night the news came scurriling through the streets that Wong Liu Tsong had walked on to a neighborhood screen carrying a red lantern in her hand. Instantly Chinatown was a pandemonium of gonging tongues. The Wong child had gone berserk again.

Wong Liu Tsong was in the movies. She was an extra in Nazimova's "The Red Lantern." Poor Mrs. Wong. To have this happen to her, she who hovered like a mothering spirit over Chinatown outfitting all poor babies. First the child had displeased her father by not being a boy. Then she had possessed herself of evil spirits. And now she walks forth with a red lantern in her hand to sell her soul to the devil.

Among the Chinese, you see, there is still the belief that in being photographed you lose a little of your soul. Those who know Hollywood intimately will not flout this superstition.

Anna's little soul had been risked for a few baby pictures. Her parents were modern, liberal. But when she exposed it to the fast consuming movie cameras her mother was somewhat troubled.

But Anna had been honorable. She had asked her father's permission. He had been reluctant. Of course, many Chinese girls had played extra, but there are many Chinese girls who are not nice. Father Wong had consented only when certain honorable Chinese gentlemen who were also playing extras offered to lend their protection to Liu Tsong.

Anna's family have never been proud of her success. If she had been the desired boy, it would have been different. Then they would have been very proud. A girl's place is with a husband in her home.

Anna attributes her forwardness to the paternal prayer for a son. That is what she means by the masculizing influence on her life. Dressed as a boy she had played as a boy. She had three sisters and when finally three brothers arrived she was delighted. On her first trip to Canada she bought them all suits of the best English material.

"I tried them all on," she says. "My youngest brother was a little smaller than I, and so I chose one that was tight for me. The next older was about my size so I had an exact fit. (Please turn to page 74)"

The New Movie Magazine, July, 1932

Chinese do, Liu Tsong didn't nuch or tell the teacher. Instead she wore an overcoat the next day.

The little Christian got a longer pin. Anna put on another coat. This kept up until Liu Tsong was wearing six heavy coats as a barricade. Spring having arrived, the teacher thought the child must be altogether too warm and insisted that she unbundle. Liu Tsong dutifully complied, burst into a sneeze and nearly died of pneumonia.

Nor did her martyrdom stop with this. She continued to wear Chinese clothes and pigtails, into which the little Christians delightedly stuck burrs. But cut them she would not. To this day Anna defies Western fashion with unbobbed hair. And just you try!

In the mornings Anna bravely attended American school. (I have neglected to say that "Anna" is the name the family doctor gave her when she was born. She herself added the "May" after her favorite month.) In the afternoons she went to the Chinese school in the old plaza, by Chinatown. There, oddly, she met with the Christian religion in action for the first time. It, too, was a shock.

On the floor above the schoolroom the Holy Rollers held devotions. Attracted by the strange sounds, the Chinese children tramped up the stairs one day at recess and were struck spellbound by the spectacle of the Christians rolling about in divine seizures. Catching them there, their mouths agape, their teacher spanked them soundly and they rolled down stairs with
The Star with the Broken Heart

UPON a spring day, a young man walked upon Fifth Avenue. He was going nowhere in particular, seeking nothing save some answer to the call of spring that echoed through the great city. Yet that walk was to change his destiny, to involve him in a great and tragic love affair.

For he stopped to peer into a window, where some jewels lay glowing upon rich velvet. And raising his eyes, he looked into a woman’s face. A white face, beneath wings of dark hair, in which glowed the most amazing dark eyes he had ever seen.

The lady passed on, and since she was by no means a lady such as a young man might accost upon Fifth Avenue, he watched her go. He did not know her name nor where she came from, but he did know that he had seen the One Woman. That there was nothing he would not do for her, no place he would not go if she were there.

That was the first time Ricardo Cortez saw Alma Rubens, and he proceeded to find out who she was.

MUCH has been written about the screen’s great lovers. Yet, I think, of them all, Ricardo Cortez has loved and suffered most. Villified, misunderstood, stung with gossip of those who knew so little about the strange tragedy which almost wrecked him, fighting a silent and losing battle with his loved one, which of all battles is the hardest to fight.

A man who knew both Alma and Ric very well, told me not long ago that his admiration for Cortez was greater than his admiration for any other man he knew.

“He did everything a human being could do to save another,” he told me. “He sacrificed himself over and over again. And because of the very nature of the thing he found his worst enemy in the woman he loved and was trying to save. Because he stood between her and the horrible thing which had her in its grasp, she fought against him. And he took it without a word and went on trying to help her, loving her, being faithful to her no matter what happened. He was big enough to understand that it wasn’t (Please turn to page 94)
TALLULAH BANKHEAD, there's a question lurking beneath the serene mystery of her lovely face—an inquiring expression in those heavy-lidded eyes: Is Tallulah Bankhead going to triumph in "Thunder Below," her latest starring vehicle for Paramount? Surely this star, who created such a sensation on the London stage, must succeed, if beauty and talent count for anything.

The New Movie Magazine, July, 1932
CONSTANCE CUMMINGS, pretty, red-haired and blue-eyed, who made her film début in "The Criminal Code," has been signed for a five-year contract by Columbia Pictures. She can be seen in "Attorney for the Defense" and in "Faith." In the meantime, Columbia has lent her to Harold Lloyd to play the feminine lead in his forthcoming picture, "Movie Crazy."

The NEW MOVIE Magazine's GALLERY of FAMOUS FILM FOLK

The New Movie Magazine, July, 1932
GEORGE ADE

Why We Scold the Movies

Did you ever hear of a man worrying over somebody or something he didn't like? Do people burn up other people with whom they have a mere nodding acquaintance? Who was it dug up the important fact that love is next door to hatred? The only persons in this world that we reprimand, and then wake up in the night and cuss, are those nearest and dearest to us—our immediate relatives and business associates. Most certainly we do not devote hours to analyzing the faults and virtues of those in whom we are not intensely interested.

All of which is by way of walking around the block in order properly to approach the proposition that the talking picture gets lavish praise and biting criticism, because it has become a member of the American home.

The chances are that the reader of these lines is too young to remember a good many things I remember. Maybe he or she never lived in the country or a small town. In fact, if Friend Reader is anywhere below middle age the chances are that he or she is not awake to the fact that only in recent years has theatrical entertainment become a part of the daily diet in every household, the same as prunes, oatmeal or bacon. The world has been rolling on for millions of years, but only in the last quarter of a century have the civilized nations formed the habit of getting regular and frequent entertainments in so-called theaters. The drama thrived in ancient Greece and down through the ages, but always it was a rarity and an infrequent indulgence of the minority, until all at once every village, hamlet, whistling post, crack in the road, and jumping-off place acquired a "movie house" and that which had been a luxury became a staple.

The next thing we knew, familiarity had bred contempt, and we found at every fireside a new type of household pest—the "fan" who went to see a picture show every night there was a new release and then devoted all of the next day to sitting around "panning" the story, the actors, the photography and the direction.

Never anything like it in the world before. The daily recreational habits of the whole darn popu-
Has it ever occurred to you that what's wrong with pictures is that something's really wrong with us?

Consequently, there is a "palace" where once the feed-barn stood and the bankers are trying to find out what to do with gigantic, oriental mausoleums built in obscure settlements which, just a little while ago, could support nothing more nifty than hamburger stands and five-a-cue pool rooms. Any one who doesn't live within easy Ford distance of Mickey Mouse, Ruth Chatterton and Joe Brown, is just the same as up at the North Pole or in jail or off the earth.

You, who have no gray above the ears are taking for granted and accepting as part of your just inheritance, certain astounding marvels which have come on the scene since we old-timers crawled out of the cradle. Listen! If you had attended Bible lectures and "East Lynne" and the Swiss Bell Ringers; if you had bothered with smoky, smelly, flickery coal-oil lamps, if you had traveled muddy roads behind reeking horses at a maximum speed of four miles an hour; if you had found it impossible to communicate with anyone a mile away except by taking a long walk or a horse-back ride; if you had put in those long dreary evenings in badly-heated houses and nothing to do but pop corn, play checkers and read "The Youth's Companion"; if—but what's the use? We lived the pioneer life and endured the hardships and were just a lot of primeval Tarzans in cheap hand-me-downs, and that is why we are still excited about the talking pictures, the electric light, the motor car, the telephone, the aeroplane, the radio, concrete roads, B.V.D.'s, step-ins and safety razors! And while we are still tingling over the wonders that have come to pass in our day and blathering about our pioneer experiences in the seventies, eighties and nineties, the wisecracking moderns of the newer generation sit by and regard us with smiles of pity. Just the same, we can get a certain perspective on recent history and that is something they can't get—and don't want.

To give you an idea, let us take the case of my native village some fifty years ago. We were surrounded by mud roads and lighted by kerosene. What's more, we had no telephones! Many of you think that the radio and talkie are the only first-class time-killers and sources of real enjoyment. Let me tell you that the first telephones, connecting village with village and farm house with farm house, eliminating time and distance, bringing the far-parts into a neighborly friendliness and banishing the deadly isolation of the backwoods and the agricultural regions, did as much as any single agency to make life endurable for those imprisoned far away from the centers of population. The good old party-line buzzer saved many a farmer's wife from going out and jumping in the well. Anyone along a party-line could (and did) listen in for an hour at a time and hear Myrtle tell Jessie about her cold being better and having trouble with her buckwheat batter and Henry being kicked by the colt and did Jessie want to trade some quilt patches and how was the revival at Kemperville coming on, and little Grace Doolittle was all over the measles and so on and so on, chapter after chapter, the glorified chirping of a million liberated birds.

The hard-surfaced roads and Rural Free Delivery came along as new blessings and the ruralities thought that Heaven had come down to Earth long before one of them had seen a Model T, a six-tube set with a trombone amplifier, or Laurel and Hardy trying to move a piano up a long hill. It just goes to show that everything in this world is relative and no one ever grieved over the absence of something that he knew nothing about.

Getting back to the small town existence of not so long ago, we had no enclosed arenas for athletic contests, because basketball was still in the future tense. A kind of baseball was played in weedy back lots. The old swimmin' hole did a splashing business. Plenty of ice-skating in season. Three or four sad little road shows at the town hall (Please turn to page 91)
RICHARD BARTHELMESS, First National star, loves to travel, but he also loves to act. And so, immediately upon his return from the Orient, where he and Mrs. Barthelmess were eye-witnesses to many dramatic episodes in the Sino-Japanese war, he started work on "The Cabin in the Cotton."
TED COOK, the popular humorists broadcast direct from Hollywood

“ANOTHER MERGER! They’re going to take Will Hays' ears, Joe Brown's mouth, Garbo's feet, and Durante's nose, and make another "Dr. Jekyll""

IT'S getting so tough in the picture racket that producers are trying to pay off in cellophane.

BUT the Great Minds of Hollywood are equal to the emergency.

They are planning a big merger—they're going to take Will Hays' ears, Joe Brown's mouth, Garbo's feet and Durante's nose and make another "Dr. Jekyll."

Keeping movie critics glad Drives producers almost mad.

And a censor is a person who thinks everybody who buys a two-pants suit is leading a double life.

News item says:
PARIS—Finding no work for extras in the studios, a Paris casting agency is offering to supply them to theatres to represent long lines of people waiting for admission.

It's too bad they can't hire extras to do all the aisle-stumbling inside theatres.

Or, better still, hire extras to hold hands with the customers.

Hot Chatter from Hollywood
CLARK GABLE is so unspoiled by success that he presses his valet's pants...

What blonde star gets the most requests for her autograph... on a check made out to her grocer... ?

Ruth Chatterton is so polite that she won't even stick out her tongue at the doctor...

What leading man recently discovered a mirror in a shop window, and almost starved to death?...

Jean Harlow's tight, revealing clothes Delight her friends and pique her foes.

IF everyone will remain absolutely quiet for a few seconds, we will quote from the Immortals:

MARY PICKFORD—
"If Charlie Chaplin were a soap manufacturer he would be worth $100,000,000 instead of being a comparatively poor man."

MME. PFYFFE, Price Bldg., Hollywood—
"Eyelashes can now be dyed for two dollars. They should be brushed gently with oil twice a day."

H. L. MENCKEN—
"If I had to go to the movies I'd go for the slap-stick comedy."

CONGRESSMAN SIROVICH—
"There are actors who have gone to their graves because of the humiliation suffered at the hands of critics."

JUNE COLLYER—
"I am looking forward to the time for growing old."

She probably wants to get in on a soap testimonial.

Movie critics are too handy Calling every picture dandy.

Be that as it may, everything would be all right if a theater admission tax raised revenue as quickly as it raises indignation.

Send this to your Congressman—
(News Item)

LONDON—During the first twelve weeks' operation of the new entertainment tax, attendance in the motion picture houses throughout Great Britain decreased 165,-000,000 more than had been expected.

(Please turn to page 101)

A picture of Gary Cooper taken some years ago, before the Lupe era.
And now they say he's gone high-hat.
HOLLYWOOD has a new idol. So America has a new idol. Or should we say that America has a new idol, so Hollywood has a new idol? Who knows? Anyhow, Clark Gable is it.

He is packing them in. The girl friend insists on going to see him. The boy friend insists on taking her. And that, my comrades of the back row, is the boxoffice idea of heaven.

Heaven hasn't come to Hollywood for a long time—not since Douglas Fairbanks was a boy and Wally Reid was in his prime. Their successors have seldom been bi-sexual in their appeal. Take Valentino. The girls sighed for him; but the boys shied from him. They might even have shied at him if they had a chance!

Of course, it wasn't altogether Rudy's fault. He did wear a slave bracelet, but he really didn't wear a corset or wield a powder puff. However, we won't go into that. The fact is that masculine America would be very hard for him, or for his brothers of the slick-haired locks, the hour-glass waistlines and the lambent eyes.

This same masculine America is crazy about Clark Gable.

Why? Well, I'll tell you. He is one of us. He was born, as all Presidents of the United States and other candidates for popular approval should be, in the All-America state of Ohio. In Cadiz, Ohio. That's a good start for any American boy. And Gable lives up to it. He is friendly. He is folksy.

"I never think of those early days," he said to me the last time I saw him, "without smelling tomatoes—or perhaps I should say I never smell tomatoes without thinking of those days. For a long time I couldn't understand it. Then I remembered that my grandmother was a great hand at making tomato ketchup, and that she was always stirring it in a great black pot."

He would remember something homey like ketchup. That's the kind of a boy he is. He belongs. That is the first and greatest reason why men like him.

ANOTHER thing in his favor is that he has a funny face. There isn't a man sitting out there in the dark, squinting at Clark Gable, who doesn't think that he is a "better looking man than that guy." And maybe he is. His face may be wider at the temples and thinner at the chin. His ears may be more closely associated with his head. His forehead may not have a dent in it. In short, he may be a damned sight more like the collar advertisements he has accepted as his ideal. And he likes that.

He also likes the fact—anyone who looks at Gable knows it is a fact—that he wouldn't be a lady-killer.
in the Valentino sense, even if he had the face to make him so. There is something smoky and clubby and mannish about this fellow. There always was. I asked him once, during the brief period when he was playing leads on Broadway, why he always went around with older people, especially older women.

"Do I?" he asked. "I must have gotten that way when I was a kid. My mother died when I was only seven months old, but I spent most of my early life where there weren't any girls except my grandmother and my stepmother. I learned about women from them."

"But later?" I ventured.

"Well," he smiled, "I never did shine very brightly as a social light. I liked girls, but I was afraid of them. Whenever I was with them, I was never quite sure what to do with my feet. I'm not always sure, even now."

Men sense that about Clark Gable. They like other men who don't know what to do with their feet! That is another reason why the average man likes this new hero of the screen.

Also, although he doesn't admit it to himself, he may like him because he knows that if he didn't, Gable might "knock his block off!"

Which brings us, naturally as it were, to why women like him. I don't mean that they think he is going to knock their beautiful blocks off. But it is an intriguing thought. I was standing, six back, among the standees at a recent matinee of "Possessed," when Gable up and slapped Joan Crawford in the face.

"He's always slapping his women," said a sour-faced woman beside me. "I'd be crazy if he did that to me."

The ribald youth on my other side nudged me.

"Oh, yeah," he whispered, "she'd be 'crazy' all right, if she could get him to do it!"

Whereupon a starry-eyed girl-child, of perhaps eighteen, chimed in demurely:

"I wouldn't mind."

That's it; the girls don't "mind" Clark Gable. He might slap them; but there is something in his smile—not exactly gentleness, but something that bats for gentleness—which might protect them from such a fate. You notice I say "might." In that word, in the annoying, alluring, menacing, challenging doubt that this man raises in the feminine heart, lies the secret of his popularity.

There is a mystery about the man that defies detection, not the mystery of dreamy eyes, of bizarre head-dresses, of shining armors, of flowing robes, but that eternal mystery which ever haunts and troubles and eludes the feminine mind and heart—the mystery of a man. (Please turn to page 76)
ADRIENNE DORE
chooses clothes for
daytime and playtime

It looks like play, but it may mean work—Adrienne Dore's sporty boating costume—velveteen trousers, striped jersey sweater, brushed wool beret, anklets and sneakers. This is Adrienne's favorite studio outfit.

Beach pajamas that are soft and feminine are her choice for the California sands. These are made of rough grey roshanara crepe with a contrasting sash of double black chiffon. They're the utmost in comfort.
WHEN a girl likes to dance and play tennis, roller skate and go to polo matches, it's a fair chance that her clothes will reflect those interests. Certainly play-time clothes are favorites with Adrienne Dore, Warner-First National player.

"So many women spend all their time selecting the clothes they will wear to work or to dinner or to special affairs where they wish to make a sophisticated impression," says Miss Dore, "and then just wear any old thing when they go out on the links for a game of golf or lounge on the sands.

"I don't believe in that at all. Of course I think clothes are important at all times. That's why I choose my sports clothes with as much care as I choose my evening clothes.

"One should be able to forget the clothes question after the frock is donned, so all the more reason for careful selection. I don't like to wear too severe or masculine styles, although I believe the first rule for sports clothes is that they should be neat and trim. And when a girl is out of doors and her hair is blowing in the wind she can benefit by the contrast."

Adrienne is of medium height and weight—5 feet 4 inches tall, 112 pounds. Her golden blonde curls and green eyes furnish the basis for a number of interesting color combinations, although she admits that blue is one of her favorite colors.

She's slim but has the new curves and is by no means thin, likes to wear clothes that make her look tall, particularly in the evening. She prefers to buy her clothes in Hollywood because the shopkeepers know just exactly what she wants. There's another fashion hint in that line.

"Don't shop around for clothes, if you want to dress

Adrienne goes dancing summer evenings in this charming flowered crêpe frock with its little Embassy jacket, wide-sleeved and tied at a high waistline. Pink and green flowers on a pale yellow background enhance her blonde, green-eyed loveliness.
successfully, and inexpensively in the long run," she says.

"If you go to the same shops, time and again, for your clothes—it isn’t necessary to limit it to just one—they get to know your tastes and your needs and will let you know when anything that suits your type comes in. You will really save money by having a much smaller percentage of failures in your wardrobe."

For the studio Miss Dore—and that’s her real name, by the way—likes to wear something comfortable: sports lounging pajamas, a trouser and sweater affair such as the one illustrated. Sometimes she wears sneakers and sometimes shoes so that she can roller skate the long distances between sets and offices on the lot.

She likes to swim and she likes the water. Loose silk pajamas are her favorites for lounging on the sands, and a trim and trig yachting costume is included in her wardrobe not only to wear aboard but suitable for the Olympic games or spectator sports.

Her favorite golf outfit includes a white wool cap with a cuff brim, a white sweater trimmed with a red and blue edging and little flags, and serviceable rubber-soled and heeled shoes.

For dancing these summer nights, something soft and feminine, is Adrienne’s choice. The colors chosen—pale yellow, pink and green—would be difficult for anyone without her unusual combination of green eyes and blonde hair.

The New Movie Magazine, July, 1932
In the swim with Bette Davis and the latest fashions in surf and sand costumes

Bette Davis finds that trim, slim bathing suits with abbreviated backs suit her double purpose of swimming comfort and a maximum of sun-tan. Shown at the famous Pebble Beach pool, she is wearing the bandeau type of suit, its bodice joined to the trousers only at the front; blue, trimmed with a white edging. The center picture shows her in her favorite flag red suit. The white trimming bands crossing in the front, continue back to form straps attached to the waistline at the back.

The New Movie Magazine, July, 1932
I have just been strolling through Mr. Webster's synonyms for the word "charm." I find to enrapture, captivate, bewitch, allure, delight, entice, and I am quite pleased with my title because I have sat back and watched La Chatterton do all of those things at will! I could have called this friend's-eye-view "The First Lady of the Screen," but as a matter of fact I'm rather fed up with reading about Ruth's refinement and exquisite taste. Not that she hasn't both, but she couldn't be so completely lady-like as one reads she is and still be my best woman friend!

I will admit that the things which charm me most about her are those which I do not possess myself.

She is dainty, small, blonde, chic, and very feminine to the naked eye, but she thinks like a man and has more courage, endurance and sporting instinct than most of the so-called stronger sex!

I first saw her more years ago than I can believe, at a benefit performance in which we were both appearing. I was already a star and had read about her success in "The Rainbow" with Henry Miller. Her extreme youth was much talked of, and, as I was supposed to be the youngest star on Broadway, I was most anxious to see this bit of blonde opposition.

I tried to watch her from the wings, but young Miss Chatterton, it seemed, was very temperamental and had her stage setting boxed in so that I had to sneak from crack to crack for even a glimpse of her! I didn't care much for what I saw or heard. I thought she was affected and conceited. I continued to think so for several years.

You can imagine my surprise when, after a performance at Keith's Theater, in Philadelphia, the head usher came to my dressing-room and asked me if I could see Miss Chatterton. I thought, Why should I?—but I said, "Please bring her back stage!" and into my life came Mrs. Chatterton's little girl. Simply and sweetly she told me how she had always admired my work and wanted to meet me, adding that she had been so nervous at the benefit a few years before that she would have forgotten her lines if anyone had watched her from the wings.

There is no love more satisfying than that which is the offspring of antipathy and misjudgement! It flourishes rapidly, as if in an effort to make up for lost time.

(Please turn to page 110)
Togo's Scream Play

Continuing the adventures of the Japanese Schoolboy in Hollywood

By WALLACE IRWIN

To Editor, "New Movie Magazine," a very smart Printer with illustrations.

Dearest Sir:

"TOGO!" This were Hon. Geo. F. Ogre speaking at me. This famous Hollywood emotion picture director, were talking without megaphone, microphone or anything else except his mouth. I see he were tensely beating his heart about something. I come in just then, fetching 14 qrt's of tea, which he drink with pepper and salt to keep him from getting calm.

This happen in the solid glass compartment of his Hollywood palace room, he call his Thinking Room. To keep him quiet he were surrounded by 8 radios, Ernest Pubitsch, a boy hired to shoot firecrackers out from the window, Howard Hughes and Miss Caramel Sweet, who in the eyes of Heaven, are Mrs. Ogre.

"Togo," he pronounce, and I stand ghast for that phenomenal, "how you like get so rich you could accept a 22,000$ cut in salary, and think nothing about it, even when you bring a lawsuit?"

"This look so easy it seem deceptive," I say it. "Then listen at what I say," he corrode, while walking down and up like Napoleon in a cage. "I know something because my brain are full of hot steam. This make me a genius. I know that the Japanese are a deliciously brave people. Look at the way they make peace in China by burning down Shanghai. Not so is it?"

"Banzai!" I narrate like a airplane dropping bums. "Then you are hired. Now listen with all your face."

He walk. His chest look awfully aggrevated. "I are now prepared to shoot a Revolution into Hollywood which will turn this business entirely around, from tail to forehead."

Hon. Ernest Pubitsch set up, Hon. Howard Hughes set down. But Miss Caramel Sweet simpaly took a diamond-trimmed mirror out of the gold ridicule she always carries, and look-see if she got her lips on straight this morning.

"This are my Thought or Idea," dictate Hon. Ogre, sticking his hands through his pockets. "Hollywood have been manufacturing love so long that the machinery are getting wore out around the wheels. The love of Michael Mouse, the love of Anna May Wong, the love of Countess Swanson—every day are Valentine's Day in Hollywood. This candidion must stop!"

Hon. Howard Hughes bite the silver head off his cane. Hon. Ernest Pubitsch grone twice and throw his cigarette case out from the window. But Miss Caramel Sweet open her teeth and etter hashy. "Geo! Geo! Do you know what you are saying?"

"I tell you this," corrode Hon. Ogre, filling his eyes with sharp knives. "From now onwards something must be found to take the place of Love."

"But which?" yall all voices in unicorn.

"Fear!"' snapel Hon. Ogre. "Observe please the shrieking success of 'Dr. Jackall & Mr. Snyder' when that pretty Fredrick March make everybody sick by turning his face wrong side out and swallowing his false teeth. Yeah, also. Observe how Borax Karlaff, an awfully sweet Russian, fix up his face with poison paint and scare 3300000008 into Hon. Box Office in that screen-play called 'Frank N. Stein.' Also Hon. Sid Fox, drinking blood cocktails in 'Durrrrrrelula' while laides faint and come back next week to show it to their children. You see something by that?"

N O B O D Y see something, except Miss Caramel Sweet, who set matching silken samples with a blue (Please turn to page 97)
Do you know that:
Jimmie Durante once aspired to be an accordion player like Phil Baker—?
But gave it up after he had pinched his own nose three times in the contraption?

EVERYBODY? Virginia Cherrill is back from the South Seas, and everybody is wondering why her marriage to William Rhinelander Stewart did not take place as forecast.

FASHION DEPARTMENT: Maybe Jimmy Cagney thought it good publicity to go as the hard-boiled guy, even to an exclusive theatre opening on Broadway. He showed up in brown tweeds instead of evening clothes, which created quite an agonized social flutter.

“Spanky” McFarland and Pete the Pup get a free ride in their own version of a travel car de luxe. "Stymie" Beard is the chauffeur-footman and motor power, all in one. All are members of "Our Gang" on the Hal Roach lot.

And were those platter-lipped Ubangi savages with the Barnes circus jealous of Joe E. Brown when they saw him in Hollywood?

ANTIT HIPLINES: Oh, yes, we almost forgot to tell you about Connie Bennett’s fittings at her New York modiste’s salon. She is the terror of the girls who work at this place, for Connie can detect the slightest flaw in the fit of a gown. When she was in New York last time she had the hipline in one gown fixed and refixed six times before it suited Her Majesty. Sweet to everybody there when the fit is okay, they shiver when she first comes in, and until they have won her final gracious word of approval.

The New Movie Magazine, July, 1932
When sued for $3500 for a portrait of himself, Tom Mix maintained he wouldn't pay that much for one of Rembrandt's.

Another Customer Lost: Now Helen Twelvetrees can save all those two-cent stamps and buy toothpaste instead, because her mother has left Brooklyn for Hollywood to visit Helen. Helen made it a point to write her every day.

Helene Changed: The last time—or rather, next to the last time—we saw Helene Costello was at an auction in Hollywood. Lowell Sherman, her new hubby then, was trying to buy up all the old volumes of Shakespeare and bidding against his brother-in-law, John Barrymore. We ran into Helene the other evening at the Pierrette in New York, and she is a changed girl.

Very serious. And a little stouter. But more appealing in her dignity as a matron. Helene is divorcing Sherman. It just wasn't a go.

When she gets a wee bit sentimental she weeps about her famous Dad's past glory—and about the loveliness of her sister Dolores, wife of John Barrymore. Helene says Dolores is the most beautiful girl in the world. From your own sister!—isn't it grand? We'll bet they never borrowed each other's hats without permission.

Nils Asther turned to the insurance business when sound pictures arrived. Now he is back in the talkies as Renaul in Joan Crawford's current picture, "Letty Lynton."

Garbo appears even more beautiful when she dons this blonde wig for her latest picture, "As You Desire Me." Albert Conti is the lucky fellow.

Tom Brown was rehearsing a scene when his director, Willie Wyler, noticed that he wasn't wearing his cap. "Wait a minute, Tom?" interrupted Willie. "You wear your cap in this scene."

"Well, do I need to rehearse it?" queried the disgusted Tom. "I don't talk through it, you know."

Puff for Mrs. Clark: We came across Mrs. Clark Gable at the opening of "Grand Hotel" in New York. She went to the theatre with Cliff Edwards and his party. And her gown was really lovely, dignified and becoming, à la Park Avenue manner, which befits her so naturally. Ecru lace gown with a dyed ermine jacket of matching shade.

Afflicted Again: We suppose that by the time your eager eyes scan this, everything will be something else. But can you blame us if the old world keeps turning? . . . Well, you remember Arthur Loew, son of Marcus Loew, and how all of the chatter newspapers carried stories that he and Helen Morgan were married—and then denied it? And then comes Molly O'Day, kid sister, and announces that Sister Sally O'Neil is engaged to Arthur—when all of the time we thought Lewis Milestone was interested in her. And next Sally denied the engagement and got pretty generally upset at Sister Molly. . . . So, Arthur, would you please do
Here's a quartet of champions! Reading, left to right: Mickey Riley, Olympic games champion; Joan Blondell, Warner Brothers star; Georgia Coleman, Olympic Games champion; and Dutch Smith, world-famous high diver of the 1932 Olympic team. This was taken at Lake Narconian.

something definite yourself about this engagement business before we faint? Seems as if we are afraid to believe anything anybody says any more, including the Scandinavian.

NOW YOU'LL KNOW: Has anyone told you yet the name of Gloria Swanson's new baby? Here it is . . . Michele Bridget Farmer.

Sari Maritza tells us that extras in London are called "crew artistes." You see, they are paid less than in Hollywood.

SAME OLD JIMMY: Jimmy Cagney, in the whirl of sudden fame, may be too busy for interviews but he isn't too busy to give himself to his family and friends "who knew him when." His last trip to New York, which developed into a salary dispute, was primarily for the purpose of visiting his mother who was ill. The supposed "tough boy" of the films further disclosed his strong streak of sentiment by giving a surprise birthday party for his pal of many years' standing, Frank Rowan, until recently with M-G-M and now playing in the Broadway production of "Blessed Event."

Strangely enough, the party was given right after the opening of "It's Tough to be Famous," at which Jimmy was almost pulled to pieces by the admiring fans.

THIS IS REAL NEWS: Jack Oakie must be sick or something. He goes around now in formal evening attire, tail coat, high silk hat and everything. And everybody takes a second look to see if he still doesn't wear a sweater in place of the conventional still shirt.

WHAT A GIRL! No use talking. Mitzi Green just isn't cut out for a one-o'clock town. When Mitzi's parents broke a long-standing rule in allowing her to attend an after-theatre party given in her honor by Ben Bernie at the College Inn in Chicago, Mitzi fell sound asleep in the midst of the festivities and had to be taken home before the party was half over!

Gary Cooper spent several months in New York following his trip to Africa. Lupe was also there.

"Ouch-! the w-w-water's c-c-cold stutters Roscoe Ates, RKO's comedian, as he starts for an early morning dip. And you may bet the went no deeper.
When Joe E. Brown (once a big-league ball player) and Buster Keaton organized teams to play a benefit game, Jackie Cooper wanted to play, too. So they made him a mascot.

appearing in Ziegfeld's "Hot-Cha." It is whispered that the torrid romance between these two had flared anew.

Miriam Hopkins slipped into New York town unannounced, with a two months' leave of absence from picture worries. She looked completely worn out, and planned to spend most of the time on a rest farm. The publicity boys at headquarters were notified to "lay off" all interviews and leave Miriam with nothing to do but regain her strength. Her next is to be a starring vehicle which Paramount is plotting and which Lubitsch will direct.

JIMMY DUNN'S HANDS: Have you ever noticed the fine, graceful hands of Jimmy Dunn? To tell the truth, we hadn't until June Knight called our attention to the fact. After all, June should know, as she and Jimmy have been holding hands over the long-distance for many months. We were with June the day word arrived that Jimmy had been knocked out by a professional pug while doing a prize-ring sequence for his latest picture. It was at the June called us. The fact that June is

Look closely, please! Yes, indeed, it is—Charles "Chic" Sale, in evening attire. Out of character for the moment and attending a premiere at Hollywood.

Arlene Judge and Rochelle Hudson, two of the prettiest mermaids on the RKO lot, pose for the cameraman at Malibu beach. Ye olde editor sighs for a bathing suit (and a pair of water wings!)

Jimmy, had given him the sensitive hands of an artist—which are of decided aid in putting over his dramatic scenes, but which hardly equip him to be a boxer. Despite rumors to the contrary, June insists that her romance with Jimmy is still on. Three large photographs of him, lovingly inscribed, which adorn the living room of June's lovely New York apartment, were added evidence.

When rejection slips were wanted for Fredric March's character in "Merrily We Go To Hell," a note was posted in the scenario department at Paramount asking for a supply. Within twenty-four hours they were deluged with more than they could possibly use.

SUNBURN FENCE: Joan Crawford has put up a nice canvas fence in her back yard for privacy while she is acquiring that deep tan of hers. Look out, Joan! Circuses have been trying to make tents tight for years.

AWAY FROM IT ALL: Laguna . . . Malibu . . . Palm Springs! And now it's Big Bear Lake where the movie crowd is going to get away from it all.

The New Movie Magazine, July, 1932
Tony Amatto (Ramon Novarro) in a scene from "Huddle." In this picture Ramon makes a complete departure from all other roles he has played.

George Hill is completing a mere shack of twenty-two rooms up there and likes the idea of being on the "rim of the world."

Some say he and Lila Lee will spend a honeymoon there.

Walter Huston has just bought a place nearby and Richard Dix is another settler.

Maureen O'Sullivan, taking a much needed rest since her arduous role in "Tarzan," was snapped on leaving the club house for the links.

When the Ziegfeld Follies of the Air was broadcast from New York, Patricia Ziegfeld, Billie Burke and Will Rogers participated in the event by remote control from Los Angeles. Left to right are Patricia, daughter of the producer; Rogers, humorist and movie star; and Billie Burke, wife of Florenz Ziegfeld, and Patricia's mother.

BLUE HINT: Grace Moore has decided to make her Spring costumes all harmonize with her favorite shade of blue. She says blue is the safest color to choose, for it can be combined with white, green, red, yellow, orchid or peach. An economy hint, too, we take it.

And what do you suppose Johnny Weissmuller did the first thing upon arriving in New York from Hollywood? Like the street-car conductor who rides on a trolley on his day off, Johnny, the swimming champ, asked for a swim and a work-out as soon as he stepped off the train.

ANOTHER POSSIBLE STAR: Yonkers—a suburb of New York—has always been the butt of many a vaudeville joke, some asking just what are Yonkers. Yet from this outpost there has been recruited one of the new stars to be. To vie with Dietrich and Garbo, perhaps, because she is Hungarian, Zita Johann has just been sent westward to the city of glitter and fame by R.K.O. She screens simply swell, and we think she'll be a hit in the talkies. She played Ruth Chatterton's part in the stage production of "Tomorrow and Tomorrow."

LUPE AND SPAGHETTI: We ran into Lupe Velez, who's in Ziegfeld's "Hot-Cha" show in New York—and where do you suppose Lupe was? In an Eighth Avenue spaghetti joint with her sister, Queenie, where a tinpan pianola was banging out pasé tunes—like the true atmosphere of dear old Mexico, eh, what, Señorita?

Carl Harbaugh's ancestors once owned all of Harbaugh's Valley in Maryland.

All of which is to get you in the proper mood for us to lead up to the famous wit's crack the other day.

"If the boss cuts my salary one more time," Harbaugh said, "I'm going to have him arrested for slavery."

WELL, HERE IT IS, ANYWAY: When the "Death Valley" unit went on location recently, a tent city was erected where all sleeping and eating was done.

Bedtime arrived the first night, and Tom Mix observed that one of the prop boys was preparing his pillow and blankets to sleep outside on the sand.

"What's the idea?" inquired Mix.

The New Movie Magazine, July, 1932
"They can't fool me on this desert business," said the prop boy. "I'm going to keep cool. Years ago I used to know a man who lived in this country, and he told me that on the desert the heat was in tents."

Carma Lita, great granddaughter of the famous Adelina Patti, is dancing in Los Angeles' Mexican quarter.

Connie's Hotell: Connie Bennett is planning to make the Roosevelt Hotel, in Hollywood, her "town house." Write her there.

NAME WANTED: Bill Seiter and Laura La Plante are sporting a new yacht (and in such times, too!), but they can't decide on a name for it. Bill wants to call it the "Panic." If you can do any better, send your idea in to us.

SYLVIA'S NEW QUARTERS: If the dressing-room has anything to do with it, Sylvia is bound for tremendous success. She's occupying the dressing-room formerly assigned to Pola Negri and Clara Bow.

Fan Mail Business: Depression is the mother of invention. Anyhow, there is a new racket in the film city. A few of the boys are digging through the better ash-cans and digging out fan mail envelopes and selling them to the tourists as mementos of their trip to Hollywood. The prices vary according to who the star is, where the letter was mailed from, etc. We are told that those addressed to comedians are available at the lowest of prices.

Charming Jacqueline Logan, who was formerly a screen favorite, now writes and directs movie stories.

Sidney is bound for tremendous success. She's occupying the dressing-room formerly assigned to Pola Negri and Clara Bow.

Fan Mail Business: Depression is the mother of invention. Anyhow, there is a new racket in the film city. A few of the boys are digging through the better ash-cans and digging out fan mail envelopes and selling them to the tourists as mementos of their trip to Hollywood. The prices vary according to who the star is, where the letter was mailed from, etc. We are told that those addressed to comedians are available at the lowest of prices.

Petite Vina Delmar, famous author, and Joan Crawford confer on a new story that Miss Delmar will write for M-G-M. Joan will star in the picture. Miss Delmar is the author of the best-seller, "Bad Girl," and the more recent "Women Live Too Long."

Ken Maynard, famous cowboy actor of the screen, shows Adrienne Ames, New York society girl who turned actress, and Mrs. Neil Hamilton, wife of the star, a few tricks with the lariat.

Groucho Marx's young son came home from school recently and announced he was through. When asked to explain his reason, this was the answer:

"Listen, pop! School is bad enough, but today Eddie Cantor made a personal appearance at school, and you'll grant me, I have to listen to enough jokes right here at home without that."

Dizzy? Kurl Matschke, reputed to be a leader of Berlin and Vienna nudist cults, is in Hollywood attempting to promote a no-clothes movement. He claims the weather conditions are ideal, and that Hollywood is easy pickings when it comes to dizzy ideas.

South Sea Romance: Walter Pahlman, one of the boys who went to the South Seas with the Fairbanks expedition, recently returned with a Polynesian bride tucked under his arm. Mrs. Pahlman, née Simone Tarai, is the daughter of a Tahitian chieftain. We are told they were given a swank (Please turn to page 119)
The spirit of '76 salutes the spirit of '32 as typified by Madge Evans, pretty M-G-M player. This photo was taken during Madge's recent visit to a soldiers' home in California. July Fourth this year is the 156th anniversary of American independence.
E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS insists upon knowing why they keep on...

HIGH-HATTING the King's English

EVEN though I have written something like fifteen books and edited almost three thousand volumes, I do not choose to pose as a stickler for fancy English. It always seems better to hope eternally for simple, plain, direct speech. After all, the best English is that which has the "authority" of common speech. Our language is a beautiful one, when it is taken without fancy frills.

Let us take Greta Garbo's "Mata Hari." One character plays the role of an aristocratic headman in the spy-racket. And this is what he dumped into my notebook—kill-um-ter, instead of kilo-meter. Only a genius at high-hatting our speech could have brought forth such an enormity.

Another star who appeared with La Bankhead in "The Cheat," said ban-ahl instead of good, plain, correct bay-niel (banal), and that set me squirming. I detected immediately the fine London mistouch of Alabama's blue-blood. And what's more, he mispronounced that word three times in the same picture. That now famous "My car has went out of gas," is a much milder offense, though it was funny enough at that. This bull amused me; the other made me uncomfortable.

A FAMOUS star in "Private Lives" worked hard to reach sophistication and smartness, and all the sort of thing that is intended to impress the yokels in the sticks with the air of cultivated ease. And yet, this beautiful, adorable creature said die-yan instead of div-an! There is absolutely no authority for it, even when you go out and hunt up your own dictionary.

In a news film I heard an announcer say deb-ris, for deb-ree (débris), and I am sure this has sent thousands of hill-billies on the downward path of high-hatted, wrong English. You see, I am not objecting to good honest "ain't" and "hadn't oughta"—they have their charm—it's the sure-fire, aristocratic intonation that burns me up. Why should our idea of good English be to tack on senseless, brainless frills?

Another star—who ought to know better—pronounced it miss-cheev-uh, instead of miss-chiv-uh. It is just as easy to say it right.

And a well-known actor—who spits on his hands and sweats himself into Londonese—handed us indic-a-tive, instead of in-dic-a-tive; and I defy him to find authority for this in any British dictionary, in or out of Oxford. If they only would take a little time to look in a dictionary—any dictionary—to make sure, they would avoid embarrassment both for themselves and for people like me.

A character star, in a recent picture, played the part of a chief of detectives. He, and every other person in the movie, pronounced it home-uh-ide, instead of hom-uh-ide. I insist that the chief of a Homicide Squad should know better.

I CAN forgive breaks like "more perfect" (as though perfection can be improved on), or "he got a divorce from his wife" (as though he could get it from anyone else), or "an old Civil War veteran" (as though one could bump into a young one), but I can't tolerate this endless use of eye-ther for ee-ther. Eye-ther can get by in Wales or in London district, but why force it on Americans?

"Inquiry" is another word (Please turn to page 99)
Hollywood on Parade

The most brilliant of all Hollywood's openings was that of "Grand Hotel." The stars attended en masse. Here you see Marlene Dietrich with her husband, Rudolph Sieber. She was given a great ovation by the fans assembled outside the theater.

(Below) Marian Marsh was escorted by her brother, Eddie Morgan.

Clark Gable brought Norma Shearer, who (in the background) is signing the registry of stars. Notice the microphones hung just above their heads.
New off-stage shots of the Stars

The Marquis de la Falaise, Gene Markey and Joan Bennett arriving for the opening of "Grand Hotel."

Low Ayres and the Missus, Lola Lane, were among the guests.

Bing Crosby, popular radio crooner, Jackie Cooper, and Vincent Lopez, orchestra leader, met recently in Chicago—and then the harmonizing began.

At Malibu Beach's official 1932 opening—Warner Baxter and his wife and Mrs. Elizabeth Adams.

At the opening of Malibu Beach—Buster Collier, "Skeets" Gallagher and Paulette Goddard, signed by Hal Roach from the Ziegfeld beauty bevy.
Garbo’s chauffeur started the car, felt a soft kiss on the back of his neck, and passed out.

Our Hollywood Boulevardier becomes a gallant knight—

In Defense of GARBO

Indignantly yours,
HERB HOWE

Hollywood:

By the time this appears all will be over.

Greta says she is going home to Sweden this month.

So you’ll have to pardon the incoherence. The typewriter is choked up, and the wails issuing from the boulevardier’s tower have my hound Cellini in a yelping paroxysm downstairs. He thinks the master has gone off the nut or the wagon again. The master really should be in bed. But no, the show must go on! Wish I could sing "Caglione."

Of course Greta may have changed her mind. She’s a goddess. Personally, I’d rather see her go Sweden than Hollywood. And she is a lot more likely to.

There is this consolation: I can assure you that Greta will not retire. Her work is the only thing that means much to her. She wants to be free to play the parts she chooses on screen and stage. Max Reinhardt made her an offer some time ago, to appear on the stage in Germany. And, of course, she can have her own picture company in Europe if she wants it.

Greta is tired. She works with exhausting intensity. On the set between her scenes she paces up and down, her lower lip protruded, her breath issuing in quick sibilant gasps between clenched teeth. She appears to be suffering from stage fright.

Her aloofness is due entirely to shyness. She’s so self-conscious before people that she could not descend the stairs in a scene of "Mata Hari" until the extras were dismissed from the set. For such requests she is misjudged high-hat.

I recall meeting Greta for the first time. She had been practicing a tango with Tony Moreno for "The Torrent." Tall, blue eyes, pleasantly gauche, she gave a firm hand-clasp. "Did you see me dance?" she asked breathlessly.

“No,” I said.

"Thanks God,” she said and took flight.

While Hollywood is partying, Greta is home taking bottles of sedative. She suffers agony from insomnia. She wakes up every morning at four and goes tramping for miles. When recognized she breaks into a run. Unlike her colleagues, she cannot endure the pursuit of her screen shadow. She’s a humble person.

Her avoidance of the press is due entirely to fear. She was scared to death by interviewers. When she first arrived in Hollywood she was asked questions about her romance with Mr. Stiller. She thought she was being given a third degree. She didn’t know it was an old American custom to ask impertinent questions. Later when she met one of the inquisitors at a party, she grabbed her hat and ran out of the house with the alacrity of a rabbit beholding a bird dog.

Greta says she wants to work in Europe. In Europe they do not ask about the love life, and privacy is possible.

A great actress, Greta has no desire or ability for acting off screen, no liking for the ballyhoo that is considered the commercial asset of an actress in this land of Barnum.

Greta has not liked the stories assigned her. She quickly realized the futility of struggle, however, and has bided her time. When told that Ramon Novarro had been assigned a football picture called "Huddle," she exclaimed: "You are joking. It is true? Oh, will they never learn?"

The New Movie Magazine, July, 1932
SHE quits the set every afternoon exactly at five. She does not consider herself an artist, but a workman, and she wants the hours of a workman. Never has she claimed the prerogatives of an artiste. Marion Davies, John Gilbert and others have their palatial "bungalows" resembling palaces on the lot. Greta has two rooms in the dressing barracks exactly like any contract player.

She does not carry a watch, but she knows when it is five o'clock. Out of the corner of an eye she sees her colored maid, Alma, hoist a mirror several times. It is the signal. Greta stops abruptly, smiles sweetly, and murmurs "Adieu" to the company. "Adieu," and she hurries from the set, bounds into the closed car that waits all day next the stage on which she is working. Without a word from her, the colored chauffeur starts the car as he hears her step in.

Once a supervisor smartly declared that he could get her to work overtime. He explained that there was a large crowd of extras costing the company money, and would Miss Garbo consent to remain. Miss Garbo bowed assent and remained. But she did not appear the next day or the next. "Sick," said Alma. Smart supervisors have not asked her to work overtime since then.

SIMPLE, direct, natural, Greta is described as a child by those who know her best. She likes to laugh. Her humor is child-like. One of her favorite jokes, now, is a story about Mr. Jones, inebriated, asking a waiter if Mr. Smith had been at the restaurant that evening.

"He has," said the waiter.

"Well, what I came to ask is," hiccupped Jones, "was I with him?"

GRETA is an enigma to Hollywood. An atheist, you might say. She's indifferent to the local gods. She abhors notoriety and cares little about money. With the possible exception of Alice Terry, I do not think there has been an individual in Hollywood with such indifference to personal position. Greta, without striving, is an observer of that Hindu proverb which says: "Work for results but leave the results with God."

Hollywood, the artificial, suspects Greta of posing. Actually she is being herself while they have lost themselves long ago.

WHAT would you think if you were Greta's colored chauffeur and felt a warm nose cuddling your neck from the rear, just as you started the car for her ladieship? You'd probably collapse, as the chauffeur did. When he revived and rolled his eyes round, he beheld Buster Keaton's dog in the back seat. The door of the car had been left open to receive Garbo. But St. Bernard likes to ride in nice cars, so bounded in. Being always on the alert for a soft step as a wordless signal, the chauffeur started the car, felt the kiss on the back of his neck, and passed out.

KIDNAPERS do not confine themselves to children. Buster Keaton's beautiful St. Bernard is always being stolen. Buster offers a reward, and the dog is brought home. Now there is an engraved collar on the dog's neck. It reads: "Leave this dog alone, and he'll come home."

MY desk is stacked with letters asking me to do something for my old friend Ramon Novarro. So I did. I lunched with him yesterday in his dressing-room.

Fans think Ramon has been getting a dirty deal. I agree with them. I've stuck a lot of feathers in the bonnet of Chief Thalberg, and so feel I have the right to pull a few out. Irving has not done right by Ramon. But, if you knew what Irving, a young, gifted and charming boy, has to endure, you would be more lenient.

Ramon himself is partly to blame. He agrees to stories for which he is not suited. Ernst Lubitsch once said to me: "An actor only judges a story by how many times he can go 'eeeee' and 'naaa'—do his pet stuff."

Ramon wanted to do that sap part with Greta in "Mata Hari." So don't blame Thalberg.

I admire Ramon. I know he could be second to none if he did the things for which he is gifted. But Ramon does not know himself. For one thing, he wants to be operatic, when his genius is for folk songs. He can sing the ballads of Mexico as no one can sing them. He can lift trifles into art. But he wants to bellow like Tibbett. He wants to be the clown with the breaking heart, whereas he was born to be a gay troubadour—like Francis of Assisi.

FRANKLY, Ramon has irritated me. If I didn't like him so much as a person, admire him so much as an artist, he wouldn't.

But Ramon, when I first knew him was unique. A poetic, sensitive, monastic person. They wanted to make him a successor to Valentino. The two fellows were poles apart. (Please turn to page 93)
The graceful dignity of the southern Colonial architecture was followed in the remodeling of the exterior of the Hollywood home of William Haines. It took months of careful planning to give what was once one of the older uninteresting houses of Hollywood the charmingly simple lines of the Colonial.
A view of the garden stairs with their simple wrought-iron grille-work.

Bachelor Quarters

William Haines, versatile M-G-M player, re-designed and built this delightful Colonial home. He is a collector of antiques and rare old vases which he has placed within its inviting portals.

William Haines has been collecting furniture and antique bits since the days when he was a struggling and ambitious young bond salesman in New York.

Of course, in those days, the things he collected didn't amount to much. He could only look through art dealers' windows and wander around antique shops, gazing at the priceless objects and admiring them. He had to content himself with an occasional bargain in an old print or an odd piece of bric-a-brac.

Almost everyone is some kind of a collector. It may be of perfumes, or dolls, or firearms, or pewter, or paintings, or books, or neckties. With Bill it was always furniture and lovely, graceful old vases and silver from past centuries.

From this hobby of collecting Bill's interest naturally drifted to homes and houses. Antiques must have a place to stay. And Bill made up his mind that some day he would have just the sort of home he wanted, a place which he could decorate and furnish as a setting for the things which he had collected.

The result is a white stucco house, rather long and rather narrow, on one of the quieter streets of Hollywood. Its exterior follows the graceful, simple lines of the New Orleans colonial period. There is something almost austerity beautiful about the severity of its white doors, its wrought-iron grille work, its black-shingled roof.

Having been designed as a town house, Bill's home is not surrounded by gardens and flowers. Its beauty and color are sheltered behind the plain white stucco walls. A brick-paved courtyard, walled with whitewashed bricks, is tucked away at the back of the house, with a narrow iron-balustraded stairway leading to a second-story porch. Shrubbery fills the corners of the courtyard with touches of green and vines trail across the white walls, and here Bill entertains his friends on warm afternoons and evenings. But for the hot summer weather, when cool, green gardens are so inviting, Bill slips away to a beach cottage or a mountain cabin.

The house belongs to the city and to the time when New Orleans masked its gaiety and color behind houses of colonial simplicity.

The New Movie Magazine, July, 1932
This home of Bill's did not spring, full-grown, from an architect's drawings. It emerged gradually and after months of planning. In fact, it has lived through two eras. In the first place, it was one of the older Hollywood houses, a rather plain, uninteresting place, but built substantially and securely with deep foundations and heavy timbers. That was what first attracted Bill's interest. It looked so solid and permanent in a country of frailerly lovely Spanish and Mexican and French houses. Bill, you must remember, hails from Old Virginia, where they build houses to stand through generation after generation.

So Bill bought the place and lived in it for a while as it stood, while he continued with his collecting and his plans for the house he wanted eventually to own. In the second floor sitting-room the walls are covered from floor to ceiling in knotty pine. The carpet is eggplant velvet and the draperies are glazed chintz with an eggplant background and a bright floral design. The furniture carries the graceful lines of the 18th century English.

Then, after a while, he moved bag and baggage into an apartment, and started to work, creating the home in which he wanted to live and which would serve as a setting for his antiques.

It wasn't an easy task, this transformation of early Hollywood into colonial New Orleans. Walls were torn away, rooms were added, the entire inside of the house was completely replastered and redecorated. The only things which remained intact were the strong foundations, the heavily substantial supporting structure and the simplicity of the roof lines. But it was worth the work and the waiting.

The interior of the house follows the general feeling of 18th century English homes in the sturdy simplicity of the woodwork and the low wainscotings, in the high ceilings and delicately fragile crystal chandeliers, in the paneled walls and wide fireplaces. But Bill has not clung exclusively to this period in the furnishings and decorations. Through the wide rooms are scattered furniture and decorative bits from every period, including the ultra-modern.

"The interest in a room or in an entire house lies in mixing periods," Bill believed when he furnished his own home and still believes now, when he is successfully decorating the houses of his friends. "There is

The bright wallpaper used above the wainscoting in this guest room is charmingly quaint in its design. The mahogany American Federal bed is draped in filmy white. An early American rocker and a Chippendale chair and mirror add interesting notes to the room.

*The New Movie Magazine, July, 1932*
nothing more monotonous than a place which is absolutely true in every detail to any particular time. Of course, you can’t just throw things together hit-or-miss and expect to be successful. You have to choose furnishings which blend in style and coloring or which offer a striking and colorful contrast.

“When you do a home, you must do it with the feeling that it has been lived in for years,” Bill went on with the enthusiasm of a man talking about his hobby.

“The rooms must look as if they might be a pair of carpet slippers beside a chair, and a pipe or two on the table. There is nothing more depressing or stilted than a look of glaring newness.

“Many people who have lived in a period of overstuffed furniture and steamheat radiators, old chairs and sofas, antiques of any kind seem to spell discomfort. It always surprises them to find how very comfortable a graceful old chair or sofa, dating back long before the days of their great-grandparents, can be. There is so much of a sameness about modern furniture. Antique pieces give a color, a difference, a touch of interest to rooms. And you can sleep just as comfortably in an Early American bed, read with just as much ease in a deep Louis XV chair, eat just as hungrily on a graceful Sheraton table, as you can on a twentieth-century bed, chair or table.”

Bill’s house is not large. To enter it, you walk up a shallow flight of brick steps and through a white-paneled door with lock and knocker of solid brass, and twin side-lighting windows with quaint glass panes. Beyond this door lies a small, square entrance hall which leads into a Georgian green drawing-room. This is the only really “formal” room in the house. It is a drawing-room in every sense of the word, especially as the people of 18th century England thought of drawing-rooms. A place in which to receive and entertain casual guests and acquaintances not privileged to go beyond the formal exterior of the household.

The drawing-room has wainscoting and woodwork of a clear, cool Georgian green, instead of the ivory white of the rest of the house. Even its carpet is green. The delicate carvings of the woodwork are gold-leaved, and the long, heavy draperies at the windows are made of gold damask. The simplicity of the walls is broken only by two lovely gold-framed Directoire mirrors and a few rare old paintings. Among the priceless pieces of furniture in this room are an 18th century Venetian commode, upon whose surface are embossed designs in exquisite lace and flowers, a Louis XVI sofa and twin Venetian stools, covered with gold and red satin, and graceful Italian Louis XV chairs upholstered in gold moiré. The long, high-ceilinged room is cool and dignified, with just a few touches of vivid reds to add life to its green-and-gold beauty.

By opening a wide door and walking down four shallow black marble steps, you are in the dining-room, directly beyond the drawing-room. Here the wainscoting and doors are ivory white, with colorful pictorial wallpaper by Zuber. The long polished dining-table and buffet are satiny.

In the rather formal drawing-room in the home of William Haines, the walls and woodwork are painted a cool Georgian green, with carvings in gold leaf. The furniture combines the simple Louis XVI and the more elaborate Venetian.

The New Movie Magazine, July, 1932
Silent Crooner: You can hear almost anything about any movie or radio star, mostly good and mostly bad, and Rudy Vallee is certainly no exception. Now the same people who used to go around telling everybody that Rudy was a multi-millionaire are going around telling other people he's worth only a fraction of a million today. Rudy says nothing, buys a $75,000 or $100,000 mansion in Beverly Hills, California—which certainly didn't help the gossip that he and Fay were growing colder—and just keeps on croonin'.

Why, Oh, Why? Someone out of turn asked us why the Funnyboners were what they are, and our unreasonable curiosity was instantly excited. We investigated as thoroughly as a Hoover Commission and dug up several highly important facts, to wit:

1. Funnyboner Bunny Coughlin was once dishonorably dismissed for singing in the Boston Elevated Company's offices; two years later he was re-hired at much money to sing on the company's radio program.

2. Funnyboner Gordon Graham was employed as dramatic critic of the Utica (N.Y.) Observer-Dispatch. Between times he acted in a Utica stock company. Naturally, he lost both jobs.

3. Funnyboner Dave Grant organized a dance band and took it as far as Duluth, Minn., in vaudeville. Everyone walked back.

Now you see why they are the Funnyboners.

Things we can't help hearing about: Al Jolson linking up radio-wise with "Music That Satisfies."

Clark Gable being offered $10,000 a week for radio by a cosmetic company.

Clara Bow the same amount by another advertiser.

Jackie Cooper and Cliff (Ukulele Ike) Edwards flirting mildly with the air magnates.

True Love Department: Valentin Perera, Spanish movie star, rescued Grace Moore's quoit from going overboard off the Ile de France. Six weeks later—honeymoon.

Morton Downey, then movie actor, made his director

Buddy Rogers, who can play any instrument, started playing the trombone when he was nine. He borrowed it from his brother—when Brother was away.
promise him a beautiful leading lady. Up stepped Barbara Bennett. They were married within three weeks.

“Bud” Hulick, Colonel Stoopnagle’s, adjutant, introduced Wanda Harte, singer, over the radio, never having met the lady before. Within two weeks—matrimony.

Ted Husing proposed to Helen Giffords the night he met her. She said “Yes,” and then made him wait for two years to find out what she meant.

The Tastyeast Jesters were out a-golfing. A small boy hung around, watching every shot intently.

“You can’t learn anything from us,” one of the golfers told him. “We’re only beginners.”

“I ain’t trying to learn,” said the boy. “I’m going fishing and I’m waiting for you to dig up two more worms.”

Their Pasts: Before Singin’ Sam (Harry Frankel) went on a shaving cream program, he used to sing for a lawn mower company, which was the same business, in a way. Lanny Ross was born Launcelot, but his football coach would not let him play on the team unless he changed his name to Lanny.

Good Luck: Don’t be afraid to propose to Rosa Ponselle just because she wears a wedding ring. She is not married. The ring is only a luck band. She found it in a railroad station, put it on for fun, and that night at the theater she made such a success that she has never taken it off since. When she marries she’ll wear two rings.

Radio Oddities: Arthur Pryor has never discharged a member of his band. Jack Fulton, Paul White- man’s crooner, was once a laundryman in Phillipsburg, Pa. Milton J. Cross used to be a soloist in an undertaking parlor. When John McCormack was getting under way, operatically, in Italy, he called himself Giovanni Foli—because no one could spell his real name correctly. Snowville, N. H., the Snow Village of the Soconyland (Please turn to page 115)

Frank Parker started singing one day while riding in Central Park, and his horse roared up and threw him.

When Welcome Lewis gets a new song, she goes for a drive in the country to work it out in her mind.
"Blessed Event" with Lee Tracy and Mary Brian - Ruth Etting and Eddie Cantor - the new long-playing records.

AMERICA will soon have a chance to see the talking-picture version of the recent Broadway hit, "Blessed Event," which Warner Brothers-First National are producing and for which the De Silva-Brown-Henderson music numbers will be used. Lee Tracy and Mary Brian will have two of the star roles. Auret Sparks and Frank McHugh, who played the reporter in "The Front Page," will also be featured. From all accounts it should make a feature worth waiting for and bring to the screen some particularly tuneful melodies.

RUTH ETTING is said to be a possibility for Eddie Cantor's next picture, and if this is so it ought to help the production a lot—without any disparagement to Mr. Cantor. Recently Miss Etting finished two movie shorts within two weeks.

THIS, I believe, is the first record Guy Lombardo has recorded for Brunswick, and you are going to like it. "Too Many Tears" is the title and the number is well on the way to hitdom. Guy's arrangement is top-notch, and if you heed my advice, you'll get this one. Carmen Lombardo sings the vocal refrain. The other side is also by Guy Lombardo and his orchestra, playing, "Love, You Funny Thing." This is a little faster and makes a very agreeable contrast. Again we hear Carmen singing the vocal. (This is a Brunswick record.)

HERE is the best vocal I have heard for months, "Was That the Human Thing to Do?" sung by the famous Boswell sisters. This record has an amazing variety of rhythms and not a dull spot in it. The Dorsey brothers furnish the musical accompaniment. "Put That Sun Back in the Sky" is the tune on the other side, and again we have the Boswell sisters doing the work. When you buy this record you get your money's worth. (This is a Brunswick record.)

HERE is one of Columbia's new longer records, playing almost twice as long as the conventional type of ten-inch record. On one side we have (Please turn to page 79)

The Month's Biggest Hits

"Too Many Tears" (fox trot)
Played by Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians—(Brunswick).

"Was That the Human Thing to Do?" (vocal)
Sung by the Boswell Sisters—(Brunswick).

Medley from "One Hour with You" (fox trot)
Played by Eddie Duchin and his Orchestra—(Columbia).

"I Say It's Spinach" (fox trot)
Played by Waring's Pennsylvanians—(Victor).
LITTLE DICKIE MOORE, Warner Brothers-First National featured player, who recently finished his part in Jimmy Cagney’s picture, "Winner Take All." Although he is less than six years old, Dickie can emote and perform with the best of them. Notice the non-cholent manner in which he faces the photographer.

The New Movie Magazine, July, 1932
NEWS and PICTURES of

Advance information on what the


Movie Crazy—Paramount: Harold Lloyd! His first in two years. Picturing the misadventures of a fame-chasing boy in Hollywood. Constance Cummings, Harold Goodwin, Kenneth Thompson, Louise Closser Hale and Mary Doran in support. Harold doesn't make many of them, but when he does, he's almost always sure-fire. Directed by Clyde Bruckman.
Hollywood Studios are doing

State's Attorney—RKO: John Barrymore, brilliant attorney, who marries for position, then discards his wife for his old sweetheart. Supported by Helen Twelvetrees, Jill Esmond, William Boyd, Mary Duncan, Ralph Ince and C. Henry Gordon. And directed by George Archainbaud.

Prosperity—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer: Polly Moran and Marie Dressler as battling mothers-in-law whose children are married to each other. We need say no more—except that you'll also see Anita Page, Wallace Ford, Harry Beresford, Otis Harlan and Jerry Tucker. If you judge by their past performances, this comedy will be one of the funniest of the season—and then some. Directed by Leo McCarey.

Big City Blues—Warners-First National: Written by Ward Morehouse, the New York columnist, this is the adventure of a small-town boy (Eric Linden) in New York, with Joan Blondell as the chorus-girl love element, both aided by Josephine Dunn, Evalyn Knapp, Grant Mitchell and Inez Courtney. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy.

Competition—Warners-First National: A homely, rural yarn, of the city boy (David Manners), who goes to the small town to make good, meets the girl (Ann Dvorak), is downed by his small-time competitor (Chic Sale)—and everybody's happy. Noah Beery and Raymond Hatton are also in the cast. Directed by Eric Kenton.
**WHAT'S GOING ON IN MOVIELAND.** All of the latest flashes

**Society Girl**—Fox: James Dunn as the roughneck who marries the hothouse society girl (Peggy Shannon). With Lee Tracy in the cast. And directed by Sidney Lanfield, who made "Dance Team" with Jimmy and Sally Eilers. If you like Jimmy Dunn you will find him in his element here, especially when he is teaching the tender bud what he considers to be the meaning of real love. And does she like it?

**Man About Town**—Fox: Warner Baxter, aided by Karen Morley, Conway Tearle, Alan Mowbray and Lillian Bond in a dramatization of the novel by Denison Clift. Set in New York and Washington, with a secret service background. Plenty of society atmosphere and a touching sequence when the two old friends are forced to part as enemies. Directed by John Francis Dillon.

**Attorney for the Defense**—Columbia: Edmund Lowe, supported by Evelyn Brent and Constance Cummings in the story of a District Attorney who sends an innocent man to the chair, then resigns to battle for the underdog. Eventually he becomes a great criminal attorney and defender of the down-trodden. Directed by Irving Cummings, who directed Lowe in "The Cisco Kid" and "Old Arizona."

**Back Street**—Universal: Fannie Hurst’s great novel, with Irene Dunne and John Boles heading the cast. Supported by June Clyde, George Meeker, William Bakewell, directed by John Stahl. A great story, excellent cast and excellent director. This is not unlikely to be one of the outstanding films of the new season.
Horsefeathers—Paramount: The Four Marx brothers have inherited a college. Groucho (who plays Zeppo’s father) elects himself president. Zeppo has been attending for eight years, and no diploma. And no Thelma Todd. And can you imagine what a great opportunity for blonde-chasing she gives Harpo! Directed by Norman McLeod.

Westward Passage—RKO: Margaret Ayer Barnes’ novel. Ann Harding tortured between two loves, her first husband (Laurence Olivier) and the second (Ivory Pichel). But the second husband’s steadfast love and generous understanding brings him ultimate happiness—and all is well. All with an unusually strong cast of Zasu Pitts, Juliette Compton, Irene Purcell and Nance O’Neil. Directed by Robert Milton.

Huddle—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer: Ramon Novarro as rough-and-tumble Tony Amatto at Yale, playing football. Madge Evans and Una Merkel cheering, and Ralph Graves, Frankie Albertson and John Arledge supporting. Most he-man role of Novarro’s career. You have never seen Novarro in any role that even faintly approaches this. Studio officials have been criticized for casting him in it—but we shall see. The part has already earned him the name of “The Singing Quarterback”—except that he doesn’t sing. Directed by Sam Wood.

The Jewel Robbery—Warner-First National: Here we see William Powell as the devil-may-care thrill robber, and Kay Francis as the flirtatious baroness he first robs then loves. Hardie Albright and Henry Kolker in the cast. Set in the capitals of Europe, it has glamorous settings, thrills and a high degree of romance. Directed by William Dieterle.

(The Please turn to page 116)
BAKED BEANS
a la Oliver

As good a cook as she is a comedienne, Edna May Oliver gives the old Boston recipe used by her mother and her grandmother

BOSTON baked beans invade even Hollywood with Edna May Oliver to back them and cook them. Three thousand miles separate the home of the bean and the cod from the movie capital but Miss Oliver has not forgotten the customs of her native city.

So it isn't to be wondered at that Saturday night never comes round without finding a steaming pot of baked beans waiting to be placed before the mistress of the household.

Miss Oliver's recipe is the same one used by both her mother and her grandmother in the preparation of this delicacy.

Either California pea beans or a combination of these and yellow-eyed beans are preferred by Miss Oliver.

The beans are soaked over night in cold water. Next morning they are placed in a kettle and covered with cold water to which a pinch of baking soda has been added. They are permitted to come to a boil, and remain cooking until the beans are bursting through their shells.

When this point is reached, the beans are removed from the fire and rinsed. They are mixed with generous pieces of salt pork, a chopped small onion, a tablespoon of molasses and a pinch of salt.

After being placed in an earthen bean pot, the mixture is covered with water and placed in the oven. A lid should be placed over the bean pot until the last stage of cooking is reached.

Bake the beans all day in a very slow oven. Look at them from time to time, adding more water if they seem to be cooking dry.

About half an hour before time to serve, remove the bean pot from the oven, and let the contents settle.

Then serve... and prepare to hear any guests fish for future invitations to a New England baked bean dinner.

Miss Oliver is exercising the cook's privilege—smelling. A capacious apron is an important part of her kitchen equipment.

Elsieed Brodell

The New Movie Magazine, July, 1932
THE Hollywood party season seems to be setting in with unusual severity," remarked Billy Bake-well, Hollywood's Peter Pan, as we surveyed the crowded Garden Room at the Biltmore, where those irrepressible Thalians were bursting forth in their semi-annual ball.

The Thalians are growing up. They started off as a bunch of kids who met at the Montmartre once a week and played tricks on each other. Now their Garden Room party was as decorous as graduation exercises. But they were a gay and charming lot anyway, and include some of the nicest of the younger players. Any fond mamma, worried about letting her picture-struck daughter go into the films, would at once have eased down in her chair, if she looked this gathering over, and put her approval on daughter's ambitions.

"Oh, there's Thelma Todd, and there's Claudette Colbert—oo-oo!—everybody!" exclaimed Nina Quar-taro, who had come with me and her brother Jack, and was as enthusiastic as though she weren't herself a player and one of the most beautiful girls at the party. She wore white velvet, trimmed in heavy old real lace, with brilliant ornaments.

"Jack Oakie seems to be settling down to one girl," we remarked.

He was with Patricia Wing, actress and writer, a charming girl with whom we have seen him at several parties lately and very attentive. We thought Jack favored blondes, but Patricia is a red-head.

Jack was in Roscoe Ates' party, Roscoe and his wife entertaining twenty guests at a long table. Billy Bake-well was in their party, too, escorting Polly Ann Young. Polly Ann Young, by the way, was one of the prettiest girls at the party. She wore a black satin ensemble, décolleté evening gown, with a short jacket and a rhinestone belt, and black slippers. Roscoe's daughter, Dorothy, was charming in a beige silk, tight-fitting, with Eton jacket. Eton jackets, by the way, are the rage, even with evening gowns. And many actresses arrived in either white fur jackets or fur-trimmed ones.

Then there is the lei rage, a lei being a Hawaiian wreath such as is thrown around the necks of arriving and departing travelers in Honolulu.

(Please turn to page 107)

You would have had a great time at the Gleason's picnic, on their new ranch. Here you see—in a picture posed especially for New Movie Magazine—Ken Maynard, then Mr. and Mrs. Neil Hamilton (seated), and in the back row Dorothy Dix, Donald Cook, Mary Forbes, Ruth Weston, Lucille and Russell Gleason.

The New Movie Magazine, July, 1932
Accessories for Summer

You can add the latest touches to your vacation wardrobe with the aid of our New Method Circulars.

Jyl33—The new bib scarf, to wear as a pajama top or under a jacket in place of a blouse, and three other most ingenious scarfs may be made with the aid of this circular.

Jyl34—This circular gives full directions for crocheting the amusing little caps every one is wearing at smart resorts.

Jyl35—Here are directions for making terry-cloth beach cape that fills a dozen needs in the vacation wardrobe.

Jyl36—Make your own duffle bag and hat case from diagram patterns given in this circular.

Jyl37—It's the latest thing to wear your monogram on your blouse, your pajamas or scarf. This circular gives directions.

Jyl38—Designs for stars, chevrons, anchors and other nautical emblems for your summer wardrobe are given here.

Jyl39—This circular shows how to make the new belts from bright-colored felt.

Jyl40—Wear your birth flower for luck, on scarf, handkerchief or lingerie. This circular gives you full directions.

Jyl41—From 1 1/2 yards of cotton print you can make this new style scarf, cap and sleeve-trim to match.

Jyl42—Fagoted collars and cuffs of latest design can easily be made from diagram and directions given in this circular.

Write to Miss Frances Covol's in care of this magazine, enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars, or twenty cents for all ten circulars. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers given beside the descriptions.
PLAY and then REST for Beauty

HAVING achieved her pinnacle among the stars Elissa Landi has turned her attention to her place in the sun.

Get out of doors, is her advice to those who would have health and beauty.

"Exercising out of doors is always best, of course," says Elissa, "and my pet ‘games for health’ are riding horseback, swimming, dancing, playing tennis and walking. And I believe these should be practiced whenever it is possible."

Swimming and walking are two exercises in which every girl should indulge, she tells one. The business girl, too, can always manage to crowd a few games of tennis into a busy week; or a trip to the seashore or a swimming pool during the summer season.

"Then," says Elissa, "when you are home alone, turn on some music and dance!"

MISS LANDI studied the Russian ballet for three years and, with all her other time-absorbing activities, has managed to provide a place for dancing exercises.

"For grace and poise, try dancing to soft, waltz rhythm," she suggests. "Wave your arms gracefully, curve your body and glide as lightly as you can. And don’t forget to stretch your body. Stretching is really a joy! Did you ever try it?"

Elissa Landi gives her program of summer games and relaxation for health and beauty

Tennis is a favorite game for health with Miss Landi, second only to her love of horseback riding.

Asked what she does for relaxation after strenuous exercise she promptly replied:

"Two things: I have my hair brushed and then I take a sun bath. Having my hair brushed, together with a bit of massage at the base of the neck, is most refreshing after a session of exercise in the open air. And as for sunbathing! How I have enjoyed it since I have been in Hollywood!"

"I wish I could impress upon people the importance of sun bathing. Your sun bath must be in the open—not through glass. Even in an apartment which gets the sunshine one may raise the windows, stretch out on the floor, if there is no couch or day bed."

IN taking sun baths atop her Hollywood home, Miss Landi wears a pajama costume of the sheerest sort of pongee. She feels she can stay out of doors much longer if she wears this slight protection against burning.

"In taking a sun bath," she says, "a girl should always remember to use plenty of nourishing cream on her face to prevent harshness and those fine lines that often follow exposure to the sun. And, if one burns easily, there are plenty of good creams on the market that are excellent preventatives."

By ANN BOYD

Relax in the sun’s rays, says Miss Landi as she turns toward the west and gazes out of her open doorway. Below you see Miss Landi in action on the tennis courts.

The New Movie Magazine, July, 1932
First Steps with Our Colonial House

There is no longer any question about it. The Colonial house has polled so many votes in our house-building contest that we are thoroughly convinced that it is the type of dwelling most acceptable to the majority of discriminating Americans throughout the country. It is admirably suited to present-day building methods and modern living conditions, and the sort of house, too, that visiting Europeans are most interested in, because more than any of the other types—French, Spanish, English—it is a thoroughly American product. The up-to-date version of the Colonial house and the modern office skyscraper are, in fact, the two most distinguished achievements of present-day American architects.

It is an honest type of house in every way, and, unlike many houses of recent construction, presents as pleasing a view from the sides and back as it does from the front. True to the Colonial traditions that inspired it, our Colonial house is built of wood, either shingles or wood siding being used for the exterior construction, with fireproof shingles for the roof.

Much of the charm of the house depends on the paint, which should be either white or cream, contrasting with the dark-green painted shutters. By selecting paints of superior quality and setting aside a small amount of money annually to cover the cost of repainting at a future date, the owner may be sure of retaining indefinitely the immaculate freshness that is one of the chief charms of the Colonial style of domestic architecture.

Next month's issue of this magazine will give illustrated information about the walls, floors, woodwork and other interior construction of our Colonial house.

The floor space is arranged to meet the needs of modern living conditions.

The back of the house, a pleasing background for shrubbery and the old-fashioned garden.

The left elevation, showing the small-paned windows and porch which may be open or glassed in.

The right elevation, with dining-room and kitchen exposures, and the service entrance.

The New Movie Magazine, July, 1932
“She Plans Such Perfect Little Dinners”

44 Easy Economical Dinners make it easy to plan meals which are pleasing, nourishing and amazingly inexpensive.

You don’t have to wonder or worry about what you’re going to give the head of the family for dinner, tonight or the next night, or even a week from tonight. It’s all worked out for you in Tower’s cook book, 44 Easy Economical Dinners... Spicy appetizers... Toothsome relishes... Simple, savory meat courses. Cool, delectable salads. Desserts which are easy to make. What a lot of pleasure and help and good sound news about food you’ll find in this little book, which costs only ten cents, and about which one enthusiastic home-maker said, “It’s worth its weight in gold.”

TOWER BOOKS, Incorporated, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York

The New Movie Magazine, July, 1932
Between Two Worlds

(Continued from page 25)

For the eldest I took one that was too big for me. I made no explanation to the mother. Naturally he viewed me with alarm, thinking me crazy.

ANNA speaks with an English accent, which she cultivated in London in order to pass herself off as English. For all her celestial beauty one doesn't think of her as Chinese.

Anna has encountered the sting of antisemitic attacks. She is a一点 of Chinese stock, but one of her race to "exclusive" apartments. Small boys, bred of smaller parents, have taunted her with the cry of "Chink!" She doesn't suffer meekly any more, as she did when the pins were stuck in her. She can retort as wrathfully as any of us.

Personally I have no use for that Kipling quotation, and I am not using it. It represents the superiority of the old-guard British. It certainly doesn't represent the attitude of the younger generation of English who applauded Anna's performance on the London stage in "The Circle of Chalk" and received her in Mayfair drawing-rooms. As for Americans, let them still live by Lincoln's "All men are created equal."

ANNA makes no admission of racial problem. Only by her defensive, more effective than the great wall of China, do you suspect there is a perplexity. The theme of her Chineseホーム on the other her Occidental career. Of that home she speaks quietly.

Anna's mother became a bride at fourteen by submitting her picture to a Chinese matchmaker in San Francisco. When you look at that picture of serene beauty you can understand why Wong Som Tsong accepted her unseen.

Anna's father is an educated man of humor and charm. He was lord of the household, as a Chinaman is, and only once did his children oppose him. Anna and five chiledren in China. Anna speaks calmly of this other family. Among the Chinese it is proper to have more than one wife if a man can afford it. The two families exchanged greetings and gifts. When the wife in China died, Mr. Wong suggested that Anna's mother go to China to look after the children there.

Mrs. Wong was willing but her children rose in insurrection, disputing the maternal authority for the first time. They said their mother had performed service enough in raising the nine children here. The father yielded to them, and a Chinese tradition was smashed by an American head-on.

THE greatest conflict between Chinese and American duties that Anna has had to meet occurred when her mother died last year. Anna was appearing on the New York stage in "On the Spot." Her father wired her to come at once. It was unthinkable that a Chinese girl should be absent from the funeral of her mother. Yet confronting Anna was that unwritten law of the Western stage. The stipulation of the emission duty opposed the Chinese duty. Anna's instinct moved her to observe the latter, but her disregard of the former meant the closing of the play and great loss to the producers. She remained at her post, sustained by her attitude, which looks death beautifully as but the passing through a door.

The Chinese funeral was held without Liu Tsong, and patriarchal Chinese spoke bitterly of a daughter who could so offend her ancestors.

Anna's father understood but was not reawakened by the thrill of his daughter's success without Liu Tsong's presence. So the body was placed in a vault, temporarily, to await Liu Tsong's return. On the New York stage Anna May Wong went on playing her part and making her bows while the heart of Liu Tsong was breaking. Months later in a little Christian chapel in Los Angeles Liu Tsong, the little Chinese girl, knelt sobbing beside the gentle, understanding mother.

THE other night I stood in the wings of a theater watching that graceful, tall girl go on with the thrill of some defining an American girl. Her father attended the performance and was very proud. She was the Frosted Yellow Willow her father envied. Only once has he seen her in pictures. That was on the persuasion of one of her brothers. The picture was "The Thief of Bagdad," which Anna wore not too many clothes. After the film, the brother said, "Well, father, what do you think of Liu Tsong?" The old man smiled whimsically, clutched himself in a mock shiver, and murmured, "It's cold." That was his only comment.

He felt much warmer after seeing Liu Tsong on the stage in a Patou gown.

Later in her Park Wilshire apartment Anna and I had cocktails (she's an expert mixer) and ate ancient Chinese eggs which Anna said were two hundred years old. If you are interested in providing your descendants with these antique delicacies, here is the recipe as Anna gave it: Take fresh duck eggs, dip them in wood ash, wrap them in rice husks and bury them some place where Mr. Hoover's anti-blood双重ists can't find them. Your heirs will then be able to deliciusly enjoy them.

(My obedience to these Chinese ducks new enjoying paradise with their an-
estors.)

ANNA and I talked of Chinese philosophy.

"Isn't it difficult for you to be Chinese?" I asked.

"No," she smiled. "I've been reading up.

Anna herself is a citizen of the world, like Plato—or was it Socrates? After walking into the arms of the Hollywood devil with the red lantern in her hand, she played in pictures a few years. Then she received an offer from British International which took her to London. She appeared in pictures and on the stage in London. Paris called and she went there to perfect her French. In Berlin she appeared in three versions of the film, "Flame of the Amazon." American duty opposed the Chinese duty.

Anna's instinct moved her to observe the latter, but her disregard of the

revue, "Tschui Tschii," which you may translate as "Springtime."

WHEN I was in Europe two years ago the name of Anna May Wong was a society feature. Everyone I went, and, of course, I move in the best society circles, people were discussing this charming, cultured Chinese girl.

And, of course, there were the attend-
ant stories of princes and even kings whom she had convinced.

Anna obviously enjoyed being taken up by people of such rank that their names need not be quoted in newspapers.

"Yet sometimes I would stop and ask myself: 'What am I doing?'

"It all seemed silly and futile.

"Before she went to Europe and was acclaimed by nobility, Anna was not of Hollywood society. But, as she observes with serene detachment: 'Once you are a success, color means nothing."

They are not fooling Anna. She has the divine discontent. Pictures do not satisfy her. She has a secret source which I cannot quote I have the opinion that she will one day enter the diplomatic service. For America, of course.

She has the poise and assurance of diplomacy, and an ever-seeking mind.

THE Christian religion has interested her, Christian Science particularly. But she adds that she is turning more and more to Oriental philosophy.

"We were followers of Confucius," she says, "But I think with you that Lao Tzu is the greatest."

Lao Tzu is the philosopher of inaction.

Anna believes that one gains most when doing little. "Work absorbs. Too much work dulls one. For the one who gives it is necessary to have solitude to re-store."

"My own proverb is: 'Life is too ser-
inous to be taken seriously."

"This game of pictures will not whip me," she says. "I shall change with my pictures."

The Western idea of success is wrong. Material accomplishment is not the happy ideal. Absorbed by work, the material sense are failures in character.

A few days after she said this to me two gentlemen of huge fortunes shot themselves.

THE Hollywood absorption in sex is infantile, Anna thinks. When told that she had been quoted as saying she would marry only a Chinese boy, she replied scornfully: "If I were asked such a stupid question I might be par
doned for making a stupid reply. The only basis for marriage is mental com-
panionship and that has no race or creed.

Of the present Chinese-Japanese war she says: "The day is past for con-
quest by bullets. In killing us they kill a nation."

Harry Carr, that Japan victorious will be swallowed up by victorious China. The Chinese are a peaceful race and by peace they will succeed.

Happiness. "For me an island of solitude with books. Not material things but wisdom."

"The New Movie Magazine, July, 1932"
Bachelor Quarters
(Continued from page 59)

Sheraton pieces and the chairs are gay bits from the Directoire period, done in cream and gold with raspberry satin cushions. Satin draperies of the same raspberry satin are hung at the wide windows. An open cabinet, set into one wall, holds rare pieces of China from various periods. From the cream-colored ceiling is suspended an intricate cut crystal chandelier and the polished parquet floor is partially covered by an Aubusson rug in warm tints of brown and gold.

A NARROW stairway, carpeted in eggplant velvet and guarded by slim ivory posts and rail, leads up into the second floor gallery from the front entrance hall. This gallery, with its eggplant velvet carpet and its white paneled walls hung with vivid Daniels prints of gay Scotch scenes, is lined with old Sheraton and Chippendale pieces of furniture in graceful design. The draperies are gay, glazed chintz, hung over frilled glass curtains.

There are three bedrooms and baths on the second floor. The master bedroom, with its low white wainscoting and its bright Zuber wallpaper sprinkled with gay flowers on a creamy yellow ground, has a graceful, poster bed Sheraton bed with hand-painted top and draperies of satyr green and mustard gold taffeta. Comfortable chairs, covered with glazed chintz, are placed here and there on the taffeta velvet of the carpet, and the windows are draped in green and gold taffeta, matching the draperies of the bed. The dressing table is Chinese Chippendale topped by an American Colonial mirror, and an exquisite William and Mary cabinet in seamed walnut has a special place in one corner where its beauty of line stands out against the plain ivory panels of the walls.

The two guest bedrooms are cheery, comfortable places, decorated in carefully blended colors. Both have low wainscoting and ivory woodwork.

BUT the best-loved room of the house is the sitting room on the second floor. Here Bill has beard a half-dozen periods into a complete, odd harmonious whole which spells comfort and beauty. The walls are paneled from floor to ceiling in knotty pine, and the floor is completely covered by a deep carpet of eggplant velvet. A fireplace centers one end of the long room and is flanked by twin club chairs covered with dog-patterned glazed chintz. On each side of the fireplace are cabinets set into the wall, holding choice bits of rare porcelain and china. The draperies are glazed chintz with a ground of eggplant shade flowered in gay colors.

A Chippendale couch, covered with eggplant corduroy and trimmed in narrow bands of white leather, faces across the room a long desk, upholstered in robin’s egg blue glazed chintz. A priceless Hepplewhite secretary fills one corner with its satiny bulk.

Bill’s house, with its priceless furniture, its lovely colors, its graceful lines, is not only a house. It is a home. The kind of a home William Haines, collector and connoisseur, has always wanted.

HEALTH OFFICERS FEED CHILDREN COCOMALT

Their average gain 8½ pounds in 6 weeks!

Others not taking Cocomalt regularly show no substantial gain

FREE to Mothers: trial can of this delicious food-drink

It’s amazing to see how under-nourished children respond to Cocomalt—how quickly they fill out, get roses in their cheeks, become sturdy and strong! In clinical tests all over the country, whole groups of malnourished children show astonishing gains.

During the recent drought in Arkansas, for example, health authorities fed this nourishing drink to youngsters regularly for 40 days. At the end of that time, gains of from 4 to 16 pounds were noted (depending largely on age). The average gain for the 40-day period (almost 6 weeks) was 8½ pounds—more than a pound a week!

And here’s the significant fact: Children who missed the Cocomalt clinic or attended irregularly showed no substantial gain.

Almost doubles food value of milk

Results like these—where whole groups of children improve in weight and vitality—show beyond question that Cocomalt should be part of every growing youngster’s diet.

For Cocomalt provides the extra proteins, carbohydrates and minerals that the active young body requires. It adds 70% more food-energy nourishment to milk—practically doubling its food value. Every glass of Cocomalt your child drinks is equal to almost two glasses of plain milk!

Furthermore, Cocomalt is rich in “Sunshine Vitamin D”—so essential in building strong bones and sound teeth.

Use coupon for free can

Cocomalt comes in powder form, ready to mix with milk—hot or cold. So mixed, it becomes a tempting chocolate flavor treat. Children love it! You can buy it at grocery stores in ½ lb., 1 lb. and 5 lb. family size. High in food value—surprisingly low in price.

Mail this coupon today for a trial can—free.

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Please send me a trial size can of Cocomalt without cost or obligation.

Name

Address

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ADDs 70% MORE FOOD-ENERGY NOURISHMENT TO MILK

The New Movie Magazine, July, 1932

75
Gable of the Seven Faces

(Continued from page 35)

What Clark Gable is superficially obvious. And it is not without appeal. Two hundred pounds of lumberjack bashed into an extra large pair of two hard, well-knit youthfulness, profile that has everything that Barrymore's has not, shoulders and eye-brows like Jack Dempsey's—this is the Clark Gable that meets the physical eye.

But such a man might be a Charles Bickford or a Victor McLaglen or a Bill Boyd. Gable isn't. There is a sweetness about him that makes you doubt his toughness, a softness that makes you doubt his hardness, a sympathy that makes you doubt his cruelty. There is, in short, doubt.

The man isn't handsome. His cars stick out and his cowlick sticks up. He has to be photographed three-quarters or profile to give the illusion of beauty. His gray eyes are set far back under shaggy eyebrows. His mouth is far too big. But when little sunrise rays begin to outline the shadings of his face, there is a pin-up boy beauty in his smile. He is a favorite with the adolescents of the immortal Eva Tanguay, they "don't care." They keep right on singing:

You can throw rocks at my window,
You can put tacks in my shoes;
You can put ground glass in my eyes,
But you can't stop me from loving you.

Was extraordinary that we do not know more about the man who has aroused all this feminine furor. No actor who has achieved anything like Clark Gable's success has remained so little-known. It was considered hot in those days, but not so tepid now. Nevertheless, there are some big scenes in it. Some big parts, too—but Gable's was not one of them.

In the screen version, Constance Bennett had the principal role of Laura Murdock—and how good she was in it! It was her picture—especially when she donned those cloth-of-gold pajamas! Those low-cut Gable given to men, Adolphe Menjou's as the elderly daddy and Robert Montgomery's as the heroine young gentleman of the press. Menje was cast in that role for a man in that milieu! And the se-

naryist didn't do much to help him out. Clark's part was so small he didn't even get into the printed cast. All he had to show for his efforts, to the golden Connie and get himself married to Anita Page. Neither job, if you ask me, could be called arduous; and for a trained actor like Gable, they constituted a Hollywood holiday. He simply pulled on his overalls, and took them off, when he was through.

That was the trouble. That is always the trouble with these Clark Gable characterizations. He never seems to be trying. He never seems to be anything or anybody but himself. But he is different every time. So where are you?

BUT to get back to "The Easiest Way," the picture had scarcely passed the pre-view stage when the mail began to roll in. First an incoming tide of fan-made question marks: "Who is the laundroman?"

To the next boy or girl up to now, this Gable had been just a—well, shall we say?—laundroman. But suddenly, after the premiere, he had become a personality for whose "discovery" everybody wished to take credit. But Gable didn't care. While the flock of yes-men on the lot were still telling each other how they had always known that boy Gable would make good—all through most of us had never heard of him before, and those who had were on record as believing that his screen tests were "lousy"—he did make good with the well-known and justly famous vaudeville.

Also, with Joan Crawford; with whom, if you ask me, he makes about as good as he is ever likely to make with anybody.

The picture was "Dance, Fools, Dance," Clark was one of the gangsters, an unsympathetic role if ever there was one, especially as it was part of his job to contemplate taking the beautiful heroine. Clark gave him a chance, however, to exercise that menacing charm of his, usually with a touch of paprika in it, which had found small space for expression in the honest laundroman.

THEN followed in rapid succession the seven pictures which made his

fame. The first was a platinum adventure in which he appeared as a wise-guy reporter with Jean Harlow in "The Blue Angel." It was a fine picture, and a good one, too. But it was no picnic for an aspiring young man in a minor part. No production is ideal for a young man looking for a picture-thieves," Wallace Beery and Louis Stone.

But Gable wasn't impressed. He didn't seem to realize his danger. He gave the old gray fedora another jerk, parked the sinister sneer, pulled the huge hourglass, who tried to break straightway quite a different Gable from anything we had seen before; and, incidentally, quite the outstanding figure in every scene in which he appeared.

"The Secret Six" was also useful in demonstrating still further this young man's unexpected versatility. But in that respect it was merely a preliminary, run in the way of training for the greatest Grand Prix in the long history of the stars, "The Great Ziegfeld." Gable's driving finish with Norma Shearer and Lionel Barrymore, and Lewis Stone, was the climax of a long campaign to prove that no other man could do the job, the job, the job. And it was nearly broken by it. You remember Lionel Barrymore, Jan's hard-drinking father, doing the best work of his long career as the lawyer who would protect gamblers but would not have one in his own family. You remember Leslie Howard's part, the impalpable lover so very warm and human. You remember how fine they were, all of these splendid artists. And yet, as in the other pictures we have been discussing, you remember most of all the young man who had the unsympathetic part of the gambler, but managed to sympathy in even the most virtuous breast.

THAT amazing ability to make an unsympathetic part stand out, to make it downright likable, in the face of the stiffest acting competition Hollywood has ever offered—that was the quality about our hero which "A Free Soul" emphasized. I don't say Clark Gable was any better than Lionel's or Leslie's. The picture was Barrymore's, anyway you looked at it, and justly so; and the girl was deservedly Howard's. But the race this broad-shouldered young man put up against these two superlatives actors, and in a losing part, undoubtedly did more than any other one thing in his brief picture career to win him the respect and affection of the huge public he now enjoys in competition. Before we had recovered from the shock of his "Ace" Wifflong, Gable was back as Carl, the Salvation Army lad, with Joan Crawford in "Laughing Sinners." I almost refused to go to see this picture. But of course I weakened.

A picture, "Laughing Sinners" was not to be compared with "A Free Soul," but it was different; and so far as the George Gershon, additional convincing. He had already proved that he could take an incorrigible sinner like "Ace" Wifflong, and save him, and become as young man in that milieu! And the sec-

YOU CAN REDUCE

Plump women still have many admirers, but if you insist on regaining or retaining your girlish figure, send for a copy of our TWENTY-ONE DAY DIET. Just send your request, with a stamped, self-addressed envelope, to Pamela Pinkerton, the NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
LUPE VELEZ, even though luxury
as she now knows it is a new thrill,
would gladly exchange all the softness
of life for love. She comes from just
an average family in Mexico, perhaps
a little less affluent than most Mexican
families with some money. For it is
Lupe's lament that her education was
sadly neglected. She says that is why
she is looking for her ideal man, an "in-
tellectual" type.

She has not found that type for a
husband yet. It is one of the cards
which were stacked against her from
the beginning. Not long ago Lupe was
madly in love with Gary Cooper. Gary,
being a college man, seemed just about
perfect.

For several years Hollywood was
prepared to hear the wedding bells ring
out for this charming couple. Every-
where one heard "Lupe and Gary" men-
tioned as if they were girl-and-boy
friends of inseparable attachment.
Then suddenly one day Lupe announced
it was all off. Gary was leaving Holly-
wood for New York. Lupe came to
New York a little later, to find that
Gary was squirting one of the blue
bloods to all smart affairs. A counter
if you please.

Then came the next card in the pack
which seems stacked for life's success
but not for love. Her "Cuban Love
Song" picture was a big hit.

JOHN GILBERT and Ina Claire
finally severed the marital ties, and
Jack was free once again. Gilbert came
to New York. Lupe came to New York.
Just prior to Lupe's arrival, Gary
Cooper sailed from New York for Eu-
rope. John Gilbert sailed for Europe
soon after. And Lupe sailed to Europe
also—no one quite being able to guess
whether she went to be near Gary, to
make him jealous by being seen around
with her devoted Jack Gilbert or just
what. Anyway, Lupe came back. She
was still Miss Velez. Gary went on a
long jaunt into the wild places of
Africa and spots similar. When he re-
turned recently he went immediately to
Hollywood.

Then came Novarro! Kindred souls
or the call of the blood or whatever
scenario writers might like to make it
out. Lupe and Ramon had a liking for
each other.

When Ramon was in New York
someone asked him about this reputed
infatuation. He shrugged and said: "I
have always been so busy trying to be
successful that I have had no time for
women. Women are too distracting."

So Lupe came to New York again
to forget. A round of gay parties amid
gay people helped a little. Like danc-
ing with tears in her eyes, Lupe was
taking these love taps "on the chin"
like a good little soldier when—presto!
Lupe Velez was chosen to be star of
Flo Ziegfeld's musical show, "Hot-
a-Cha."

Lupe is packing 'em into the Ziegfeld
Theater every night. New York is
simply crazy about her.

Life— and you simply
can't have everything!

You will win your
BEAUTY CONTEST
if your skin
is lovely!

Each new day enrolls you in another of life's Beauty Contests. People look at you
— judging you— compare you with other women they know. If your skin is lovely,
you win. Camay can keep your skin soft and immaculate. Get a dozen cakes today!
Gable of the Seven Faces

(Continued from page 76)

could take a pious youth like Carl, and
eave him, too. He was, in short, be-
ing one of our best known and
most dependable Gables. It was
time that he was rewarded with a
really sympathetic part.

But he was not to get it right away.
This time, it was a race-track-out
named Rod Riddell in a hot-stuff Drury
Laner called "Sporting Blood."

However—there's always a "how-
ever" about this fellow Gable—the
young race-track out was so different
from the other gangsters in the pic-
ture, from the other gangsters in all
the other gang pictures, and especi-
ally from the other gangsters that Clark
himself had played, that he simply
turned Madge Evans' come-back pic-
ture into a come-along picture for him-
self.

This venture brought into the full
glare of the Kliegs another of Gable's
sources of power. I have never seen
him play a hero's part that did not
have in it a bit of the sinister, a sug-
gestion of a threat; I have never seen
him play a villain that did not grip me
either by the heartstrings or by the ris-
ibilities. Whatever he is, he is "A
good egg."

AFTER "Sporting Blood", came
Garbo's "Susan Lennox." At
least, I was supposed to be Garbo's
"Susan Lennox"; but I saw it three
times, and Garbo-mad though I am, the
impression that remains with me is the
impression that I have left, toule-locked, ter-
ribly intoxicated, but arresting, in-
gratiating, challenging—and oh, so
youthful—primitive male.

It took David Graham Philips two
volumes to tell the story of "Susan Lennox."
It took Garbo and Gable only a couple of looks. It is the old
yarn of the little girl who went wrong
with the wrong man, or men; too
wrong and too many, at least, for her
fastidious lover.

It was inevitable, after "Susan Len-
nox," that Clark Gable should be
immediately co-starred. And he was,
twice out with Waltraud Beery and
once with Joan Crawford.

The Beery effort was that badly
named picture, "Hell Divers," in which
he played opposite Jane Darwell, the
two adventure-seeking naval oficers.
It was a typical Wallace Beery picture,
conceived long before there was any
thought of co-starring Gable in the
second part. But Clark succeeded in
shuffling a definitely live human being into his uniform. And
he photographed prodigiously.

"Hell Divers" was well enough in its
way; but everybody was really waiting
for "Possessed." And everybody wasn't
disappointed. In the first place, Joan
was back in her right hair. And in
the second place—perhaps, it should
have been first—Garbo had a role
of really star magnitude. "Possessed"
was distinctly a dress-suit picture. So
Clark Gable promptly went dress-suit.

It was amazing how much to the
manner he seemed born, this farmer's
boy from old Cadiz, who had tramped
and trysted and was, in fact, his shoes black,
way to the Hollywood heights. He was
in a velvet atmosphere, so he was all
velvet, too. But he lost nothing in the
process. He didn't have to be labeled
a gangster to make you realize that
there was still plenty of chest expan-
sion under the stiff bosom of his dress
shirt!

This Clark Gable of "Possessed"
was a blending, a development, per-
haps. He was the product of the six
Clark Gables who had gone before.
And yet, he was different from all the
others.

Those seven distinct characteriza-
tions constitute Clark's real claim to
fame. They constitute also the founda-
tion on which he has built the whole
structure of his present success. That
it is such a solid structure, that it has
been built on achievement rather than
eccentricity or pulchritude, suggests
that Hollywood has uncovered not just
one more popular idol, but that rarer
thing, a popular actor who can act.

HIS history bears out that sugges-
tion. We know that he gave up a
twelfth of his earning in his father's
business for a ten-dollar-a-week part in
a tank-town theatrical troupe, which
went "lust"; that he stranded in Mon-
tana, and freight-trained to Oregon;
that he served his time as a surveyor's
rodman and a preising lumberjack;
that he strung telephone wires by day
and acted minor parts in the local
Little Theatre movement by night;
that he saved his telephone money un-
til he had enough to go to Los
Angeles; that he tired of wearing hel-
ments and shaking sabres in Hollywood
mob-scenes; that he stock-companied
freighted by the hair-dresser, and that he got
a job from Arthur Hopkins to play
"Machinal" in New York.

Of course, anyone who knows Clark
Gable well, knows a good many more
intimate things about him: for ex-
ample, that he likes his steaks rare,
his cigars unfiltered, his shoes black,
his words short, his smiles wide, his
coat double-breasted; that he smokes
a pipe, drives a flutter, swims, golfs
and sometimes bullies; that he fears
neither God nor Garbo. But none of
these intriguing facts, though doubt-
less sooner or millions of his admirers,
do so much to illumine the reason for
his extraordinary success as does the
fact that he has crowded into ten or
more years of ceaseless trudging and
stock-company playing more actual
histrionic experience than has been the
lot of many of his in the motion-picture
colony. In short, it comes back, as it always does with
Garbo, to performance.

So I say, more power to you, young
man from Cadiz, more power—al-
though, as every woman who has ever
seen you will testify, you don't need it!

How I Met Charles Farrell

(Continued from page 14)

Dear me, dear me, what they didn't
do to one! The first thing they
did was to try to change the shape of
one's eyebrows. (No success!) The
color of one's hair. (No success!) The
style of one's hairdressing and one's
clothes. (Lots of success!)
I sat a whole morning while a sweet
girl dragged the natural wave out of
my hair with lots of very wet water in
it and "set" another one in where, photo-
graphically, it should be.
I had that wave she pro-
ceeded to torture me. She put a noisy
machine near me that sent out great
waves of heat, in order to dry my hair.
That failed and proceeded to see just how
ugly and unattractive she could make
me look. She put a kind of white
cloth around my head from under
which my ears protruded. This was
suspected from a contraption... . .
My face was scarlet and shiny from
all the heat and the wet.
At this psychological moment (8:30
a.m.) into the make-up department
there busses a youth who looks about
twenty. He wears a wrinkled, white
shirt and an old pair of grey
flannels; around his neck is an ancient
and venerable scarf; his lustrous brown
hair is falling into his eyes, and he is
unshaven. He flings himself into the
couch next to mine and, hugging his
scarf across the room (it falls deftly
on a window-sill), tosses off a couple
of greetings to the make-up man and
the hair-dresser. I stare. Oh, how I
stare! Then, for a change, I stare.
My Hero—Mr. Charles Farrell!!
Grooved stars! Ha! ha! forsooth.

Then happened the unforgivable.
(Irene, I shall never forgive you
for that.) That darling, oh-so-tactful
hairdresser asked a smiley-sweetly and intro-
duced us.

"Mr. Farrell, do you know Miss
Elissa Landy?" It was my companion's
turn to stare. He stared and stared.

Deeply mortified, and ready to burst
into tears over my vanished hope of
making an impression on My Hero, I
endeavored (awkwardly) to bow. My
attempt at graciousness was rudely
cheeked by the hair-dresser.

"Say, are you and I going to work
together on my next picture?"

To one will ever know what I went
through at that moment. Humbly,
I tried to nod.

"Women of America, I put it to you!
How would you have felt?" Would you
not have wept to think that you had
met Charles Farrell for the first time
with your hair dry?

Ah! . . . Now come the happy end.
Charlie is such a noble trooper that
he never even noticed the drier,
or my red face. Any more than I
bothered about the fact that he hadn't
shaved or combed his hair. And owing
to that fact, he became my friend for
life.

The New Movie Magazine, July, 1932
Music of the Sound Screen
(Continued from page 62)

Eddie Duchin and his orchestra with the following hits from the Paramount picture, "One Hour with You," "What Would You Do?" and "Oh, That Mitzi!" in addition to the title number. They are assisted by Dick Robertson and the Rondellers Quartet. The other side brings Eddie Duchin and his orchestra with a waltz group, including "Paradise," "Save the Last Dance for Me!" and "Three O'clock in the Morning," with the vocal work done by Lee Morse and the Rondellers Quartet. (This is a Columbia record.)

WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS are nr. 1 on the list, playing one of the hits from the musical comedy, "Face the Music," "I Say It's Spinach," and it isn't a bit misleading, either. It's a very peculiar tune, to say the least, and if you don't get a big laugh from the lyrics I miss my guess. The vocal refrain is sung by a trio in the orchestra.

The other side is also by Waring's Orchestra, "On a Roof in Manhattan," also from "Face the Music." (This is a Victor record.)

VIG IRWIN and his Orchestra play the next tune for us, the popular "Somebody Loves You," and the boys do a fine bit of recording. The vocal chorus is sung by Paul Small. The other side is also by Vic Irwin and his Boys, who play Bert Lown's number, "Tired," and a very nice job they do, too. (This is a Perfect record.)

MICKEY ALPERT and his Orchestra are next, and play for us "Say" from the musical comedy, "Hot-Cha." This is a fair tune, but all of the credit should go to the orchestra for building it up. The other side is also from "Hot-Cha," "You Can Make My Life a Bed of Roses?" which is altogether too long. Again Mickey does his best, but in vain. (This is a Columbia record.)

HOWEVER, here's a peach of a tune played for us by a peach of an orchestra, "Rocky Road" is the title, and McKinney's Cotton Pickers do the recording honors. This is a real dance record. Plenty of rhythm and melody, Don Redman sings the vocal chorus. The other side is also by the Cotton Pickers, "Will You Won't You Be My Babe?" another good tune. (This is a Victor record.)

"WINNIE the Wailer!" is the next, and it's a good record. Ruby Newman and the Ritz-Carlton Orchestra play it for us, but to be truthful the honors go to the Funnyboners, that male trio we hear on the radio so much. Hear this record, by all means. The other side is by the same bunch, singing and playing that little novelty number, "Laffin' at the Funnies" something on the order of "Baby's Birthday Party." If you like that type, you'll like this record. (This is a Victor record.)

FOR the lovers of tango music here is a very fine recording by Zito's Tango Orchestra, "Carino Gaucho." On the other side we again have Zito's Tango Orchestra playing "Caminito," another excellent tango. (This is a Brunswick record.)

The New Perfumed Linit Beauty Bath Instantly makes your Skin Soft and Smooth

INCREDIBLE as it may seem, the Linit Beauty Bath instantly makes the skin feel soft and smooth—and gives a gloriously refreshed sensation to the entire body.

While bathing in the Linit Beauty Bath, there is deposited on the skin surfaces an extremely thin layer of Linit. After drying, this fine, porous coating of Linit remains, which makes powdering unnecessary, eliminates "shine" from neck, arms and shoulders, harmlessly absorbs perspiration and imparts to the body an exquisite sense of personal daintiness.

Try this Refreshing Linit Beauty Bath

Swish half a package or more of Linit in your bath. Instantly the water feels soft and "creamy". Step into this luxurious mixture, bathe as usual with your favorite soap... then, after drying, feel your skin! Soft and velvety smooth!

The new perfumed LINIT, in the Green Cellophane-wrapped package is sold by grocery stores, drug and department stores. Linit, unscented, in the familiar blue-package is sold only by grocers.

THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

The New Movie Magazine, July, 1932
Edgar Wallace’s Hollywood Diary

(Continued from page 21)

Schnitzer, and really my first news of any account you will not have until tomorrow.

Saturday, 5th December, 1931.

This morning I got your overnight letter to tell me everything was grand. That’s a great relief, I must say, to have no worries about home.

I hired a car and drove to the studio; it is about five miles from here, but we did it in about ten minutes; and I met my executive. Schnitzer, who is the financial head, is a very nice, youngish, stoutish man. They were sitting in conference when I arrived, so I saw them all together. Selznick is the big noise; he is young, massive, well educated and with tremendous vitality. (David Selznick, head of production.)

The man he has replaced as production manager, Bill Le Baron, is quite a nice man, and the other two men, whom I can’t remember for the moment, were all equally pleasant. I was with them for about a quarter of an hour, and then I went to see over the lot.

I was then picked up by a man named Perry Liebar, an awfully nice fellow who is at the head of the publicity department, and he took me into the block where the executive writers are kept chained up, and I was given a room, the key thereof, and the telephone book, which helps me to get into touch with everybody in the block. The secretarial department sent me a woman over named Pickering, to whom I dictated a couple of letters. She also made a few notes of my requirements.

I was interviewed by Jimmy Mitchell of the Examiner and another reporter named Hunt. We had a grand time. I find that I have only to call up the transportation department to get a car when I want one to pick me up. It’s a “swell idea.”

Afterwards I saw Selznick in his office with Merien Cooper, another member of the executive. He was the man, that did “Champ” and “Four Feathers.” They want me to do a horror picture for them. I think there is a big market for it, and they have “lined me up” all their stock artists and I am to use them as I want. Eric von Stroheim, Anna May Wong and a few more of that kind.

We had an interesting talk, and Selznick drove me back to the hotel, where he was seeing his brother.

This afternoon I am going to call on Guy Bolton (the playwright) for tea. The vexed problem as to whether I shall stay at the Beverly Wilshire or whether I shall take a house has yet to be settled. I am going to see Guy’s house, and if it is oke I will become a household, and the wild parties I shall give will be nobody’s business! I am determined thoroughly to de-moralize Robert (Mr. Wallace’s valet) before I get him back. He has been out shopping this morning and getting his background, as they say in this town.

The sight when I woke up this morning and looked out was beautiful. Over the foreground of shops, agents’ offices and the like was the slope of the Beverly Hills lying about three miles away to the top of a ridge about the height of Glen View. This is covered entirely with the white houses of the patrician class. When I say patrician class I mean the stars of Hollywood. The air is marvellously clear. From my room I step out on to a big patio, about as big as the little lawn by the side of Chalklands (Mr. Wallace’s country home in England), brick-covered and furnished with chairs, couches and whatnots. In the center is a big fountain.

I haven’t gone very thoroughly into the question of how long I am staying.

Naturally, my first impression of Hollywood is a little bit confused. I am not quite satisfied that I can work in a room, and I have no place where Bob (Mr. Wallace’s secretary) can work except here. But all this will be cleared up in a day or so. The impressions that I have is that I will go a long way out of their way to make things easy for me, and that they are very pleased I am here.

This is just the briefest survey of the situation up to date. I haven’t been in Hollywood twenty-four hours, and today being Saturday rather holds me up. Maybe tomorrow I shall be able to line up a story (I hope you don’t mind this bloody language) and then you’ll know roughly what it is; in fact, I’ll make a point of sending you a copy of everything I do.

They go a hell of a long way to help you, and if you make good, as I believe I shall, you can write your own ticket. (You will have told all these ambitions as best you can. I don’t quite know what they all mean myself.)

Selznick was telling me today that they had to stop work on a film because it took seventeen days to rewrite a portion of the story, and every day it cost the studio $5,000. I believe if I get past with my quick work I shall make a lot of money, always providing they don’t get scared by the very rapidity of the work and spend six months talking it over before they shoot it.

I was photographed this morning twice at the desk, once with my feet, telephone, and once the conventional intense picture, writing. The publicity man said: “I’ve never had anybody like you, Mr. Wallace, to deal with. You take three-quarters of my work off my shoulders.” I explained to him carefully that I was not a seeker of publicity, but it came I thought it ought to be done properly.

He told me that I had no idea of the trouble stars give when they arrive by train and are sent off the platform. Which is remarkable, remembering that these film stars awe a terrific lot to the average railwayman.

I went to Guy Bolton’s to tea. He has a most charming house at a fairly low rent, furnished. All the ceilings are sort of vaulted. The heating is arranged by means of little buttons in the wall, which put on tiny lights to show you what sort of heating you are getting.

I met Charles Farrell and his wife, Virginia Valli. They were very charming, and, to my amazement, fans of mine. So was another woman, who is somebody else in the films. We had a grand talk and I got home for dinner in no particular mood for work.

Sunday, 6th December, 1931.

We have got another gorgeous day. I spent the morning thinking out a story for R.K.O. on the lines Selznick suggested. I am sending you a copy by mail, as I am not prepared, of course, to find that it is not quite the thing they want. I want to get through this engagement without any shocks to my vanity. There is really no reason why I should have such shocks, for usually these people have a pretty
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definite idea of their market. What he wanted me to do was a horror film; that is to say, something that makes people grasp their immediate neighbor or the sweaty hand of their lady friend; and I think I can get a horror atmosphere in broad daylight. That, to my mind, is the best kind of thrill.

I started work in the afternoon, with intervals for tea and dinner, and the story was finished and typed by half-past ten, which was a great achievement both for the senior and junior partners. There must have been ten thousand words.

Anne McEwen came at half-past five. She is terribly excited. I think she will be very useful. She'll fix things like radio talks, and she'll make contact with all the columnists and the film correspondents, and that will be tremendously valuable.

We had a long chat. She came in after everybody had gone to bed, and we talked till about twelve.

It is wonderful to stand on the patio and watch the cars flying along the Wilshire Boulevard. The amazing thing about this place is that twenty minutes from here is the Pacific and the beaches, and that about an hour and a half away you are up to your thighs in snow; so that you can go skiing or bathing as the fancy takes you.

By the evening it was quite cloudy but really warm.

Monday night.

I WENT down to the studio at ten and saw Merien Cooper, who read the story and liked it very much, but thought there was not sufficient horror in it. I met Herbert Brecon, who directed “Beau Geste” and who has been allocated to my story, and I met also one or two other experts of the executive.

I think the story I gave them was a very good one, but I am not so sure that they will accept it.

I had another idea at lunch, which I gave them; a mystery play called “A Hundred Minutes,” the idea being that the whole of the action should correspond in point of time to the period of its showing; that is to say, it opens at twelve and finishes at twenty minutes to two, and within that period all the action is compressed. They jumped at the idea. I haven't written the story yet. It is a hell of a journey from here to the studios, about five miles, and costs you about a pound a day in taxis—at least.

Tuesday morning, 8th December, 1931

I AM ashamed to confess it for Hollywood's sake, but it is raining. It is an outrageous thing to have happened, but there it is; it is raining, not like hell, but quite like London, and the Beverly Hills are hidden in clouds. It makes no difference to the habits of the inhabitants, because they wear the same motor-coats summer or winter.

I have had Cooper, one of the executives, come down to talk over stories, and I am giving my story a new end, which I think will make it acceptable.

I am also doing a radio mystery and another mystery story, and a story of prehistoric life. So it looks like being a happy Christmas for me.

(Please turn to page 82)
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(Continued from page 81)

I am going to make a habit of sending off this diary every second day, and I am also sending you the story without the change of end.

I shall probably move into a little house, but I have no news yet concerning one.

Wednesday morning, 9th Dec., 1931.

The rain finished last night, and this morning we have blue skies and perfect sunshine. Bob and I went to see "The Champ" last night, with Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper. It really was a perfect picture and perfectly acted, and I hope you will see it in town. I haven't seen a picture that impressed me so. Everybody in the audience was weeping at the finish, including me.

I am going down to the studio this morning and taking Bob (Mr. Wallace's secretary) with me. I think I told you that I have got four pictures on hand, and it is very discouraging after seeing last night's show. But that, I think, is always the case when one sees an emotional picture.

Cooper and Brenon will be my directors, and I am doing the prehistoric animals story. Brenon, of course, did "Beau Geste" and two old "Serpent and Son." I am hoping that at least one of these pictures will be done before I come home, which will be either in February or March.

Virginia Bedford has just rung me up. I think I have got my house; I am going to see it this afternoon. Virginia phoned me and said it is a beautiful house and she is getting it for $350 a month, completely furnished. Roughly that is $225 a week at the present rate of exchange.

I am wondering, if I stay in on February, whether it would be possible for you to come and stay with me. I thought you might come out in January straight away from Caux, catching the train from Paris to Caux. Virginia and I took one of the German boats, the "Bremen or Europa," you'd be in New York in five days, and, leaving the next day, by the Century, you'd be in Hollywood three days after, which is roughly nine days from leaving England or France. I would have a drawing-room reserved for you, which is a compartment entirely by yourself, with your own lavatorial compartment, and you could have your meals there from New York to Los Angeles.

Of course, this is only a "pipe," and is probably impossible, but I should like to see the place before you decide what we are going to do next winter. Long before you receive this I shall have notified you by wire just how everything is going. The point against the scheme is that you want to see my play produced and on its legs before that happens. You decide what we are going to do next winter.

Don't for one moment think that I have set my heart on your doing something wild and eccentric, but I know traveling doesn't bother you, and that the real consideration will be Penny (his daughter) and how she is likely to be in Caux. The grandest thing would be if you could bring her, but I know that is impossible, mean roughly 18 days' travel and about three weeks here—about two months. You might not think it worth while, but the real consideration will be its practicability, I know.

Thursday morning, 10th Dec., 1931.

Last night we went down to the studio to see "Dracula" run through, and I also saw a bit of "Bulldog Drummond," because Selznick said it was a real bull. "Dracula" is crude horror stuff, but I must say it raised my hair a little bit.

My new address is 716 North Maple Drive, Beverly Hills. For God's sake don't say Hollywood when you mean Beverly Hills. It's not done, and such a paid expression comes over the Beverly Hillsians. When you refer to it as Hollywood.

It is really in a lovely road, and a lovely house with the highest sitting-room, which will be my writing-room. Unlike other houses, it is two-storied. I move in on Sunday the 13th (as you know, my lucky day). I shall be glad to get in, because I can't do much work at the hotel.

If I have ever got a bootlegger to supply me with a case of whisky and a case of gin for my guests. Robert will be so happy that he can make cocktails.

You can buy real orange juice here, already squeezed, for 20 cents a quart, and oranges about five a penny. Living here is exceptionally cheap, except in the matter of clothes. I have hired a motor-car—$2,000 for $24 a month. I am going to see how it works out. We have got a garage establishment, and the hire of course includes everything—petrol, chauffeur, etc., and for that I am getting a Cadillac car.

Thursday evening.

At the moment we are looking for a new actor, and this afternoon I went down to the studio to lunch. My lunch consisted of a large glass of orange juice and a hot beef sandwich, which is two slices of rolled beef between bread and butter covered with gravy. Afterwards I went into the private projection room and saw "Murder by the Clock." There were moments in it which were quite creepy, and the actor was the very man I wanted for my horror story, which I have changed (You have the manuscript and I will be able to send you on the changes.) but before I can do anything, Richard Dix the other day. I haven't met many stars. I am simply surrounded by them at Maple Drive, including Mr. Gleason—you remember "The Big House." He lives just opposite, and a big director who lives next door to me.

Miss Bedford has been terribly kind. She got the house, she has arranged the telephone and the water supply, and in fact has been a mother to me. She told me she was the maternal instinct working, so that's how I put it.
Edgar Wallace's Hollywood Diary

Serve

PEACH SURPRISE
and hear them cheer!

44 EASY ECONOMICAL DINNERS gives you this simple satisfying recipe

Perhaps the thing you'll like best about this famous little book of "44 Easy Economical Dinners" is the fact that the recipes are so novel and yet so simple. Peach Surprise, for instance, can be made in three minutes by a stop clock, and yet what applause it always gets! All the planning is done for you. All the important recipes are given. For forty-four dinners, you needn't bother with a menu. It's all here and all for ten cents, plus a postage trifle of 3c, and once you've used it, surely you'll agree it's worth so much more!

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SATURDAY'S DINNER

Mixed Fruit Cocktail
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Pickled Beets
Creamed Cabbage
Hominy
Peach Surprise

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"Oui, Madame. I use IVORY SNOW. It makes soft suds without hot water, so the colors do not run."

Easy dissolving in lukewarm water—keeps colors clear... Ivory Snow is an advanced kind of soap for washing delicate fabrics. Instead of being cut into hard, flat flakes, Ivory Snow, in its liquid state, is BLOWN through sprayers so that it dries in a mist of tiny, soft bubbles.

These bubbles are thirsty. No hot water is needed to dissolve them. They melt into quick, rich suds in water that is just LUKEWARM. No danger, then, with Ivory Snow, of making colors run, of making textures harsh and stiff by plunging your woolens, rayons, or printed silks into too-hot suds.

No floating particles — no soap spots... The round bits of Ivory Snow leave no flat particles floating in the water which can stick to fabrics and cause soap spots. This is one reason why Mallinson, Cheney Brothers and Truhu, as well as weavers of woolens and blankets, call Ivory Snow "the perfect soap." It is especially good for this year's "nubby surfaced" silks, woolens and cottons.

Get Ivory Snow from your grocer. See for yourself how convenient it is—how it saves your clothes. Don't be afraid to use enough to make a thick suds. Ivory Snow is pure—as gentle to fabrics as Ivory Soap is to a baby's tender skin. The suds rinse easily. And the extra-big package costs only 15¢.

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Edgar Wallace's Hollywood Diary

(Continued from page 82)

Staff, in the midst of a conference, said: "My God! he's got our teeth." Orders were sent to intercept him and get the teeth back, but apparently it didn't work.

Guy and Virginia stayed till about five o'clock. I went out to see them into their car. It was a most wonderful sight—a most gorgeous orange sunset behind the houses on the opposite side of the street—in one of which, by the way, lives the author of "Fata Morgana." Down to the left you could see the great spread of the lights of Hollywood. I saw anything more lovely.

There are oranges growing in my garden, and four precious—I forget the name of them; you have them in salad; they are a kind of apple. (Editor's Note: avocados.) Anyway, they only bloom once in five years, and the only regret the owner had was that they were almost ripe and she was leaving them. There are narcissus growing, and a few other flowers, and there is a bush or two of blue plumbago. In the center of the garden is a lily-pond with a tiny fountain. Altogether it is a swell house.

Approached by night, it is a beautiful-looking place, with a sort of stained-glass window, and a yellow iron lamp fixed to the wall and a crazy pavement with grass growing between.

Virginia has fixed up a Japanese gardener and a black cook, who I presume will arrive in her own car, and Bob has dealt with all the tradesmen.

Sunday morning, 13th Dec., 1931.

My first night in the new home was very comfortable one. I slept very well. Everything is so dainty and the sheets and linen generally are of such excellent quality. Robert brought me up my tea at a quarter to seven. I don't think he went to bed very much. He was so thrilled with his new opportunity.

This morning, however, there was nearly a tragedy. We ran out of milk. We telephoned frantically to our friend and neighbour, Guy Turner, who turned up in a golf suit with a bottle of milk under each arm, having motored round from North Camden. It is about six blocks away.

I went out in the garden and had a look at it. There are two big orange trees, if not three, in full fruit. There is even a pomegranate tree, a lemon tree, but I could not find the avocado pears or apples or whatever they are.

There are quite a number of flowers growing, including a brilliant six-stared flower, the blooms of which are about nine inches across.

The new cook is about thirty-five, stoutish, colored, and her name is Marie. She has large ivory earrings and a pleasant smile.

Monday, 14th Dec., 1931.

Bob and I worked on the new story till quite late last night, and started again early this morning. One or two little bits of furniture have come up, including a writing chair which is very swell and has been lent me by the studio. It looks like a million dollars and the Prince of Wales. This afternoon your mail came. I am wiring you tonight.
Edgar Wallace's Hollywood Diary

(Between this and the last sentence the wire has gone.)

We have been working, as I say, steadily through the day. Bob has been doing the working. I've been doing the thinking. We are getting out a real scene and continuity, a copy of which will be mailed to you.

I'll be glad to get my first film play under way; it will give me a little more confidence. It was not as easy to do as it looks, and I don't think it can be done in a terrible hurry, though I am doing it faster than anybody else.

I am going to settle down steadily to work now I have got this house. Work is quite possible. I may go down for a couple of hours to the studio and sit in at conferences.

Cooper (Merien) is coming up to see me tonight—in fact, in ten minutes' time, and his arrival will probably interrupt this letter.

Tuesday, 15th Dec., 1931.

We finished the scenario late last night, and I am mailing a copy to you in accordance with my usual practice and custom.

I don't want to come back to the subject of your coming out, if I go the full length of time, but I'd like you to tell me about this. I know you will discuss it quite calmly, because it is not a question of raising or dash my hopes. I want you here tremendously, but I don't want to be stupid about it, and if you are going to worry about leaving Penny, then I'd rather you didn't come. What is going to influence you too, I know, will be the play. I had an idea of asking Pat (another daughter) to come out for a month, but as we shall all be coming next year, I hope, the journey hardly seems worth while. I have got a tremendous lot of work to do, and I shall be pretty busy right through Christmas, so don't have any sad views about my being all alone.

Wednesday, 16th Dec., 1931.

Last evening Cooper came up from the studios and read my scenario, which he liked. Guy Bolton and Virginia Bedford came to dinner. We had really a nice dinner, with a good soup, duckling, green peas, asparagus and ice cream. They stayed till about ten. Most people go home about that time, except the very clever ones.

It is a warm day, and I went out to lunch with them at the Embassy, which is on Hollywood Boulevard. To get there one goes along the Sunset Boulevard, which is perhaps the most gorgeous thoroughfare in the world, for it gives you a view right across the city of Los Angeles to the mountains.

The houses here are really lovely. I am looking round for one to suit us when we both come out here with the family. There is a wonderful sun and it's warm, and the poinsettias are a blaze of color in all the gardens. Nobody would dream it was the week before Christmas.

It must sound funny to you when I talk about going into Hollywood, but really Hollywood is as far from here as Maidenhead is from Bourne End—in fact, a little bit further, and it is distinctly a different place.

They rang me up this morning from [Please turn to page 86]

6 RULES for keeping your baby happy in hot weather

1. Special care in feeding. Be sure that all food is freshly cooked each day, is absolutely free from salt.
2. A tub bath every day and a sponge-off at nap and bed time, if very hot.
3. Dress very lightly.
4. Plenty of water to drink.
5. Plenty of sunshine and fresh air.

Summer isn't all fun for babies. Sometimes there's prickly heat. Or a summer cold. And double teeth do have a way of cutting through tender gums in the very hottest weather!

Of the many things you can do to keep your baby comfortable and well, child specialists emphasize one thing as more important than all the rest: "Keep your baby's bowels in good working order."

They explain that there are two reasons for this. One is that nothing makes a baby more uncomfortable and restless than a system loaded with accumulated wastes.

The other is that summer disturbances develop quickly, and the time to check them is at the very first sign of trouble.

The first relief measure is to get bowels to work, promptly, carrying off their daily load of waste without fail.

This is the very need that Castoria fills. Castoria...the time-tested regulator which physicians and mothers have depended upon for three generations.

NO NARCOTICS, no harsh drugs, no harmful ingredients

Real Castoria is a pure vegetable preparation formulated to give the mild, easy action which children's delicate organs need. You can always tell genuine Castoria by the name, Chas. H. Fletcher, on the package. Be sure you get it, it now comes in two sizes. The convenient new family size contains about 2½ times the amount in the regular size.
Supposing you have a dark dress (or any other dark-colored article) and are pining for a lighter-colored one . . . . 

Tintex Color Remover will safely and speedily take out all trace of color (including black) from any fabric . . . . .

Then the article or fabric can be redyed or tinted with Tintex Tints and Dyes in any new shade to suit yourself—either light or dark.

On sale at drug and notion counters everywhere

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(Continued from page 85)

the studios and asked me what I was doing, but up to the time I had not going to do any more than one story a week, which has become a game of mine.

All this immorality of Hollywood is bunk.

I am glad you liked the second installment of my diary that must have been the one I posted in New York. They will come to you continuously now, except for the bad sailing and all the letters I send will come by air mail.

I am sleeping very well. I met Bayard Veiller here. (Editor's Note: The author of "Within the Law," "The Trial of Mary Ducan," and others.) He wants me to go out to dinner one day this week at his house. I am dinnering out on Saturday somewhere, and I am going to a sort of dinner and party.

All the windows here have fly-screens: they are like blinds; you pull them down. It is a most excellent idea. They run down in a groove, and you fasten them at the bottom. I am going to find out how much they cost and how they are fixed, and have them fixed at Chalkland. They roll up on a spring roller. In spite of which a number of flies have got into our room, causing us great mental strain, but I think we have killed most at all. I tell you these little things because little things are interesting.

Thursday, 17th Dec., 1931.

We all went to bed early last night—10 o'clock—and Robert called me at six. You have no conception of what sunrises are like in California. When I looked out of my window this morning I saw a sky of beautiful deep red and orange, and below it darkish. It rises behind the Beverly Hills somewhere. It is grand then to look through the front windows and watch all these white houses in North Maple Drive turn crimson and yellow, and, of course, the air is glorious. You'd never dream it was w., evidently used for winter. My gladrioli have kept a week.

Today is our washing day. We don't send our stuff to the hand laundry, but have an electric boiler and washer, and a colored lady comes and does it. It is dried on a vulgar line, but out of sight and amongst the orange trees.

It is the practice out here to decorate the trees in front of the houses—if possible, a fir-tree—at Christmas. The chairman of our Chamber of Commerce, Miss Mary Pickford, about whom you may have heard, has ordered that we shall be illuminated on Friday night. Today the electrician is coming to decorate one of my two trees with pretty little lights. It will be lovely in Beverly Hills throughout next week. Given a full moon, which we shall have, and perfect weather, which is almost certain, and the lights of Los Angeles below us, which is Montreux multiplied ten thousand times, it will be a wonderful spectacle.

After Marion Davies had been taken out sixteen times to see the wonderful lights of Hollywood, and had been politely ecstatic on each occasion, she said wearily: "Yes, I can see them.

And at midnight they all come together to "Melodie.""

I went into the Hollywood Book Store and was recognized without my cigarette. I bought some stationery and a lot of other things, including the gaily decorated envelopes of which you may have a sample. I also bought myself a shirt. I put into circulation a little wife-crack of mine.

When the executive told me that the story I wrote last Sunday was a good one but not a great one, I replied: "I never write great stories; I only write best sellers." That I think, will get around. As I say, we don't ask for publicity, but when it's there we get it!

I got back to lunch and was deciding to go to bed when a 'phone call came through from Selznick, the production manager, and I slipped down and had a conference with Selznick and Cooper about material for Constance Bennett. I think I know the story I shall write.

I get on terribly well with these executive people, and I believe they are awfully pleased with me. If I get this big story over it will be grand. Selznick said: "If I can get two big stories in this amount of time, you are here I'll be damned lucky." Do you know I have an idea that I may make my hit out of stories that aren't my own? I have always had that feeling since I left England. That would be grand.

Friday, 18th Dec., 1931.

In order that I should see Constance Bennett I went down last night to the studio and saw a run through of a picture in which Richard Barthelmess and she appeared, she as a minor character. It was called "A Son of the Conquering Wave." Bennett; I think she can act, and I think I have got quite a good story for her.

Our Christmas tree has arrived; it is fifteen feet high and stands outside my window on the lawn, visible to the populace. We had dug out a lot of electric light bulbs from this sort of thing before, and I have supplemented these with a new string. The problem that Robert and I and Bob had to decide was whether we would have an illuminated star at the top, for an illuminated star costs three dollars, but as Bill said, all the best Christmas trees have these, and ours is going to be one of the best Christmas trees I have gone the whole hog and bought the star. Anyway, it will do for next year. I really must be photographed both alight and by day, and I am going to see what can be done about it.

I have had an invitation to go out for Christmas, and Mark and Karen wired to Walter Huston, who called me up today and asked me to go to dinner with him on Sunday. As I want Sunday for myself I told him I couldn't go, and I am lunching with him at the Colonial House next week some time. I am dining tomorrow night, as I told you with some one I have never heard and have now forgotten. John Balderston will be there.

By the way, when I opened my account at the Security First National
Edgar Wallace’s
Hollywood Diary

Bank yesterday, the lady who shoots the works asked me where I was working, and I told her on the R.K.O lot, and she said: “Oh, yes, an actor!” I didn’t say “Actor be —!” but I looked and felt it. To think I’ve come all this bloody distance to be called an actor!

As I say, the idea of the Constance Bennett film appeals to me very much indeed. I am really thinking of it when I ought to be thinking of the work immediately to hand.

Sunday, 20th Dec., 1931.

It is so easy, so quick, so beautifully resultful to tint and dye at home with Tintex!

No muss! No fuss! Just add Tintex to the rinsing water and any fabric will come out charmingly colorful! It’s as easy as that!

Millions of women are using Tintex to bring new color or restore old faded color to dresses, drapes and all other fabrics in their homes and wardrobes.

You will find 35 fascinating colors on the Tintex Color Card on display at all drug and notion counters.

Buy Tintex—try it today! You will be amazed and delighted at the results!

—THE TINTEX GROUP—

Tintex Gray Box—Tints and dyes all materials.

Tintex Blue Box—For lace-trimmed silks—tints the silk, lace remains original color.

Tintex Color Remover—Removes old dark color from any material so it can be dyed a new light color.

Whites—A bleaching for restoring whiteness to all yellowed white materials—silk, cotton, wool, etc.

On Sale at Drug and Notion Counters Everywhere

Tintex TINTS AND DYES

The New Movie Magazine, July, 1932
Box-Office Critics

Miss Hopkins, Please

Brooklyn, N. Y.
Miriam Hopkins has it—as Elmer Gily might say, but in this instance "IT" meaning that spontaneous, merry, appealing sweetness and utter sang-froid that stamps her as a true comedienne.

Miriam convinces us that she can act comedy roles to perfection, beyond the shadow of a doubt. Her work in "The Smiling Lieutenant" and "Twenty-Four Hours Leave" makes us really believe that she possesses that which Louise Fazenda and Mabel Normand had which endeared them so to all of us. Girl comics are a rarity and a blessing. I wish the screen could specialize more in them, for a natural girl comic can be a hundredfold more capable of dispelling the blues than any ordinary dead-pan actor.

Florence Sears, 790 Marcy Ave.

For You, William

New York City
Just a big bouquet for a youngster! William Bakewell is one of the finest actors on the screen today. When a fan stops to consider his age, and the fact that, for six or seven years, he has been giving his best—and a mighty grand "best," at that!—to his work, it is certainly no wonder that he has risen from "bits" to the status of featured player.

I first saw him in Universal's "Shield of Honor" about five years ago, and next as Tom in William Haines' "West Point." These two parts, the first a "bit" and the second a genuine opportunity, left no doubt in my mind as to what he would do with his future.

As a portrait of sympathetic, weakling characters, he cannot be blamed, and as a straight lead he is head and shoulders above a host of his contemporaries.

He has gone far, and he's going a great deal further. Watch his smoke! John G. Whidding, 123 West 106th Street.

Betty Spank!

Wooster, Ohio
Why are so many stars going on the air? If they are supposed to be on the screen, they should stay there. If they do not expect to be on the screen, they should find other work. You notice that most of the stars who are on the air are failures on the screen. This statement probably has only one exception, and that is Marie Dressler's recent radio appearance. The ones of whom I am thinking are Charles "Buddy" Rogers and Dorothy Mackaill. I wish that they (and all) would stay on the screen where they belong. I think the same about personal appearances on the stage.

Miss Betty Jacobs, 510 West Vine St.

Praise for Directors

The fans usually go into ecstasies and rhapsodies over the merits of their favorite stars. However, I believe that some of the praise should go to the real geniuses of the screen, the directors.

Of course, I enjoy the stars. I appreciate the charm of a Norma Shearer, the power of an Edward G. Robinson, the variety of a Ruth Chatterton, and the fineness of a George Arliss. But the men at whose shrine I worship are the King Vidor, the Ernst Lubitsches and W. S. Van Dykes. It is their artistry, their brains, their vision that are responsible for our screen masterpieces.

To those directors I owe an eternal debt of gratitude. I feel towards them the admiration and esteem that I give to a fine artist, sculptor, and, yes, even writer. They are the men who, for a short period, lift us out of ourselves and satisfy our yearning for beauty and joy.

Freda Karr, 315 Lehigh Street.

Hi, Bebe, Listen to This!

Steubenville, Ohio
What's become of Bebe Daniels? Why has her popularity decreased? Certainly the downfall can't be blamed on the talkies because she has an excellent speaking voice—and a lovely singing voice. Maybe it was her change from comedy to serious roles that harmed her. However, that didn't lower her in my eyes—just to look at her and hear her talk is enough for me, although I must say she couldn't be beat back in the days when she played in such pictures as "Swim, Girl, Swim" and "Hot News."

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address your communications to: "One-Dollar-for-Your-Opinions, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

The New Movie Magazine, July, 1932
Truly Revolutionary
this improvement in sanitary protection
the new
Phantom* Kotex

SANITARY NAPKIN
(U. S. Pat. No. 1,857,854)
designed to fit so perfectly
it leaves no telltale lines or
wrinkles under the thinnest,
the smoothest-fitting frocks.

NO LONGER the haunting dread of
telltale outlines, of revealing wrinkles
under that close-fitting gown! The
new Phantom Kotex is here.

It is called PHANTOM* KOTEX
because ends of this new Kotex sani-
tary napkin are skilfully flattened and
tapered so that they leave absolutely
no outline; not the slightest bulk.

Lasting softness
This new PHANTOM KOTEX is soft
even after hours of use; wonderfully
absorbent; treated to deodorize; easily
disposable. Wear it on either side with
equal protection.

Now more than ever it will pay you
to demand genuine Kotex. Kotex that
you know is made of pure materials,
derived from sanitary protection.

This improved Kotex is brought
you at no increase in price. Try it and
compare. Make sure when buying
Kotex wrapped that you do get the
genuine. For your protection, each
end of this new pad is now plainly
stamped "Kotex." Sold at all drug,
dry goods and department stores.

HOW SHALL I TELL
MY DAUGHTER?

Many a mother wonders, Now you simply
hand your daughter the little booklet en-
titled, "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday.
For free copy address Mary Pauline Cal-
tender, Room 2117, 180 North Michigan
Avenue, Chicago.

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The New Movie Magazine, July, 1932
Box-Office Critics

Continued from page 89

Wants Laughs Now
Copake, N. Y.

Let's have more “artistic hooey.” Give us more sophisticated comedies with gorgeous modern settings, wisecracking heroes and heroines and who cares whether the plot is plausible. We don't care whether we remember what it was all about later. Just let us laugh now.

Three cheers for Lillian Tashman and Norma Shearer. Bob Montgomery, too. And please don't let Joan Crawford go serious—
A. Babette Vieira- Copake, N. Y.

Gene Gets a Big Hand

Girls, have you seen the new leading man? I think he could set any feminine heart beating faster. He is Gene Raymond of “Personal Maid” and of “Ladies of the Big House.” Did you ever see such beautifully light blond and wavy hair on any man's head? He should be in with the Wampus Baby Stars—if he or any man was permitted. I am quite sure he has the makings of a star and hope he climbs to the “starry kingdom.” He is handsome in a different way and doesn't sing badly either! He seems to be as tanned as any Hawaiian and has a beautiful smile. Could a girl want more in her favorite male star?

But, seriously, I hope Gene Raymond becomes a star and remains on the screen. I think Gene Raymond and Sylvia Sidney make a fine team. Well, I'll be looking for pictures and an occasional photograph of him in New Movie very soon!

Miss J. Nicholas,
3038 Belgrade St.

Sniff! Sniff!

New York City

An actress plays a part—makes a hit in it and she's never seen in any other kind of part. She's stamped as a type, and try as she may to convince the producers that she can play something else—she's never given the chance.

Is anybody else tired of seeing Constance Bennett suffer commiseration (sniff!) because there's a little body (sniff!) in her arms and the father (sniff!) doesn't care? Connie is my favorite because she is—
Genuinely sophisticated.
Everlastingly charming.
Thoroughly the actress.

But if she keeps on doing this sort of stuff, it won't be long before the fans will be laughing with tears in their eyes when Connie flashes on the screen.

E. Kaufman,
353 Cypress Ave.

So Ruth's Passe?
Newark, N. J.

Of all the over-dramatic actresses, Ruth Chatterton tops them all.

She used to be the first lady of the screen when movies were in their infancy, but she can't compare with our young favorites who win our hearts by just acting natural.

I saw her latest picture and was glad she wasn't able to hear the “titters” which she caused when I'm sure she didn't mean to create comedy.

Poor Ruth. I guess she just hates to give up even though she realizes that her type went out with the bustle.

Mrs. Louis Elwine,
5 Wimans Ave.

More of Jolson
Oakland, Calif.

What, for heaven's sake, has happened to Al Jolson and Davey Lee. Although I saw “The Singing Fool” quite a long time ago, I have never forgotten their marvelous acting. I think the public will agree with me when I say that Al Jolson deserves another good musical show like the past one and Davey Lee certainly should be cast opposite.

Miss Constance Crafts,
312 Monte Vista Ave.

Doesn't Like Roughness
Washington, D. C.

Ever since Gangster Robinson made the public sit up and gasp in horrified surprise when he administered a resounding kick to a double-crossing lady of the underworld, certain feebleminded directors have sought to produce a similar effect by having big gorillas slap down defenseless women in the play.

How surprised these nitwit directors would be could they hear the audience's suppressed exclamations of disgust at such exhibitions!

What effect will such brutality inevitably have on the rising generation? Brusqueness for the sake of art! God save the mark!

If the Czar of Filmdom, Will Hays—or the State Board of Censors—won't do anything, public opinion may do something, and it may not be pleasant for the film companies.

Mrs. Arthur Lenox,
934 E. St. N. W.

All Three of Us
Oakland, Calif.

Here is a Big vote of appreciation for those two excellent writers and grand persons on the NEW MOVIE staff—Elsie Janis and Herb Howe. Each one's individual style, charm, humor and spontaneity are inimitable.

Of particularly personal interest were their articles in the April issue—the charmingly human and genuine story of our favorite actor, Ramon Novarro, and the mention of my favored spot in Alma Mater town; the picturesque El Paseo de Los Angeles; the most grueling, “Boulevardier” y "El-

seeing!"

Mrs. Howe, we eagerly anticipate more about this immensely interesting street teeming with local color.

To the late and beloved Mrs. Janis and lovely Sehoya Samattino (Ramon's mother) we offer a tribute on Mother's Day.

And—

Thank you, Editor, for a page where fans in their own limited way may express a few words of sincerity.

Lila M. Malm,
3869 Rhoda Ave.

The New Movie Magazine, July, 1932
Why We Scold the Movies
(Continued from page 31)

during the winter and about one dinky circus every summer and maybe one memorable day at a country fair in September. Not forgetting Fourth of July or the political "rallies." Add together all of our jubilees and the sum total would strike the present-day juveniles as being not so hot.

When I was a "dramatic critic" in Chicago in the late nineties I was invited to the old Schiller Theater one day to see a demonstration of what a Frenchman named Lumiere could do with a projecting lantern called the "Cinematograph." It was the first moving picture, for all of the spectators, and when we saw a blurred cavalry charge and a shadowy mix-up of football players we got a wallop such as no super-special could give us today. Just about that time Mr. Edison was beginning to get some results with his first crude "bioscope." Every vaudeville bill began to show a few flashes of "animated photography." Even the wisest prophets could not have foreseen that these fool run-around pictures were going to develop into a major industry which would revolutionize the daily habits of the world.

This is not going to be a history of motion pictures, and yet we cannot get a correct angle on the public attitude toward the "talkies" unless we know what has happened from the beginning.

The first real picture shows were the "nickelodeons." Every vacant store-room became a theater. The largest staff consisted of a ticket-seller, a ticket-taker, a strong-arm piano player and some one to crank up the projecting machine. A show lasted about thirty minutes. Feed them in the front way at a nickel a throw and then rush them into the alley. It was small-fry showmanship, but it made Marcus Loew a millionaire and started many of the magnates who later sat on thrones in Hollywood and seemed to have a stranglehold on the world.

Next came the short comics and the first galloping "Westerns," when it was discovered that a picture could be made a kind of drama instead of a mere medley of assorted subjects. The plays became more and more ambitious, the acting more skilful, the photography less muddy, and a fellow known as a "director" began to get his name on the screen. The picture house appeared as a new type of theater and the stars came out and began to twinkle and a movie metropolis popped up, like a mushroom, in southern California, and the old-time theaters, devoted to vaudeville and plays performed by living actors, were heard to say "Ouch!"

You probably know all the rest, including the sensational appearance of "sound effects," the mad rivalry between huge corporations, the building of monumental palaces, the ridiculous rise in salaries, the fantastic array of real and phoney "stars," the smash-ups and crashes and busts and flops—all leading to the good old year of 1932. And what a year! Every one living in a marble mansion and covered with jewelry and starving to death!

(Continued from page 31)

The Kind Gary Cooper's Mother Makes

GRIDDLE CAKES

When Gary Cooper decided to go on record in "Favorite Recipes of the Movie Stars" he chose that masculine standby, griddle cakes. Not just plain, ordinary griddle cakes, but something extra-special, extra-good, Buttermilk griddle cakes, the kind his mother makes. Some like griddle cakes with puddles of corn syrup and rills of butter; others serve them with cinnamon and sugar or spread with honey. Gary Cooper offers his guests a wide variety of "trimmings" when he serves them at his Montana ranch.

TOWER BOOKS, Incorporated
55 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y.
Why We Scold the Movies

(Continued from page 91)

It was a dandy ride while it lasted, and before we banged into the rocks we formed, along with our other dainty habits, a most epicurean taste as to picture shows. Let me indicate what I mean. I live out here in the country, fifty miles from what would be called a city. In 1800 there was not one theater of any kind open daily within fifty miles of this spot. Last night I went two miles to the west to a village of eight hundred people and saw and heard "Arsene Lupin," with the Barrymores and a great cast, and it was done perfectly. I could have gone eight miles farther to another small town to get "The Silent Witness." I could have gone eight miles directly south from my country home and found "Fireman, Save My Child." I could have gone another eight miles south and enjoyed "Amateur Daddy." Or I could have gone twelve miles east from my place and enjoyed a lot of thrills with "Jimmy" Cagney in "The Crowd Roars." What is more, I have overlooked a couple of shows. I am trying to tell you that last evening, within easy riding distance of my place out here in the country, certain talkie pictures were being offered to the public, and the total cost of these pictures, for actors, settings, costumes, music, direction and incidental, could not have been less than three million dollars, and not one house charged more than thirty-five cents admission!

Now, then, the show which came to our town hall when I was a hoy and stayed for one night only represented a total investment of possibly one hundred dollars for scenery, costumes, musical instruments and second-rate performers. We never got a circus that had more than one ring or one elephant. When I was writing plays a few years ago and having them produced by such ambitious managers as Charles Frohman, Henry W. Savage and Charles B. Dillingham, we figured that if we put on an ordinary talking play and it turned out to be a "bloomer," somebody would lose not over ten thousand dollars. Some of the musical plays, such as "The Sultan of Salo," "Peggy from Paris," "The Sho-Ro," "The Fair Co-Ed" and "The Old Town," in which the chorus girls had to be dolled up and we had several changes of costume, may have run the cost of production up to thirty thousand dollars, although most of the plays I have named were put on for less than that.

Any one of those thirty-thousand-dollar productions, if now transferred to the talking screen, would be called a "bum show" by the average small-town critic. No play-goer anywhere in the world had such a choice bill of fare offered him as the one I looked over last night before deciding to take "Arsene Lupin," with a good comic and a late news reel, all for thirty-five cents. It is my guess that the feature play cost not less than $800,000.

In every village theater the natives are now getting, for just about nothing, the kind of music never heard before except in metropolitan concert halls and opera houses and high-priced dancing resorts.

We get for a nickel something that costs some one a thousand dollars, and we don't seem to realize that we are getting a bargain.

We have stuffed ourselves with the richest and rarest and most costly foods ever served in the world, and then we wonder why we have indigestion.

We go and take in a talkie that costs a million dollars, and after that we sneer at one costing a mere half million.

The plain truth is that we have been pampered too much. We are like the spoiled child, born of rich parents and overindulged. We have lived on such intimate terms with all the stars of these stupendous productions that we are a little fed up on all of them, and that is why we are given to scolding the movies.

"Just THINK... he said /
I looked CHEAP"

"That's how I learned that there's one thing even a loving husband won't forgive... a cheap, painted look!"

No woman wants to repulse men in this way. Yet you may-without even knowing it! Ordinary lipstick can so easily look overdone.

Don't risk your good looks! Never use ordinary lipsticks again. Tangee your lips!

Tangee can't possibly make you look painted. It isn't paint. It's a marvelous new discovery that changes on your lips to the one color most becoming to you! It brings new beauty to your make-up.

And Tangee is permanent. Its cold cream base guards against caking and chapping.

Get Tangee at your favorite druggist or cosmetic counter. It costs no more than ordinary lipsticks. And it ends that painted look!

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contains these three colors of lipstick and rouge

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The George W. Leff Co. T.G. 67
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Guaranteed 10c. Please send your miracle make-up set to:

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Checks Mustn't Look
Painted, Either

Tangee Rouge changes on the cheeks—just the way Tangee Lipstick does on your lips. It gives the color most becoming to you... ends that "painted look."

When you get Tangee Lipstick, ask for Tangee Rouge.

The New Movie Magazine, July, 1932
In Defense of Garbo
(Continued from page 55)

I liked Valentino, admired him. He radiated an earthly warmth and heartiness. Ramon in his way was just as lovable. Devoutly religious, a Galahad of ideals, he reminded one of that gay Boulevardier, saintly troubadour of Assisi.

But Hollywood did not approve of Ramon's type. What he needed, they said, was sex, worldliness and experience in necking. In their egotism they supposed he had never had these educational opportunities. I read in one column that Ramon had just been educated to his first cocktail. I happen to know that Ramon knew more about wine and cocktails than the hosts who were educating him.

Ramon is plastic. He is easily influenced. He hasn't the stubborn integrity of Garbo. Well, Hollywood has succeeded in bringing Ramon out, as they call it. And they have succeeded in making him miserable.

Ramon loves his family with a pious devotion. That family has culture, tradition, idealism beyond the comprehension of Hollywood. Ramon never leaves the house without kissing his father's hand, his mother's brow. The life of the Samaniego family is a beautiful ceremonial. Having had the privilege of knowing it, I esteem it above the cheap worldliness of this wretched, corrosive Hollywood.

Ramon's mother is a woman of spiritual beauty and gifts. Three of his sisters are nuns serving the poor and the sick. Ramon's father is a don whose hand is worthy of being kissed. How could Hollywood educate or "bring out" a son of such a family? How could they do anything but spoil him with their cheap gods?

I talked the other night on the telephone with his sister, Carmen, a beautiful, shyly lovely girl. She said, "We are worried about Ramon. He is so nervous. He works too hard."

So I went out to the studio to see Ramon and told him he had better get out of Hollywood, as Greta is getting, since the art of living is more important than the art of being a star.

Ramon has been bitterly hurt the last two years. Friends he trusted implicitly have turned on him. But Ramon does not grieve. That's the charming thing about him. Like Scaramouche, he can say, "I was born with the gift of laughter and a sense that the world is mad."

In fact, he did say, "You know our saving grace, Herb, is that no matter what happens we can always laugh."

Perhaps the Hollywood experience has been good for him. The superficiality may make him appreciate the wisdom and beauty into which he was born.

Ramon Samaniego is so much more important than Ramon Novarro, the movie star, that I know he will return to himself. I have never known a finer character.

James Cagney, my favorite star, is at odds with Warners over his salary. Or is as I write this. He gets $1,400 a week. Ruth Chatterton gets $7,000. William Powell gets something like that.

(To be continued)

The New Movie Magazine, July, 1932

It's Silly to be OVERWEIGHT in SUMMER!

Buy "Reducing the Right Way" for Sound Advice

Let your mind control your menus, and your summer figure will be as light and alluring as your frocks. Don't follow just anyone's advice about losing surplus fat. Don't go in for starvation diets that can injure health. Buy "Reducing the Right Way" for just ten cents, and be absolutely sound about the whole procedure.

Menus Plus Exercise Get Results

Here in this compact guide to figure beauty are marvelously balanced menus which give you enough to eat and yet keep down your weight. Here are adroitly planned exercises which firm those sagging muscles and correctly distribute your weight. Here, in fact, is all the information you need for scientific, healthful and comfortable weight reduction.

It's easy. It's sound. It's effective. Make the start today by sending 10c, plus 3c postage for "Reducing The Right Way."

Tower Books, Incorporated
55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
In Defense of Garbo

(Continued from page 93)

Can you blame Jimmy? On the other hand, can you blame Warners? They are probably losing on Chatterton. Miss Chatterton may be a great technician. I’ve read that she is. But try to get me to see her pictures. I have no appreciation of technique and English accent—when spoken by Americans—and never could see anything but artificiality in the vaunted Chatterton.

Why contracts, anyhow? The rest of us don’t have them. I wouldn’t want one. If I don’t earn my money, I want to quit. If I’m not getting what I’m worth, I want to quit too. The same should go with actors.

Cagney is the most engaging male star on the screen today. He should get more. And he’ll get it. He’s a great gangster.

I’m glad Doug Fairbanks, Jr., has got over his adolescent regard for the Barrymore manner. He’s great in “It’s Tough to Be Famous.” Mary Brian, too, is a surprise. Now if John Crawford would forget her eyebrows and diction, if Norma Shearer would overcome her giggle, if Novarro would only sing, if Marlene Dietrich would get another director if Hedy Lamarr appeared in more pictures, if Pola Negri got a real part, if Jeanette MacDonald did “The Merry Widow,” if Loretta Young would learn to act, if Clara Bow would come back, if Marie Dressler would hurry along with the “Irish” story, if Universal would make a great picture of that great story, “The Road Back” by Remarque, if Garbo got a really great part, if Lupe would only come back to mamma and me, what a gay old world the screen would be!

On the set with Bob Montgomery:

Bob said, “We actors must toil and suffer and give up our private lives. And what do we get out of it?—a fortune!”

With a loud laugh, Bob adds: “Par- don me now while I knock myself out with a powder puff.”

The Star with the Broken Heart

(Continued from page 27)

Alma herself who was fighting him, but the impersonal evil that was trying to destroy her.

“He failed. But it made him a man.”

And a Ricardo Cortez has become a star. He has become a fine actor. There is a poignancy to his work that I have seen seldom in talking pictures. Since he was a mere fuzzy, sexy leading man a few years ago, he has gathered an understanding of life that may make him really great.

And that has come from a broken heart.

Yet to know Ric is to know a simple, emotional, honest young man, who feels before he thinks, whose strongest quality is gratitude, who appreciates kindness and loyalty. The melancholy of his race lies deep within him. The true love of beauty brings him a simple joy. Tears and laughter are always closely mingled, and he gives the one as freely as he gives the other.

Sometimes, nowadays, he seems almost pathetically to seek life’s laughter.

“How has it come too late?” I asked him.

“What?”

“All this success—stardom, popularity, security. Has it come too late to mean to you what it once could have meant?”

I was thinking of Alma, of the days he fought so hard to succeed for Alma, since he wanted to lay every gift upon the altar of his love for her. I was thinking of something Wilson Mizner once said to me, that success means nothing unless there is just the one person to cheer for you.

RIC knew of what I was thinking, but we didn’t speak of her. Even now, he cannot mention the name of his dead wife without showing in his dark eyes the pain of his loss.

He was born, this boy who wanted to be an actor, in New York City. His name is John Kranz.

I asked him about that, because though I’ve known him for ten years, I never somehow connected Ricardo Cortez with any particular past. Because he seems a romantic figure, somehow you just took it for granted that he lived a romantic life, full of excitement, that he had been born in some romantic spot.

He smiled a little when I asked him. He has a nice smile, quick and anxious to please. There is that about him—he asks to be liked; he asks to be understood.

“Do you know,” he said, “you’re the first person who ever asked me anything about myself? I don’t know why, but nobody ever asked me about anything. They just seemed to take it for granted that I was born in Budapest, or Shanghai, or the Ghetto in Pittsburgh.

“The same with the dancing. Because once they talked about me as a dancer to a successor to Valentino—as though anybody could ever be another Valentino—everybody just assumed that I had been a dancer. I never danced professionally in my life—never earned a quarter as a dancer. And nobody ever asked me if I’d been a dancer. They just went on saying so. Funny, isn’t it?”

His mother and father came from Austria and Hungary. Came to America, seeking the new land of freedom. Simple people of the middle class, devoted to the love of home and family. To them, in the city of New York, were born five children, three boys and two girls. John was the oldest, and they looked up to him and expected much.

When he was quite small he went to work, for the family wasn’t rich. He helped in his father’s business, he acted as office boy, he did odd jobs.

And finally he became a runner for a brokerage house in Wall Street. The little family rejoiced, and Papa Kranz had great visions of his son as another giant of industry.

The New Movie Magazine, July, 1932
The Star with the Broken Heart

So, unknown to his father, the boy began to follow the dictates of his own ambition. He fought his way into studios, he played extras, bits. He hung around the theaters and did any piece of work he could find to do. Little by little, he began to make headway. He had talent, he had looks.

And then came a great and tragic blow. His father died. Two days later his favorite sister followed him. The little family was left destitute and very sorrowful. John became then the head of the family, and upon his young shoulders fell the burden of support for his mother and for those younger than himself.

It was a heavy load for a youngster, but he worked hard, carrying two or three jobs at once, sending the others to school, trying to take his father's place with his mother.

And at last he came to Hollywood. Strangely enough, he didn't come as an actor. He came as a business representative for the New York offices of Universal. But Irving Thalberg, then manager of Universal, saw him and soon had him before the camera.

There is one illuminating little story about his early days in the film capital, where he had some quick and rather easy success. Paramount wanted him. Jesse Lasky was kind, enthusiastic about his work, ready to lend him a helping hand. It was Lasky, by the way, who changed his name from Jack Crane, under which he had worked in New York, to the picturesque Ricardo Cortez. Another company wanted him, too, for a big part and a bigger salary. But they took the method of telling him that he didn't amount to much, that he'd have to work very hard and that maybe he'd never succeed—that they were taking a big gamble with him.

It is typical of Cortez that he signed with Lasky.

JUST when he identified the lady he had seen on Fifth Avenue with Alma Rubens, then a great star, isn't important. It was soon after he came to Hollywood. But he was shy. She seemed so far above him. He was afraid to meet her. Three different times he asked friends to present him to her, to arrange parties where she would be present, and three times he lost his courage and didn't show up.

Then one morning it came over him that he was wasting his life. That nothing would be complete to him until he knew her and at least chanced his suit. So he found out where she lived and sent her a great basket of flowers. And then they fell in love. Instantly, simply, completely. There was never any argument about it. Some where in eternity, perhaps, that spark had already been lighted, and once they met it seemed as though they had always known each other, always belonged together.

So they were married.

ALL happiness lay before them. I can remember so well seeing them then in the Cocoanut Grove, both tall and dark and handsome. In those first years we used to point them out with pride, because they looked so grand to-

(Permission to use photo)

PERMANENTLY DESTROYS HAIR

NEVER before have I been able to make so attractive an offer. Just think what this means. In addition to the full size package of ZIP (which formerly sold at $5.00) you also receive two other products—all for $1.00! One is a full size container of my Massage, Cleansing and Tissue Building Crème, a most superior crème used by women everywhere, including many of the fastidious patrons calling at my Fifth Avenue Salon. The other is a large tube of AB-SCENT Cream Deodorant, the greaseless and effective agent for overcoming the problem of perspiration.

Remember, all these (at a former price of $5.85) for $1.00. Don't delay. Go to your favorite toilet goods counter at once.

ZIP

Perfumed Depilatory Cream

Just spread it on, rinse off with water, and admire your beautiful hair-free skin. You will marvel at this white, delightfully perfumed, smooth cream, safe and mild, but extremely rapid and efficacious...ZIP Depilatory Cream instantly removes every vestige of hair, and relieves you of all fear of stimulated growths. Large 10c size at “5c and 10c” Stores. Giant tube at Drug and Department Stores . . . . .

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Please send me, in plain wrapper, one of your Special Offers, as explained above, all for $1.00.

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The New Movie Magazine, July, 1932
THE microscopic-bubble lather of the new formula Lavender Shaving Cream makes for greater economy as well as greater satisfaction. By softening your beard more thoroughly and in less time than any other, the bristles come off so easily—so much easier—that you find yourself securing 1 to 3 more shaves to the blade.

Lavender Shaving Cream saves you money in the more-shaves-per-blade it gives and in its first cost. Just 10¢ buys a giant tube of this better shaving cream. Try it! A giant size tube of this 10¢-in-price shaving cream will give you greater satisfaction and service than any other shaving cream you ever bought at any price.

The Star with the Broken Heart

(Continued from page 55)

gather and seemed so devoted. For Alma, for all her dark and romantic beauty, had that vivid, brilliant sense of humor that lightened the slightly serious Cortez. He does not talk about Alma now. Simply because he cannot.

But he used to talk to me about her then, because she and I were friends and his love, I knew, was a true love does. When he wasn't with Alma he wanted to talk about her.

Always he spoke of that brightness of hers, that lovely laughter. Of her understanding of life and people. Of the things she had taught him and the inspiration she was in every word and act of his life. She had, in all truth, taught him to laugh, taught him to love, taught him to live.

To go to their home—they lived then in the fashionable Wilshire district in Los Angeles—was to be sure of hours of real delight. I think it was then that Cortez, who was born with a deep fear of life, who had that undertone of sadness in his character, grew strong—beautiful and toil from childhood, first began to believe that the world was a pretty swell place and thus he must could be real. And into the very height of that brightness crept the dark shadow that was to destroy love and happiness, wreck his life and close forever those dark eyes so full of laughter.

No one can blame Alma Rubens. No one but see her as a victim, just one more victim added to the thousands who go down each year before the monster of drugs. It began when she was very ill, and by the time she was well again she had lost her identity as do all victims of the poppy.

The microscopic-bubble lather of the new formua Lavender Shaving Cream makes for greater economy as well as greater satisfaction. By softening your beard more thoroughly and in less time than any other, the bristles come off so easily—so much easier—that you find yourself securing 1 to 3 more shaves to the blade.

At first her husband didn't know. Then he wouldn't—couldn't—believe. It seemed impossible that such a thing could happen to Alma, who was always so great a personality, so regal a woman. But at last he had to believe. There was no escape from a fearful reality. I think he almost broke with the agony of it. For Alma had been to him more than a woman. He hadn't only loved her, he had idolized her. The disillusionment almost killed him.

Then he faced it. To him, in long hours, came understanding. And with that understanding came a great pity for his wife. All censure went from him for all time.

Have you ever fought for someone you loved against themselves? Have you ever tried to reach them through a great wall, behind which you could see them and where they seemed to be held prisoner? Have you ever known what it means to see the one dearest to your heart slowly turning before your eyes into someone else, as though black magic were transforming them? Have you ever braced the full spirit against the enmity of a loved one because you were trying to help that loved one? I hope not.

There is no need here to go into the long details of that fight which Ricardo Cortez put up to rescue the woman he loved. There is no need to bring back the sordid story of their quarrels, their separations, her accusations, which were never her own but always those of her master.

Perhaps something of what that man went through.

THE New Year's Eve before she died I spent with Alma. She drifted by chance into a party where I was. Because she knew I understood, we had a long, long talk that night. And among other things she told me that though they had quarreled, though they were separated, in her heart she still loved Ric and that he had always been her best friend.

In the beginning Cortez was a handsomest actor. He had a certain flair which women liked, a certain dark, magnetic charm. But he was a very bad actor. Perhaps his very modesty, his self-consciousness did that to him. Now suddenly he has found himself! It isn't possible to divorce that awakening from his love story—at least it doesn't seem possible to me.

As long as he lives and no matter what happens to him, Ricardo Cortez will continue to be tragic, glorious and terrible. And since a man is what his memory makes him, the greater nature of things have a well of emotion, a depth of understanding that is possible to few people. If there is anything in the old, old theory that a man must have suffered and loved and known life in the raw before he can be a great artist, Cortez shall do great things.

Hollywood doesn't care much of him. He plays golf, he rides a lot. On the RK0 lot where he is soon to be starred in "My First Red," he is very popular, because of his quiet courtesy, his ability to fit in anywhere, his lack of eccentricities.

Not only as an actor has he developed. From the boy I first knew, soon after his arrival in Hollywood, the change in him today is enormous. He talks well, he has a rather quiet, distinguished manner. He can tell a story and not take too long about it. He is a great man, but he always has been, for he is always up for days when anybody couples his name with that of some girl in Hollywood with whom he has been friendly.

Week-ends he usually spends down at Malibu with George O'Brien, who is his best friend. Directors who work with him say that he never gets enough work, that he is always first on the set, last to leave, ready and willing to do any amount of labor to get the part right.

Perhaps you don't know how he got the coveted leading rôle in "Symphony of Six Million." Every actor on the lot wanted to play the part—in fact, almost every actor in Hollywood had his eye upon it. And the last actor anyone would consider was Ricardo Cortez. Cortez—the matinee idol, the heroic man, the character actor, famed as a home-wrecker and a menace, for this sympathetic, gentle, emotional doctor.

He begged and pleaded, but they just laughed and told him to run along and forget about it.

But he didn't. With his own money he hired lights, cameras, electricians and cameramen. All by himself he went out in a deserted corner of the

The New Movie Magazine, July, 1932
The Star with the Broken Heart

stage and all by himself he made scenes from the picture. He worked for weeks. And when he had done it as well as he thought he could he asked the director, Gregory La Cava, to look at his work.

He got the part.

There aren't many people in Hollywood who will admit to being very much interested in acting. But Ric does and is.

Perhaps some day some woman will come along and give Ric the companionship, the sweetness that he so much needs. Perhaps just the right girl will know how to heal the wounds that life has given him. But that time is not yet.

Right now Cortez sinks himself in work and carries a torch for the woman who taught him how sweet and how bitter life can be.

Togo's Scream Play

(Continued from page 43)

wigg she will wear in new play called, "Love, Love, Love."

"I tell you then," lecture Hon. Ogre.

"To smash box office recipes from now on, we must invent a Play which will turn the blood of the Beholder into sour milk, O Horrific! Lots of green people crolling down chimneys to eat themselves alive! Supposes the Principle Character in this play would be a four-legged vampire with—"

"Oh! Excuse, please!" This from me, standing on the carpet with passionate feet.

"I got a Snopsis for a scream-play I thought up last Satuday night while bathing dishes in your kitchen. Listen to what is it!"

"Lester Cartwheel are a beautiful gin salesman, in love with Elsie de Sneer, queen of N. Y. 400. Hector Whittleside, his Colledge Chumb, who used to play 1/4 back for dear old Yale, while Lester played the other 3/4, are the homelost man in America. He got a face mostly on the lefthand side, except his teeth & nose, which are right handed. He got such a disgustly expression he can break windows by looking through them. Please think of something dreadful, multiply that by 47 and you get Hector Whittleside."

"Are you scared now? Very okay. Now see what happen. When Lester come to the sawmill where Hector work he bring 2 qts gin to save his poor old mother. But those 2 dearsie Colledge Chumbs are so Yale Boy when they see each other that they devour 1 1/2 quarts of that gin. O! With what depraved results!"

"Now come the big scenery. While singing 'Boola Boola' Lester Cartwheel axidentally fell on buzz-saw. How unexpected! He cut off his head.

THEN what could dear Hector do for oldy friendship sake? Immediately he did it. He jump to buzz-saw, cut off his own head and give it to Lester. Rah-rah-rah for that noble act! Once a Yale man always blue for Yale!

"7 or 9 years passes. Lester Cart-

(We return to page 98)

"You and the Prince of Wales were born under the same sign, Cancer, the Crab. You have perseverance and a great tenacity of purpose," says Evangeline Adams, famous astrologer, in one of her twelve books of astrology that contain a horoscope for every birthday in the year. Send for the book that has your own horoscope—or that of a friend. Order by birthdate and send ten cents, plus four cents postage, for each book desired. Send for the set of twelve and be able to read the horoscope of everyone you know.

Canadian Orders
15¢ plus postage

Tower Books, Incorporated
55 Fifth Avenue, New York"
Togo’s Scream Play

(Continued from page 97)

wheel are so happy all that time he do not know he are wearing Hector’s very unfinished face. When he pass along street clocks stop and Ford’s start. He do not think nothing of that. Love, love, love tickle his heart. Now he are so rich with wealth that he will go N. Y. and make Miss Elsie de Stoeer love him because he still think he got that Jno Barrymore face on formerly.

"He ring doorbell of stylish hotel where she live in society. She come earushing to door. ‘Lester, Lester, my perfect man!’ she holla, then of sudden she look at that subdivided face. She pale up, she skreech out, ‘Avk! Squeak! O horrus! O mercy sake!’ Then she go crazy outdoors—"

"Thanks dreadfully, Togo. That will be the story of my next Film Play," snuggest Hon. Ogre. "Name of it will be ‘Cold Shudders.’ Now let me tell you how I shall start a revolution in Flimdom. All prepare to be knocked out. ‘Too long have Hon. Public sit in theaters watching beautiful actors turn their faces into vampires and baboons. But now I will come sensation! I shall hire the most beautiful belle in Hollywood and change the part of Lester Cartwheel into a female."

"Goshes!" holla Hon. Howard Hughes. "won’t you have some mercy?"

"I will find the Perfect Actress," hissy Hon. Ogre, "and give her more than much publicity. Ho! I shall put her in that ugly-face part and ad-
Togo's Scream Play

saw-horse, trying to make some Na-
tional Beauty listen at this Swel-
chance to make money in a year of
When I ask Hon. Joan Blondell she
"Roll a hoop," yet I could not
Hon. Lupy Velez look at me
with such Spanish teeth that I feel
daggers in my stummick. Hon. Nancy
Carroll corrode, "Say two (2) more
words and I will show you what Ire-
land can really do." Hon. Garta Grebo
just pierce me with her eyelashes and
walk through me like a statue.

At last, my Editor, night fall
down on me, making me all soft with
sadness. O shax! I would rather sell
cactus to Mexicans than ideas to ladies.
They who are next? Ah, so! Right
there befront of me I beholt Hon. Janet
Gaynor, so smallish and gentle like
American's Other Sweetheart. Goody,
I know she will want to learn how to
scare people for a change.

"Hon. Dolling Janet," I devudge
rapturously, "would you make 100000-
000$ for me in Pictures, by breaking
the camera with a horbile look on your
dear face?"

"Say that again in English," she
narrate.

I say,
Then what happen? Refined Editor,
I could not told you, nor even
the police when they pick me up in fra-
tions. Somebody had split me in the
eyebrow with a 40s umbrella and left
4 lbs of my hair hanging to a palm
tree. Somebody must have accom-
plished that. But when next my head-
ache was enabled to look around all I
see where Hon. Janet going into a
Talking Machine to get her picture
photographed. Could it be possible
that it was Her that stroked me down!
Hon. Janet with the Cream Puff smile?
I am all choked with mystery.

Hoping you are the same,
Yours truly,
Hashimura Togo.

High-Hatting the
King's English

(Continued from page 51)

that gets rough treatment regularly.
The movie people dote on ink-weeny,
when all along you and I prefer in-
quiry.

A famous star sticks to ab-so-lute,
when I'd prefer to hear him stress the
ab instead of the lute. He also inserts
a "most unique" occasionally, as though
one thing could be more unique than
another. And I also find that he pre-
fers transpire to happen. And in
"Trioby" he insisted on "pee-an-ist,"
which can never take the place of
pea-an-ist.

I TAKE these notes and jot them
down reluctantly. I know how such
complaints send scores of minor and
major authorities rushing to the fat
comers for authority to combat the self-
chosen martyr who dares to perturb
his fellows. So be it. I have invited
the trouble. Now lay on!

How To Really
Get Rid Of
Arm And Leg Hair

Utterly Without the Problem of Coarsened Re-growth

A Discovery That is Proving to the
Wonder of the Cosmetic World That
Hair Can Not Only Be Removed In-
stantly, But Its Reappearance Delayed
Amazingly.

A way of removing arm and leg hair has
been found that not only removes every
vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes
the stimulated hair growth thousands of
women are charging to the razor and less
modern ways. A way that not only removes
hair, but delays its reappearance remarkably.

It is changing previous conceptions of cos-
meticians about hair removing. Women are
flocking to its use. The creation of a noted
laboratory, it is different from any other
hair remover known.

What It Is

It is an exquisite toilet creme resembling a
superior beauty clay in texture. You simply
spread it on where hair is to be removed.
Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone;
so completely that even by running your
hand across the skin not the slightest trace
of stubble can be felt. And—the reap-
pearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!

When re-growth finally does come, it is ut-
terly unlike the re-growth following the
razor and old ways. You can feel the dif-
ference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.
The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No
skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel
finer than probably ever before in your life
of annoying hair growth.

Where To Obtain

It is called Neet—and is on sale at all drug
and department stores and beauty parlors.
Costs only a few cents.

Neet Cream
Hair Remover

NEW IDEAS About Cooking for Two

Young brides love this set of circulars. It gives new ideas about daily
menus and new proportions in the smaller quantities which cooking for
just two entails. Here are a few of the many tempting recipes: Dessert
Pancake spread with Jelly; Frozen Whipped Cream Cup Cakes; Stuffed
Cherry Salad with Cheese. The set of eight circulars is only ten cents.

TOWER MAGAZINES, Inc.

55 Fifth Avenue New York, N.Y.

The New Movie Magazine, July, 1932
EYES are looking up in the cosmetic world. If yours aren't beautiful it will be your own fault. One house has brought out a new eye-cream and a new eye-wash that form the basis of a shop treatment, but may also be purchased for home use. The cream is soft and thick and light brown in color, planned particularly for mas-saging the tender and often wrinkled skin around the eyes. Cool fingers, kept that way by smoothing them intermit-tently over ice, massage round and round, gently, but firmly. The eye-wash has a pleasingly exhalating effect. They are featuring a delightful new hand-cream, too.

And when you have finished treating your eyes right, you may now put them in a new frame. Artificial eye-lashes, long and curly, are being sold in a form for home use. Attached to a thin transparent strip, they are fastened to the eyelid, all in one, with an ad-hesive liquid that is supplied in the package. You can remove them easily at night and put them on again the next morning.

Have you heard about the new machineless permanent? No electricity, no metal heaters? Impossible? No, not at all. The sachets that are wrapped around each curl contain a chemical pad and a flannel pad which develop the steam required for a wave when the flannel has been dampened and the pad perforated. The first curl is cool by the time the last one is wrapped, and the heat is accurately controlled by the chemical.

Two new lipstick shades have been added to the roster. Termed bright and extra light, one shade is particu-}

larly interesting in that it is very light without having an orange cast—a color tone that many women have been seek-ing.

A French house, noted for its perfumes and lipsticks, is bringing forward new cosmetic lines, which include a cream to take the shine off one's nose, a corrective milky lotion, and a special skin cream.

You can take your cotton pledges for removing creams and lot-ions now from a smart new container, combining black and boudoir colors. The cover is strong and secure—made of metal. The cotton is removed at the top, a gentle or a firm tug regulating the amount. Orchid, coral, blue and green are the color choices. A bath-salt odor for every mood is contained in the new smart pack-age of assorted bath salts being shown by a house which is also fea-turing a metal flacon perfume-container for purse use. It's refill-able from the back, and the top screws off like a watch. The flacon, flat and watch-shaped though it is, holds more than enough to get you through a week—or a week-end.

A complete treatment, packed all in one box, is being offered for your dressing table now. Included is a face pack, recom-mended particu-larly for black-heads, blemishes and coarse pores, a tube of cold cream, foundation cream and powder.

If you wish to know the names and prices of the articles described here, write to the Beauty Editor, Tower Maga-zines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped, ad-dressed envelope.

Two new light-shade lipsticks you will want to try.

Eyelashes that come in a box ready to apply.
Plan a Real
HOLLYWOOD
DINNER

Italian Salad
suggested by Winnie Lightner

Split Pea Soup  Melba Toast
à la Ruth Roland  by Marion Nixon

Spanish Chicken
as prepared by Constance Bennett

Asparagus with Crumbs
Jane Collyer's recipe

Biscuit Tortoni
Buddy Rogers' "favorite nourishment"

Forty-seven marvellous dishes, straight
from your favorite stars! And forty-
seven interesting photos of the stars
at home! Send ten cents, plus three
cents postage, for this Cook Book.

Cook-Coo Gossip

(Continued from page 33)

Mister Hays is sometimes quaint—
He wants life shown just as it
ain't.

And all the stenographers wouldn't
look like Garbo if they weren't all
trying so hard to be distinctive.

Did you know that Garbo had to
move four times before the public dis-
covered she was taking sun baths?

And then there's the female fan
who got punch-drunk from watch-
ing Cagney and Gable pictures.

Soozie, our dizzy stenog, requests
that everybody stand up and sing:
Listen, Mister Hays, to baby:
Couldn't you arrange it, maybe,
So an old-time hero-oen,
Fluffy, wide-eyed, saucy-oen,
Could play opposite a he-gent
Who means right by her—a Regent
Of the Right—and not a villain
Who is grimly bent on killin'
Everybody in the cast,
Saving the gal for the last?
When I spend my hard-earned money
I don't want to see a honey
In a moompitcher being
Frightened half to death by seeing
Monsters on her trail. These horror
Pitchers make me sore and sorer...

Take us back to nineteen-seven
When movie plots were made in
Heaven.

Just the same, there's nothing
sure but death and taxes and how
a Gagman-Farrell plot will turn out.

Samuel Marx, father of the Four
Marx Brothers, recently visited his
sons in Hollywood. It was his seven-
tieth birthday, so the Marx clan all
went to Groucho's house for dinner.
When they sat down, they found a re-
volver at each plate.

"You see," explained Groucho, "this
is the first family reunion in years and
anything might happen—and usually
does."

Lupe Velez is reported to have re-
 fused to see Gary Cooper when he
tried to call on her in her dressing
room. Her escort (at this moment) is
Bert Taylor—who looks like Gary.
And, strangely enough, Garbo has
seen escorting Taylor's sister. It all
sounds like a scenario—in which the
author stops at nothing the first chance
he gets. And just about as true,
probably.

Simile:
Happy as a moompitcher actress
with a new English accent.

Who Cares? Department
Lupe Velez loans her clothes and
jewels to chorus girls who are stepping
out in a Big Way.

Keleey Allen wants them to change
the title of "Alice Sit By the Fire" to
"Allee Sit by the Firewater."

Tallulah Bankhead was angered be-
cause a pet shoppe proprietor couldn't
get her a pet boa-constrictor.

Jimmy Durante, hungry for ap-
plause, sang songs for half an hour in
Howard Dietz's office. "I don't care
(please turn to page 102)
The Secrets of the Stars

(Continued from page 18)

MANY have written to the studio to ask about the slight wave in Talullah Bankhead's hair, and whether it is the result of a permanent. The answer is "No." Miss Bankhead's hair is naturally wavy, soft, and easy to dress. She has a somewhat angular face, like Gloria's, and you will notice that in dressing her hair I managed to bring it out on her cheeks to make her face look fuller and softer.

A peculiar fact about Miss Bankhead is that she must have music wherever she goes, and during dressing sessions there was a continuous accompaniment of music by Bing Crosby, Russ Columbo, and other crooners whose records were played on a portable Victrola.

ONE woman who to this day wears her hair distinctively dressed, and who has enjoyed the services of some of the greatest hairdressers in Paris and America, is Lilyan Tashman. No wonder she always looks well-groomed! A woman who spends so much time on her hair could not look otherwise. If you will notice, Lilyan wears her hair mostly away from her face and off her forehead completely. She rarely wears it down over her ears, but on the contrary, it is her small, pointed chin. By wearing a dark make-up for the screen, she accentuates also the quickness of her hair.

Lilian is always willing to try something new in coiffures—and if you will remember, she set a new style by introducing the stiff little curls at the very back of the cheek, that looked plastered down and entirely too circular. Only an extremist like Lilyan can afford to wear such a hairdress. Under no circumstances should a home-girl or office worker appear publicly with her hair extremely dressed; it makes her look ridiculous.

DID you know that a good way to get your hair clean is to dry-clean it with gasoline? It sounds ridiculous—but Bebe Daniels tried it and it worked. Bebe, a stickler for cleanliness, could not be happy when her hair got dirty during production. Since she wore an elaborate hairdress in those days, she didn't like to have to wash her hair and go through the process of curling it all over. She would send her chauffeur across the street to a garage to
The Secrets of the Stars

The gallon of high grade gasoline.

Since gasoline does not remove the waves as water does—fact, it often increases the curliness of naturally wavy hair—Bebe would dry-clean her locks and be happy. What frightened me was her habit of hanging her hair over the window to dry in the sun—and lighting a cigarette to smoke. We all feared to be blown to bits any day.

Bebe in those days had black, thick hair. The tailkies made her a blonde, and I think it improved her appearance and made her look more youthful. A long time ago she added to her already thick hair by wearing piles of coronets and braids of false hair. As a result, she usually had a headache and felt tired. I finally prevailed upon her to bob her hair.

I believe that bobbed hair will continue to be the prevailing style, though I do not believe that the extreme man-inspired bob will return to favor. Too few girls could wear its extreme lines. Whenever I get the chance, I bob long hair.

IS your face round like Nancy Carroll's? Then perhaps you have the same fixation about never wearing your hair entirely away from your face. Nancy believes that because her face is broad, she must cover part of it with hair. In twenty tests that I made of Nancy for "Night Angel," the most attractive ones were those which showed her face entirely exposed. Aside from making meaningless suggestions, Nancy was frequently difficult to work with, so I could not always dress her hair to suit myself.

If you are dissatisfied with your own hair, it might not be a bad idea to try a change in style. When Esther Ralston came to the studio, I was surprised to see that the beautiful blonde hair I had so often admired on the screen was a wig. Her own hair was too uneven and broken off to look well on the screen.

For every picture she had three wigs made—for such is the frailty of false blonde hair that the wigs faded under the strong lights and were useless for other films. Naturally blonde hair sometimes suffers this fate, too, and must be touched up and refreshed from picture to picture.

Ruth Chatterton often wears a wig over her naturally wavy hair.

ABOUT the only girl in the movies who never had her hair dressed before she came to me was Miriam Hopkins. Her hair is naturally blonde and curly and is never touched up for films, although now she permits the hairdresser to set it into smooth waves. The way she used to accomplish the curl effect was to crimp her hair with her hands while it was drying. She would never permit the use of a curling iron.

Another blonde who is extremely fastidious about her hair is Ina Claire. Though Ina is one girl who trusts the hairdresser implicitly I had to originate a new hair comb for her to use on the screen, because certain features of her face are too prominent, while her chin recedes slightly. To make up for this I drew her rich blonde hair in a fluffy manner and arrange bangs for her.

(Feel free to page 140)

Take your Waistline in hand!

Bend it, twist it, sway with it following the exercise routines in "Reducing the Right Way," and watch your waistline grow slim and firm and young. It will, that is, if you couple exercise wisely with the correct diets.

The menus which are planned for you in this beautifying little book let you eat enough, but never let you overeat, give you menus which keep up strength and keep off surplus weight.

Don't wait one minute longer than now to dash off an order, tuck in a stamp, and when the book arrives start to work on your waistline. It's worth it.

10¢ plus 3 cents postage.
1st in Canada

TOWER BOOKS
Incorporated
55 Fifth Ave., New York

The New Movie Magazine, July, 1932

married!

Sallow... sour looking... the plainest girl in the office. And then she found an easy, pleasant way to end her indigestion.

What a fine thing Dr. Beeman did for all of us when he originated Beeman's Pepsin Gum—the gum that aids digestion. Don't put up with those little digestive upsets that spoil your looks and your disposition. Chew Beeman's several times a day. The flavor is delightful.

Especially made to aid digestion

Chew

BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM

BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM

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The Secrets of the Stars

(Continued from page 103)

forehead. Oddly enough, instead of making her head look top-heavy, the bangs give her a youthful and plump-faced appearance.

I am a great advocate of the use of bangs, though I do not believe in wearing them straight and thick as Colleen Moore or Louise Brooks did. Always have the hairdresser cut a few bangs of a length that may be curled down on the forehead or combed back all together into the position, thereby giving every strand the benefit of the exhilarating effect received. Dyes that are too strong, permanent waves that have not been properly given, and marcel curls that have been given with over-heated irons are the bugaboos with which women have to contend. One of the first important cares of the hair is to be sure that it is thoroughly rinsed after shampooing. Two hot-water rinses and one cold-water rinse are in most cases sufficient. The average woman needs one shampoo a week.

If you are fortunate enough to have a professional washer, see that she makes nightly brushing taboo, loosen the scalp with the finger-tips.

I Was Never So Embarrassed In My Life

(Continued from page 6)

That is, it was until he got home, somehow around midnight. As he took off his dinner-jacket, he happened to glance into a mirror over his shoulder. His eye was caught by a large and resplendent patch of glistening white. He gasped and whirled around for a better look at his back. Was it imagination? It was not! It was his shirt-tail! In dressing so carefully, he had forgotten to shave his dress shirt down into his trousers, and it had been hanging out all evening. And what a blow that was to love's young dream! Clark still gets cold shivers when he tells about it.

THERE'S another story of love's young dream. It's about Joan Boldell and James Cagney. In the days before Jimmy was married. (All the new crop of young actors in Hollywood seem to be married.) He and Joan used to go places together. They gazed at each other in a big way.

Well, it seems that Jimmy once had to go out of town, and when he came back Joan was down at the station to meet the train, quite sure that she didn't know which car he was on. So when the passengers began piling out of the train, she was twisting her head around like a corkscrew, trying to watch all the cars at once. Suddenly, far down the tracks, she spied Jimmy's well-known back. Slipping quietly up behind him, as she waited for the porter to drag out his luggage, she gave him a spring and jumped on his back—well, practically. Anyhow, she hugged him tightly from behind and clasped her hands over his eyes, giving him one of those "Guess who?" greetings.

But as the words, "I give up," fell on her ears, she froze with horror.

For—from behind her—she heard a voice that she knew well. Jimmy's! And he was asking, with the patient tone of a mother for an erring child, "Joan, what in the world are you doing to that man?"

The gentleman on whom Joan had wasted so much enthusiasm was a perfect stranger. Joan will never trust a back again.

JOAN CRAWFORD, although in her pictures she plays the part of a modern maiden who knows how to take care of herself in any and all precarious situations, has had her troubles, too. And when we say troubles we mean troubles.

Joan was driving on Beverly Boulevard at a good fast clip one dark night a week or so ago, on her way home after the premiere of "The Speed Demon." She had been driving normally.

"Whee-ee!" It was a siren, but not of the kind you'd note in Ulysses. A gruff voice rose above it. "Hey, you! Pull over to the curb."

Joan pulled over and, in turning the ignition switch to shut off her motor, happened also to cut off her lights. The traffic officer, who had meanwhile parked his motorcycle, strolled alongside.

"Say, where do you think you're going so—" he started. "Los Angeles cops are not known of themselves as being witty men. But Joan was ready for him. With her most alluring smile—although it was so dark that he could not see it—she began to out-talk him.

"Now don't be like that," she pleaded coquettishly. "You're a nice policeman. You won't arrest me, will you? That big fat policeman that was on duty here last week, he gave me a ticket. But you're nice. You're not a

The New Movie Magazine, July, 1933
I Was Never So Embarrassed In My Life

big cheese like him!”

The cop cleared his throat, and
switched on his flashlight. “Oh, yes, I
am!” he said, as the glow revealed the
face of the big fat cheese. “I was on
duty here last week... It’s sure a
shame your headlights aren’t on, lady.
Just think, I’ll have to put ‘Driving
Without Lights’ on the ticket, along
with ‘Insulting An Officer.’”

DOUG, Jr., the other half of the
happy pair, knows what it is to
have an embarrassing moment, too.
Once when he and Joan made a trip
to New York, he was greeted one eve-
night by a gentleman whom he recalled
having met and whom he remembered
as a writer, although for the life of
him he couldn’t think of the man’s
name. While they were chatting, Joan
came up. “Dear,” said Doug to Joan,
“you remember Mr. Mm-mm-mm, of
course. Remember, we read his book
together?”

When Doug was all through with his
rhapsody, the stranger smiled pleas-
antly. “I’m so glad you liked that
book,” he said. “Mr. Blank, who wrote
it, would be delighted. My name is
Carl Van Vechten.”

“He was perfectly swell about it,”
says Doug. “But imagine my em-
barrassment when I found out later
that he and this Mr. Blank hate each
other so much that they’d like to sprin-
kle ground glass in each other’s beds.”

RICHARD CROMWELL, who showed
so much promise in “Tol’able
David” and who is appearing in two
pictures now being released, has the
sense of humor of a child of two.
Going to Henry’s restaurant one evening
with a girl friend, the two of them
stopped at a nearby “gag” store. Rich-
ard bought two sets of the most hor-
rible-looking, smuggled teeth, and he
and the girl slipped them on.

Entering Henry’s, they attracted all
the attention they had expected—and
more. Particularly when, sitting down,
they nonchalantly removed the tasks
and parked them in a glass of water!

FINALLY, there is the famous
Buddy Rogers-Mary Brian-Claire
Windsor story. Shortly after Buddy
came to Hollywood, he was running
around with Claire. Something hap-
pened, and he switched over to Mary
Brian. One evening Buddy and Mary
got to a party together. They de-
scended from Buddy’s car, and he
turned to lock it. Mary stepped back
to give him room. Where she stood, it
was quite dark.

Another car drove up to the scene
of the battle, as parties are called in
Hollywood, and one of the boys who
ebbed out of it recognized Buddy.
He introduced the smiling Mr. Rogers
to the others, and then turned to Mary,
who was all but invisible in the shad-
ows. “And this, ladies and gents,” he
bellowed, in the tone of a train an-
nouncer, indicating Mary with his arm—“is the lovely Claire Windsor!”

“I nearly died,” Mary says, in telling
it. “But I think Buddy died several
times over and then turned in his grave
like a whirling dervish!”

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for Summer Outings!
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“Table-linens” and Dishes; or send
a self-addressed, stamped envelope to

*Made entirely of paper.
The Girl I Wanted

(Continued from page 8)

Sometimes the rain soaked into my thin shoes. So I began to long for a new pair of shoes. I dreamed even of a fancy necklace and then a new suit! But I dared not confide those dreams to Syd. He would have said: "Save. Save for a rainy day while you are young." So I saved for a "rainy day."

AFTER I had been saving for more than a year I first noticed a screen —a little like that one over there. It was in a second-hand store between some kitchen pots and a broken chair. But it was a beautiful, that screen, and dignified its surroundings, shutting out the ugliness as a true screen will. I dared go in, ranched urchin that I was to ask the price. The lame shop-keeper, a bit of second-hand himself, watched me sidewise and saw that I was eager. The sum he asked was almost every sou I had saved! I would never dare face Syd if I spent all my money for that screen.

Next night I passed the second-hand store again. The screen was lovelier than before. It and I became great friends. I loved it and wanted it, not so much for its beauty as for its repose. It gave out a feeling of home-like security. It took my loneliness from me, and I was very lonely then.

"I'll buy it when the old man comes down to a reasonable price," I promised myself, and saved up a little more. Still I did not mention the screen to Syd.

I began to look into other second-hand shops. I made friends with an old but brightly colored rug that would match the screen beautifully. I made little plans while I walked home how I would some day furnish the room we lived in so that it would be brighter and with the screen in one corner, not so lonely.

I found a chair that was very cheap to match the rug and the screen. Now I added to my dream. I put a girl in the chair on the rug by the screen. She was a pretty girl, of course, and smiling and gay. Sometimes, some nights, I frowned over this girl. When I had saved enough for the screen and the rug and chair and girl, where would I find the girl? How does one get to know a girl if you can't take her out places, and spend sous on her, and have a place to take her that belongs to you?

MORE than one time I almost stopped a girl and asked her to be my girl. But I didn't dare.

One night I counted my sous and francs. They made up what would be almost one hundred dollars. I had saved for two years. "Wouldn't it be nice," I suggested to Syd, "to spend some of it? I know of a rug and a chair and even a pretty screen, that would make our room warm and comfortable. And we could have a girl—I mean, people—come in once in a while for a bottle of wine."

Syd shook his head. "But surely," I pleaded, "we can have the screen anyway, and just one blow-out."

"It's your money," said Syd, "and you can't do as you please. But I am against it. You should put your savings in the post office and get interest. If you keep it here you may lose it all. Or if you have a blow-out and buy a screen, it also will be gone. Two years' work for nothing."

Next morning I gave up all thought of the screen and the rug and chair, and the girl. It was like giving up everything I had in the world. All I had left was the little blue slip they gave me at the post office in return for my savings.

"Now you are sensible," Syd said. "Wait till you are older for the blow-out."

THAT very same week I got my offer to come to America with a vaudeville company. Two weeks later I left Havre for the United States. My salary was three times what I had been earning in Paris. Syd came with me.

I remembered the screen for a long time. I have never forgotten it. The little blue slip from the post office I lost. My hundred dollars didn't matter. It was the screen I remembered. Some day I would take that hundred dollars and add to it and have a screen —and a blow-out!

But I had waited. I waited too long. The hundred dollars soon didn't amount to anything. I had many thousands.

The screen? Why, I could buy the most beautiful screens in the world now. And I bought the loveliest one I could find. It cost many hundreds.

But the screen doesn't count now. I don't want it. And I don't want the first hundred dollars I saved. I never want to see it. It doesn't amount to anything. It still is in the post office savings vault in Paris.

You might think that this picture scene from a picture starring Eddie Lowe and Lil Tashman. But it isn't, it's just the way husband Eddie greeted Lil on her arrival in Hollywood from an extended personal appearance tour.

The New Movie Magazine, July, 1932
Hollywood Goes A-Partying

(Continued from page 69)

Norma Shearer started the craze at the Mayfair last winter by wearing a leot of orchids. Those worn by two or three girls at the Thallians were of artificial red carnations.

W. S. VAN DYKE, the director, who is about to go once more into the wilds to make a picture, seems to be partying while the partying is good.

Don Dillaway was there, and we looked for Dorothy Jordan. But poor little Dorothy was ill in a Santa Barbara sanitarium, and Don had brought Lenore Bushman, daughter of Francis X. Bushman.

Claudette Colbert is considered one of the best-dressed women in Hollywood, so we craned our necks to see what she was wearing. Of course, we knew she would be with—her husband, naturally—Norman Foster. She looked even more chic than usual in a gray crepe roma, very tight-fitting, but with a Greek drape effect over the shoulders, draped over the front and back of the left shoulder, brought around to the right and hanging down in the back. She wore a double belt of red and gray with rhinestone buckles, and she wore red sandals.

Sandals, by the way, were worn with many of the smartest clothes. Rivaling her in loveliness was Thelma Todd, in a tight-fitting gown of Alencon lace over a flesh-colored slip with a width of lipstick red in the back, flat against the gown. She said she positively had to take extra care to don the wide hat with it—a lipstick-red velvet affair, two-thirds length. She was with Schuyler Van Rensselaer of New York.

Laura LaPlante, in a white wool lace dress, long and tight, was looking charming, even though white isn’t especially a blonde’s color. Mr. and Mrs. Pat O’Brien were among the guests, Mrs. O’Brien looking well in morning-dew rose-colored silk.

Dancing on the floor, I saw Roberta Gale in black velvet, with an odd but chic effect in hats—a veiled affair of black soft maline.

Jack Quartaro went out to dance with pretty Florence Lake, resplendent in white crêpe trimmed with silver beads and wearing red sandals.

We caught a glimpse of Barbara Weeks, too, in spring-morning-blue satin, tight, with short military cape, the whole plain but effective.

Polly Walters was there, dancing with everybody in turn, and flirting with others while she danced. She looked wonderful with a long bob and clad in pale-blue silk. And Rochelle Hudson was charming in tangerine-colored satin, cut in diagonal lines, with brown sandals, and a belt of rhinestones, with large cross-bows in the back of tangerine-and-orange satin.

Tea at the Robinsons’

“THE Sunday tea hour is being imported to Hollywood!” exclaimed Jeanette MacDonald, gazing around the drawing-room of Edward G. Robinson’s apartment, where his brilliant wife, Gladys Lloyd, was presiding as

(please turn to page 108)
Dress up your summer cottage for only 10c a window

Hollywood Goes A-Partying

(Continued from page 107)

hostess, aided by her rather diffident husband.

Jeanette had arrived with her fiancé, Robert Rice, Jr. She wore a blue sateen suit with a black and white silk tailored blouse, very smart, and a little blue hat with an Empress Eugenie twist to its sporting line. Of course, despite the fineness, Jeanette soon had a crowd of swains about her.

Harold Lloyd and his wife were there of and then to the Silver Screen for "Springtime for Henry," and soon Harold and Benn were off in a corner discussing comedy. Mildred Lloyd was wearing a black satin afternoon gown of several lines, which became her greatly.

She told us that they were hoping to go to Europe soon, but that they meant to take all three children with them, especially since the kidnapping atrocities. She told us that Ann Harding's little girl never was permitted even in the garden without an armed guard since the threats to kidnap the little girl reached Ann.

Lillian Bond had arrived with Benn Levy. She looked sweet in a blue afternoon dress. She said she had been horseback riding all morning and was tired, though she didn't look it.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Nubury were there, and Mr. and Mrs. Sam Godfrey, Jerry Goo, well-known violinist; Mr. and Mrs. Warren William, Frances Starr, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Crowe, Jackie Saunders, Kenneth Macgowan, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Thomson, Mr. and Mrs. William K. Howard, Virginia Hammond and others.

Janet Gaynor came in a little late with her husband, Lydell Peek. I have never seen her looking so radiant. She wore a green fancy silk sport suit with a little green cloche hat to match. Janet said she still had her little house near Honolulu, and that she was thrilled because she had just heard that the palms she had planted there with her own hands were growing nicely. But her husband, saying it may have been a tropical place and nothing could help growing.

Miriam Hopkins came in quite late. She was wearing a sweater and skirt, but declared she was all dressed up.

"At home in Santa Monica I go about dressed in knickers, sneakers and an old sweater," she said.

And then there was a grand diversion: Benn Levy sat down on a piece of ice-cream cake. He was covered with confusion and goo when our hostess led him away to let the butter sponge him off. And that confusion continued, so that when he returned to us promptly sat down on another piece!

"That's a relief to me," remarked Vivienne Osborne. "He is so informally clever, it is a comfort to find that he can do human things like that."

The Gleason Picnic

"PICNICS may be old-fashioned, but then it's the day of antiques—and we all retain the taste for picnics from our Sunday school days. Or if we had no Sunday school days then, from our kindergarten times, observed Ken Maynard. "I went with him and Mr. and Mrs. Maynard out to the Gleason ranch in San Fernando Valley, which, though it is right out in the country, is only twenty miles from Hollywood. Mrs. Gleason had cooked the spaghetti herself, but had to admit that the cake had come from the Woman's Exchange in Hollywood."

We found Walter Byron there, and Lilly Glenn and Donald Cook—but without his Evelyn Knap, who had to work that day—Evelyn's clever brother, Orville, lately from the New York store; Mary Forbes, Mr. and Mrs. Neil Hamilton, Dorothy Dix and others.

Back at the corral we found James Gleason, Russell Glenn, Dorothy Dix and Walter Byron riding Jim's beautiful polo ponies. He has seventeen of them in all. Several were shod out of the corral as unnecessary, but a white one, a beauty, came back and hung his neck joyfully over the fence, gazing on the proceedings mournfully as his companions trotted about.

Jim is a beautiful rider, and the others were doing themselves justice, too.

Walter Byron said he would love to stay out there forever.

"Oh, why was Old Harry just a monk?" he said. "Well, you know," he went on comically, "I really was, but I changed later."

Jim Gleason was splendid in an ornate cowboy hat, carved leather boots with spurs, and a white silk shirt, but his overall brought one back to earth. "Oh, I just put all the money into the hat, shirt and boots—none left for the trousers," he explained with a grin.

Russell Glenn owned only one polo pony, but Mrs. Gleason said he wanted a string, so he called the one G-String! Well, it was a swell picnic.

A Party for a Dog

"I'm giving a party," said the genial Edgar Allan Woolf over the telephone.

"What for?" we inquired.

"We're going to the Art, don't you guess for my dog?" he chuckled. "That's a good reason, isn't it?"

"I haven't met your dog," I returned, "but I'm sure he must be nice. What kind of a dog is he?"

"Well, I call him a garbage-can pointer. As a matter of fact, he's a mutt," said Edgar Allan.

We found most of the party in the patio, but the guest of honor, with a large bow of blue ribbon on his neck, did look so miserable! In fact, he had to be led away.

Our host had turned the patio into a peach orchard. He had brought boughs of peach blossoms and placed them about, and, with the artificial moonlight from the azaleas, the place was gloriously lovely. We danced there.

An orchestra played for the guests to dance, and three of the supposed butlers turned into professional dancers! We told Edgar Allan we thought he was saving money on us.

Estelle Taylor was lovely in black velvet with white roses. There were Grace LaRue and Hale Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt Stromberg, Mr. and Mrs. Louis D. Mayer, Mr. and Mrs. William Hope Crewe, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Goulding, Chico Marx and his wife, Theda Bara and
Hollywood Goes A-Partying

Charles Brabin, Ernst Lubitsch, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bennston, Genevieve Tobin, Ramon Novarro, Jeanette MacDonald and Robert Ritchie, Martha Sleeper and many others.

Genevieve Tobin was especially pretty in white lace, and everybody was seeking her as a partner in the dances.

We chatted with Estelle Taylor in a corner, and she told us how, when she was a kid, she used to steal flowers out of people's gardens, and then sell them—sometimes to the same people.

"Anything to get a quarter to go to a movie," she said. "You see, grandmother was awfully religious, and wouldn't let us go."

It was nearly sunup when we finally took our departure, and I do believe that some of the guests stayed for breakfast.

No, children, the Dominos do not play dominos! At least dominos are not compulsory. The word refers to the garment worn at masquerade parties, and the Hollywood Dominos is the western branch, one might say—although it is beginning to look like the parent tree—of the famous Twelfth Night Club, stage femininity's social organization in New York.

And such a lovely array of Dominos as gave a party at the Cocoanut Grove at the Ambassador! Never had the thistledown palms or the synthetic stars looked prettier, and the tables were graced by domino dolls as Pierrettes and Pierrots.

I was the guest of Mrs. Joe Cawthorn, who was lovely in an ice-blue lace gown.

The Cocoanut Grove was crowded with Dominos, their husbands, sweethearts, and an occasional son and brother, together with the crowd from the west who had come to look at the movie stars.

Edward G. Robinson and his wife entertained Jean Gaynor and Lydell Peck, Tey Garnett and others. And others with parties were Jeanette MacDonald, Mrs. Cecil DeMille, Mrs. Edmund Byrnes, Mrs. Joe E. Brown, Mrs. Frank Lloyd, Alice Mills Davis, Mrs. Frank Dakey, Louise Dresser, Minna Gombell, Una Merkel, Lina Basquette and Charlotte Greenwood.

Usually such a big gathering is just plain, decorously dull or else too gay. This one seemed just right.

The entertainment was brilliant. Dorothy Lee and Bert Wheeler were amusing in their theme song from "Girl Crazy"—"You've Got That Something"—and then Bert danced alone to applause from the crowd, after which Joe Cawthorn came forth and did a buck-and-wing dance. Adele Rowland sang beautifully; Lina Basquette was most alluring in her rumba dance, and all the rest was equally good.

Clare Windsor came in late, after her Al Jolson show at the Biltmore. She is wearing a new long bob that is very becoming.

Louise Dresser was naively looking for Janet Gaynor to get her autograph, saying anxiously she hoped she could get it.

The real sunlight was stealing through the windows, to shame the made-to-order stars in the ceiling, as we said our regretful farewells.
Chatterton, the Charmer

(Continued from page 111)

Ruth Chatterton the older and ever since, has reminded me of Johnny Kilbane. A magnificent intuitive technician, she has the same tigerish suppleness of the body, the same magnetic way that burns its way to success.

HER early life was not without struggle. When she was still a young girl her family rode the high waves. She attended an exclusive girl's school in Pelham Manor.

Poverty came suddenly, and as always, sadly. Ruth, at fourteen, her whole world in collapse, went out to earn a living. Her mother did likewise.

No one in Ruth's family had ever followed the theatre for a living. By some impulse she began making the rounds of the booking agencies in New York. There was seventy dollars between Ruth and her mother.

Of this amount, the mother put out ten dollars each week. Five dollars went for rent, the remainder for other necessities of life, twenty cents each day for Ruth's carfare. On Saturday night, in a spirit of carnal, mother and daughter treated themselves to a movie, a chocolate eclair.

They both admit playfully to each other now, that once, and once only, they 'held out' to each other. The mother, thinking it was Saturday night—and who would doubt a mother? when it was only Friday, bought herself a chocolate eclair.

Then, astagh at her crime, Mrs. Chatterton wondered how she would face Mike.

Ruth's father named her Ruth, as he wished to avoid the possibility of future nicknames. He succeeded for four years. The children in the neighborhood found a way around his shrewd intent, and promptly called her Mike. On Sundays they changed it to Miriam.

Mrs. Chatterton greeted her daughter that evening with, "Well, Mike."

The future actress, feeling an eye-full. Within a year Kilbane had beaten the fighter whose technique he had studied so minutely. Winning this fight was the way to featherweight championship, which he held eleven years.
Chatterton, the Fighter

had paid the price of her weakness by walking home.

Mrs. Chatterton still looked at her daughter and said the words over again, "Well, Mike—I have a confession to make. I bought a chocolate eclair tonight."

The mother was bewildered when Ruth clapped her hands and exclaimed, "Oh, I'm so glad, Mother—we're both sinners. I did, too."

THERE are episodes in each life, without which a human being might be completely different. Without this lodging-house experience at her most impressionable age, it is not likely that Ruth Chatterton would have ever become more than a talented player of shallow society roles.

To have early heard the earth rumble with its load of grief may not always be a blessing. In all the long history of the theater, however, there has seldom, if ever, been a great actress who in her childhood had not been acquainted with misery. An actress can be no greater than her capacity for remembering sorrow. If she lacks that, in the deeper sense of the word, she lacks all.

The little queens of cinema make-believe, who are now rapidly being forgotten, are evidence of what I mean. They brought dimples and curls and untouchable hearts to the screen, and as a result they are sliding back with soiled rompers into the oblivion from whence they came.

BEFORE the seventh week was up, Ruth had been given work in a stock company. This company contained four people who were later to become famous. Ruth Chatterton made the fifth. Lowell Sherman was the leading man. Pauline Lord played second lead. Lenore Ulric played small parts. Helen Hayes played child roles.

After twenty weeks with this company, she appeared in two plays, with indifferent success.

Her luck changed.

Gilbert Miller was casting for "The Rainbow." He was on the lookout for a good-looking girl who could sing, and play the piano well, and speak French fluently. He would evidently have had a no more difficult time on Broadway had he been looking for an angel with an Irish harp. When about to give up in despair and wire his father, Henry Miller, in London, to send a girl from there, Ruth Chatterton walked into his office.

As an old-time actor told me, "She hit him right on the nose." He meant, of course, that she impressed him at once.

She got the job. The critics declared her a hit along with the play. "What did you do then?" I asked her.

She held a hand up to invoke silence and awe. "I bought a pair of stockings that were silk all the way up. And I got my mother a pair also. Then we went to the little drug store near where we used to live and got two chocolate eclairs apiece." A wistful expression came to her animated eyes. "I think that was mother's happiest moment."

Her next play was the well-known "Daddy Long Legs." Failure seemed to
brood over this play. The producer strongly considered closing it. Those in the cast were looking for new parts. It opened in New York and was a sensation.

A short time after this she refused $300,000 to make six films. The company making the offer would not allow her to select her own stories. Her present salary is more than $350,000 per year. While she has not exactly the right to select her own stories, she has nearly its equivalent—that of vetoing any story of which she does not approve.

It has been said in Hollywood that for the interpretation of Emil Jannings, all her well-laid plans might have gone awry. She was given a film test to appear opposite Jannings in "The Sins of the Fathers." The director, Joe Stern, who later as Josef Von Sternberg was to bring Marlene Dietrich all the way from Berlin, did not approve of her. The situation, and Ruth Chatterton's career, was saved when Jannings saw the test and requested that Miss Chatterton, whom at that time he had never seen in person, be allowed to play opposite him.

When the film was completed Miss Chatterton and Jannings if she would not be allowed to play the lead in his next film, Jannings' reply was prophetic. "I cannot let you," he paused for a second. "Because you'll never have to play the lead in any other picture." She never did.

SHE finds time somehow to be kind to the friends of others. I have a friend who is still a vagabond. In earlier, happier days I tramped to the world's far places with him.

He called at my house unexpectedly, with a broken pocket comb, no hat, and a hunger that had long endured.

I was just backing out of the drive-
way for Ruth Chatterton's home.

"Would you like to go to Ruth Chatterton's house?" I asked.

"Brother Hobo," he said, "show me the way." Never did a more tattered individual enter the sanctum of the flap-doodle. Ruth entered into the mood of the occasion. I had never seen her superior to the moment.

My rapscallion friend was given food and drink. He became loquacious. Ruth listened attentively and with utmost courtesy.

When we left, she said to him, "Come again."

"Thank you," returned my friend, who remained silent for some miles on the way home. "Do you know, Jim, I think she meant that."

"Sure she meant it. That's why she said it. She talks our language."

And everybody else's-she's genuine," said my friend, reaching for his broken pocket comb. Then he snapped, "Who the hell ever said she was highbrow?"

"Some lowbrow," I answered.

MONTHS later I met Ruth in Los Angeles. How's your friend, Jim? Give my regards."

"He's been ill." She took my arm. "Let's go to see him."

When we drove up to the small hotel in a limousine larger than a ham actor's estimate of himself, Ruth carried in her arms a large bouquet of roses.

My vagabond friend saw the girl and the roses. Soon he could not see for tears. She made the drag room radiant. When she sought the landlady to obtain a vase in which to put the roses, my vagabond friend turned to me and said, "She's real pretty!"

We remained an hour with my wandering comrade of other days. When I called upon him the next day he told me how his landlady had entered the room after we had gone, "with a little note from Miss Chatterton. He was a fifty-dollar bill, own work, and the woes of others. Her mind, a blending of the masculine and feminine, is tireless. Miss Chatterton's opinion of a lady, but she surely wears them. Never churlish, and always gracious, it might be said she lives for her work—and people.

Her mother is still with her. And so are many early friends.

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**Chatterton, the Fighter**

(Continued from page 113)

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Her mother is still with her. And so are many early friends.

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Now twice the size for the same price. The biggest value ever offered. It cleans and scourc everything with less effort and does not scratch—never a splinter to harm the hands. The choice of particular housekeepers. Get one today and be sure it's Gotschalk's.

"The Little Fellow That Does the Big Job!"

**METAL SPONGE SALES CORP.** 2726 Manchere Street, Philadelphia
Radio Rambles

(Continued from page 61)

Sketches, has changed its name to Snow Village. . . . Ethel Merman and Harriet Lee started their working careers as stenographers.

Kitchen helps: Tony Wons likes his wife's potato pancakes best. He taught her how to make them. He also showed her a new way of peeling potatoes on the open road which you might try some day when you haven't a knife handy—punch holes in the top of a tin can and grate the peels off with that.

Childhood troubles: Radio artists, just like the rest of us, had to fight parental objections when it came to choosing their life work.

Ben Bernèr's blacksmith father wanted him to become an engineer. His mother wanted him to be a violin virtuoso. Becoming an old maestro was his own idea.

Lawrence Tibbett's family wanted him to succeed his father as sheriff of Kern County, California. However, they changed their minds without argument when Tibbett, Sr., was killed in a gun fight with a bandit.

Rubinstein's violin beauty used to tell his boy he was wasting his time practising on a balalaika instead of learning how to be a baker like him. But his mother thought that making music was more beautiful than baking bread, so little Gustave became a violinist on a 3½ pre-war rouble ($1.75) fiddle that she bought him.

Let's peek into the studios. There are George Burns and Gracie Allen broadcasting from behind a screen so the laughter of the Lombardos won't disturb them . . . . Gracie: My father lost between ninety-eight and a hundred dollars on the horses. George: That's a lot of money. Gracie: No. Only two dollars. . . . Now Guy's boys are playing. Gracie eats a sandwich. She has no time for dinner because she must make a dash for a theater appearance right after this number. . . . Look! Over in that big room, Sam Lanin and his orchestra are all dressed up in tuxedos. Their sponsor makes them do that . . . . Out on the road somewhere are Rudy Vallee and Irene Bordoni. She stands beside him only five feet one inch. Just as tall as her countryman Napoleon! . . . Here in this little room is Singin' Sam sitting nonchalantly, as if only chatting with the mike, his hand cupping his ear to hear himself sing . . . . And over in that corner studio, Howard Petrie, six feet and 190 pounds, is announcing the Sistars of the Skillet. But he isn't a big man in this room, not with the Sistars' jovial 500-pound combination on the piano bench.

The little wife at work: If anyone should ask Mrs. B. A. Rolfe quickly what she is doing in Europe these warm days, she would reply without taking time out to think, "I'm on a rest cure."

And then in the very next couple of breaths she would tell about some swell musical tricks she has heard orchestras abroad execute, such as a "hot" finish or a flute motif in dance music.

By now you have probably guessed that Mrs. B. A. is at least half of the (Please turn to page 117)
News and Pictures of Forthcoming Films

(Continued from page 67)

Editor’s Note: You have probably noticed that this month, instead of the usual review department, we have given you the fresh, up-to-the-minute news and pictures of the forthcoming films. We hope you’ll like the change. We considered two things in making it. One was that criticisms represent the opinions of one person—or a small group of persons—and cannot be considered a fair and accurate guide for hundreds of thousands of readers to go by. The second reason we changed was that the review system is outdated. Under existing conditions the films are rushed through so quickly and distributed over the world by airplane so speedily that they are frequently exhibited to you before we can publish an accurate review. And criticisms written of Hollywood previews, while the picture is still being taken, cut and edited, are not fair to you or to the producers.

Faith—Columbia: Walter Huston as the trusting bank president in a drama of financial and domestic struggle. With Pat O’Brien, Gavin Gordon and Robert Ellis also in the cast, and Constance Cummings and Kay Johnson playing opposite the stars. With this cast and a director with a long list of successes, this should be a worthwhile picture. Directed by Frank Capra.

The Dark Horse—Warner’s: First National: Warren William as the master salesman, magnetic, reckless, happy-go-lucky, always in financial and domestic jams, elects a governor who is one hundred per cent. dumbbell. And the fun begins—what with William’s troubles with his ex-wife (Vivienne Osborne), his secretary (Bette Davis) and His Governorship (Guy Kibbe). Directed by Alfred E. Green.

The Killer—Fox: A roaring Western from the Stewart Edward White novel, with chases, fights, George O’Brien as an Arizona Ranger, Cecilia Parker as the girl, and Charles Middleton, Forester Harvey and Betty Francisco contributing. Plenty of blood and thunder, thrills and sensational dashes of the star to the rescue. Directed by David Howard.

(Please turn to page 118)
Radio Rambles

(Continued from page 115)

round maestro’s business firm. She is
who does the worrying over the my-
riad details that can make or mar a
program, and it is this same young
woman who engages the men who com-
prise B. A.’s incomparable recruits. If
she doesn’t think a candidate comes up
to scratch musically, he hasn’t a
Chinaman’s chance of finding a place in
her husband’s band.

But since Mrs. Rolfe possesses good
judgment and fairness to a marked
degree, no man who has anything to offer
need fear for his job.

Welcome’s diamond ring: Welcome
Lewis has the radio studies in the east
doing a little speculating. No, my
dears, not in U. S. Steel or A. T. & T.
They have all had that experience,
more or less to their respective sor-
rrows.

But Welcome, who in more that way
than the flowers in May, owns a dia-
mond ring. Lots of gals do? Well,
yes, but not an eight-karat chunk of
Tiffany ice.

At any rate, question No. 1 is, “Who
gave it to her?” and the next item of
interest is, “When actually is she wear-
ing it?”

For the donor presented Miss Lewis
with two “dummy” stones besides the
real diamond. All of ‘em screw into
the ring with a lock behind to make
them more secure.

All of which seems to be making
things difficult for the jewel robbers.
Imagine stealing an eight-karat dia-
mond only to discover that that was
the night the lady was wearing her
paste!

Kate Smith, investor: You have
heard the one about a fool and his
money being easily parted?

Well, Kate Smith is no half-wit los-
ing ground. This portly young woman
has become known through radiodom as
the Hetty Green of the air waves.

Wherever the large lass goes, her
records are broken in the theater, and
while her salary in radio isn’t by any
means the largest paid, it is plenty big
even to keep the wolf far away from
her apartment door.

Eight thousand dollars has Miss
Smith’s average weekly wage, and she
has been investing most of it intelli-
gently and wisely. Even financiers who
were famous before Wall Street be-
came a side street envy Kate’s business
ability.

The secret of this lady’s success is
that she knows that her golden voice
will not last forever, and when the
tones become metallic, the golden dol-
ars will fall to appear.

One-Dollar Rambles
If you will write us letters of
approval or criticism about
radio favorites or otherwise
we will pay you One Dollar for
every letter we publish. All
letters should be constructive.
Address your letter to Radio
Rambles, in care of The New
Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth
Avenue, New York City.

A thrill FOR
EVERY MOTHERS SON!

All the boys are building model airplanes. And here
are planes they’ll be proud to build—exact models of
the planes flown today in the Army, Navy and commercial
transport, models that really fly! Everything needed is
in the kit. Give one to a son, a grandson, a nephew,
any boy you want to please. Hear him say, “She knows
what a fellow likes.”

Send $1.00
for any of these 25 In., flying models
U. S. Army Hawk U. S. Navy Coral
U. S. Marine Falcon Autogiro

Send $1.00
for any of these 25 In., flying models
U. S. Army Hawk U. S. Navy Coral
U. S. Marine Falcon Autogiro

EMPIRE STATE MODEL AIRCRAFT CORP.
450 Seventh Ave., New York

IF IT’S A BIRTHDAY GIFT SEND NAME OF BOY AND
WE WILL ENCLOSE BIRTHDAY GREETING CARD

Where looks count

...WATCH YOUR HAIR

VANKAI Wave Set will
keep it always smart
See yourself as others see you. Stringy-
straggly hair is bad business—that’s
all. If you like your job, let VANKAI
Wave Set help you hold it.

This new wave-aid keeps unruly hair
on the job—in soft, rippling, natural
waves that increase your charm and self-confidence.

VANKAI makes longer-last-
ing finger waves, adds weeks
to the life of permanents,
and shortens morning make-
up ten minutes—a boon to the busy
business girl!

Try VANKAI Wave Set today. The
extra-large 10c bottle at most stores; 25c size at drugstores.

For trial size send 10c to
Briar Products Co., Inc., 919
N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.
THE LURE OF LIVING LIPS

GIRLS with lips that have naturalness use Phantom Red Lipstick. Beware of painted lips that are lifeless. The newly discovered transparent qualities that are in Phantom Red Lipstick and Rouge will never add a foreign coloring to your lips and cheeks, but a life color of your own. Both cosmetics are of the same color harmony and when applied will vibrate to the same color tone of your skin and lips. No matter if you are a Blonde or Brunette. Naturalness in your make-up is the lure of beauty. Try today Phantom Red for a true natural make-up and you’ll never change again. Sold at Toilet Goods Counters and also at thousands of Beauty Salons. Purse sizes for sale at F. W. Woolworth Co.

Send 20c for Phantom Red Rouge and Lipstick that will last you a month. — FREE — We will send with above a very dainty (Wafer Thin) Vanity case.

Carlyle Laboratories, 67 Fifth Ave., New York, Dept. K

Phantom Red
LIPSTICK

See! How easy to REMOVE HAIR this new way

NO RAZOR RISK

"Now—I can shuck the Public Gas. Can you?"

Bristly regrowth delayed

Delatone Cream makes it easier to remove superfluous hair — takes only 2 to 3 minutes. Used on arms, underarms and legs, it leaves skin hair-free, soft and smooth. Delatone is the quality depilatory. Pleasant to use. Economical because you spread it thinner. Avoid substitutes — ask for and insist on having

DELA-TONE
The White Cream Hair-remover

Big economy tubes, 50c and 1st. Delatone Postage, 81c easy, Neil Deodar, 50c, All good drug and depilatory stores. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Write

Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Company

357 W. Ontario St., Chicago, III. Send 10c for Delatone leaflet.

(Continued from page 116)

Week-End Marriage—

The Roadhouse Murder—
RKO: Romance of a cab driver (Eric Linden) and a police inspector’s daughter (Dorothy Jordan). Need we say more? Oh, yes, and a murder. And Roscoe Ates, the stuttering, too. But the reporter’s saved just in the shadow of the electric chair. Directed by J. Walter Ruben.

Hold ’Em, Jail—RKO: Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey in a ritzy prison. Betty Grable and Edna May Oliver outside, but frequently in. Roscoe Ates as quarterback of the prison football team. So what else matters? Directed by Norman ("Skippy" and "Soaky") Tourg. Advance notices say it will be one of the team’s best.

Doctor X—Worners-First National: Lionel Atwill, the brilliant stage actor, supported by Lee Tracy, Fay Wray, Arthur Edmund Carewe, John Wray and others, in a Lower Manhattan murder mystery solved — in the last reel, of course — by a scientific detective. Spooky and thrilling.

The New Movie Magazine, July, 1932
Ends Eye Irritation due to sun, wind and dust

Don’t be troubled this summer by eye irritation resulting from exposure to sun, wind and dust. It’s quite needless when a few drops of soothing, cooling Murine will end the discomfort instantly and prevent an unsightly bloodshot condition.

This 35-year-old lotion is the favorite eye clearing and brightener of the most famous stage and screen stars. Used daily, it keeps the eyes always clear, bright and alluring. 150 applications cost only 60c at drug and department stores. Contains no belladonna!

MAKE THIS TEST! Drop Murine in one eye only. . . . then note how clearer and brighter it becomes and how very much better it feels!

Hollywood Bandwagon
(Continued from page 49)

reception by the home town.
With William Collier, Sr., as master of ceremonies, Will Rogers the principal speaker at the ninth annual banquet of the Beverly Hills Chamber of Commerce, Tom Mix got the biggest laugh of the evening.

"You've spoken about your beautiful streets, your fine homes and your good schools," Tom told the six hundred guests, "but you haven't said anything about your divorce.

"If I have many more I'll have to send my alimony checks out in alphabetical order."

GARBO'S PLANS: Greta Garbo may go back to Europe but if so it will be only for a visit.
What she really wants to do is freelance, making a picture now and then for the company finding a story she likes.

On the other hand, if Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer bids high enough, she will sign another contract there.

LOCAL SENSATION: When Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey met casually in a Los Angeles theatre and shook hands the audience became more interested in them than in the play.

"After all," said Estelle, "when a man meets a woman to whom he was once married the least he can do is shake hands."

NO CURIOSITY IN PARIS: When Harry Eddington, the Great Garbo's business manager, left for Europe the gossip had him doing everything from buying the bankrupt Kreuger Match Company to forming a film corporation for Garbo to make her own pictures. The rumors were stopped when Greta herself stated that she was going to live in Paris, where she would no longer be a curiosity.

EAR NEWS: Preston Foster once made a test for M. G. M. They turned him down because his ears stuck out.

Eight or nine months ago, during a vacation period, Foster had the offending ears worked on so as to be ready for future tests. Warners then signed him.

It's an odd thing, but Clark Gable was turned down at several studios for the same reason, but M. G. M. signed him anyway.

BACK TO ORIGINAL: Joan Blondell has cut off her blond hair to within an inch of her scalp and is letting it grow back in its natural shade, which is dark brown. She will make tests for her next roles with her own hair, and if they are not satisfactory, then she may blonde it again or wear a wig.

MR. ARLISS' VACATION: George Arliss will spend the summer at St. Margaret's at Cliff in Kent, some ninety miles from London, where he has a small estate.

GARGOYLES AND GARGLES: "Get me a gargolye," instructed James Whale when he was preparing the sets (Please turn to page 120)

She knows how!

ALICE WHITE-POPULAR STAR

She is too clever to let drab, dull hair spoil her attractiveness. Her hair is always soft, luscious, radiant with tiny dancing lights—the subject of much admiration—and not a little envy. She wouldn't think of using ordinary soaps. She uses Golden Glint Shampoo.

*Note Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Golden Glint in addition to cleaning, gives your hair a fashionable "ring-ring"—not little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the true beauty of your own individual shade of hair! 25c at your dealer—FREE Sample will show you the difference. Send for it now!

FREE
J. W. KORI CO., 604 Rainier Ave., Dept. G
Seattle, Wash. . * * * Please send a free sample.

Name

Address

City _____________________________________ State

Color of my hair:

Her HAIR was STREAKED with

GRAY

After 30 every woman's hair gets a bit "streaky." That's the time to easily get rid of those first tell-tale threads of gray; no one will notice. Women with modern ideas are not hesitating to keep ALL their hair one even shade by using the most modern type of preparation—clean, odorless, not greasy—that leaves a soft, youthful shade and of so NATURAL a texture a hairdresser cannot detect it. Any shade. Harmless as your lip-stick. $1.35. For sale everywhere.

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR
FREE SAMPLE

BROOKLINE CHEMICAL CO.
79 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.
Send FREE SAMPLE in plain wrapping.

Name ________________________________

Address ______________________________

City __________________________________ State

STATE ORIGINAL COLOR
OF HAIR

The New Movie Magazine, July, 1932

119
Hollywood Bandwagon

(Continued from page 119)

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is abusing his upper lip again. He's making another try at a mustache but we don't know why.

DON'T ASK US: What will it be at the Spencer Tracy's—a boy or a girl?

CORTIZ JOINS POLIOISTS: The Riviera's latest polo addict is Ricardo Cortiz. This expensive pastime will continue until one of his leading men cracks up in the middle of a prodution. That will be the time to pic up some saddles cheap.

Little Dickie Moore has a new contract with Hal Roach that calls for a maximum of $625 per week for five years.

CHIC SALE AS HE IS: When Erle Kenton, Chic Sale's director for his new picture "Congo," began calling the actor "Dad" on the set, Sale decided it was time to acquaint the public with the fact that he was not an old man.

The result is that future pictures of "Chic" for advertising will show him as he actually is—and not the characters he has made famous.

A monkey used on the Marx Brothers' set took a trip of Harpo's arm, but will recover.

TALENT IN MIDLET PLAY-HOUSE: At the Teatro Leo Carrillo, 208-seat theatre on Olvera Street where Hollywood goes for its Spanish color, boasts some real talent. Leo Carrillo appeared in the opening play, while Ian Keith was booked for the second prodution, "The Copperhead."

Harold Lloyd claims that the speee he wears are the same ones he has used for the past fifteen years in every picture. (What mileage?)

DID YOU KNOW—? Fredric March, Norma Shearer, Eleanor Boardman and Neil Hamilton are among some of the many better known who once posed for clothing ads, and did it very well.

TOOK BOTH HOMES: Janet Gaynor has shown her admiration for John McCormack's choice of architecture by encamping herself in both of his Hollywood homes. Janet not only occupies the thatched-roof dressing room on the Fox lot, but she and her husband, Lydell Peck, are living in the songer's hillside home while he is on his opera tour.

Gary Cooper's father is trying to figure out how much it will cost to mount the sixty hides his son shipped from Africa.

WRONG AGAIN! Just when Hollywood was agog over a possible Mirena-Hot-spit romance Miriam decided to go to New York and see her former husband, Austin Parker, from whom she had been separated for almost a year.

The New Movie Magazine, July, 1922
**Sensible way to lose FAT**

**Woman loses 15½ pounds**

A half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast provides a GUARANTEED safe, quick and pleasant way to obtain slenderness.

Mrs. M. C. Taylor of Lewisburg, W. Va., writes: "I'm not quite 9 feet tall and weighed 175 lbs. I've been taking Kruschen 7 weeks and now weigh 159½ lbs. and never before felt so strong and energetic.

Kruschen is a superb combination of 6 SEPARATE minerals which help every gland, nerve and body organ to function properly—that's why health improves while ugly fat disappears.

You can have results by going lighter on potatoes, fatty meat and pastry. An 85c bottle lasts 4 weeks and is sold in every drugstore in the world.

**KRUSCHEN SALTS**

"It's the Little Daily Dose That Does It!"

**EARN MONEY AT HOME**

You can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time, home earning photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you in our new simple Photo-Color process and send you photograph for particulars and Free Book to-day.

**The IRVING-VANCE COMPANY Ltd.**

338 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

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**Hollywood Bandwagon**

**Peter Fully Guarded:** Connie Bennett has attached a burglar alarm to the doors and windows of her child's nursery. Recently when Connie entertained, one of her guests expressed a desire to see young Peter, who was sleeping peacefully in his nursery. When they opened the door, the alarm sounded with gusto, and little Peter was so frightened he cried for the rest of the night. All of which proves that there are times and times for alarms... or doesn't it?

**Just Friends:** Joel McCrea is still a frequent visitor to Connie Bennett's home and set—which all proves that their much publicized romance was only a friendship all along.

**This is How Jackie Stands:** Just to show what a favorite Jackie Cooper is with his boss, Louis B. Mayer. Jackie's picture is the only member of the theatrical profession to rate wall space in the Chief's reception room, and it is surrounded by photographs of statesmen and presidents.

**Only Three Hours a Day:** Because of Marie Dressler's ill health, she is only able to work three hours each day. Which means that M. G. M.'s new and watertight thirty-day production schedule has gone wrong again.

**Marion is Hostess:** Vincent Astor and William Rhinelander Stewart occupied Marion Davies' beach house during their recent Los Angeles visit.

**Marilyn, Perhaps:** Marilyn Miller may do the starring role in "The Merry Widow" for M. G. M. . . . Remember Mae Murray in this part in Jack Gilbert's hey-day?

**Claudette and Her Books:** When Claudette Colbert arrived in town she was closely followed by her son's two-thousand books (to her press agent tells us). Anyhow, Norman Foster (her hubby, in case you've forgotten) is mighty glad to have the wandering little missus back by the fireside again.

**Hospital Note:** Walt Disney, the man who makes Mickey Mouse, has taken up polo. Horace Horse-collar is not mentioned in the dispatch.

**Another Secret:** It's supposed to be a big secret, but Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is helping do the script on "Revolt," which is to be his next.

**Hope for Authors:** Here's some cheering news for would-be authors.

W. F. Burnett, author of "Little Caesar," wrote 200 short stories and four novels before he produced that best seller. Then there is Will James, the illustrator, who felt he could write. His stories are ungrammatical and his sentences clumsy, yet his first yarn written in long-hand sold to Scribners. Since that time he has sold hundreds of stories and produced eight books. His writing was different, which should constitute a gentle but valuable hint.

---

**ST. CHARLES**

Occupying entire block on the Boardwalk

ATLANTIC CITY

A Smart Hotel in America's Smartest Resort

**SUMMER DAYS**

at Atlantic City are balmy days—sun in the rest, relaxation on the beach, health in the salt air, luxury in the sun bath, amusement on the boardwalk! It's great to be relaxed, cool, happy, on a hot summer day when you're on the boardwalk! Our rates are quite low. Rates are lower at the St. Charles and your dollar will go further this year than ever. Large, comfortable rooms, splendid meals on deck, great variety of refreshing bathing suit from hotel. Go to the St. Charles—stay long—the longer you stay the more vigor to carry you through the rest of the year. Ask the railroad agent about reduced rates to Atlantic City for the summer.

European or American Plan

French and German Cuisine

The New Movie Magazine, July, 1932
After brain eudgel-ing for months, M-G-M picks Jean (Platinum Blonde) Harlow to play "Red-Headed Woman."

"I'm not a laborer, hired to do a quick job. My Diego status is the same as mine."

Joseph von Sternberg

Mikey Mouse's new home cage is the offices formerly occupied by Charlie Chaplin, who's gone British again.

Lillian Bond threw away her English accent, was cast in the extremely English "Old Dark House," got it back again with great difficulty, and is now sought for a Chinese part.

Noel Coward was presented to Lady Diana Manners in London.

"What did you say your name is?" inquired Lady Diana. "Coward," said Coward. "Noel Coward."


And what is your name?" queried Coward.

"Diana Manners," replied Lady Diana.

"Oh, yes," mused Coward. "The Virgin in 'The Miracle.' Very funny!"

Home from Aftrien, Gary Cooper says the only time he heard a hyena laugh was when he shot at one. Then a whole bunch of them came around and laughed at him.

Looking at the daily "rushed" in a projection room, a Fox studio executive stood up suddenly and began to tear his hair over what was supposed to be a dramatic scene.

"Look at that girl," he exclaimed indignantly. "Working herself up into a terrible state of calm."

Donald Cook once kept the wolf from the door with a mouse meat. He peddled it. Son of a banker who snorted at son's theatrical aspirations, when Don left home.

Hobart Bosworth, grand gentleman of the films, and "Comes," who ranks with Tom Mix's "Tony" as one of the most beloved horses in Hollywood.

Photo by Wide World

his purse strings broke. Hence the mine-meat job.

In "Smilin' Through," Norma Shearer gets back to sweet-thing roles.

Fox to pay Clara Bow $125,000 per picture. Contract runs for six months.

Darryl Zanuck, Warner Brothers-First National production chief, expects to return to Europe with Emil Jannings with him, signed, sealed and delivered.

That girl of platinum-hair fame, Jean Harlow, created a sensation by appearing at the "Grand Hotel" opening in Hollywood with red hair set off by a shell-pink eréve gown. A pink velvet cape, banded with sable, completed the ensemble.

Show Must Go On! An example of real gameness was displayed by Bela Lugosi recently while appearing in "Murdered Alive" at a Los Angeles

Ignace Paderewski, famous pianist and war-time premier of Poland, visiting "Uncle Carl" Laemmle at Universal studio.

Doug, Sr., and some of the Tahitian girls in his new "Robinson Crusoé"--and in front, his leading lady, Maria Alba.

Colleen Moore signed by M-G-M. A new Colleen. Here's wishing for a big comeback for her. She has a new husband and a new haircut, too.

From Husband to Wife: A sculptor recently presented Ken Maynard with a bust of himself. Ken pased a long beard on the likeness and presented it to his wife as an anniversary gift. However, a few hours later he squared himself by giving her the deed to his and fully furnished home. "Just a token of my appreciation," said Ken.

When our cover artist, McClleland Barclay, and his wife appeared at the Hollywood opening of "Grand Hotel," Mrs. Barclay set off her Titian hair by wearing a gold frock with a three-quarter length jacket of Hecter brocade, bands of sable edging the collar line. She is under contract to M-G-M.

The New Movie Magazine, July, 1932
Days
Out of Doors
and an
UNSPOILED
WAVE
for Evening

DAYS out of doors, in the car, at the beach! Lorraine Gypsy Cap and Spanish Bandeau will add a swagger note to sports clothes and add to your comfort besides. You forget they're on your head, yet they keep your hair trimly in place and save your wave for indoor beauty. For week-ends and vacations, you'll need several of these lovely sports nets in bright summery colors. Lorraine Water Wave Nets, too, can save you money this summer. They make it so easy to reset your wave.

Lorraine
WATER WAVE and
SPORTS NETS

FOR SALE EXCLUSIVELY AT F. W. WOOLWORTH CO 5 AND 10 CENT STORES
NEVER PARCHED OR TOASTED

Switch to Camels
then leave them—if you can

IF YOU want to know the difference between a truly fresh cigarette and one that is parched or toasted, light a Camel. As you draw in that cool, fragrant smoke notice how smooth and friendly it is to your throat. Not a hint of sting or bite. Not a trace of burn.

That is because Camels are blended from choice Turkish and mild, sun-ripened Domestic tobaccos, and are made with just the right amount of natural moisture and kept that way until delivered to the smoker by the Camel Humidor Pack. Camels are never parched or toasted.

That’s why Camels bring you so much unalloyed enjoyment. That’s why they are so much milder; why they leave no cigarettey after-taste.

If you haven’t tried Camels lately, get a package today and see for yourself what you are missing.

Switch over to Camels. Then leave them—if you can.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.
Rebel of the Films By JIM TULLY
If I Were a Picture Producer By PETER B. KYNE
Hollywood's Greatest Friendship By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHN
Wear Jannetta Hair Nets to keep your hair orderly and smart. Jannetta Hair Nets are hand-made of fine human hair, single or double mesh. They match all the natural hair colors, from blond to brunet and black, from grey to silver white. There's a Jannetta for every occasion, for long or bobbed hair.

JANNETTA

HAIR NETS

Every Woman's Favorite

No 26
Color Dark Brown

JANNETTA

BRAND


HAIR NET

DOUBLE MESH
Guaranteed to be
Absolutely Sanitary

DOUBLE WEAR
Made of
Real Human Hair

Hand Made

Cap Shape

EVERY WOMAN'S FAVORITE

5¢ Each

Sold at many
F.W. WOOLWORTH CO
FIVE and TEN CENT STORES
What a Fool She Is!

Wears $10 shoes
Ignores her tender gums
and she has “pink tooth brush”!

Can’t blame her for deck out
that neat little foot in a good-
looking shoe! But people always
have considered and always will con-
sider a face more important than a foot.

If she doesn’t do something to get
those soft gums firm and healthy,
there may come a day, and soon,
when she’ll be afraid to smile!

Think this over: gums need stim-
ulation—they need work. But the
foods of this day and age allow them
to sit idle. Gradually they lose their
firmness. The walls weaken. There’s a
trace of “pink” on your tooth brush.

And “pink tooth brush” tends to
make the teeth “foggy”—ugly. It
often leads to gum troubles as serious
as gingivitis and Vincent’s disease.
(Sometimes even to the dread but far
less frequent pyorrhea!) And it can
threaten the soundness of your teeth.

Don’t let “pink tooth brush” go
on and on. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth
Paste. Clean your teeth with it.
(Ipana is first of all a splendid mod-
era tooth paste, and cleans the teeth
thoroughly and brightens them.)

Each time you clean your teeth,
put a little extra Ipana on your brush
and rub it into your gums. Don’t rinse
it off. For there’s ziratol in Ipana,
and this splendid toning agent aids
the massage in bringing the gums
back to healthy hardness.

Use Ipana with massage regularly
—and you won’t be bothered with
“pink tooth brush.” You’ll be
through with it. And your smile will
still be attractive years from now!

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75 West Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH
PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly
the cost of packing and mailing.

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A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury
Beginning next month — Will Hays’ Own Story of his ten years in movies, told for the first time, to his friend Will Irwin, noted author. The most startling chapters of inside Hollywood history ever given to the public.

The New Movie
One of the TOWER MAGAZINES
HUGH WEIR, Editorial Director
VERNE PORTER, Executive Editor

AUGUST, 1932

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McCLELAND BARCLAY

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SEEMS TO ME THOSE TWO ARE A MIGHTY LONG TIME SAYING GOOD NIGHT

BILL, HAVE A HEART! REMEMBER HOW IT WAS WHEN WE WERE COURTING

YOU KNOW, I TAKE SOME OF THE CREDIT FOR YOUR SISTER’S ENGAGEMENT

OH, YOU PLAYED MATCHMAKER, DID YOU?

HERE’S HOW IT HAPPENED

SHE TOLD ME THAT THE FIRST TIME THEY WENT TO THE MOVIES IT WAS A BROILING HOT NIGHT. HE DIDN’T ASK FOR ANOTHER DATE. SHE WAS HURT, BEWILDERED

I SUSPECTED HOW SHE HAD OFFENDED, SO I TOLD HER ABOUT LIFEBOUY AND HOW SO MANY GIRLS ALWAYS USE IT TO MAKE SURE THEY WILL NOT BE GUILTY OF “B.O.”

“B.O.” weather now—beware!

WE CAN’T help perspiring freely these sweltering hot days. But we can prevent “B.O.” (body odor) from offending! Just bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant, cooling lather washes away heat and stickiness—every trace of odor, too. Purifies pores—gets germs off hands. Its pleasant, hygienic scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you better than words why Lifebuoy protects.

Complexions that charm

Every night, cleanse the face thoroughly with Lifebuoy. Its pure, bland lather is kind to the skin—makes it glow with the healthy, natural loveliness everyone admires. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.
SALLY AND THE BABY: One sad thing about the marital difficulties of Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers is the genuine affection that has sprung up between Sally and Hoot's little girl, Lois.

By an arrangement between Hoot and his former wife, Helen, he has full custody of the child, and during the months that have elapsed Lois and Sally have become great chums.

CECILIA'S NICE, TOO: Matters between George O'Brien and Cecilia Parker have progressed to the point where he calls her "Sooky."

Eddie Kane, the actor, saw an item in a trade paper that he and Eddie Cantor were partners in a vaudeville act fifteen years ago.

Clipping it out, he sent it to Cantor with the following query: "Now aren't you sorry you didn't stick to me?"

Word comes from "Lunnon" that Gloria, Michael Former (the new husband) and the new baby are soon to set foot on these shores again—and that Gloria is to try another picture. Do you remember her in the old days when she played with Mack Swain and Chester Conklin in the famous Sennett comedies?

DOTTED LINE NOTE: Robert Montgomery and Wallace Beery have signed on the dotted line for long terms at MGM. Who said depression?

Sidney Fox's car backed off a hillside, turned a complete somersault and landed in a tree forty feet below. Sidney didn't even suffer a scratch. . . You're wrong! She was in the car.

Following the recent argument between Buster Keaton and his wife about taking the children airplane riding, Buster presented his wife with a nice new limousine.

"I don't see why the women get so hot and bothered about the Barrymore profile," says Jimmy Durante. "I've got more nose than the whole Barrymore family combined."

HARRY AT MALIBU: Harry Ban nister (no longer Mr. Ann Harding) has joined the Malibu colony for the balance of the summer.

ON THE OTHER HAND: Picture stars are not all extravagant. Richard Arlen drove his last car 87,000 miles before trading it in.

And on the other hand, there is a popular movie resort near Palm Springs where steaks sell for $5 a piece, being brought there daily by plane from Chicago.
Screen stars keep the charm of YOUTH

Screen Stars know how important it is to keep youthful charm. So they begin very early to give their lovely complexions zealous and regular care.

Jean Harlow, delightful young star, says: "I learned Hollywood's secret and started using Lux Toilet Soap my first day in the studio."

Lovelier than ever at 30, Viola Dana says: "Nowadays no woman need worry about growing old. I use Lux Toilet Soap regularly to keep my skin at its very best."

And the glamorous Nazimova, for so long an idol of the stage and screen, can well say: "Very few actresses look their age. Like me, they take care of their complexions with Lux Toilet Soap. It is a marvel, that soap. For years I've used it."

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 use fragrant Lux Toilet Soap. It is the official soap in all the big film studios. So gentle—so white that no other soap can rival it!

LUX Toilet Soap—10¢
JOAN SETS THE STYLE: Joan Crawford started all sorts of things in the spring. She came out with bangs with such startling success that barbers were kept busy all summer cutting Joan Crawford bangs. Everything Joan does she manages to make interesting.

She is the ideal of young America. You will hear collegiate America say, “You can have your Greta Garbos but we’ll take our Joan!” She represents the dramatic and romantic spirit of the times. She is probably MGM’s best box-office draw, not excluding Clark Gable, the Garbo, Beery and the beloved Marie Dressler.

JOAN swung popular favor toward deep sun tan again this year. Hollywood is decidedly on the fence as to whether to keep just a healthy brown or lean toward last year’s negro blend again.

Joan, looking like a native South Sea island belle when she went into “Rain,” decided the popular trend instantly. She was such a rich chocolate brown that her Hollywood girl friends and competitors could stand it no longer... so sun tan was immediately acquired in its deepest shades.

WITH all these rumors of domestic trouble for film couples it’s nice to see Joan Crawford attending previews of Doug, Jr’s newest picture.
COUNT THE HITS

Number 1  "CAUGHT SHORT"  Number 2  "REDUCING"  Number 3  "POLITICS"

AND NOW those furiously funny females.

Marie DRESSLER

Polly MORAN

in (what this country needs)

Just around the corner, at your favorite movie theatre, the laugh riot of the year! Instead of mopping around the house worrying about the Depression—see Marie and Polly tackle the money problem in the funniest picture they've ever made. All the world's been waiting for PROSPERITY. Here it is!

PROSPERITY

A METRO - GOLDWYN - MAYER SCREAMIE!

Directed by Leo McCarey

with Anita Page

Wallace Ford

The New Movie Magazine, August, 1932
Marlene Dietrich and perfume . . . . Marlene and her daughter . . . . Marlene as a movie fan . . . . Marlene as one of Hollywood's best-dressed women.

ABOUT MARLENE:
While we are on the subject of Marlene Dietrich—now that we are—it is surprising to learn that Marlene Dietrich never uses perfume. She prefers the light, wafting scent of toilette waters. She keeps these waters in enormous atomizers at the studio and at home. She sprays the scent on her hands and hair only.

ONE reason why most of the Paramount players want to be cast in Miss Dietrich's next picture, "Blonde Venus," has been unearthed. It seems that on every picture Miss Dietrich makes it a point to bring a plate of some delectable food almost every day to the members of the cast. She is very proud of her cook and the unusual continental dishes she can concoct.

Almost any night during the week, the neighborhood theater in Beverly Hills is visited by Marlene and her daughter. Both Marlene and Maria are "movie" fans and never miss any of the big pictures. They usually arrive for an early show, and the audiences are quite used now to the nightly visit of this famous pair.

But Marlene's easily recognized Rolls, in green and beige, has changed its color scheme. It is now a smart dull gray. Just another sign of spring in Hollywood.

AND, while we are talking about her, Marlene has developed into one of the film colony's best-dressed women this season. Her collection of spring clothes displays a remarkable understanding of style, color and line. Among the most startling of her costumes is one tailored suit comprising a lipstick-red jacket and dark-brown skirt. The part hat that accompanies it is brown straw with one impudent red pompon and one brown in the front. Another ravishing outfit is of dark green and bright yellow, and as for those people who say that a blonde should never wear yellow, we advise just one glimpse of Marlene in this costume.

BEE DANIELS' lovely early American beach cottage at Santa Monica has been rented for the year by Marlene. Maria, her daughter, is a budding athlete, and she likes her dip in the ocean every day, no matter what the weather may be.

THAT famous trio in white now takes on a fourth. There's Marlene, her husband, von Sternberg, and the little girl, seen places together, all garbed in white with berets to match.
"The OLD DARK HOUSE"

WEIRD!
Travelers on a mountain road overtaken by a thunder-storm and torrential rain, seek shelter in a mysterious old mansion. It is full of queer characters and uncanny happenings. A remarkable picture with a remarkable cast.

BORIS KARLOFF
MELVYN DOUGLAS
CHARLES LAUGHTON
GLORIA STUART
LILLIAN BOND and others

Directed by
JAMES WHALE

From the novel by J. B. Priestley

Universal Pictures

The New Movie Magazine, August, 1932

Joan Marsh loves horseback riding, and gets into the saddle of every idle moment. Her latest picture is "Fancy Free," with Adolphe Menjou.

(Right) For the stars don't work all the time; sometimes they play. Here are Harriet Hagman, who was snapped up for pictures from Earl Carroll's "Vonies," and Rochelle Hudson—and don't fail to read about her in Edgar Wallace's Hollywood Diary next month—doing a tandem on stilts, "pogo style," at Santa Monica.

When Noel Coward, English playwright and stage star, visited Hollywood, he was the guest of Tallulah Bankhead. Here you see them with Richard Wallace, who is directing Miss Bankhead.

AND IS JANET POPULAR? Janet Gaynor still popular with the public? Well, we guess! The very next day after a popular writer had announced over the radio that she had returned from Europe and had her hair cut in an entirely different manner, he received over 700 letters begging him to describe the exact sort of hair cut she had had, and how she was having it waved, and how becoming it was to her, etc., etc., ad infinitum—according to his report.

Janet had no intention of keeping a different hair cut or dress for her picture, but she knew she had time before she started another picture to take liberties with it—so she did!

CHARLIE FARRELL is driving behind his very own chauffeur for the first time in his life these days! Believe it or not, Charlie has never had a chauffeur in his life before!

He bought such a beautiful new Packard that he didn't have the nerve to drive it around all the time himself. "It probably would feel slighted or hurt," grins Farrell. "Maybe it's because I'm getting old or something, but I surely enjoy, after a long day at the studio, sitting in the back seat and taking it easy!"

Then, too, of course, he and Virginia are still apparently very much in love—and almost any one will tell you it's tough to drive a great big special chassis Packard with one hand! Also, it's rather hard to arrive at a swanky affair with immaculate evening clothes after sitting behind a wheel all the way over . . . Oh, there are just lots of reasons why Charlie has bought himself a chauffeur. Perhaps it's the unemployment situation! Who knows?

SPEAKING of Janet again, she belongs to the "Also Muffed" club ever since "The First Year"!

You see, she had bets, along with several other players and Bill Howard, the director, that she would not muffle a single line during her scenes . . . But one sad, sad day, her throat was dry, and the lights were hot, and—well, any alibi will do, the result is the same—Janet muffed a line.

She was almost ready to weep at first, but took it all in good spirit and went around shaking every one's hand who had bet for and against her and hoped for better luck next time!

She felt particularly bad because Bill Howard, her director, had started the "Also Muffed" club when he directed Joan Bennett in "The Trial of Vivienne Ware," and she set the record of never missing or muffling a single line! Janet wanted to show him she, too, could not make him retake a single scene. It did not comfort her any to know that every other player on the lot was a member of the same club.

(Please turn to page 16)
Here are two new-found beauties you'll want to watch—Sari Maritza and Adrianne Ames, Paramount starlets. Before the year is out, the studio will have decided whether either—or both—is star calibre. Read about Sari in Edgar Wallace's Hollywood Diary in this issue of New Movie.
Our Hollywood

From Fargo, North Dakota, comes Virginia Bruce; is 21, was discovered by Director William Beaudine, played a small part in Chevalier's "The Love Parade," and now holds an M-G-M contract—and John Gilbert's attention, both in "Downtown," his new picture, and socially. She's a blue-eyed blonde, loves playing tennis, wanted to be either a nurse or an artist, plays the piano and reads the classics. And did you see her in "The Wet Parade"?

Today's starlets will be tomorrow's stars. Which of these movie newcomers do you pick for fame?

William Gargan, Broadway stage comedian from "The Animal Kingdom," signed by RKO, lent to United Artists to play the male lead opposite Joan Crawford in "Rain." Then he goes back to his old part—but this time, in the film—in "The Animal Kingdom." He has appeared in a number of New York stage productions.

This is Sheila Terry, twenty-one, blonde, blue-eyed, five feet five inches, 115 pounds, born in War Road, Minnesota. You saw her in "Week-end Marriage," "Big City Blues," "The Crooner"—and she's a Warner-First National starlet. Studied dramatics in Toronto and New York, isn't married . . . and if she couldn't be an actress or a writer, would like to be—hold your breath!—a hotel manager. Plays golf, tennis, bridge, and is a checker champion. Anything else you want to know?
KINDERGARTEN

You'll hear more about Paulette Goddard, Hal Roach baby star. Incidentally, she's a naturally wavy platinum blonde, blue eyes, five feet four inches, weighs 110 pounds, was born in Great Neck, Long Island, and her first film is "Pack Up Your Troubles." A Hal Roach scout discovered her bathing—at the beach—at Malibu.

How about Helen Mack? Did you know that: She's nineteen, five feet four and a half inches, 105 pounds, brown eyes and auburn hair, is a farmer's daughter from Rock Island, Ill., began in dramatic school in New York when she was ten years old, played in a number of stage plays, some silent pictures, was more recently in "The Silent Witness" and "While Paris Sleeps," and is a Fox find? Doesn't smoke, isn't married, favorite color is green, wears no jewelry, and is easily frightened.

Anna Sten, blonde, twenty-three-year-old Russian peasant girl, made her world hit with Emil Jannings in "Tempest." She has been signed by United Artists. Her mother Swedish, her father Russian, she has blue-gray eyes, silky yellow hair, low, vibrant voice, she speaks Russian, German, French and English. Will she be another Garbo or Dietrich or Negri?
Joan Bennett and Gene Markey... How she established a studio record... Their new home at Malibu... Joan as the most conscientious worker on the lot.

Jean Harlow and Jock Conway, her director, greet the president of the Motion Picture Theater Owners, M. A. Lightman, on "The Redheaded Woman" set.

Helene Barclay, under contract at M-G-M, and her talented husband, McClelland Barclay, at his Hollywood studio, where he is making covers for New Movie Magazine.

JOAN SETS A RECORD: Bets have been running between players and directors on the Fox lot ever since the completion of "The Trial of Vivienne Ware."

Joan Bennett set a record which others have found it almost impossible to duplicate. She went through the entire making of "The Trial of Vivienne Ware" without muffing a line! Bill Howard, the director, did not have to retake one scene in which Joan appeared because she blew up in a line!

Every player on the lot now starts a picture with bets on his or her ability to duplicate Joan's amazing record.

No one, unless he lives in Hollywood, or has watched moving pictures being taken since the players have had lines to speak, knows what a record of accomplishment, self-control, and concentration Joan has set!

THE new owners have added two new rooms onto the house and have also decorated it with the soft blue Joan loves.

Constance and the Marquis have their Malibu house with green predominant. Both houses are full of charm and good taste. Constance's is a bit more formal and conventional than the simple hospitable, informal warmth of sister Joan's.
Garbo’s sense of humor . . . . Garbo’s love for her mother . . . . Garbo nervous and relaxed . . . . Garbo, the sun bather . . . .

And can this be no other than our Ambassador Bill Rogers, actor, author and speaker, working right on the set? He is playing in “Down to Earth.”

Garbo in Joking Mood: Greta Garbo likes fun. One noon Bob Montgomery passed the waiter carrying Garbo’s tray to her dressing-room. Bob picked a withered, brown fern leaf from a shrub beside the sidewalk, laid it across the tray and said, “Please give this to Miss Garbo with my compliments.” A few minutes later Alma, Garbo’s maid, appeared at Bob’s dressing-room door. “Miss Garbo sends this to you with her compliments,” she said, and gave Bob a tiny chocolate dog, carefully wrapped in tin-foil, its neck ornamented by a huge satin bow of bright pink.

Greta speaks German, French and Swedish fluently, and her English is grammatically perfect.

She keeps up a lengthy and faithful correspondence with her family in Sweden, writing long letters several times a week to her mother, who has never visited this country.

Contrary to popular belief, she does not live entirely to herself. She does not mix in the social affairs of Hollywood, but she has a close and intimate group of friends, many of them members of the foreign colony. At their homes she is a frequent guest, and they are often invited to her home. Garbo’s informal suppers are delightful.

Garbo’s maid, Alma, has been with her during her entire motion picture career. “Mata Hari” was the only picture which Alma missed, and during the making of that picture she was in the hospital. She was lost without Alma, who has learned to anticipate Greta’s every wish.

Garbo loves the sun. It is almost a phobia with her, this desire to be in the warm rays of the California sunlight. If there is a long wait between scenes, she sits in a chair outside the stage door or walks up and down one of the studio streets in the sunshine. When the company goes on location, she spreads a rug on the ground and lies there while waiting to be called for work.

When she is working in a picture, Garbo is nervously tense. She eats dinner either in bed or at a small table by her fireside, studies her speeches for the next day’s scenes and goes to bed at nine o’clock. Garbo has never been known to be late on the set or not to know her lines.

Laurence Olivier lingers on the set during idle moments in the filming of “Westward Passage.” Ann Harding’s new picture. You’re to hear much more of this young Englishman who, in less than a year, has definitely established himself in the films.
CHARLIE KEEPS HIS TONGUE: Whether or not Charlie Chaplin is stubborn we can figure out. He is now considering appearing as a deaf and dumb clown in his next, "The Jester." The rest of the cast will all talk.

Clark Gable makes his debut as a star in "China Seas."

Here's proof that talent is never recognized at home. Irving Pichel's wife took their two sons to a play to see their father act. A minute after he appeared, one boy suggested: "We've seen father. May we go now?"

THE STORK: The stork is giving George Lewis and his wife that dizzy eye of his. Hollywood has kept the old bird rather busy lately.

HONOLULU FOR REST: Mae Clarke has decided that Honolulu is the only place to convalesce from that recent illness.

COMEDY TEAM BREAKS UP: The completion of "Hold 'Em Jail" marks the dissolution of the three-year-old team of Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey. Wheeler went into a ten-weeks' vaudeville tour with Dorothy Lee, while Woolsey went to Mexico City to sign a bullfight act to be used in a musical comedy he and Tim Wheelan plan to produce on Broadway this fall. Woolsey will make a trip to the Far East before beginning preparations for the play.

One can't help but admire Billie Dove for not changing the color of her very beautiful grey hair.

LORETTA AT HOME: Loretta Young has just built herself a new home. The rooms are large and the closets roomy. They have to be, to hold the wardrobe of an actress. There is a lovely solarium where she and her sisters, Sally and Polly Ann, indulge in sun-baths. It's quite some place—and she sketched her own plans.

Those turtle-necked Clark Gable sweaters have taken Hollywood by storm. Some one hazarded the guess that they had become so popular around the studios because they hide the hinges in the necks of the "yawners."

BANCROFT AT LIBERTY: George Bancroft is making his last picture for Paramount on his present contract. He hasn't decided what he expects to do, but says he has plenty of offers from both Hollywood and England.

HELEN AWAITS EVENT: Helen Twelvetrees has gone to the summer home of her mother and father in the Maine woods to await the happy event. She is as excited and thrilled about her new role of motherhood as any one of her life. "I always wanted to play that role in real life," Helen smiled, "and now that I have really been assigned that part I'm half frightened and wholly delighted."

BOB SCORNS MALIBU: No Malibu for Bob Armstrong! He has bought a house at Laguna Beach, quite in the opposite direction. "They have too much fun... There's too much doing at Malibu," says Bob. "I'm so afraid I'll miss something that I can't ever rest! So it's the wild sea waves and quiet I'm seeking—and I think I've found it."

Laguna is quite an artists' colony. Maybe Bob's taking up art—or something.

DIX ON HONEYMOON: For the first time since Richard Dix has had the clause in his contract which permits him a six weeks' rest between pictures, he exercised that right and went to Honolulu on a much belated honeymoon. "Honolulu is a paradise for honeymooners!" says Dix. "I should think it would be an ideal spot for married folks who had forgotten their first honeymoon—to start over, too," he grinned.

JOEL IN A TENT: Joel McCrea, the romantic cygnet, has gone back to nature or is pulling a Garbo—or something. At any rate he is living in a tent in bachelor glory all his own. He has picked himself a spot on the beach, lonely and uninhabited, pitched his tent and is cooking his own meals over a wood fire. Every evening after his strenuous day at the studio, he drives to his tent. It won't be long now before Joel will—like the Arabs—pick up his tent and silently steal away.

(please turn to page 119)
Do you remember that highly successful stage play, "The First Year," that ran to startling box-office records? Well, anyway, that's the new vehicle for winsome Janet Gaynor—and, of course, Charles Farrell. And after that they are to make two more romantic pictures—always romance for these two.
WHAT I
WOULD DO — IF I Were A

PETER B. KYNE, one of America’s most famous authors, gives the writer’s view on how pictures could be improved

IF I were a producer I would approach the production exactly as I approach the production of a short story, the which is the most absurdly simple method of approach known to man. I would first make very certain I had a story to tell and then I would proceed to tell it.

Nowadays there is no more basic difference between telling a story in print and telling it through the medium of photographs and spoken lines. Merely different methods to achieve the same result.

Now, of course, I know very well that this is exactly what the motion picture producers try to do. But they do not succeed more than ten per cent of the time, and for a very simple reason: They do not employ professional story-tellers to tell the story, to prepare it for telling in the new medium we call the talkie.

Instead, they bewitch themselves into believing that because the talkie picture is a different medium the story must be told differently. And, alas, it generally is—so differently that when at last it is told be is a wise author who knows his own brainchild.

I am one of those unfortunate wretches who’s wife makes him accompany her to the movies. I yield because I do not wish to be convicted of being a dog all the time, but I go with my ears pinned back like a mean horse, figuratively speaking, because I know I shall very likely see and hear a story told, not by one non-professional story-teller, but by a syndicate of them. I tell my wife that this is analogous to asking Paderewski to listen to little Mabel, aged five, pound out:

Up, up in the sky,
The little birds fly.
Down, down in the nest,
The little birds rest.

However, with the years I have learned discretion. No matter how great the yearning to do so, I refrain from telling my wife, in the middle of the picture, exactly how the story is going to end.

If I should do this she would declare passionately (as some of the movie people do) that I’m a knocker and a kill-joy. And I do not want to be a knocker and a kill-joy. I want to be helpful and educational—all of which reminds me of the dreadful experience which once befall a lunatic producer and director who purchased a story from a lunatic author (myself) and produced it exactly as I wrote it with the exception of one small scene, a change that was vitally necessary, but which did not at all affect the story.

To begin, I hooted at them when they selected this particular story. I said it wasn’t a motion picture story, in that it did not lend itself to alteration into the standardized motion picture form. The capable Edward Sloman, who was to direct the piece, told me I was crazy and I told him he was, washed my hands of all responsibility and pouched my check.

About two months later I received a telegram from the producer begging me to come to Hollywood for a conference. I went—and found him and the director in the lowest slough of despair. The picture, they felt assured, was a flop and I must write a set of snappy titles to bolster it up. (This was a silent picture.)

The director was really ill. “I’ve fluffed it,” he almost sobbed. “It was such a beautiful story to read but somewhere along the line I lost the spirit of it. I’ve busted my producer.”

“Before you two chaps die of grief,” I suggested, “let me look at the monstrosity. You will recall that I warned you against it.”

“ ‘When Lewis Milestone made ‘All Quiet on the Western Front,’ and followed Remarque’s story so faithfully, its success was not an accident.’”

The New Movie Magazine, August, 1932
I had Rob Wagner with me and together we sat in the projection room and saw the opus unrolled. After the third reel Rob said: "These boys are crazy. There's nothing wrong with this picture or the titles. It's a corking picture."

At the finish I thought so, too. I said to those two unfortunates, "Nothing has happened, except that you two have fractured the unwritten law of the movies by producing an author's story exactly as he wrote it. Now, when you fail to see the old standardized form you have got afraid. You're so close to the trees you can't see the woods. The titles are good. Leave them alone."

They didn't believe me, but inasmuch as I refused to touch the perfect job they got up sufficient courage to give it a pre-view at a Pasadena theatre. And the audience wept and laughed and chuckled and at the conclusion cheered and clapped.

Outside in the foyer, producer and director fell into each other's arms and cried in unison: "I don't know a thing about the picture business."

Well, that little picture stepped out and grossed better than half a million dollars and the producer told me later it had saved him from bankruptcy.

Now comes my confession. I had so little faith in the story that before I received the check for $5,000.00 for it, I taunted the producer for being such a sucker as to pay me that much money. Said he: "I'll roll you the bones, one flop, to see whether I pay you $2,500.00 for it or $7,500.00." I accepted—and departed with a check for $2,500.00! What a bright boy I turned out to be!

"When at last the story is told he is a wise author who knows his own brain-child."

If I were a producer, I'd never produce a story or manhandle a story to fit a star. I'd make the star fit the story.

I'd never make the mistake of thinking that because Greta Garbo gave a wonderful performance in "Anna Christie" she was incapable of performing in any part other than that of a lady of uncertain virtue. Good artists can play any number of parts equally well and it must be terrible on them to be confined to one dreary role until the public sickens of them and they disappear into oblivion.

If I were a producer I'd bet anybody a ripe peach I'd know a good story when it was submitted to me, and (Please turn to page 32)
Do frantic directors fuss, fidget and foam?
Our Greta says calmly, "Ay tank ay go home!"

Do contracts displease? With a shake of her dome
She alters the terms with "Ay tank ay go home!"

Do suitors propose in the glimmering gloam?
She gives them the gate with "Ay tank ay go home!"

It's rumored she'll stay, and it's whispered she'll roam,
Well, what does she mean by "Ay tank ay go home!"

Is "home" built on Swedish or Hollywood loam?
All Greta replies is "Ay tank ay go home!"

Should Greta quit—millions, from Capetown to Nome,
Will say "Nix on movies! We tank we go home!"

By
BERTON
BRALEY
Can Mary Pickford COME BACK?

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

A SLIM, nervous young man stared with a puzzled air at the embarrassed and very beautiful woman who sat on the other side of his enormous desk.

Between them lay the matter of a contract—a vital contract involving unbelievable sums of money. Yet they were agreed upon all that had to do with money, upon all that had to do with work. There was only this matter of a leave of absence. To that the woman clung with a sweet but immovable obstinacy, and the presiding genius of a great and successful business could in no wise move her.

The handsome young man was Irving Thalberg, who controls Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production.

The woman was his premier writer, Frances Marion, who in the past year had written no less than four box-office smashes—"The Big House," "Min and Bill," "The Champ" and "Emma."

Mr. Thalberg wanted Miss Marion to write a new story for Marie Dressler, he wanted her to write immediately a new story for Marion Davies, and there was, too, that idea for Clark Gable. What was all this about a leave of absence?

"You had a three-months' vacation in Europe with Marie Dressler just a little while ago," said he.

The great lady—a famous producer told me not long ago that if he had his choice of all the contracts in Hollywood he would rather own Frances Marion's—fidgeted, squirmed, and finally it came out.

She wanted a leave of absence to write and supervise a new story for Mary Pickford. Nothing could shake her. She wouldn't sign a new contract with M-G-M, no matter what the salary, no matter what interesting assignments they had for her, no matter how much she adored working with Mr. Thalberg, unless Irving would let her do this one thing first.

And Irving, being an exceedingly wise young man and well used to handling the vagaries of genius, agreed.
Continuing—

EDGAR WALLACE'S
Hollywood Diary

Editor's Note: Edgar Wallace, famous English author, playwright and sportsman, writer of 150 novels with a sale of more than 5,000,000 copies a year, arrived in Hollywood December 4, 1931, on a short-term writing contract with Radio-Keith-Orpheum pictures. Each day until sudden death from pneumonia he wrote a letter to his wife in England; these letters she kept as his Hollywood diary. The first instalment of these, published last month, tells of Mr. Wallace's arrival, his leasing a house, his preliminary work for the studio and some of his social activities. Now take up his diary at its most interesting part.

Tuesday, 22nd December, 1931.

I worked till quite late last night and was up early this morning. I have promised to do the scenario for the new story for Merion Cooper by 12 o'clock tomorrow, and only a bit of it is done. As I have told you, we did a little on Sunday night.

My ambition, which may not be realized, is that the film I have made, roughly designed for Constance Bennett, will be directed by me. There is a possibility, of course, that as she is such an important and expensive star, they may choose one of the better-known directors. But that's my secret ambition, and I whisper it into your ear so that I may have all the sympathy if it doesn't come off.

Edgar Wallace, in his Hollywood home, dictating to his secretary, whom he always affectionately refers to as "Bob." The table at which Mr. Wallace is shown sitting is the one referred to in his diary as having been sent out to him by the studio officials. In the rear is the gas-and-wood fireplace that intrigued him so much.

Wednesday, 23rd December, 1931.

I took the scenario down to the studio, where I was interviewed by the Variety correspondent, a decent fellow called Fred Stanley, and, having handed the story over to Cooper, I met him an hour later at lunch in the restaurant. There was a little bit about a
missionary which he thought might not get past the Will Hays office, but Cooper said it was the most powerful story of mine he had read, and the seduction scene (!!!) the best he'd ever read. I then went down to the animating room, where they are working on models for a prehistoric story, the 'script of which I am going to write, as I think I told you.

_Thursday morning, 24th December, 1931._

I DID no work last night. Bob and I went down to the Brown Derby and had some coffee. It was very beautiful to see the illuminated Christmas trees. As I think I explained to you, they decorate not special Christmas trees, but fir trees that are already growing in front of the houses. Some of them are thirty feet high, and they look wonderful with thousands of lights on them.

Where they haven't trees they decorate their windows or balconies or porches, and there was quite a procession of cars from Los Angeles moving slowly down the road, evidently doing all the drives and admiring the trees. There was also a group of Christmas carolers, and tonight ten thousand of them are going out to sing, in small parties.

This morning I got your wire, and at about 8:45 put through a call to you, being quite under the impression it was Christmas Day. It was not until the call went that I realized I had slipped a cog. Exactly half an hour after the transatlantic service called through and said they had got you and they were putting me through. It was grand to hear your voice, and Penny's, of course, was as clear as in the proverbial next room; so was Pat's. Michael was a little booming, but eventually I heard him. I gather he was one large grin and therefore incapable of being coherent.

It was very odd to hear you were going to have dinner in bed, whilst the remains of my breakfast were on the table. In fact, at this very moment I am drinking the coffee that was poured out before your call came through.

Thalberg and Norma Shearer asked me to go to dinner on Christmas night and go on to a grand opening, but I had already refused an invitation to dinner at Guy Bolton's. I wanted to have dinner at home quietly.

Today I am lunching with Bayard Veiller on the M-G-M lot. I am sorry to tell you that my cook is much too good; the food she prepares is so wonderful that I simply can't refuse it; but I am limiting my breakfast. This morning was a typical one: prunes and a few slices of bacon.

I am devoting today to sentimentalizing "The Frightened Lady" and an article for the _Sunday Graphic_.

The beauty of this work is that you can write a scenario and put your best into it, and you have a story, or rather the guts of a story, for serial and book publication. I can go on doing this for a very long time, and of course I am working under ideal conditions in this delightful, lofty sitting-room. It is not magnificently furnished, but it is terribly pleasant. I am having the photographers up, and they are going to give me some snaps. (Editor's Note: These are the photographs shown in this issue.)

I shall send this instalment of the diary off today. By the way, I have a wire from Michael Beary saying he left on the _Majestic_. I am afraid I shan't be able to put him up at 716, but I will take a suite for him at the Beverly Wilshire. He'll be here a fortnight. I never dreamed he would come at all.

_Later._

I drove round to the M-G-M lot and met one of the executives, Mannix. They are all very nice. I lunched with Bayard Veiller.

The M-G-M lot is terribly like a factory, full of people running about in all directions, and bears a striking resemblance in some respects to a madhouse.

I drove back through to Beverly Hills, went into the flower shop and spent money extravagantly. I sent roses to Norma Shearer; she asked me to dinner tomorrow night, but I wasn't able to accept. I sent another bunch up to Mary Pickford. Douglas has just returned by airplane from the east to spend Christmas with her. I sent some sables to Mrs. Cook, my landlady, and to Virginia Bedford (Please turn to page 82)
"Bird of Paradise" is the current attraction in which you see the boy all Hollywood is picking for a bright star—Joel McCrea. You see Dolores Del Rio in the same picture. Big, brawny, good-natured and likable, Joei is winning his way into American hearts.
Loretta Young, the young and charming, has become a recognized fan favorite—whether the critics scold or praise. Her latest picture is "Week-End Marriage." Loretta has just built herself and her sisters a swanky new house—made from plans that Loretta drew herself.
Whether in pictures or out of them, Tom Mix seems never to lose one jot of his popularity. Here he is shown in "The Good Bad Man." His next will be "Kings Up," with Lucille Powers as his leading lady. Tom's picture comeback has been in many respects remarkable. His public has not been fickle.

The New Movie Magazine, August, 1932

Bickford and Thelma Todd, at Bickford's gas station opposite the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios in Culver City.

Bickford, on his own fishing schooner, on a fishing trip in Mexican waters.
Hollywood's REBEL

The human story of what happened to three hoboes

He is elemental as thunder, and gentle, at times, as dew on withered grass. His screen personality is greater than Garbo's. He proved it in "Anna Christie."

No matter how far he goes as an actor, his personality will still be miles ahead.

Not facile with moods, he must not be allowed to change too suddenly. An intuitive master of dynamic crescendo, he must move slowly toward diminuendo.

He acts as easily as a tiger walks, and with the same terrifying power. He has never even touched the edge of his capacity. He would make a Danton to shake the guillotine, or disturb the clouds as Lucifer leading the fallen angels from heaven.

His moods are as strong as primary colors, and without nuance.

With less compromise than Cromwell, his sorrow is as real as Lear's.

As Irish as the tail of Paddy's pig, he has the gifts of charm and laughter. He was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and lived his formative years in the average, uninteresting manner of a spirited boy caught in such an environment. He spent a year at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. After that period, school and student gladly separated.

As a boy in Cambridge he would start to school, his books under his arm, his mother watching. When school was out he would return, carrying his books. His mother, proud of her son's attention to his studies, met the principal of the school and thanked him. The good man gave the surprising information that her son had not been near the school in a month.

At last, after the pleadings of his parents, the boy managed to get enough. (Please turn to page 104)
WHAT'S WRONG with this country?

"Boy, you ain't seen nothin' yet! Bring on more beans."

Our Hollywood Boulevardier Discusses Will Rogers, Garbo, Novarro, Garbo, Spanish food, Garbo and the Political Situation . . . By HERB HOWE

T'S consoling to know that even Will Rogers can't joke about Garbo.

Will confesses heroically it was his idea for Wally Beery to appear in female attire on the stage at the opening of "Grand Hotel" when the audience was expecting the Divine One in person.

Wally was greeted with a sour silence. The next day Will wired all the papers that he was the villain who put Wally up to it.

I'm not heroic enough to think I may have conveyed a similar idea in a recent Boulevardier. No, sir, I've suffered enough. I've learned my lesson. You can't joke about the deity. Not even if you happen to be a Buddhist.

WILL ROGERS is almost as elusive as Garbo herself. His words are cash and he doesn't fling them around riotously for thieving writers to steal.

I did catch a few the other day at La Golondrina. It was a swell close-up of Will with the feed bag on. He occupied three chairs at a table—his hat on one, his coat on another and his gum under the third.

The waiter thought he was serving three people, an idea stimulated by the amount of food Will ordered. When the other guests failed to appear, the waiter in his soft Mexican voice said: "Mr. Rogers, if your friends don't come pretty soon their food will be cold."

"No friends," said Will, scooping in the frijoles. "Food's mine."

"But can you eat all this?" gasped the waiter.

"Boy, you ain't seen nuthin' yet," said Will. "Bring on more beans!"
Ramon demurred with Lindberghian modesty. Having been a publicity man myself, I took the side of the camera, and Ramon consented.

WILL put over some good jokes in person at the opening of “Grand Hotel.” He said it would probably be the only hotel that would be filled this year. Also that the picture would part of Mr. Hoover’s anti-boarding campaign to bring out hidden money. “The box-office has even taken in some Confederate money,” Will added.

THE ‘Grand Hotel’ premiere was the biggest event in years. Everyone was there except Greta. She listened to it over the radio and laughed. She’s the only one who dares laugh at herself. And at that, if the fans caught her, she’d get a good bawling out, along with the rest of us atheists.

PADRINOS—Dolores del Rio e Ramon Novarro.” This is the inscription, with autographs, on the first parchment page of the guest-book at La Golondrina.

This Mexican restaurant occupies an old adobe wine cellar in Olvera Street, Los Angeles. This street is the most charming bit of the city.

Novarro introduced me to Señora de Bonzo, the hostess, who always addresses you in Spanish, though she speaks English fluently.

The Mexican waiters are all orphans. Shyly beautiful girls and lithe cavaliers in native dress.

“They are not waiters,” the Señora explains. “They are hosts. I explained that to them when we started the place. I wanted this place to have the hospitality typical of a Mexican home.”

If you prove simpatica, you may have the privilege of meeting the kitchen boys. Warner Oland succeeded by posing as a Mexican. Warner owns an island off the Mexican coast and loves the people.

Hearing the kitchen boys singing at their work, Harry Carr asked them to come into the dining-room and sing for us. They politely obliged, gazing fixedly at their toes throughout.

The youth who served us had the grace and manner of a young prince, conversing with us as a host should. I learned he was an artist. His particular exhibit is a painting of padrino Ramon Novarro, of whom every Mexican is proud.

(Please turn to page 90)
The Town of Forgotten Faces

Walking side by side with the stars of to-day, the favorites of yesteryear pass like shadows through Hollywood

By RAMON ROMERO

In the skeleton closets of Hollywood lie broken dreams and dead careers and living corpses with forgotten names, the dust of age upon them. Names that will not accept the death of defeat, more like drifting flotsam—ghosts who were yesterday's stars.

One meets them in the cold waiting-rooms of casting offices, in the small cafes, on the Boulevard. They are like a procession of the dead, marching wearily in one direction, while from the opposite comes the parade of Rolls-Royces carrying ermine-coated women and prosperous men who have taken their places—who have become the new darlings of a fickle public. They, too, to fall.

They make me think of tired, maimed soldiers, back from the wars, with their hearts torn out and their souls scarred in the battle—the battle to stay at the top of the heap. What price glory? And like the war veterans, these veterans of the screen who gave their youth, all the beauty of their souls, all the blood of their hearts, to the cause of entertainment and happiness for the world—are almost forgotten.

Ella Hall!... Virginia Pearson!... George Hackathorne!... Mary MacLaren!... Mae Busch!... Francis X. Bushman!... Beverly Bayne!... Fay Tincher!... Alice Lake!... King Baggot!... Florence Turner!... Ethel Clayton!... Names that wrote screen history over the world, personalities that drew long lines to the box office—great stars, lost in the infinity of space, supplanted by the Garbos and the Gables and the Dietrichs. And when the Merry-Go-Round has whirled madly around once more will they, too, be phantoms?

Their faces no longer caressed by the bloom of youth—but what courage the lines in their faces spell! On the Boulevard one meets them and they lift their heads and smile as if nothing at all were wrong.

And so we find them playing small parts, bits, some even extras, in support of new stars who—who knows?—might have been beginners and extras, when they shone in all the glory of their stardom.

It is no secret that Clark Gable was a Hollywood extra several years ago, playing one of the college boys in a series of Alberta Vaughn comedies. Today Alberta is not a star and Gable is Hollywood's newest and greatest sensation. Hollywood is like that.

Ella Hall works in a dress shop on Hollywood Boulevard for a mere frac-
Remember Virginia Pearson, the famous siren of the screen? She organized her own company after a period of great popularity. Then she met with an accident which disfigured her face and kept her from further success. Shown here in her own production, "The Bishop's Emeralds."

tion of what Universal paid her as a star. She has three children to support besides herself. They cannot understand that Mamma was once a great movie star like Joan Crawford and Janet Gaynor. They were not yet born, when Ella Hall was a national favorite in Universal Pictures and thrilled audiences with her beautiful performances in such early masterpieces as "Little Boy Blue." And they are too young, too, to remember much about the lovely home in Beverly Hills that sheltered them but five years ago.

Monroe Salisbury, virile ex-Universal star, once in the big money, is night clerk at a hotel off Vine Street. Fay Tincher, prominent comedienne of the Sennett-Keystone and Christie comedy days, is cashier at a drugstore. Ethel Clayton, until a few months ago was selling beauty preparations under her own name at a store on Sunset Boulevard. Now she is working in pictures again. You will see her in "Continental Hotel," in which a newcomer, Peggy Shannon, is the star. The famous and lovable Maggie Pepper of the old Paramount days again sits and waits patiently for a new opportunity to carve a niche for herself in the talkies. And waiting, too, is Florence Turner.

MAE BUSCH and Fritzl Brunette became motion picture agents. Miss Alice Lake, shown here with Edmund Lowe in a scene from "The Cisco Kid," was once one of the screen's most beautiful and successful members. She rose from slapstick comedy in Roscoe Arbuckle's pictures to be one of the leading dramatic actresses.

Brunette is now managing J. Warren Kerrigan, the screen Apollo of other days, to help him stage a comeback. Miss Busch, acknowledged one of the finest dramatic actresses in the entertainment world, has been her own worst enemy. As an agent, attempting to secure work for others, she managed to get herself a job at the Hal Roach studios as leading lady for Charlie Chase and Laurel & Hardy. There is irony in that. The lady with the heavy heart who must cavort in slapstick fashion. Her hair has gone white—and she doesn't seem to care.

Francis X. Bushman, who admits that he made three million dollars in pictures, is somewhere in the Middle West playing stock engagements. The younger generation, who are the fans of today, barely remember him. The glamour has almost completely faded from the once-illustrious name. And beautiful Beverly Bayne—she, too, is gone. Perhaps she has given up all hopes of a screen comeback, for Hollywood sees her no more.

CHRISTMAS EVE I happened to be passing Magnin's exclusive gown shop on Hollywood Boulevard. Joan Crawford's swanky limousine drove up to the curb just as (Please turn to page 88)
PLATINUM TURNS TO GOLD

By DORIS MANN

A VERY young girl, trying her level best to act worldly wise and sophisticated. That's Jean Harlow.

A lot to live up to... that platinum hair, for one thing. ... The hard-boiled, hard-hearted bits of femininity she's played in pictures, for another thing. No one expects a snowy-haired, curved-mouthed wrecker of homes and breaker of hearts to be a quiet, rather shy youngster... But she is.

Jean's an amazing person to meet. You go prepared to talk to a brittle, disillusioned sort of person. You find a soft-voiced, almost bashful girl, who has crowded a world of experience into a few short years... but who is still very, very young.

She wore a floppy white hat which she was constantly pushing back so that she could look straight into your eyes. That's one of Jean's strong points. Those gray-blue eyes have a level honesty... Not at all the sort of drooping orbs which you might expect.

Her dress was a knock-out. Green and white stripes running in odd directions. It was fascinating to watch when she moved. The stripes, I mean. She moved around a lot. Little girl fashion. Now sitting on one foot. Now crossing her slender legs. Now sitting straight and prim to talk. The green sandals with the high French heels exactly matched the stripes. And then there was the floppy white hat. She looked the way all girls wish they could look. And she seemed blissfully unconscious of looking that way.

Her hair is silvery with a sheen. It's like no other platinum blonde hair in the world. It's thick and fluffy and still manages to look shingly well-brushed. Her hands are interesting. Long, slender white fingers with the reddest of red nails... nails seem to fit the Harlow effect. She uses her hands to help her conversation. The nails glisten like vivid, crimson punctuation points.

She looks exactly like a magazine cover. Every pose is a picture. An unconscious one. But talks like a sensible girl who's trying to make her way in the world. You know, regular girl-talk. No attempt at an impression or an illusion.

WELL, she was born in Kansas City, the very heart of the middle west. Loves to talk about it. No slithering, silky cosmopolitan background. Just plain American, Missouri.

She lived in a (Please turn to page 97)

We'll give you three guesses—Who is it? Right you are—Jean Harlow, her famous hair now a reddish-gold for her new part (on the left). And on this page you see her with her well-known platinum locks... How do you like her best?

The Little Girl From Kansas City who started out to be a platinum blonde and has grown up to be a "Red-headed Woman."
Lovely Ann Harding, seemingly untouched by her marital misadventures, was scheduled next to appear in "The Animal Kingdom," with Leslie Howard, following her "Westward Passage." What a combination they would have made! But the Gods of the Studio changed their minds.
Hon. OGRE
dicktator of Hollywood

WALLACE IRWIN'S latest—and most hilarious—adventure of the Japanese Schoolboy in movieland

To Editor Tower Mag., astronomy publication, who see stars every time it make a Hit.

DEAREST SIR:

LAST Wednesday a.m. Hon. Geo. F. Ogre, my proprietor, approach to me walking on new boots and frightfully pretty racehorse pants. He give me a meanie look, like Hon. Mussolini talking to a 2nd hand king.

"Togo," he evaporate, "what you doing this morning?"


"Well, stop it," he dib. "I got a little chore for you. For today I make you First Assistant Boss of Hollywood."

"O Mr. Sire!" I say that from my bent knees. "I are so worthless for that high up office."

"Shut up till I open you," he revamp. "Now I shall tell you what for. Last night I dream a dream—maybe it was because I et too many olives in my cocktail. But Napoleon, under who I studied the emotion picture business, believes in dreams. So I shall folla my star."

"I know a Frenchman," I corrode, "who come here last week and folla a Star till he was arrested."

"That is neither here nor elsewhere," he snarrel. "My dream gave me a Original Idea."

"What are a Original Idea?" I ask to know.

"A Original Idea are another Original Idea served with whipped cream," he navigate. "My dream tell me that henceforthly I are Dicktator of Hollywood. Compared to me Hon. Will Haze are merely a statick in the Vast Raddio of Human Progress. You get me?"

"All but your hat, Mr. Sire," I gollup.

"THEN I shall explain onwards. This is my vision. From this day the talkyphotofilm must have nothing but Stars in it. You know why? Please observe what Hon. Ed. Goulding, my defeated rival, have did with film-play (Please turn to page 111)

Illustrations by Herb Roth

"O, what can poor, weekly woman do to defend herself?"
SUITE YOURSELF

And so should you if you’re the Karen Morley type, paying attention to details—so you can forget them.

“Be nonchalant.” That’s Karen Morley’s fashion creed. In other words, Karen chooses her clothes with one effect in mind, a careful carelessness.

If you think that’s easy to do, you’re all wrong. It’s just as difficult, it requires exactly as much thought and attention, to achieve that appearance of smart indifference as it does to gain the exquisitely detailed perfection of Norma Shearer, for instance.

Karen wants her clothes to play second place to her own personality. She is hoping that people will notice and remember Karen Morley, the girl, not the stunning dress or coat she happened to be wearing at the moment.

But, in order to make the clothes secondary, they must be perfect in detail. One jarring note will attract the very attention which she is hoping to avoid. That’s what makes the job of dressing to look like Karen Morley a difficult and interesting one.

“I like pretty clothes. Every girl does,” Karen explained, “but they have never held for me the all-consuming fascination which they have for so many girls and women. I do my shopping in spasms. I hate to buy things under the force of necessity. Sometimes I feel a sudden urge to have something new. The clothes which I buy when I’m in that mood are always the most successful.”

Short brown jersey sleeves are set into the white leather jacket, around which Karen Morley has built a smart golfing ensemble. Note the details in particular, the small brimmed, open weave hat, the white chamois golf gloves shown at the right and the white ghillies, trimmed in brown (spot-lighted above).
(LEFT) Soft rose and blue mingle with beige and brown in the pattern of Karen Morley's smart printed tea frock. Her dress has an accompanying tie-at-the-waist jacket, and she has combined with it a beige wrap-around turban, shown at the left, brown gloves, purse and slippers.

(RIGHT) For dining and dancing, and then the theater, that difficult combination of engagements—the M-G-M actress chooses a floating white chiffon and lace gown, with a separate jacket. A close-fitting black lace hat is trimmed with velvet ribbons, and the white gloves at the right, and soft velvet purse complete the ensemble.
Karen Morley expresses her individuality in costumes for informal moments

Karen Morley is a unique type of femininity, even in Hollywood, which probably has seen more unique types than any other city in the world. By all the standards of screen beauty, she is not a beautiful girl. But she has something more than mere prettiness. She has a charm, a distinction, which sets her apart from other girls whose sole boast to attention is what the world calls beauty.

And she dresses to enhance this differentness.

So, if you're the Karen type, or a similar type, do as she does. In brief, a Karen first has herself into one of the best-known and most sought-after of the younger screen players. And she doesn't underrate the value of clothes in accomplishing this.

"I never will believe that clothes make the woman," she laughed, "but I do think that they are a great factor in helping her to make herself what she wants to be. My advice to girls who really want to make their clothes fit their personalities is never to buy things in a mad rush. Set aside a definite time, a day when you're feeling clothesy, if you know what I mean, and select your dresses and hats and things carefully. Don't buy them on the spur of the moment, only to hate them the next day when you realize that they're not what you really want at all."

Karen is a tall, slender blonde. She is the sort of person whom writers love to describe as "willowy." She looks always as if a strong wind would cause her to sway gracefully. She walks with the slow effortless ease which is a part of that kind of personality.

She is five feet four inches tall, just the right height for a perfect dancing partner or a speedy tennis opponent. She weighs one hundred and nine pounds. And she is that most envied of all human beings, a girl who doesn't have to diet. On the other hand, no matter how many milk shakes or pieces of cake, oozing with rich chocolate, which she may eat, she never gains so much as one little ounce.

It's easy for Karen to buy clothes ready made. Her measurements are in almost perfect proportion. So, because she hates fittings and spending all the time necessary for having things made to measure, she almost invariably selects her dresses in the ready-to-wear shops. Her bust measures thirty-two inches, her waist, twenty-five, her hips thirty-five.

Naturally, following her own particular vogue of a youthful nonchalance, Karen goes in strongly for sports togs. She loves one-piece dresses in some knitted material or in a rough, soft, tweedy stuff. With these outfits she usually wears a long, loose coat, almost invariably white, and a scarf knotted loosely around her throat, matching in color the shade of the dress.

Because her hair is a light-golden brown and her eyes a deep hazel, and because her skin is that creamy white which matches the hair and eyes, she wears pastel shades exclusively. Never does she choose a brilliant, vivid color, no matter how tempted she may be by one of the deliberate shades which saleswomen dangle before her. Sports clothes, evening gowns, street dresses, all her clothes for all hours, are softly tinted garments which blend into the delicate colorings of her skin.

For street wear Karen manages to effect a happy combination of femininity and severe tailoring. Her suits and dresses are neither one nor the other, but both. Always the lines are simple and unbroken. They are fitted to her slender figure, neither closely nor loosely, just with that desired degree of apparently careless nonchalance.

Karen always has in her wardrobe two or three soft, printed afternoon gowns, to wear for tea or luncheon, dresses which may carry on (Please turn to page 101)
Mitzi Green Selects a Summer Wardrobe

The more conservative and simple her clothes are, the better 11-year-old Mitzi Green likes them, for she knows the rules of chic for the younger set. Even the party dress she is wearing, above, is restrained and smart in its simplicity. Quaint flowered organdie, with a frilled flounce, shawl collar and puffed sleeves, would make a charming dress for any girl in her early 'teens. The garden hat is of flesh-colored organdie. The costume comes from B. Altman, New York.

The smart blue linen dress, shown in the upper corner, has a separate guimpe of linen mesh, and Mitzi is carrying a picture hat with a rough straw brim and collapsible crown of silk jersey. From B. Altman. For the beach, Mitzi chooses slacks like the ones at the left, from Peck and Peck. She wears them when resting between pictures as well as when playing. These Japanese beach pajamas are of light and dark blue, and feature the new talonette slide fasteners on shoulders and hips.
Would You Put YOUR CHILD in Pictures?

by DOROTHEA H. CARTWRIGHT

ARE they normal—that small girl who warms your heart as you watch her on the screen—that "real boy" who reminds you of the kid next door or your own mischievous young brother?

Can motion picture children be normal when they keep business hours—nine to five, and an hour off for lunch? When they are paid sometimes fabulous salaries for living in a world of make-believe—for dramatizing the natural emotions of childhood?

Can those small stars be normal who live in luxurious hotel suites instead of homelike bungalows, constantly waited on by servants?

When they are "masters of ceremonies" at $5 premières and "judges" of dancing contests—they, who have yet to attend their first grown-up party?

Can these children be normal with the eyes of the world upon them when they work and play, eat and sleep?

FOR years Marian Mel, of Hollywood's Central Casting office, has registered thousands of children, from babes of a few weeks to high school adolescents. Part of her duties consists in visiting the studios to watch the children's work and deportment.

"The motion picture child is far above normal," she told me with conviction. "A working permit is not issued unless the child's school report is at least average. Usually it is far above. If at any time children fall down in their lessons their working permits are revoked."

There is another reason why motion picture children are superior, according to Miss Mel. They must be one hundred per cent fit, physically, or they are not allowed on a studio set. The "normal" child may have tonsils that should have come out long ago, or teeth that have been neglected. But if a motion picture child needs bodily repair of any kind, he is not permitted
Are film children normal?  
Do they live the right sort of lives?  Do you think their parents should permit them to act?  What will become of them when they grow up?

ANN HARDING SAYS:

The right of each human being to individuality of thought and action is a sacred creed with me. If anything fine is to be pleased from life, it can only be accomplished by each man or woman planting his or her own two feet firmly on the road which seems best.

If Jane wants to be an actress, I will do all in my power to help and train her. I would consider it my great privilege to do whatever I could to further her ambitions.

INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

JOAN BENNETT SAYS:

Would I put my child into the movies?  
I don't like the idea of children being in pictures. I do not think it is healthful. Another thing, it makes them too conscious of themselves.

At eighteen, if my little girl would LIKE to go into pictures, I would assist her as much as I could.

INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

The New Movie Magazine, August, 1932
Is RADIO Going the Way of the Movies?

By K. TRENHOLM
New York Radio Critic and Columnist

Can it be kept clean, wholesome and free, untouched by any breath of scandal?

Is radio going Hollywood?
It was along about 1926, when radio broadcasting was merely a lusty infant in swaddling clothes, that the head of one of radio's largest companies confidently remarked to me:

"Radio goes into a million homes; it is a service to the public—it must be a welcome guest in any home it is privileged to enter; it must be a public service well performed."

Noble words, those? Yes, but be it recorded to the glory of radio history that the men who started the ether waves to crooning were sincere in their intentions. They made the effort—are making the effort—to keep radio all that, and more—but will they succeed? Will they withstand the clamor?

Are the stupendous salaries paid to the stars of filmdom to be rivaled on the air?

In a word, can a handful of conservative business executives, used to dealing with efficiently organized industries and their armies of trained clerical automatons, hope to control the tempestuous temperaments involved in a new artistry which has drafted its members from all walks of life?

From 1921, when Station KDKA, of Pittsburgh,
announced that its first attempt to transmit sound through the air had met with success, to the present, radio broadcasting has been what President Hoover would term, "a noble experiment." Controlled from the outset by organized business of the bigger sort, the baby industry was cherished and nurtured according to the most advanced scientific methods of industry building. Ten short years later it was paying out $20,000,000 to talent alone in order to entertain its 60,000,000 audience.

A salary of $10,000 a week for hard work and long hours on a Hollywood lot pales into insignificance beside the same figure paid for fifteen or thirty minutes of song and prattle once or twice a week in a radio studio. Al Jolson has put this price, it is said, on his own head as a radio headliner and at this writing there are reports of several sponsors angling for the privilege of presenting Mr. Jolson—this, despite the fact that Hollywood’s “Danny Boy” already has two radio “mis-adventures” checked against him.

Eddie Cantor is reported to be receiving $4,000 weekly for his radio act. Rudy Vallee, radio-reared, rose from a $25-a-performance crooner to the thousands-a-week class in hardly any time at all, while of course the black-face comedy team of Chicago was a purely local attraction before stepping into national limelight to the tune of half a million a year.

Kate Smith, Morton Downey, Bing Crosby and Russ Columbo, radio-made stars, are all drawing top pay at present, although how long their popularity will last no one dares predict. Drafted from the Fourth Estate are “Believe-it-or-Not!” Ripley and the gossipy W. Winchell, who have found radio very much worth while. Also Floyd Gibbons, Frazier Hunt and Lowell Thomas.

Broadcasters have found that radio can afford big stars at big salaries.

As for keeping radio clean, wholesome and free from scandal, the broadcasters have been more successful in this than in the matter of keeping salaries down. As a whole, the industry has miraculously escaped the penalties of open scandal within the ranks of its artistry. Only one of its celebrities has been dragged through a sensational divorce with resultant “love-nest” headlines in the tabloids. Radio is still shocked by the experience.

But here, too, the tide is beginning to turn. Radio has developed its own fraternity of newspaper columnists and they are kept busy day by day trying to make broadcasting a timely topic. A few of them, envious of the more colorful publicity handled by the theatrical and motion picture writers, are resorting to all sorts of tricks to make radio seem quite naughty.

Studio gossip is disguised only so as to come within the safety zone of the libel law and be printed as news. And the rank and file of radio personalities fight to get their names included in these columns in a way that would put to shame Hollywood’s brotherhood of press-agents!

The broadcasters themselves are developing news bureaus in open competition with the newspapers. Both national network companies maintain their own corps of reporters and news editors. The amount spent annually on broadcasting news events is tremendous. The publicity department of one company alone spent more than $500,000 in 1931. Can Hollywood match that figure?

As for its amateur rating, of which radio was proud in 1926, it is no more. Radio is turning professional just as fast as it is able, and each new step in that direction is hailed as a great achievement. One of its greatest handicaps, broadcasters agree, is its lack of professional showmen and properly trained program directors. And with few exceptions radio must still rely upon amateur writers for scripts and continuities.

The New Movie Magazine, August, 1932
Blonde and shapely Gloria Stuart, former art student, was spied by Carl Laemmle, Jr., acting at the Pasadena Playhouse, tested by both Universal and Paramount, finally awarded to Universal by a Board of Arbitration—and now you see her in "The Old Dark House" and "Air Mail."
WHILE filming "The Truth About Hollywood" at Radio, Director Cukor put a call with Central Casting Bureau for thirty-five extras with previous screen experience who would work for eight dollars a day.

They sent him twelve former leading women, eight ex-directors and four performers who, in better days, had been starred.

And that is the bitter Truth About Hollywood.

ANYWAY, in her controversy with Paramount, Marlene Dietrich could feel reasonably certain that she had a couple of pretty good legs to stand on.

THEY didn't laugh when Harpo Marx sat down at the piano—they almost wept. Their eyes popped out and their hearts stopped beating.

Here's what happened. For weeks, Irving Caesar, composer, and Al Jolson had been working behind locked doors in the Jolson bungalow, writing the music for Jolson's new picture.

Harpo, who happened to be visiting the United Artists lot, heard Caesar playing. So Harpo sat down outside the bungalow window and memorized the tune.

A few minutes later half a dozen studio bigwigs knocked at the door, and Harpo overheard them say that Caesar and Jolson were ready to let them hear the song hit for the picture. Harpo followed the visitors into the bungalow.

There was an awkward moment or two, because Caesar and Jolson didn't want some one from Paramount studios to hear their music. So they waited for Harpo to go.

Instead of leaving, Harpo chattered about the swell tune the Marx brothers had for their next picture. "Just let me play it for you," he urged. Then he sat down at the piano and played, from ear, the Jolson picture hit song. And made a quick exit.

A gal may sink to levels low,
A sinner grave she may be made out;
But she'll be washed as white as snow,
My lads, before the final fade-out.

"If I can't write something good about Hollywood, I won't write about it," says Nina Wilcox Putnam. Most writers don't feel that way.

They know if they don't write something bad about Hollywood, they won't eat.

Perhaps it's just as well. Most of the good things written about Hollywood are pretty bad.

THE West Side Asthma and Rising Club meets every Tuesday noon in an upstairs room of Levy's Tavern in Hollywood. Groucho Marx is the

*Please turn to page 94*
PARIS vs. HOLLYWOOD

CLAUDETTE COLBERT answers the Paris edict for shorter hair by having hers shingled at the back, allowing the sides to remain slightly longer. Claudette says she may even go in for the bangs Paris is showing this season, now that she’s exposed her hairline in the back. How do you think the new style looks on her?
Will American women accept the New French hair style—or will they do what the movie stars are doing?

By ANN BOYD

SOME like them short, and some still cling to long locks.

Hollywood, undividedly in favor of the long bob for many seasons, has split on the question of the new Paris shingle. For one thing it's the first time in a long time that outsiders have attempted to set hair fashions. The movie legion has ruled on coiffure questions since Garbo first appeared in shoulder-length tresses. The Garbo long bob, the Gaynor "delicious" haircut, the Harlow platinumade set the standards. But Paris, tiring of long locks, has made a decided campaign for the new cut, with the result that part of the movie colony has followed suit. And New York has fallen an easy victim.

Two lengths were suggested by Paris—one showing the feather edge or natural shingled hairline at the back, with the sides thinned out and curled up toward the front. Joan Bennett has chosen that cut and allows her hair to fluff out a bit at the sides instead of lying in flat scrolley curls as in the Paris version. Claudette Colbert's bob is similar except that she waves her hair toward the back.

The other Paris length calls for short hair at the sides and a slightly longer cut at the back, with the hair coiled up in tight flat waves. Tala Birell wears that type.

Janet Gaynor has combined both of these cuts for a fluffy, wavy, short-haired effect.

I asked a number of the stars what they thought of the new styles. And this is what they told me:

JOAN CRAWFORD: "Always I have admired the short-cut bob, which is now coming into new and general favor. It combines youth, convenience and smartness. It is not becoming to me. Therefore, I haven't adopted it, but I do like to see other women's hair dressed in this way. The long lines of a medium-length bob seem to fit the contours of my face and head more becomingly than does the short closeness of the new style. However, for street wear and with the small upturned hats in vogue this season, I brush my hair closely against my head to achieve that smooth line so necessary for smartness."

TALA BIRELL, Universal's Viennese star, says: "I like the new hair line very much and have already adopted one of the severe coiffures for evening! In the morning, it is better to modify the arrangement as that "shelled" appearance is difficult to maintain when one enjoys any vigorous sports.

"My reasons for liking the new bobs are three. First, because it is easier to manage the ends of the hair when they are just long enough to roll over a curling iron or finger. No woman really likes very short bobs . . . they hate having the neck shaved! Second, I like them because I love Greek sculpture . . . the new coiffures are not becoming to everyone, and, therefore, are distinctive. They set off one's features and the contour of the face and head to perfection!"

JOAN BENNETT had her long bob cut to the shorter length, revealing the hairline, for her wedding to Gene Markey. She says:

"I was rather tired of wearing my hair long, and so had it cut and arranged as you see it now. There is nothing revolutionary about my doing it. Just for a change, that's all. If you would like to copy it, perhaps I can give you some pointers on the subject."

"The part is low and I make it on the side. This gives me an opportunity to make an unusually wide first wave on the heavy side of the hair. On the right side, the first dip is over the temple. On the left side, the hair is brushed back to show the hairline, and, incidently my ear. In the back the neckline shows from ear to ear. Across the back of my head my hair is waved in what is called the swirl—on a slant, as it were."

This style is certain to find favor with the younger set. It is attractive for both formal and informal wear and is a decided change from the shoulder-length bob. The charming thing about it is that there is nothing to give the appearance of hardness to the face—something always to be avoided in selecting one's hair arrangement.

( Please turn to page 110)
Radio Rambles

Who's Who among the stars of the air—and What They are Doing

The earlier summer weeks have been full of road house and roof openings. One of the most colorful crowds turned out for Russ Columbo at the Woodmanston in Westchester. You could barely stretch an arm without touching an air favorite.

Fay Webb was there with Rubinoff and Jack (music publishers) Robbins, substituting for Rudy who works nights in the "Scandals." Fay was all thrilled about her new Santa Monica home which she had not seen yet. She said moving to California was her own idea, adding: "You know, that's where I come from." And, if you could have seen the determined way she smiled when she said that, you'd have realized that she is used to getting what she wants. Or did you know that already?

Jackie Osterman, the master of ceremonies, called Guy Lombardo, Smith Ballew, Jack Denny, Abe Lyman, B. A. Rolfe and Freddie Rich to the platform as a gag and made them play, with Yasha Bunchuk leading. Then Benny Rubin got up and said they were terrible—which they were. Ethel Merman sang "Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle—he hasn't lost a pound—sang, too, and did the parody. And, finally, Russ stepped close to the microphone to say that you may call it madness. "A-h-h-h, but I call it love."

Another all star band: A few nights before, Don Bestor opened at a New York hotel. Don travels around so much that his six-year-old daughter hasn't had two birthdays in the same state.

A crazy evening reached its peak when Al Wholeman, the vaudeville gagster, complained that he could not talk unless Jack Denny played the piano for him. Jack said he could not play unless Mrs. Jesse (Organ) Crawford accompanied him on the other piano. Then somebody spied Buddy Rogers coming in and handed him a trombone. In the meantime Arthur Jarrett had begun to sing. He sang one song, two songs, and was about to go into his third when, just in time, Abe Lyman, at the drums, handed him a guitar and told him to play. And they all tried "Tiger Rag" more or less together.

Every silver lining has a cloud: Then there was Guy Lombardo's farewell party at the Roosevelt. At midnight, as the orchestra swung into the sentimental strains of "Till We Meet Again," three men entered carrying a huge horseshoe of flowers—a tribute from Guy's friends.

Tears came to the band leader's eyes, and he was clearing his throat to speak when a lad with a little white paper stepped from behind the wreath.

"Just a minute," he said. "Herb is a summons for you."

It was from a Philadelphia company which says that a long, long time ago, Guy promised to record exclusively for them.

She loses a bet: Sylvia Froos had to make a box of fudge for each of Louis Silver's musicians at Columbia. She bet she couldn't reach high C and she did. But the next Sunday at N. B. C., Brad Browne introduced her as a contralto, "because everything has come down since the depression." (Please turn to page 118)
Irene Taylor, of NBC, who sings the blues from the Edgewater Beach in Chicago, bids fair to become a national sensation very soon.

Sylvia Froos, a vibrant personality, new to the radio, who bet a box of fudge she couldn't reach high C—and lost. And was glad she did—lose.

Grace Moore (above), up from musical comedy into opera and motion pictures, and now she's a radio star, too.

Virginia Gardner (right) is the dramatic star you heard in "Death Valley Days."

Dorothea James and Abe Lyman (left) as they appear in the Movie Star Revue—except that Mr. Lyman also appears in five other programs.

The Boswell Sisters call on President Hoover. Here they are—Vet, Connie and Martha—with the Assistant Secretary of the Navy Jahncke, who entertained them during their stay in Washington.

The New Movie Magazine, August, 1932
HONEYMOON HOUSE
Where Lew Ayres and Lola Lane are planning the Great Future

TIS said that the most accurate analysis of a man's character comes from his home—for there is man's domain, his kingdom where his heart rules and his nature is most clearly revealed.

There is no doubt but that Lew Ayres' honeymoon home, high in the hills between Hollywood and Universal City, reflects the character of this young star. Modest to the point of timidity, Ayres has always lived a quiet life. His closest friends say that Ayres would blush in the presence of the shrinking violet, for he consistently avoids the spotlight and all forms of so-called "show."

A dreamer, a thinker and an adventurous boy at heart, Ayres is the hill-billie of cinelandia in a sense: he has always lived high in the hills, several hundred feet up, always at the far end of some canyon where he might dream his life quietly and peacefully. Ayres is an active lad who mixes the ambitions of an astronomer, a chemist, a sculptor and a musician.

BUILT on a slope, with huge boulders forming a unique feature of the four terraces of the foreground, the Ayres home has eight rooms, four baths

(Above) A general view of the honeymoon house taken from the west. High on the hills above Hollywood, this home, arranged on four terraces, reflects the modesty of its owners.

The New Movie Magazine, August, 1932
Another in the Series of Homes of the Stars

All Photographs by RAY JONES

and a second terrace patio, and is of French Normandy motif in white plaster and stained wooden exterior braces and finishing beams.

Approaching the door, one climbs four sets of stairs of about fifteen steps each, then follows a winding walk of flagstones and arrives at the simple, heavy wooden entrance by a fifth set of stairs. Stepping into the hallway, to the left is a breakfast nook, beyond it a kitchen with the latest electrical equipment. Beyond the kitchen is the dining-room, small, but sufficient for Ayres and his charming wife, Lola Lane, who shares her husband's views on a quiet home life. The dining-room features a Jenny Lind suite of heavy walnut with the buffet surmounted by a silver candle set and some rare glassware.

To the right of the hallway is a spacious, well-lighted living room, twenty by twenty-six feet. A huge leaded Normandy window set in the south wall permits a view of Hollywood, stretching out several hundred feet below, with terraces covered with grapevines, wild flowers and sturdy live oaks in the immediate foreground. At noon, the view is sharp, but in early morn and at sundown the city below becomes a phantom in misty tints.

In one corner of the living-room is a grand piano. In an opposite corner is a comfortable Norman lounge in old gold, to match the drapes at the window, and behind the lounge a table with a rare volume of Shakespeare, a book of woodcut prints, and a silver vase filled with long-stemmed buds. Against the east wall, on either side of the fireplace, are book racks which contain Ayres' unfinished library.

Across the chimney of the fireplace are two fencing foils of Eighteenth century design which Ayres bought some years ago at a connoisseur's auction. Sprigs of English ivy are draped gracefully from a rare brass vase on the shelf built in the chimney. On top of one bookstand is a score of tiny German soldiers in tin—mere toys presented to Lew by Lola after their first meeting, when Ayres was playing the memorable Paul Bannner in "All Quiet on the Western Front." Those toys are precious decorations.

Near the toy soldiers an old Spanish galleon in miniature rests at anchor, supported by tiny bracing pegs. The northeast corner of the living-room features a heavy, inviting arm chair matching the Norman lounge. Against the west wall a walnut secretaire, with a few small books, the Ayres household budget books and personal effects, provides the only piece of furniture except a straight-backed chair. Lighting fixtures are small wall brackets of modern design yet in perfect harmony with the furnishings.

Returning to the entry way, one reaches the second elevation of the house by two sets of eight steps each, arriving at another hallway with an opening to the patio, about twenty feet square, with tiled floor, a built-in fireplace for barbecues and a table for out-of-doors meals, which gives an even better view of the grounds than the Norman window of the living room.

A huge awning permits the patio to be covered in damp weather. At the end of the connecting hallway

Lew Ayres in his home. This Universal star, who made his first hit in "All Quiet on the Western Front," recently married to Lola Lane, continues to score in picture after picture.
of the second elevation are more stairs, leading to the Ayres bedrooms and the guest rooms, all furnished in walnut, with walls of pale green and lilac and drapes to match. A glazed embossing treatment of the walls has produced an attractive design without employing changes of color.

Up two more flights of stairs one reaches the fourth elevation of the house, the maids’ quarters and Lew Ayres’ workshop. Here Ayres has transformed a huge closet into a miniature museum of relics from the days of ’49, pieces of lava, old muskets, pieces of ancient Navajo and Pueblo pottery, bits of quartz with gold streaks, bits of silver, a piece of quartz with amethyst crystals, and souvenirs from every picture in which he has appeared.

In the main workroom is a figure of a wrestler, in clay, which Ayres is modeling in his spare moments. Near at hand an experimental chemistry set, a celestial globe for studying the stars and heavenly planets, a

Southeast corner of the Ayres home, showing the dining-room window, the connecting hallway and the upper porch.

View of the house from the east, showing the shrub-planted patio, rising high above its surroundings.
36-inch telescope and smaller instruments for similar observations, and a portrait of Lola Lane in oil. (There is only one small portrait of Ayres in the entire house and only two framed portraits of Mrs. Ayres.)

The walls of the workshop (when decorated) are to feature old pirate flintlocks, a few small furs and skins and possibly a bit of bas-relief of Ayres' own making.

THE honeymooning Ayres have occupied their new home only a few months and their principal interest has been to 'settle' by degrees, with the first elevation attended to first, the sleeping quarters next, and then the workshop, after the grounds have been improved.

The grounds around the house are dotted with flowers of many colors and species, verbena, roses, geraniums of many hues, azalea, tiny blue-green cacti with China red flowers which look like a package of firecrackers on a stick, hen and chickens, a sort of cabbage plant with tiny flowering bells and a flowering cactus, growing on a huge boulder.

Behind the house at the top of the hill are more boulders, live oaks, grapevines, peaches, apricots, pears and loquats. Italian cypress trees planted for ornamental purposes are enjoying a slow but promising growth. Vines are beginning to creep along the tiny knolls like lines of green-clad soldiers on an Alpine slope, and pampas grass adds a touch of interest. Bamboo, twice torn up and trampled down, refuses to die and in six weeks has grown at a rate of two inches a day, near the garage.

Lew Ayres' home matches Lew Ayres.

The New Movie Magazine, August, 1932
PET ODDITIES
of the Stars

JOAN BLONDELL insists upon washing her teeth with peroxide once a week—but says she doesn’t know why. Joan, by the way, is the girl that film producers couldn’t see for pictures until she had made a hit on the stage—and look what the public thinks of her now.

ANN HARDING has a fear of snakes that amounts almost to a phobia. She can’t even stand to look at snakes in pictures—and the size of the snake makes no difference—little or big, poisonous or harmless, it is still a snake to Ann.

RAMON NOVARRO thinks that peacocks and anything that comes from a peacock bring bad luck—while Edwina Booth’s favorite decorative schemes always include peacock feathers. She rarely dresses in her most resplendent best unless she has a peacock feather in the ensemble.

EL BRENDEL will spend days in glee in front of the monkey cages in the zoo. And then he goes about for the rest of the days of the week trying to imitate their antics. Recently, while building his new house, friends and neighbors worried lest El was putting monkey tricks into practice because of the way he scuttled up and down ladders like a born-to-the-jungle simian.

JOAN BLONDELL

ANN HARDING

EDWINA BOOTH

EL BRENDEL

They have their weaknesses, just as you have yours,
according to HESTER ROBISON

CALL them what you will, idiosyncrasies, superstitions, pet dreads—what they actually are is “idiosyncrasies.” The susceptibilities or aversions to which they confess are as much a part of their real selves as your pet idiosyncrasies are of you. Now—don’t shake your head and say you haven’t any. Of course you have. You’ll probably find them somewhere here. Which of these is your pet weakness?

Ever hear of anyone washing their teeth with peroxide and water? And not knowing exactly why? That’s one of Joan Blondell’s idiosyncrasies. She indulges it once a week. After a good look at Joan’s practically perfect teeth—it might not be a bad idea.

Mysticism and astrology have a decided influence upon John Barrymore. He consults the stars—so we’ve been told—before starting a production, and he awaits propitious times before casting them. Wonder which of the stars led him to select Dolores Costello for a leading lady? Without being sure we’ll wager it was Venus.

While we’re on the subject of Mr. Barrymore, we can’t help wondering what mystic power it was that advised him to be photographed from the left side with a pipe in his mouth—when he prefers to smoke cigarettes.

EVEN George Arliss has his weaknesses—even as you and I. He never authorizes anyone to write a statement for him, he’s too afraid of being misquoted. We thought, when we learned that he never appears without his monocle, that we had discovered the only flaw in his distinguished makeup. Then someone had to whisper in our ear that he smokes only gold-tipped cigarettes made especially for him.

Afraid of snakes? Then you have a companion in Ann Harding. Ann’s distaste for snakes amounts almost to a phobia. She says it isn’t an actual physical fear, but that just any sort of snake, even the harmless little garden kind, makes her shudder. She has a horror of seeing them in pictures, and the reptile house of a zoo will never have, Ann Harding as a visitor.

And writing of zoos, did you know that El Brendel can spend days in front of the monkey cages? He watches them and later on tries to imitate their antics. That used to be El’s pet idiosyncrasy—but now it’s his home. Since he’s been building his new home El forgets and walks under ladders; another of his pet idiosyncrasies used to be concerned with the ladder superstition.

James Dunn excuses his idiosyncrasy—he abhors whistling in his dressing room—on the ground that he has a perfectly good reason for it. Jimmy—his friends call him that—was playing in a show in Canada and having a swell time of it too—when some friends came into his dressing room and began whistling. Shortly after the whistling episode Dunn suffered severe injuries in a fall and in a taxi collision. Just try and whistle (Please turn to page 108)
Hedda Hopper, professionally and socially one of the most popular figures in Hollywood. Poised, polished, likable, she represents the highest type of actress. Her latest picture is "Speak Easily," with Buster Keaton, Ruth Selwyn and Jimmie Durante. She recently played in "As You Desire Me," with Greta Garbo. She was once married to De Wolff Hopper.
NEWS and PICTURES of

Advance information on what the


The Night Flower — Warners-First National: Barbara Stanwyck and George Brent, who were together in "So Big," together again. This is adapted from the stage play, "The Mud Lark." Others in the cast are Leila Bennett, Hardie Albright, Murray Kinnell. Directed by William Wellman.

Down to Earth—Fox: Will Rogers and his wife (played by Irene Rich) come home from a trip to Paris, and find that their wealth has done terrible things to them. So they lose it, and become their normal selves once more. The cast also contains Dorothy Jordan, Matty Kemp, Mary Carlisle; from story by Homer Croy. Directed by David Butler.

Tiger Shark—First National: Edward G. Robinson, as Little Portugal fisherman, sacrifices a hand saving Richard Arlen from the sharks. Zita Johann dutifully marries him, but she and Arlen are in love. Robinson throws himself to sharks. Howard Hawks directs.

The New Movie Magazine, August, 1932
FORTHCOMING FILMS

Hollywood Studios are doing

One-Way Passage—Warners: The story of a fugitive murderer, by William Powell, and a girl due to die of heart trouble, Kay Francis, their meeting, their love, and their ultimate separation. Directed by Tay Garnett, with Aline MacMahon and Warren Hymer in cast.


Cabin in the Cotton—Warners-First National: Richard Barthelmess—child of white trash, torn between love for a patrician girl and one of his own kind—Bette Davis and Dorothy Jordan. Supported by Henry B. Walthall. Michael Curtiz directs.

The Challenger—Paramount: George Bancroft, as a hair-chested prizefighter who, on the downgrade, loses his roll, sees his manager, James Gleason, shot in an attempted robbery—and then Bancroft and Wynne Gibson reform and raise Gleason’s young son. Directed by Stephen Roberts. Wynne Gibson’s rôle is that of Texas Guinan in real life.
WHAT'S GOING ON IN MOVIELAND. All of the latest flashes

Undesirable Lady—Fox: Frank Lloyd directing Elissa Landi, who plays an English girl stranded in German South Africa when the war breaks out, an unsuccessful marriage, and finally happiness with Melvyn Douglas. Being made on Catalina Island off the California coast, with every sort of water sport at hand. And they call it work!

The Murder Express—Columbia: A trainload of convicts, some reporters, police, five murders and a runaway train, with a murderer loose, give thrills. And with a cast consisting of Ben Lyon, Barbara Weeks, Kenneth Thompson, William V. Mong, Helene Millard and Nat Pendleton. Directed by Ben Stoloff.


Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm—Fox: A poor little farm girl straightens out all the problems of the town she visits, and incidentally falls in love with the country doctor. Marian Nixon plays the part of Rebecca, originally slated for Janet Gaynor. The doctor is Ralph Bellamy. Adapted from Kate Douglas Wiggin's famous novel. Directed by Alfred Santell. The cast includes Mae Marsh and Charlotte Henry.
of the newest film-plays in production in the major studios

Bachelors' Affairs—Fox: Adolphe Menjou enticed into marrying pretty, innocent Joan Marsh by Joan's scheming sister, Minna Gombell. Then complications. Others in the cast are Allen Dinehart, Arthur Pierson and Irene Purcell. From the play, "Fancy Free." Directed by Al Werker.

Children of Pleasure—Warners-First National: Ruth Chatterton and George Brent in the picturization of Larry Barrette's novel. Supported by Paul Cavanagh, Lois Wilson, Hardie Albright and Henry Kolker. Directed by William Dieterle. All about a husband who stoops to blackmail his wife back to him—and succeeds.

Skyscraper Souls—M-G-M: Warren William, Maureen O'Sullivan, Norman Foster, George Barbier, Gregory Ratoff and William Morris are in the cast. Directed by Edgar Selwyn. The story is of a great building, its joys and sorrows, the bank on the ground floor, the penthouse on the roof—and the fight for control that ended in death.

Kings Up—Universal: Tom Mix gets himself mixed up with a ten-year-old European king while touring the continent with a wild-west circus. In the cast are Noel (Ziegfeld Follies) Francis, Finis (Miss Australia) Barton, Jim (famous Indian Athlete) Thorpe, F. Schumann-Heink, son of the opera star, Mickey Rooney and James Kirkwood. (Please turn to page 102)
Even at eleven he knew he wanted to be an actor, and his purpose never swerved. Every night, after work in the factory or the sawmill, he trudged to the public library to study Shakespeare and Dumas and Dante. This is the boy who grew up to play some of the most vivid characterizations in the films—and who is planning even greater worlds to conquer. (At right) As the cripple in "The Miracle Man."

Dreams

John Wray never had any other thought but to become a great actor

By Jack Jamison

A QUIET man sits in a room, not large, not luxurious, on the twelfth floor of a Hollywood hotel. The windows face the south, and all day long the sun and the breeze from the sea sweep in. He is nearing middle age, his hair a little thin, his eyes very blue, his face kindly. Instantly, as you come in, you observe his hands—bent, broken, and scarred. You see then, too, that there are shadows in the blue eyes as well as laughter.

Your main impression is one of kindliness, gentleness, shyness and all-inclusive love of mankind that shines out from him like a light. He has come up a long and rough road, and instead of turning him bitter it has made him gentle and fine.

And this is the man who, in "All Quiet on the Western Front," took the part of Himmelstoss, the cruel and vicious sergeant who forced the boys to sprawl again and again in the mud; who in the blood and terror and courage of the trenches demanded that they salute him. "You are the most hated man in Germany," Lil Dagover tells him.

This is the man who, in "The Miracle Man," was the fake cripple, so horrible that he made your skin creep, and yet, somehow, for all that, captured your sympathy.

JOHN WRAY was born in Philadelphia. Nobody can tell him anything about poverty. His father, a vagabond Irishman with a gorgeous tenor voice, beloved by everyone, was utterly improvident. There was never any money.

The father dying by the time he was eleven, John was the sole support of himself and his mother. He worked in textile mills, dye houses, hosiery mills, candy factories, sawmills. (Please turn to page 115)
And here you see Joan Crawford and Robert Montgomery together again—and as heroine and hero, in "Letty Lynton," based on Marie Belloc Lowndes' drama of modern society and intrigue. It is directed by Clarence Brown. Bob has just signed a new long-term M-G-M contract.
It may be that in years to come New Yorkers will become conscious of the historic value of a private house on 137th Street in the Bronx. That is, New Yorkers will attain such consciousness if Sylvia Sidney's fame continues to rise in proportion to its present ratio.

For it was in that big house on 137th Street that Sylvia was born on a hot August 8th, in 1910.

Sigmund Sidney, a dentist, determined to work harder than ever so that his little daughter should have a sufficiency of material things, and Beatrice Sidney vowed that her child should be reared free of unnecessary restraint. And both, as Dr. Sidney told me recently, were happy that their first child was a girl.

"I was, and still am, madly in love with my wife," Dr. Sidney said, "and I wanted a little girl who would be her prototype—so that my love could be doubled. Each day my daughter Sylvia grows more like her mother."

Perhaps much that came out in Sylvia's character later on may be explained by her parentage. Her father is Roumanian, with all the light-heartedness and pleasure love which is natural to his people. Her mother is Russian, and, both by experience and ancestry, is more sedate and moody than her father.

Throughout infancy, Sylvia was a model child. There was never a sleepless night for her parents. In fact, they worried because she cried so seldom and thought it abnormal for a child to lie hour upon hour doing nothing but blinking her large green eyes.

Beatrice Sidney laid the foundation for Sylvia's future by rearing her systematically. There were regular times for eating and regular times for sleeping—and Sylvia, to this day, tries to follow a regular routine for the sake of her health. Mrs. Sidney was as thoughtful of the character of her daughter as she was of her health, taking care not to force her to the point of breaking her will. And it was the development of this will power that later on led Sylvia to success on the stage and in the movies. Her father still remembers her dislike of bread and butter, and tells of the attempts he and Mrs. Sidney made to tempt Sylvia to eat them. But she would not be tempted, and to this day dislikes them.

At five, Sylvia showed tendencies toward things theatrical.

She liked to dress up in her mother's clothes, not just to feel big like most children do, but with an attention to detail that astonished her parents. Getting the right colors and draping the clothes properly to fit her miniature figure were serious matters to her. She would spend hours arranging her long, curly hair, and only when the coiffure and costume satisfied her, did she begin to act. The poise she exhibited was amazing.

Other children of her own age bored her. At four she was already tilting her little nose up at the block and toy games of other four-year-olds. Her attitude worried her parents; they feared she would grow up to be a recluse, or worse still, a snob. Often they sighed to see her curled up in a big chair trying to read a book, or seated quietly at the dining-room table working on freehand drawings.
When they could not find her, they looked for traces of her drawings on the wall—her favorite "drawing boards"—and followed her by the sketches that marred the rooms. Her father still expresses amazement at the sense of color and proportion she showed in her drawings. He was sure she would follow in her mother's footsteps and be a designer. And when Sylvia, at the age of five, became critical of her wardrobe, both Mr. and Mrs. Sidney were certain that she would make designing her vocation.

"Why don't you play with other children?" they often asked, urging her to make friends with her little neighbors.

"But"—this at the age of five—"they bore me. I want to read."

ABOUT this time she began to reveal a strong will. "But she was never offensively stubborn," her father says. "She reasoned logically, refusing to accept the statements of her elders until she was satisfied they were correct. She would be polite and attentive, but demanded that her opinions be respected until she was convinced that her point of view was wrong. "Both her mother and I always spoke to her as though to an adult."

At the age of seven, Sylvia began to study elocution. Her teacher was Joseph G. Geiger, famous for his work as an elocutionist. From the first lesson he took a personal as well as a professional interest in Sylvia. He was certain she had potentialities as a stage star. Like her parents, Mr. Geiger respected Sylvia's opinions and ability to reason. They would argue, the teacher and his beautiful little pupil, about the reactions of characters. Until Sylvia felt that she understood the characters to the point of losing her own identity in them, she could not commit the recitation to memory.

She continued to go to public school in the Bronx, still refusing to be friendly with the other pupils in her classes, choosing her intimates from among girls five or six years older than herself. She was, according to her report cards, an exceptional student. Her father says that she was an omnivorous reader, and at the age of eight had read books which were meant solely for adults. At that age she already understood much about life, and talked frankly with her parents. There was never any hokum or camouflage of facts where Sylvia was concerned.

She received an allowance of three dollars per week, and was not questioned about how or why she spent it. It was her money to do with as she liked—and she spent almost all of it on books. By the time she was twelve, she had a large library of fine books herself—dealing with subjects from clothes to religion. No wonder she found girls and boys of her own age boresome! She was interested in thinking, and they were interested in playing. In public school she was promoted several times in a single year, so it would not have been satisfying to make friends she would have to leave behind.

Every summer she was sent to camp in Pennsylvania, but even in the intimacy of camp life she could not get close to other little girls in her own groups.

In New York, Sylvia was the idol of numerous cousins, mostly male. Several of her young cousins had come over from Russia and Roumania where they had seen suffering and privation—and Sylvia felt keenly that they had passed through miserable times.

She still has a strong sense of family ties. She is most proud of her cousin, Albert, who is famous as a bacteriologist. He used to tease her, when she was a little girl, about her sense of self-importance. One of her ways of showing it was to slip away to small stores with her allowance and, feeling she had enough books for a while, spend it all on little purchases. The more things she bought the happier she was. Then she would, with grave seriousness, distribute her purchases among the family or children she knew.

Sylvia was twelve years of age when she gave her first recital in public. Her father had rented the Little Theatre for a Sunday evening. "Little Jesse James" was enjoying a long run there during the week—and, to make Sylvia's happiness complete, her father employed the "Little Jesse James" orchestra to play for the recital. The house was packed. Sylvia ordered the stage hands about, and they loved it. She made friends of the ushers and the doorman.

Her recital was strenuous. It consisted of nine recitations with as many changes of costume—and she was a miniature Ruth Draper. For two and one half hours she held a full house attentive—and when she finished, even the ushers applauded.

Several years later, when Sylvia made her professional bow, in the same Little Theatre, in "Gods of the Lightning," some of those ushers were still working there. They came up and congratulated her, and said that they knew she would grow up to be an excellent actress. She was as thrilled as the ushers.

Following the recital, Sylvia lost interest in elocution. She

(Please turn to page 81)

Here is a close-up of Sylvia in a corner of her Hollywood home. There, as everywhere, she surrounds herself with the finest of reading material.

The New Movie Magazine, August, 1932
I Knew Them WHEN

Twenty Years Ago the Motion Picture Business Was a Great Adventure

By J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

WAY back in 1909 or '10, when the motion picture industry was still wearing three-cornered panties and Hollywood was a district of orange groves and cow pastures, a tall, lean, strong-featured young Canadian named Al Christie came out of the East to direct comedies for Universal. A short time later this young ex-news butcher, ex-bill poster, ex-scene painter and ex several other things decided to make pictures for himself. Accordingly the Nestor Film Company was organized and in their first studio, a remodeled beer garden, at the corner of Sunset Boulevard and Gower Street, the Christie Comedies were born.

For two decades Christie Comedies have contributed to the mirth of nations and today, although his hair has silvered and his tall frame no longer has the lean supple strength of youth, Al Christie is still in the saddle, making pictures. Mellowed by the years and tempered by the experience, there is nothing he likes more to do than to reminisce of the old days when many a now famous player or embryo director first set his foot upon the path of glory under his banner.

On that crude stage at Sunset and Gower, Laura La Plante, Betty Compson, Lon Chaney, Louise Fazenda, Colleen Moore, Barbara La Marr, William Seiter, John Francis Dillon, Frank Borzage, Robert McGowan, Archie Mayo, Edward Sloman, Mary Lewis, Charlie Chase, Hoot Gibson and many others faced a motion picture camera for the first time. Mr. Christie was also first to feature the now famous team of Marie Dressler and Polly Moran in a comedy, and it was from the cast of a Christie comedy that Howard Hughes selected Jean Harlow, the platinum blonde sensation of "Hell's Angels."

"Yes," admits the veteran, "I can say that I started a good many of them in the business, but I don't by any means take credit for their future success. I just happened to be the one to give them their first opportunity, that's all.

"THERE was Lon Chaney, for instance," Mr. Christie leaned back in his big chair and lit a cigar.

"In those days we used to get most of our new players from road shows that went broke in Los Angeles. The first time I ever saw Lon, he was doing a comedy Zulu dance in a little burlesque house on Main Street. He wore a fright wig and was in black-face, and I'll say that he didn't look much like the man who was to become the

Jean Harlow was playing a small part in a Christie comedy, "Weak But Willing," when she was discovered by Howard Hughes. The now famous blonde was then an extra.
The test still of Laura La Plante. This was made at the famous rose bush in the San Fernando Valley near the present town of Lankershim. Here Al Christie made all his test films of newcomers, and here Miss La Plante, Betty Compson and others broke into motion pictures.

The greatest character actor of the screen. His show was closing up, so I gave him a job.

"Lon's first part with me was that of a comic drunk who had lost his clothes and had to go home in a barrel. It was blistering hot and Lon got a terrible dose of sunburn, to say nothing of some good hard bumps, for comedies were rough in those days. He only stayed with me a year before he went to Universal as a character man. Not so long before Lon died, we met at a dinner and, as he shook hands with me, he said:

"Well, Al, we used to have lots of fun, but I'll carry the scars from those comedies of yours to the grave.'"

Mr. Christie's eyes lit up as he remembered another recruit from the Main Street burlesque shows.

"It's funny how things turn out, isn't it? Now, if Victoria Ford hadn't been crazy about cowboys and always hanging around them, Betty Compson might never have gone into pictures.

"You see, Vic Ford was my leading lady in those days, and when she and Tom Mix decided to get married, she left me on short notice.

"How about a little raise in salary, Vic?" I asked, wondering if that wouldn't tempt her to stay.

"I'm in love," she told me, 'and what is money, even a lot, compared to love?'

Colleen Moore and an actor now unknown, in an early Christie comedy. Miss Moore got her job at the Christie studios because she could weep at will. She could turn tears on and off as you and operate a shower bath.

"Well, she and Tom got married and it was up to me to find a new leading lady, quick, so down to Main Street I went. I dropped into a theater to see an act called 'The Wrong Bird', where a cute little trick with long curls was playing a violin. Her name was Betty Compson and she looked like she might do, so I asked her to come out and see me. She came the next day and we took a test of her. (Please turn to page 91)
Needlework for Summer Afternoons

Make these accessories for your home with the aid of our New Method Circulars.

Au143—This circular gives directions for making darned filet runners and doilies.

Au144—Here you have directions for making the gingham card-table set at the right.

Au145—Directions for making embroidered and appliquéd towel borders are given here.

Au146—This gives complete directions for six new crochet insertions and edgings.

Au147—This circular explains how to make attractive table doilies to harmonize in color and design with your favorite china.

Au148—Make this laundry bag to hold stockings and handkerchiefs.

Au149—This gives directions for six sorts of tatted edging.

Au150—Three of the newest types of bureau covers can be made with the help of this circular.

For complete directions for obtaining New Movie Magazine Patterns, please turn to page 109.

The New Movie Magazine, August, 1932
In the Hollywood Whirl

GRACE KINGSLEY takes you here and there and everywhere with the stars and the near-stars on pleasure bent.

THE whole world and his wife, I started to say, were at Colleen Moore's tea party on Sunday. But who cares about the world and his wife? It's the world and his sweetheart we're after. So I'll put it that way.

Of course, you know all about Colleen's gorgeous house on her estate in Westwood, with its big terrace at the back and its vista of lawn and swimming pool.

It was out there we met the Hollywood world and its sweetheart, with Colleen looking more like a little school girl than ever, dashing about trying to greet everybody, and being most gallantly aided by her fascinating husband, Albert Scott.

Mary Pickford I had met at the Mayfair the night before, and though she hadn't gone to bed until dawn she said that she had had a masseuse coming at nine that morning, so she had to get up, though she would much rather have slept. Doug, she said, had risen at eight to play tennis.

"Funny the things we plan fussily about for our health, and then when the time comes we'd have been much better off not to have thought about it," she laughed in that throaty little way of hers.

She said she held in her hand, even then, a little note from her niece, Gwynne, telling her she must come straight home.

"The rising generation does boss us, doesn't it?" she smiled.

Just then Colleen came with her Japanese maid in tow. The maid was gazing at Mary wide-eyed. Afterward Colleen explained that the maid never had seen Miss Pickford (Please turn to page 116)

HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS
Floors and Walls for the Little Colonial Home

We plan the interior treatment for the house chosen by readers of this magazine

Once you decide to build a Colonial type of house, the question of inside walls, floors and other interior finish is easily answered. It is simply a matter of choosing which of several correct Colonial styles of floor and wall treatment best meet your individual requirements, which you like the best and which you can afford.

Fortunately, it is no longer difficult to obtain the right interior treatment for the Colonial house, because makers of inside trim have, within the past few years, given close attention to this subject and the house-builder can buy ready-made doors, mouldings, wall paneling, stair parts, mantels, cabinets, bookcases, etc., copied from old Colonial originals, at most reasonable prices. One of the great advantages of the Colonial type of house to the average American house-builder is the fact that it calls for no unusual or expensive materials. In the old Colonial houses, moulded work was all wrought by hand, but with the aid of modern machinery these beautiful old models are now perfectly reproduced at an enormous saving of time and labor.

The walls of your living room, hall and dining room may be finished with wood paneling, which is most attractive in the small Colonial house when carried out in natural pine.

At a somewhat lower cost the walls may be finished with rough plaster or with tinted or scenic wall paper. Upstairs rooms may be painted or papered.

The ceiling of living room and dining room may be finished with broad beams or painted a somewhat lighter tone than that used for the side walls. Floors simply treated, with wide boards of pine or other wood well waxed and polished, are the usual choice for the downstairs floors, with narrower boards polished or painted for the rooms above.

The fireplace, essential to the Colonial living room, is faced with red brick, topped with a wood mantel shelf. The entrance hall to our home should be planned carefully, as first impressions are lasting and a charming entrance is the keynote to the rest of our home. The stairway is the main feature in the entrance hall, and in the Colonial house should be very simple. It can be constructed entirely of pine if we should decide to finish the walls in pine, or if we paper the walls it can be finished in mahogany and white.

So, by the use of good quality woodwork, plaster, paints, bricks and other usual materials, the house-builder can carry on the tradition of simple beauty and comfort that is as much admired today as it was two hundred years ago.

If you would like additional information about the interior treatment of the Colonial house, write to the Tower House Editor, care of the Tower Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

The hall of the Colonial house may be finished with wood panels or scenic wallpaper.

The New Movie Magazine, August, 1932
Twenty-seven-year-old David Manners has taken long-legged strides to the top of the ladder. Handsome, brown-haired, hazel-eyed, humorous—he has won the hearts of thousands of fans, and yet managed not to lose his head. His current release is "Crooner."

The New Movie Magazine, August, 1932
HERE are a few high spots from the month's news of new musical pictures on the sound screen.

Al Jolson, of "Sonny Boy" fame, is going to try to do it again, this time with none other than Madge Evans. The new picture is to be a United Artists production, and already has had several titles. One of them is "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum!" Remember the hit song of that name a few years back? Certainly Al Jolson could do that sort of thing to perfection.

Another piece of news is that Sam Goldwyn is producing "The Kid from Spain," an original screen musical comedy. With the team of Harry Ruby, Bert Kalmar and William Anthony McGuire writing the show, and Eddie Cantor doing the stellar honors, there is no reason why the picture should not be a knock-out.

TEDDY BLACK heads the list this month—and justly so. When you hear this latest release of his, "My Lips Want Kisses," you're going to say it's one peach of a tune. When it comes to a real smooth band, this man Teddy Black and his boys are hard to beat. Listen to them on the N.B.C. network some night. Teddy incidentally is one of the hardest-working musicians you'll find. He not only leads, but plays sax, and does most of his arranging—enough work for three men. Indeed, this recording is one of Ted's own arrangements. The vocal is sung for us by the trio from the orchestra.

The other side, also by Maestro Black and his boys, is "Every Time My Heart Beats," and just as good as the first. Again we hear the trio singing the vocal refrain. (This is a Victor record.)

LOUIS (Satchel-Mouth) ARMSTRONG has turned out another pip. This time it's "Laud, You Made the Night Too Long," and Louis starts it out with a bang, far and away one of the best records Armstrong has turned out recently. The vocal chorus is very good (if you like Louis) and he plays one of the weirdest breaks I have ever heard.

The other side, "Keepin' Out of Mischief Now," is more subdued, but it's hard to keep Louis down. (This is a Columbia record.)

(Please turn to page 98)

The Month's Biggest Hits

"My Lips Want Kisses" (fox trot)
Played by Teddy Black and his Orchestra—(Victor).

"Lawd, You Made the Night Too Long" (fox trot)
Played by Louis Armstrong and his Orchestra—(Columbia).

"I Want to Go Home" (fox trot)
Played by Coon-Sanders Orchestra—(Victor).

"Let's Have Another Cup o' Coffee" (fox trot)
Played by Enrico Modriguera and his Hotel Biltmore Orchestra—(Columbia).
HEINZ BEANS
ARE BAKED
MOST BEANS AREN'T

Perhaps you, too, didn't realize that most so-called "baked beans" aren't baked at all. Perhaps you doubt this.

If so, just glance at the labels on the different brands of beans. Unless the label says "Baked," those beans aren't baked. They're cooked in sealed cans by steam heat. Heinz Beans are baked—oven-baked. They're different from steam-cooked beans—just as a baked potato is different from a boiled potato.

Learn what a difference baking makes! Try Heinz Oven-Baked Beans. Oven-baking makes Heinz Beans marvelously light, tender and digestible. It lets the sauce permeate through and through—just as butter permeates a baked potato. And oven-baking gives Heinz Beans a rich, luscious flavor that no other method can begin to equal.

You can get Heinz Oven-Baked Beans in four tempting styles. Two with tomato sauce—with pork and without. Then, Boston Style—with pork, in a rich, molasses-flavored sauce. Lastly, Red Kidney Beans—with pork, in a savory clear sauce, ready to serve.

Serve Heinz Oven-Baked Beans—they'll be a favorite with your family. And with four kinds to choose from, you can always gain variety—no matter how frequently you serve them. They're wonderfully nourishing, too—all the food value of meat and potatoes. Your grocer sells Heinz Oven-Baked Beans.

"One of the 57 Varieties."


Please send me—FREE—your booklet of baked bean recipes and menus—"Thrifty New Tips on a Grand Old Favorite."

Name

Street

City—State

The New Movie Magazine, August, 1932
Keeping SLIM on Her Own Cooking

Melba toast and black tea may find their places on the menu of Marlene Dietrich, Paramount importation from Germany, but several of her native and not so calorie-proof dishes are included on it as well. She may have orange juice and toast for breakfast but she’ll follow through with paprika chicken or baked ham and sweet potatoes later, Dutch apple cake, or snow pudding.

Sunday starts off with a late breakfast and bacon as a special treat.

**Breakfast:** Orange juice, Melba toast, crisp bacon, coffee.

**Dinner:** Tomato juice cocktail, paprika chicken, lima beans, celery curls, lettuce, Russian dressing, demi-tasse.

For Monday honeydew melon, Melba toast and coffee is the breakfast menu.

**Luncheon:** Tomato salad, French dressing; rye-bread toast, black tea, stewed apricots.

**Dinner:** Baked liver, baked potatoes, creamed celery, cucumber salad, cream dressing, cracked wheat rolls, Dutch apple cake, lemon sauce.

The favored Hollywood lamb chops gain a place on Tuesday’s menu.

**Breakfast:** Baked apple, bran muffins, coffee.

**Luncheon:** Pear and cream cheese salad, rye bread, frosted coffee.

**Dinner:** Tomato juice, broiled lamb chops, string beans, fruit gelatin, demi-tasse.

Wednesday’s meals start off with sliced peaches, whole wheat toast, marmalade and coffee; with fruit salad, black tea and toasted rye bread for luncheon.

Dinner: Tomato soup, roast beef, rare, scalloped potatoes, combination salad with French dressing.

For Thursday breakfast: Grapefruit, cracked wheat rolls, coffee.

**Luncheon:** Baked eggplant, asparagus salad, iced tea.

**Dinner:** Fruit cocktail, Baked ham, baked sweet potatoes, beets, orange sherbet.

Popovers are the inducement for Friday’s breakfast which includes grapes and coffee. For luncheon a bacon and tomato sandwich and tea.

**Dinner:** Celery curls, roast lamb, browned potatoes, peas, snow pudding, coffee.

Saturday’s breakfast includes melon, cornbread, honey and coffee, with a tomato-cheese souffle for luncheon.

**Dinner:** Bouillon, broiled chicken, Waldorf salad, broccoli, fruit cup.

Here’s a recipe for Dutch apple cake, which Marlene bakes herself:

- 1 cake yeast
- 1 cup lukewarm milk
- 1/2 cup scalding hot milk
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 egg yolk, beaten

Soak yeast in lukewarm milk. Add to scalded milk. Add half the sugar and flour. Let rise until doubled in bulk. Then beat in the rest of the sugar, flour and other ingredients. Spread thinly in greased baking pan. Let rise in warm place until doubled again. Press thinly sliced apples into dough in even rows. Sprinkle with 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon mixed with a half cup brown sugar and dot with currants. Bake in hot oven.

Slim and tall, Marlene Dietrich seems untroubled by the dietary woes that beset most mortals.

Marlene Dietrich worries about her figure only now and then—and in between times she eats all the foods banned to less lucky stars, and cooks some of these dishes herself.

The New Movie Magazine, August, 1932
Lonely Little Girl  
(Continued from page 71)

felt that she had gone as far with it as she could, and begged her parents to let her enter the Theatre Guild School. She was only fifteen, but her parents permitted her to satisfy that ambition as they did in everything else they considered for her good. Her father, smiling as he thought over those bygone days, said that she not only worked, she slaved. She learned how to make her own costumes, how to make up, learned about lighting effects.

It was at fifteen that Sylvia attended her first dance—a New York University prom—escorted by one of her cousins.

"The way she dressed for that dance reminded me," her father says, "of the time I took her to the Palace Theatre when she was thirteen. She had a black-and-white outfit on—with white fur at the neck—and she looked beautiful. I was proud of her—but she was prouder of herself. She managed to be late and made sure I had gotten a box. When we arrived and sat down she kept nudging me and saying 'Look, dad, look, everyone sees me. They're looking at me.' And it was true—people were looking at her."

Today Sylvia is thrilled at attention—she is never too proud to realize what it means to her and her career. Her father says that success frightens her—and that this fright and modesty will keep her on the star pedestal long after other stars have fallen. She is very stubborn about her career—as her association with Fox Films proved.

She was signed by that company and promised the sky—only to get a small part in "Thru Different Eyes." This slight was so great that she begged to be released from her contract—which was a very lucrative one. She was notified of her release one morning and a few hours later was New York bound. Her Paramount contract and subsequent success is film history and known to the mass.

"New York will always hold first place in Sylvia's heart—it is her hometown," says her father. "It is my home too—but my wife has been away in Hollywood with Sylvia since the first of the year. That is too long a separation from the two persons I love most in the world. If Sylvia still feels that she needs her mother with her—

I will give up my practice in the East and join them in Hollywood. The ideal situation would be for New York to be about a thousand miles nearer Hollywood—so she could commute."

Remember that you bought this magazine at WOOLWORTHS. You will find a new issue at the same place on the 15th of each month.

Everybody Failed Her!

Her Husband

Her Servants

Her Friends

But Her Doctor Explained It Away!

No matter what her husband said or did, it was the wrong thing. She was irritating with old friends and couldn't seem to make new ones. She had headaches. She no sooner got rid of one cold than she picked up another. And the way she looked!...her eyes...her skin. Even her hair looked dead.

Said the doctor: "The fault, my dear girl, lies within yourself. What you need is a good internal cleansing—with Sal Hepatica. You're being poisoned because of improper elimination, and consequent fermentation. These poisons have crept into your blood stream."

In Europe a physician will ship you off to one of the great spas—to drink the saline waters at Carlsbad, Vichy or Aix.

But in America, you can get Sal Hepatica and take the saline treatment at home. Sal Hepatica gently flushes poisons from the digestive tract. It counteracts acidity. It purifies the blood stream. It gets at the cause of headaches, indigestion, colds, rheumatism. It clears the skin—brings back freshness to the complexion.

Today, get a bottle of Sal Hepatica and begin the saline treatment. Keep internally clean for one week. You'll brighten up, you'll feel better. And everything will begin to go right instead of wrong.

Sal Hepatica

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. M-82, 71 West St., New York, N.Y.

Kindly send me the Free Booklet, "The Other Half of Beauty," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

Name_________________________ Street_________________________

City_________________________ State_________________________

The New Movie Magazine, August, 1932

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We consider that Edgar Wallace's Hollywood Diary gives you one of the best pictures of Movieiland ever published. Written, familiarly and intimately, to his wife, you hear all of the daily details of a famous man's life in the colony of stars. Don't fail to continue it in the next—September—issue of the New Movie Magazine.

It is difficult to believe that I have only been here three weeks, for some of them have been here years, wasting most of them... I have practically decided to stay out for the full time—that is to say, until March. One of the objections I have—and it is a perfectly absurd one—is that I shall miss Good Friday and Easter Monday in England! But I shall be back for my birthday. (Loud cheers!)

I haven't again broached to you the prospect of your coming out. I am wondering if the journey, supposing you could make it, would compensate for the very heavy and absolute leaving Penny behind. I don't know what you are doing about the play at Wyndham's or when it is going to be produced, but obviously until that was well out of the way you couldn't possibly think of coming out.

If I knew that the Constance Bennett film was right, and that I was going to produce it, I should have Pat out here before I couldn't come. But, here again, I could not possibly make a decision until the 30th, when my contract is renewable after its first period. Anyway, I wouldn't have her out unless I knew a lot of people, and at present I don't. Before the end of January things will be marching.

Tuesday, 29th December, 1931.

AN announcement has been made in Hollywood that I am doing a super-horror story with Merian Cooper, but the truth is it is much more his story than mine. I am rather enthused about it because the story has got to be more or less written to provide certain spectacular effects. I shall get much more credit out of the picture than I deserve if it is a success, but as I shall be blamed by the public if it's a failure, that seems fair.

I am rather glad I'm going to Agua Caliente, because it will be a change, and in a sense a rest.

Wednesday, 30th December, 1931.

I HAD an appointment with Merian Cooper at 11 o'clock and we saw a girl for our play. I don't think she will do. She got a contract with Paramount, so it doesn't matter. She was terribly pretty and had a lovely figure, but she was not in a very mobile face that will express terror.

I saw a length of the film which we might use. R.K.O. was going to produce it, put it in picture, and made one or two shots. They were not particularly good, though there was one excellent sequence where a man is chased by a dog in a house.

I went into the animation room and watched the preparation of the giant models which I use in this play. Its skeleton and framework is complete. He is, of course, a figure, but a moving figure. You have no idea of the care that is taken in the preparation of these pictures. Cooper insists that every shot he takes shall first of all be drawn and appear before him as a picture. The most important scenes are most artistic.

Talking of the care they take, I saw a woodcarver fashioning the skull on which the actual figure will be built. In another place was a great scale model of a gigantic gorilla, which had all the right details. One of the gorilla figures will be nearly thirty feet high. All round the walls are wooden models of prehistoric beasts. The animation room is a projection room which has been turned into a workshop. There are two miniature sets with real miniature trees, on which the prehistoric animals are made to gambol.

Only fifty feet can be taken a day of the animating part. Every move of the animal has to be fixed by the artist, including the ripples of his muscles. Of course, it is a most tedious job. They say in Hollywood that the two best animators are in lunatic asylums.

A little while later I met Richard Dix and Joel McCrea. Joel is one of the coming men, an awfully nice boy who came straight from college to the Hollywood lot. They are going to build him up into a star, and I should think he's certain to reach there.

I lunched with "Coop," but did not see David Selznick. You'll be interested to know that my favorite lunch is a beefsteak sandwich, which is a hot beefsteak between slices of new bread. Thus do I break
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it to you that I'm not dieting, though I've eaten more bloody lettuce since I've been in this country than in my short but useful life.

The weather has become fine again, and it looks as if my trip to Agua Caliente will be made under ideal weather conditions.

Apparently New Year's Eve at Caliente is a very hectic affair. Everybody in Hollywood has a room at the hotel. The gambling houses go all night, and the racing track goes all day. I'm taking down 500 dollars and no check-book.

Steve Donoghue is here. I haven't seen him; he's staying at the Biltmore. Where Michael Beary is, nobody knows. He hasn't wired his arrival from New York. He may have had a rough passage.

I didn't much like going to Caliente, but now I am rather looking forward to it. I have had a terribly heavy week. In the three weeks I've been in Hollywood I have written three scenarios, two of them full out, and quite a number of articles. So you may say that I've been "chained to my desk."

I am looking forward to tomorrow morning, when I shall be talking to you, please God and the telephone service. They are luxuries which are more or less necessities.

New Year's Day.

The trip to Agua Caliente was an amusing fiasco. I think I told you that Guy Bolton is one of the nicest fellows in the world, a very gentle soul who thinks for everybody.

We had arranged to go to Agua Caliente, and at 11:30, half an hour late, I sent off Terry, the chauffeur, and Robert in Guy Bolton's Cadillac, piled with baggage. We were following at two o'clock by train, and they were meeting us at San Diego. (By the way, San Diego is what I called Santiago; the mistake is pardonable.) They were meeting us at San Diego, as I said before, and driving us over the frontier.

I went round at one o'clock to pick up Guy. Eventually we were all set and dressed, and then Guy remembered that he hadn't any money. I offered to lend him any money I had in my pocket, which was 500 dollars, but no, he must get money from his bank, and he hadn't got a check-book. Anyway, we stopped at the bank, and then we stopped at a corner store where Guy bought me some magazines, and then we made several short cuts, where all the lights were against us and the traffic was blocked to hell.

In addition to all these things—or, as they say in these United States, as a background to these dramatic happenings—it was raining like hell! To cut a long and tedious story short, we arrived five minutes after the train drew out. To make matters infinitely more complicated, Guy had left his ticket behind at the house, and a young man who was lunching with us—rather a nice young man—had seized the ticket, dashed down to the station in a high-speed car, ran alongside the train, as he said, for a quarter of a mile, and handed it over to the con-

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ductor, saying he would find us on the train.
All our clothes had gone down to San Diego. There was not another train till half-past six, and the Mexican border-line closes at six. We thought of that.

I confess I had visions of Terry and Robert plunging through the downpour on their five-hour journey, and felt comforted with sympathy with them. Should we go by the six o'clock train? The border was open every hour.

I suggested we should dine at the Brown Derby, so we agreed, and at half-past seven I picked him up. Guy packed a couple of bottles of champagne in a manuscript case, and we had really a good dinner.

In the meantime, Guy telephoned to San Diego and rang Terry, when eventually rang me up. I told him to come back. It was very necessary that he should come back, for I had no slippers, shaving material, or even a good change of clothing. We had a very nice dinner. There were a lot of people there this evening. I got back to the house about nine. I had to sit down and wait for the arrival of the poor wanderers of San Diego. Nothing makes you sleepier than sitting up waiting for people.

Guy came back to the house and started writing. When he went, Bob and I settled down steadily just to wait, each suggesting the other should go to bed. Guy said he’d be up till twelve, when at 11.30 Terry arrived with a broad grin, having driven steadily for ten and a half hours, I rang up Guy. He was dead to the world, and I got no answer, so I sent his car round and had it parked in his garage, and apparently all was well.

I had a thoroughly lazy morning, and in the afternoon settled down to the scenario of the beast play. I had had my first writing when there was a ring on the telephone. It was Fabia Drake, who is playing with the Stratford Players. I asked her to come round to tea. She was staying with a young girl who had come out here and had only done one film. Her name is Joan Carr.

I thought there was a possibility of placing her in my beast play, as we have not yet settled on the woman, so I asked her to come round. She was quite charming, quite pretty, and has the requisite figure. They stayed for about an hour, and I asked them to dine with me tomorrow night at the Brown Derby.

Today, being New Year’s Day, is a public holiday. It has been rather a lovely day, though the promise in the morning was not too bright. My oranges are getting ripe, and I presented Fabia with a rose grown in my own garden. It was not my rose, anyway.

I hope they will take Joan Carr. She is a nice kid.

Sunday, 3rd January, 1932.

I DINED with Fabia Drake and Joan Carr last night—or, rather, they dined with me—at the Brown Derby, and afterwards they came on to the house till about a quarter to eleven.

Whilst we were talking, Norma Shearer’s chauffeur called with a note from her thanking me for some flowers I had sent for Christmas Day. Walter Huston called up and asked me to lunch with him next week. He and his wife had been away, and he is at present engaged in doing some sort of picture.

You might tell Penny (his young daughter) that Norma Shearer writes the same way I do. I’ll send the little note on with this.

One night this week I’m going to give a little dinner and ask Joel McCrea.

Monday, 4th January, 1932.

The principal thing that happened today was the arrival of Michael Beary with the same aplomb as though he were walking into Newmarket. He came in on the Chief to the minute, and I brought him up to the house. I am keeping him at the Beverly Wilshire, because I don’t think he could be comfortable here, and I have no room for him, which seems the best reason of all.

Michael’s full of beans, terribly enthusiastic, and the thing that impressed him most on the visit was the number of pigs he saw of various varieties in the prairie, and also the fact that he came up 164 miles by the side of the Hudson, which was frozen over.

He was simply dazed with the wonder of California by the time I got him home. I brought him along Sunset Boulevard, and when you get to Beverly Hills you look down upon a wide flat valley, entirely covered with lights as far as the eye can see. “Like a field of yellow and red tulips,” Michael described it. It was an amazing experience for him, and he’s gone home quite sleepy, to have the bath which is overdue. He had a grand time coming out, and of course made friends and introduced himself to a man and woman from Chicago.

We dined together and I kept him here until about nine. He insisted upon writing a letter to Penny, which she won’t be able to read, because I couldn’t, and he thinks I’m looking wonderful.

Anyway, I have sent you a set of photographs taken on Christmas Eve, probably the best that I have had done. When you get them I don’t know whether you will be pleased or angry, but I’d like her to see them, and perhaps you would like to send them out to Caxus, that they may know in what style I live in Beverly Hills, Calif.

I don’t know what to do about my evening. I am making the food too good. Tomorrow I am going to start exercises, more or less. Bob has lost nineteen pounds since he has been out here, and what he can do I can do, by God!

I have taken a night man both as night watchman and to give me tea if I wake up, and I wish Steve Robert when he wants to go out. Robert has been terribly good, but he is looking a bit worn, and I don’t think he’s having enough outings. All this new work he doesn’t go out at all, I am almost sure that I am right.

Tuesday night.

I WAS on the phone to you this afternoon, and they tell me I was speaking nine minutes. You get a rebate for nine minutes; it only counts as seven—98 dollars.

My name won’t be seen John McCormack, who lives right on one of the canyons above Hollywood. He’s a great friend of Michael’s. Michael, I might add, has a split personality. He is quite content with conditions as he finds them, quite content that I am terribly busy and he’s got to look after himself. He thinks Hollywood’s marvelous, and he was terribly bucked to talk to you. In fact, he’s going to have a few dollars’ worth himself to John as soon as we get back to the house.

Wednesday.

I TOOK Michael down to the studio. We lunched in the restaurant with Cooper, who was very charming to him, and afterwards Michael came to one of the projection rooms, and I saw a bit of a film called “The Lost Squadron,” which I have to do. We also took him in the animal room, and he saw animated figures being made. I think he thoroughly enjoyed it.

Michael went out at four to call on Steve Donoghue, and brought him back for a cocktail, and I asked Virginia Bedford and Guy Bolton over to dinner. When Steve came we persuaded him to stay on to dinner. It was a very amusing dinner party, with Steve and Michael chatting each other, and Guy Bolton talking nonsense, and Virginia, who was delighted with every word, completing, with Bob, a very pleasant sextette. Robert was a marvellous butcher. They did not go till half-past ten, though Steve went immediately after dinner.

I have arranged to go down to Caliente on Saturday morning, and I think it will be a pleasant week-end. I have been going out there very hard, and I think the break will do me good.

I have got a little bit of a delicate job to put the first reel of “The Lost Squadron” right. It means they will have to shoot all over again, and there-

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star, therefore I've got to be very careful now and stick to the set. Thank heaven, Tilly only responsible for the first reel. Parallel is the only weakness in the story. Stroheim and Mary Astor are fine, and a girl called Dorothy Jordan, who Madame Joel McCrea. I am very anxious real this should be a good job.

Thursday, 7th January, 1932

Michael put through a message this morning, just to tell me that they are coming Eighty wire, which was a joy. surpurt this costs about $20 for nine minutes as really it is worth the money. To say, a marvelous material contact Lighty 

Michael went out with Steve without much this morning, riding. They start over to some country club where he has been supposed to be a lot of becses-girls playing golf. He came back to me so Jodhpurs and sweater, absolutes which. "Never let Mrs. Wallace go up golf!" he said. "It makes her real inhuman. There were three but one old hags up there, and I saw two gived and fifty of them, with great Vac-

cular shoulders. Beauties of Hopwood! I'll tell you where you won't find them!"

He was absolutely livid about it. It's grand news that you are thinking about coming out, but I realize how impossible it may be.

I am going up to see John McCormack tomorrow after I've been to the studio, and I am going to Aguacaliente on Saturday till early Monday morning with Michael, possibly Virginia Bedford and Guy Bolton, and maybe Cooper and Joan Carr, if I can get them to come. Oh, and Robert! The weather is glorious and warm, and the balsam logs smell grand.

I have finished the first reel which I had to tell of "The Lost Squadron," and this may be the first of my stuff to go into production. I am just chang-
ing the character of the girl in "Kong," my animal story. There is a fight between New York and Hollywood as to whether "Kong" shall be the title. Hollywood is enthusiastic; New York says "What does it mean?" — which is rather true to type.

I am going to meet William Powell, Ann Harding and Connie Bennett at lunch somewhere. I am trying to skip dinner parties, and have so far been successful.

Guy Bolton told Michael last night that I had ruined the writing industry in Hollywood, and that all the companies wanted writers to imitate me in the matter of speed. He also told Michael that I was the biggest success amongst the writers that had come out here. So you see what you've got!

Friday, 8th January, 1932

Michael was here till ten. We had a quiet dinner and I shot him home at this hour.

This morning I went down to the studio and took Michael Cooper. He and I have got a pass to go round all the stages. As I had arranged to

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Monday, 11 January, 1932.

THE drive to Agua Caliente was not as beautiful as I expected it to be. We drove through oil fields to a very dreary Pacific Ocean that was sending in clouds of sea frett. Later, when we left the sea and got a little way inland, the scenery was quite delightful.

We stopped for lunch at San Clemente, which was bought by a millionaire, and very comfortable, and I was careful about making social engagements, because they interfere like hell with my work, and it is so easy to drift into the succession of dinners and lunches.

Monday, 4th January, 1932.

THE principal thing that happened today was the arrival of Michael Bean with the same aplomb as though he were walking into Newmarket. He came to see me about one o'clock, and I brought him up to the house. I am keeping him at the Beverly Wilshire, because I don’t think he could be comfortable here, and I have good reason for that.

Michael’s full of beans, terribly enthusiastic, and the thing that impressed him most on the visit was the number of pigs he saw of various varieties in the pasture, and also the fact that he came up 164 miles by the side of the Hudson, which was frozen over.

He was simply dazzled with the wonder of Caliente, and especially by the time I got home. I brought him along Sunrise Drive, and when you get to Sunset and turn, it is a dining-room in red marble, gorgeously ornamented, with a very fine orchestra, and, being Saturday, every table was filled.

Michael turned up just after we went into the gambling room. There is a casino attached to this part of the building, where you can play roulette, a sort of game called vertical en, and a game called bidegame. I didn’t do very much at it as the gambling is only in silver dollars, nobody was very much hurt, although I managed to lose 200 dollars before the night was through.

All the dignitaries of the Jockey Club called on me, and I learnt then for the first time that the second principal race of the day was called the Edgar Wallace Handicap, and that I had been appointed an extra steward.

Michael, of course, was his gallant self, took the women round and bought two-dollar presents for them, and after lunch, they all went to the movies. It is a fact, the sun was so hot that we had to move from the center to the side; in fact, the water bottle on the table was too hot to touch—we drove off in Guy Bolton’s car, about six of us, to the course.

There were eight races, and I am enclosing some programs. We had a box, and long after the running of the races Michael and myself, wearing long white trousers with red stripes, scarlet jackets and round caps, who come and take you up with them and bring back your money if you win. I went up into the stewards’ stand, and afterwards on to the judges’ stand to judge the horses. I was introduced to the assembled hordes. Afterwards Steve Donoghue and Michael Bean were introduced. I tracked five winners and won about $80 in all on the day.

I have had a letter from Eva Moore, who is married to Laurence Olivier, to go to dinner at the McCor-

Tuesday, 12th January, 1932.

and, besides working mentally, I call this my stage play and, with the cable of the alternations.

I know how much the plays are, now will it cost $25,000, and how much the words cook. They are how much it will cost, or what will it be, that will be very heavy, cises, you will be able to understand that, because Bob, who doesn’t give the very play closely, was able to give the pages of the play from the sheet script. I am hoping to get the play from you and I have some difficulties, you seem to have understood it. We are going into a huddle and I have to rewrite the play later this week and I hope that the exectuves are going to pass it quickly.

I shall be working this week on a mystery story called “Eighty Minutes.”

Michael is going to give a party on Saturday at the Embassy, and I am going to join him in it. Virginia Bedford is giving a party on Friday, and Walter Huston is giving a party on Thursday, to which I ambidden.

I have a couple of letters today. I find it very satisfying when I am a bit worried, as to how I shall start some big story, to drop a note to you.

Michael is giving a dinner—did I tell you that?—and I am asking Evelyn Brent and her husband. She is one of the nicest people here by all accounts. I got in rather bad with Virginia, because she had fixed a dinner for Thursday night and I had accepted a lunch engagement with Walter Huston. The lunch engagement turned out to be a conference, and so I was engaged two deep. They wanted me to meet a man named Walsh, and I am meeting him at lunch at his house, which is amusing.

Michael’s visit has turned out to be a great success from every point of view. He goes back a complete author, and myself very deeply impressed.

I made an inquiry about the Connie Bennett affair that I have written, but apparently it is still in the hands of the readers.

Thursday, 14th January, 1932.

MICHAEL, who has some friends at Pasadena, brought back a big bag of flowers. Last night he telephoned me that he was taking two girls to dinner at the Brown

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The Town of Forgotten Faces

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ELLAS Hall was passing by. Miss Crawford was dressed in the costliest of furs. Diamonds shone from her fingers. A chauffeur stood at attention to fulfill each and every command. Ella Hall was dressed in a Beaver coat. Her face looked tired and lined. Ella Hall paused for a moment to admire Miss Crawford, to watch her enter Magnin's, where dresses are cheap at two hundred dollars. For a moment she looked enviously—or was it with pity? And then moved on with the crowd.

Still more dramatic is the fact that since that day Miss Hall has secured for herself the job as saleslady at Magnin's—and perhaps she will wait upon Miss Crawford next time M-G-M's box-office girl goes to make a purchase.

LESS than ten years ago Ella Hall was the biggest star on the Universal lot. She, too, had a limousine and a chauffeur and beautiful gowns and fur coats. On the same lot were Grace Cunard and Francis Ford. They were the most popular team in pictures then. Their co-starring serials were breaking box-office records.

Today Grace Cunard does small parts in the same serial, where she was once a topnotch star. And sometimes she works in the Universal wardrobe department, where she has no place. But she is happily married and lives with her cowboy husband in a little bungalow in San Fernando Valley.

The Universal studio girls Mary MacLaren and Priscilla Dean, Miss MacLaren achieved stardom under Lois Weber's direction in the screen sensation of that year, "Shoes," and followed it up with a series of money-making starring pictures. She became Ella Hall's closest rival. On the same lot was a young, spirited girl named Priscilla Dean, who had lately become leading woman in the Eddie Lyons-Lee Moran comedies.

In a few years Miss Dean was to supplant both Miss Hall and Miss MacLaren as Universal's most brilliant star. Her "Virgin of Stamboul" put her at the very top. Her salary climbed into the thousands. Look for Monogram "The Monogram of the Year." You'll see her in it—a less glamorous and attractive Priscilla than of yore. And if you look close enough you'll see William Farnum in the same picture—William Farnum who used to make ten thousand a week and made a hobby of buying yachts.

Miss MacLaren, too, has tried to come back, but without success. After her marriage to a British Army officer in India, she returned to Hollywood, because India was so devastating, so demanding. What can she say of Hollywood—the good that has honored her no renewed success?

VIRGINIA PEARSON! Remember her? She was all a siren should be—and a real beauty, too. The pet of the Vitagraph lot in those old days when microphones were still unheard-of, she heard none. At the close of her success she left Vitagraph to organize her own company. She made one picture and was about to begin her second, "The Winning of the West," when coming coincidentally she was involved in an automobile accident that disfigured her so that it was doubtful if she could ever be photographed again. She and her husband, Sheldon Lewis, who was then a star, too, gathered together all their assets and hired the greatest surgeons in the world in an attempt to recapture that beauty that seemed to have been snatched from her by a cruel fate just when she needed it most. Plastic surgery was successful, after many months, in restoring to her, features that could be photographed—but in spite of everything the accident had left its mark. When the heartbreaking suspense was over, Miss Pearson and her husband found themselves broke.

New Year's Eve I saw her walking down the Boulevard alone—window shopping. Around her and about her was the spirit of festivity; happy groups on their way to cabarets and parties and midnight shows. She apparently had no place to go, except back to the little hotel on the Boulevard where she lives. Life seems to have been unjust with her, for she is a good and a courageous woman. She doesn't complain. She walks with her head up.

Once before, I had met her at a party. It was a party with her sincerity and charm and her spirit of youth. At that time she told me that she was doing the "Vevy Magdalene" in Hollywood to make a pilgrimage play. A splendid actress, I feel that her chance will come again to prove her right to the permanent place on the screen. Given character roles like Marjorie Rambeau and Marie Dressler, she, too, might win an Academy recognition.

THEN there is the once beautiful Alice Lake, who rose from comedy queen in Roscoe Arbuckle's slapstick pictures to be one of Metro's greatest

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California burgundy served, and it was really lovely wine.

So often at American dinner parties the introduction is to serve you raw whiskey, than which there is nothing more sickening. I had a plentiful helping of very excellent brandy—incidentally I had more to drink than I have had for a very long time.

I got home about one, and woke this morning to get a passing phrenzy: "I like the ground was covered with snow. I don't think they have seen snow in Hollywood or Beverly Hills for generations."

Walter Huston is a tremendously nice man, and, as I say, Nan is a darling. She was very tickled when I recited the Native Son verse, and told her that I'd get it from her by way of you.

At this time next week—to be exact, on Wednesday—I shall know whether R.K.O. are taking up my option for another period of eight weeks. But this we can't make any plans about your coming out.

I like the place so much that I know we may continue to stay, or rather, I shall be here the end of September instead of November. I have already been asked whether I would like to fill in the time between March and December, when my other contract starts—if they take up the option— with another contract for another film company. I doubt whether it would be any difficulty in fixing this, but I have told them that I am going home in any circumstances at the end of March. Cooper called me up last night and told me that everybody who had read "Kong" was enthusiastic. They say it has been a big adventure and I think it has never been written for the screen. It has yet to go past the executive, but I rather fancy there will be no kicks. We hope not the girl. We do not the girl.

Saturday, 16th January, 1932.

The dinner last night at Virginia's was amusing. There were four people: the daughter of Mayer, of M.G.M., and her young husband; a man named Butler, who is a producer of some character, and his wife. Butler was amusing. He is a very good director and earlier this year was rather amusing. We were talking about how film companies change the titles of the books they buy, and he gave me an instance of a book that had been bought called "Pies." When it was put over as a picture it was called "The Smile of a Cavalier," which I think is nearly one of the funniest.

Hollywood abounds in stories about Sam Goldwyn. One of the latest I heard was that he and his wife were lying on the beach and he was intently watching a bird that was wheeling overhead. He said to his wife: "I like that pigeon." She replied: "It's not a pigeon, it's a gull." He said: "I don't care whether it's a gull or a blackbird."

He was out playing golf with Irving Thalberg and Louis Mayer. At the end of one hole he said: "Irving, you took six for that. Louis, you took eight." Then he turned to the caddie: "What did I take, caddie?"

The actor in the picture does not know a contract. He said: "I'm asking fifteen hundred a week." "You're not asking fifteen hundred a week," said Goldwyn firmly. "I hope I'm asking twelve, and I'm giving you a thousand.

The other one, which I may have already told you, was that after a proposition had been made to him, he brought his fist down on the table and said: "I'll give you my answer in two words—impossible!"
The Town of Forgotten Faces

...dramatic bets. She, too, walks in the procession of the ghosts. Look carefully in "The Cisco Kid" and you'll see her as one of the dance-hall gals that Edmund Lowe fools around with. Another beauty, Lillian Rich, once touted by DeMille as Swanson's successor, is seen none too often. There is the spectacle of George Hackathorne, once the highest paid character juvenile of the screen. When he played Talmadge's son in "The Lady," not so many years ago, the world was his and invited him to every party.

Fortunately a few—a very few—saved their money and have something left from the wreckage.

Anita Stewart, more beautiful than ever, rides by in a specially built limousine, the wife of a young millionaire. Once a week she broadcasts from a local radio station, trying her voice out just for the fun of it.

Grace Darmond, who with Pearl White starred in many of the popular Pathe serials, lives in a luxurious mansion in Beverly Hills, contented and happily married to a man who made his millions in Mexican gold mines.

George Walsh owns a ranch and several imported cars. He works in an executive capacity at Fox, where once he was a major star.

Kathlyn Williams sports expensive furs and continues to be Pola Negri's best friend and advisor.

Shirley Mason, married to Sidney Landlefield, a young Fox director, has become a mother and a good housewife. Her sister, Viola Dana, has married again, after two tragic marriages—one that ended in death—the other in divorce. She commutes back and forth to Hollywood from Colorado, where she and her husband live. As Mrs. Jimmy Thompson, she seems to have found paradise at last.

Theda Bara, married to Charles Brabin, Metro-Goldwyn director, has become a patron of the Arts. Meanwhile she waits in luxury for her big chance to stage a comeback.

William Farnum, fast turning gray, is doing character parts. Needless to say, it is not for his one-time ten thousand dollars a week.

Each and every one of them has played a part in making motion pictures one of the greatest industries of the world. If there was a screen hall of fame, I would pay tribute to them by writing their names there in letters of gold.

Perhaps some of these ghosts will some day shed their greying masks and emerge again into the limelight of the living. Only time will tell. Clara Kimball Young, Mae Marsh and a few others have already broken through that invisible stone wall that separates the screen dead from the living.

How many more will make the grade? How many will be cast back into their graves? They are all trying. It is only human to want to survive, no matter in how small a way. In writing of these ghosts of the Boulevard, I cannot help but think of those immortal lines from Burke's "Wind and the Rain"...

All living is hunger,
And without hunger we perish—
And the only worthwhile people
Are those who are beginning again.

Lotus Sanitary Napkins are cool, inconspicuous and non-chafing under any costume. High standard in quality. Sanitarily manufactured. Close fitting and comfortable. Unusual low price without sacrificing quality

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Sold exclusively at F.W. WOOLWORTH CO.
What's Wrong With This Country?

(Continued from page 37)

There is an orchestra and lifting dancers and an act as the Virgin of Guadalupe adorning the wall.

After dinner you ascended the steps to the patio for dancing. You may detect the olives in the dim candlelight. But be quiet if you do. This is Mexico, not Hollywood. A celebrity is a guest, not an exhibition.

My name Ralph slipped in for an evening and was not recognized for an hour. Even then he remained a guest. Aimee McPherson signed the guest-book, giving her address as Los Angeles. A smart wag later crossed this out and added "Carmel, Señora de Bonzo was so grieved by this indignity that she cut the page from the book. Hollywood wisecracks have no place in La Golordina.

Now it was Douglas Fairbanks, Gloria Vanderbilt, Billie Burke, Will Rogers—these are a few distinguished names in this book. Even goddess Garbo need fear no blasphemy here. La Golordina is a refuge for those tired of the Hollywood hallyuoo. And Garbo is not the only one.

In contrast to La Golordina you have the Brown Derby on Vine Street in Los Angeles. Here the managers are just as obliging. They know the starlets like attention, and the lights are bright.

As usual, Garbo dropped into my hotel the other evening wearing a smart shirt and khaki pants, direct from the last scenes of "Huckleberry." Our friend Manuel Reachi, another Mexican cavalier, joined us, and went to the Brown Derby for dinner. We were no sooner seated than camera men appeared at the table. Ramon demurred with Lindberghian modesty. Having been a publicity man, I took the side of the camera men. They insisted. At all, the management was just being courteous. Most actors like such hospitable attention. Besides, the food is exquisite, and Wilson Mizner a fine, witty host.

Ramon confirmed that he is quitting Hollywood soon. He has plans for a world concert tour. This is not publicity.

The screen has never revealed Novarro at his best, as his friends know him. Singing the folk songs of Mexico, he sparkles with individual distinction. I can only compare his manner to that of Raquel Meller. And his is greater than hers in that he personifies and reveals the spirit of a fascinating people.

Among films, "The Pagans" was the best exhibition of Novarro. He has a problem of character in films, colliding with a Scaramouche wit and wisdom.

Novarro loves to act. An evening with him is a series of impressions. The other night he gave me a complete revue of the New York shows. I applauded particularly his imitation of Ed Wynn. I have never seen a company in a car in the manner of an Italian train my howls of mirth brought an alarmed conductor. Ramon was doing Lillian Gish. After that he hurled a 'Hello' in the manner of the Italian ice cream venders at the stations.

When Novarro isn't acting he subsides into a murky quietude that reminds me of a theater with the lights out. On such occasions when I have asked him suddenly what he was thinking about, he has replied: "Oh, a song," or "An idea for an act." Novarro is the theater in person.

I RECEIVE more letters regarding Novarro than about any other star. This I attribute in part to the fact that I have written more about him than any other star during the past eight years. But the M-G-M studio considers Ramon the barometer of fan mail. He gets more than Garbo. Johnny Weissmuller sprung into second place after "Tarzan." A good sign for Johnny, who, like Ramon, is a likeable, direct, simple fellow.

Knowing the great skill of Novarro, one wonders at the producers. There are so many great characters and stories for him. And they give him "Huckleberry." Ramon has great admiration for Garbo as an individual and as an actress. There has never been any romance, in the sensational sense.

"Miss Garbo is entirely an artist," Ramon says. "She is sincerely indifferent to money, publicity, hallyuoo. Her work is the only thing that matters. She's terribly sensitive. She's like a frightened bird among people. She's so lovely. Knowing her, you realize how insincere and hypocritical most of us are."

Ramon believes that Garbo has only indicated her ability.

"Truly, I tell you I believe that girl will take a place with Duse and Bernhardt among the immortal actresses," he says.

The Russian director, Serge Eisenstein, thought so too. Hollywood in an interview for Variety:

"There's too much laughter and burlesque and gagging about Hollywood," he says. "If you have no, or a law yer picture, they rush into an imitation or similar thing," says Mr. Eisenstein, pedantically.

He adds that the only new things in the last two years are "All Quiet" and "Grand Hotel." "They might add that the only things making money are the new things.

But Hollywood is no different from the rest of the country in this respect. Everyone has heard "Every man legal!" Sunk in depression, our government clings to the old forms. Anything new is "radical" if not "bolshievist." We seem to have become a country of imitators. It is lack of leadership that makes us appear that way. In Hollywood, when a Thalbergh or a young Laemmle dares to be different, the publicries around him. What Hollywood needs, as the country needs, is daring, honest leaders.

Mike Levee has a plan for cooperative picture-making. Producers, writers, stars, technicians—everyone sharing in the profits of their work. Sounds like communism, but it's logical. I think everyone in any business would work harder if there were a community spirit. Mr. Levee understands the temperament of artists. He knows that the only ones worth while are interested primarily in their work. Thomas H. Ince realized this, too, and had people working for him for less money than they could get with other companies. He humored them in their views. The idea that money is everything has proven fallacious. Garbo, for example, would not go back to Europe if permitted a voice in expressing herself. Since art is in expression, the salvation of the industry depends on the overthrow of the czars in favor of men with the democratic wisdom of Levee.

Hollywood is the world in close-up. You live and die tomorrow. Luxury, then poverty. I have received many letters from idols of yesterday who now are in abject poverty. I will quote from a glittering star of past years:

"You have no idea of my last two years. It was life intensely lived and wonderfully felt by an erstwhile lumi nary who watched the tell-tale shadows creep ominously around her eyes while the younger generation ruthlessly crashed in where she was no longer wanted. ... It's all like a comic parade. If I let it seem real and permanent, you would read of the old Venus torse dangling by a rope behind the shadows of the red barn door. ..."

To carry pessimism a bit further, I have a note from a lady that reads: "I'm mean tonight. My new Russian boots just arrived, and I wore 'em to tea at the Spanish embassy, thinking, of course, that everyone would mar mar how much I looked like Garbo. A solicitous aide inquired if I wouldn't care to leave my 'overshoes' in the dressing-room!!!"

The New Movie Magazine, August, 1932

Will Hays and Will Irwin

Beginning next month—September—in the NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE will be one of the most interesting features ever published in a motion picture magazine—the Inside Story of Will Hays' Ten Years in the Motion Picture Industry, written by the many consider America's greatest reporter, Will Irwin. For the first time in his movie career, Mr. Hays' career including his private life and secrets, and has given to Mr. Irwin a great many hitherto undisclosed facts.

Nothing of this weight and importance has ever before appeared in any magazine devoted to the motion pictures.
I Knew Them When

(Continued from page 73)

“IN those days,” laughed the pro-
ducer, “we made all our tests in
one place. Out in the valley, near
what is now Lankershim, was a beau-
tiful rose bush. When we had a girl
to test we loaded her and the camera
into our surrey and drove to the rose
bush. We always placed her behind it,
looking through the busk and daintily
smelling a rose. Almost any girl
would photograph well in such a set-
ing, so they nearly all passed our
tests. Betty Compson, Laura La
Plante, Barbara La Marr, Colleen
Moore, Louise Fazenda and a number
of others took the rose bush test for
me.

“Betty had been earning $25 a week
on the stage, and when I offered her
the fabulous sum of $50, she almost
fainted. She was with me a long time,
but finally I had to fire her, and if I
hadn’t—” Mr. Christie paused and
then smiled, “but that’s another story
which we’ll come to later.

“I found Charlie Chase and Frank
Lloyd in a Main Street burlesque, too.
They were chorus men, but when they
came to me they not only acted before
the camera but they swept the sets,
did carpenter work, painted walls or
did any job that had to be done.
Motion picture actors of those times
weren’t the coddled darlings they are
today, believe me.

“Colleen Moore didn’t do her first
picture work for me, but it was in
Christie Comedies that she got her
first chance. She had been playing
extra over at Fine Arts, but one day
she came over to convince me that she
was too good for that. She was a cute
little trick and there is one thing about
her I remember distinctly. She could
make the tears flow whenever she
wanted to and between shots she was
always walking up to some one on the
set with the question:

“You want to see me cry?”

IT was about 1910 that Mary Lewis,
now a prima donna, came out to
the studio. She had been singing in a
San Francisco cafe, but wanted to try
pictures. I gave her a job and put her
in a comedy called ‘The Ugly Duck-
ing.’ She was all right, but the other
players complained that she annoyed
them by always singing around the
studio—only they didn’t call it singing.
I spoke to her about it and she got
mad.

“You tell those people,” said Mary,
‘that one of these days when I’m a
grand opera star they’ll be paying
to hear me sing!’

“And although I smiled, I guess
most of the company, including myself,
have paid to hear her.

“Yes, we used to have great times
in those days. Back of the studio were
the stables where the beer garden
patrons used to park their horses while
they were inside making whoopie. We
turned the stables into dressing room
for our actors. Lon Chaney and Lee
Moran used to share the same stall.
Lon used to bring his baby son, Creigh-
ton, now a Los Angeles business man,
out to the studio with him in the morn-
ings. He had rigged a little hammock
in the stall, in which he would rock
Creighton to sleep and then slip back
in between shots to see if the baby was
all right.
If I Were a Movie Producer

(Continued from page 21)

if I didn't know it myself and knew I didn't, I'd hire a real editor to know it for me.

Magazines always manage to hire such men. Why shouldn't a movie producer do the same? In my connection I am reminded of an experience of my own. In 1915 I sold two of the best short stories I have ever written to a certain large producer for $1,000 each. They were not produced, the purchaser alleging that they were western and that westerns had gone out of fashion. Of course I knew they'd never go out of fashion, provided the stories were real stories, so I secured an option to repurchase both stories for $1,000.

Within an hour I had sold one for $1,500. I kept the other five years and then one day I sold it, like I am, and sold that story back to the original purchaser for $7,500. And he never knew the difference!

I was a producer I'd be mighty certain that my supervisor of productions knew his business and wasn't continually guessing at it. Back in 1921 I sold what purported to be a comedy of married life to a very big producer. He hired a friend of mine to name to me the man who was to break the story up into scenes—in the parlance of the movie lot, the continuity writer. I knew this continuity writer had brains and would dramatize my story and not one of his own.

Well, the story was produced; then, for nine weeks the Brain Trust on that lot fought to fit titles to it. But no matter what they wrote there wasn't a laugh in that picture, so in desperation they invited me down to look at it.

Of course I knew instantly that something was wrong or I would not have been hired. And I was right. My story had been produced as written, the picture had been admirably cast, splendidly directed and beautifully photographed. But it was a dud. The manager asked me what was wrong with my picture and I murmured, "Titles. You twisted the words my characters would speak. They are written in flippant, cheap, gutter English, like the words in the comic balloons."

"Well," said the manager, "we can't release that picture. It will have to be charged off to profit and loss—$80,000 worth of it."

"Oh, say not so," I pleaded. "I can make that celluloid corpse get up and dance a jig."

So he bargained with me and finally I agreed to do it for $1,500—this after I had, like a babbling fool, calmly announced that I could do the job in less than a week. The Brain Trust had been nine weeks on it.

Fifteen hundred dollars is a lot of money for a four-hour job and it was mighty poor business on my part to have bragged of my speed and ability, although really I wasn't bragging. I mean I could do something I knew I could do, for the titles were already written—spoken lines in my original story and the producer owned them! They merely required editing!

Well, I did the job in three hours and twenty minutes, we cut the new titles in, gave a preview in Hollywood—and the picture was a riot of laughter. The last I heard of it that picture had grossed over $400,000.

In the talks the spoken lines now take the place of the story in the old silent films. Well, if I were a producer I'd know the right lines when I heard them spoken.

If I were a producer I'd never buy an impossible motion-picture story because it had been written by a very prominent author. Many years ago an independent producer purchased rights to the late Jack London's novel, "The Muting of the Elsinore." Then he wired me to read the book and tell him if it could be produced in celluloid.

I read it and told him he had purchased an impossible story; that the action of the story all took place on the deck of a square-rigged ship rounding Cape Horn and that there was no plot. He wired back: "You misunderstood my request. I know Jack London's story cannot be produced, but a story by you can. I have the title and a Big Name, haven't I? Come down and get busy."

Now, I suspected so strongly that I almost knew, that as yet this producer had not purchased the rights to "The Muting of the Elsinore," nor would he until he had found some author who could write him a new story around that title!

In life Jack London had been my friend, and I didn't think it would be cricket of me to keep his widow out of ten or twenty thousand dollars by being too ethical; so I ran down to Hollywood and the producer, the director, the continuity writer and I went to dinner and between the soup and the nuts I threw together a verbally a story that could be produced—a story of a bucko mate and ships and tugs and brass knuckles and intrigue and mutiny. And the ship was named Elsinore!

Very simple, indeed. The following night, with $2,500 for my fee as consulting engineer, I fled home. The picture was rather good and I hope, should Charmian London read this confession, she will not hold it against me. Without my aid she would not have made a sale.

I was a producer I'd know after I had produced a story whether I had finished the production or not. A case in point:

Upon a time one of the very largest producers made a historical picture that cost over $2,000,000. About the time they were ready to release it the pictures to sell on them. It seemed to lack vitality, so they decided to hire me, at a fee of $5,000, to write a crackerjack set of titles.

I looked at the picture and decided that their staff man had done a perfectly wonderful job of titling. What's more I knew I could do it, and think he represented me. I fanned around for ten days wondering how I could earn my fee without convicting myself of highway robbery, and in the interim the general manager, thinking I had had my titles cut in, took the picture up to the home of the Big Chief for a preview.

The Big Chief was delighted. The same old titles were there but I had supplied about one hundred feet of extraneous film out of the picture and rather snapped it up a bit.

"How fortunate," said the Big Chief, "that I had Peter B. Kyne to do those titles."

The manager said the same thing next morning to the director, who instantly enlightened him as to the true situation. Horrible! I was summoned to the office and the dreadful tale was told.

"Now," said the general manager, "you hold a contract to write those titles and you can enforce the collection of $5,000, but I do not want your titles now! The ones we have are gorgeous. If you'll just write us a bally-hoo, flag-waving, patriotic foreword, and settle your contract for $2,500, I'll hand you out another job so you can, eventually, do the rest."

I had been trying to butt in and tell him I wouldn't charge him a cent—that here was his contract, etc., but he wanted to do the talking. So when he offered to settle on such generous terms I bowed said and I was willing to adjust on that basis.

We did—and everybody was happy for a week. Then the old doubts arose about those titles. I am informed they hired Rupert Hughes, an able craftsman, to do a new set of titles and Rupert did his customary good job, although I knew he could do no better than the underpaid staff writer.

The bird of joy fluttered over the scene for a month—then Rupert's titles of a man look awful, so in desperation they put the staff man's original titles back into the picture and turned it loose on an expectant world. I think they backed their $2,000,000 production cost.

If I were an independent producer I'd make no more than four pictures a year, but—they would be pictures. I would avoid all silly symbolism, all sex, all shocks to the nervous system and concentrate on heart throbs. I'd be for

The New Movie Magazine, August, 1932
If I Were a Movie Producer

high romance, for purple and old swords.

I wouldn't turn a crank until I had my dramatization all ready to shoot, until I had all my sets built and all my locations selected for the outdoor shots. Then I'd hand the script to my high and mighty producer and say: "Here it is, boy. Shoot it as is. If you change a line of it I'll hire you killed."

If he objected and wanted to be editor as well as director, I'd fire him and try somebody else and I'd keep on trying until I found the right man.

I have already cited two instances of my own stories, produced as I wrote them, which, after having been deemed rank failures, proved very good successes. But these were both accidents.

When Louis Milestone made "All Quiet On the Western Front," however, and followed Remarque's story so faithfully, that was not an accident, although from the studio gossip I gather that it almost resulted in bloody murder.

The strange madness to change that dramatic, moving story seized the staff writers. They and their henchmen all knew how to improve the story.

However, the gallant Milestone knew they couldn't improve on anything except themselves and to do that they'd have to go out in the alley and cut their throats. He wouldn't obey orders. The artist in the man made a rebel of him.

When that picture was released, few except Milestone and his cast expected it to be a success. And what a success it was! It made Louis Milestone and to prove that "All Quiet On the Western Front" was premeditated, all you have to do is see other pictures this revolutionary producer has directed.

I F I were a producer I would scuttle all the cobwebbed traditions of the Dion Boucicault era of histrionics, for they have no place in the films and their place in the legitimate drama was vacant forty years ago! For years that tradition kept my not-too-stable reason tottering on its throne.

It is sad to think that so few good pictures—pictures that are really entertaining—rise to the top of the motion picture pot. Yet, if I would be fair, I think it most amazing that so many good pictures do emerge out of the froth. It is a healthy sign. The producers are slowly learning.

There is nothing like the current Depression to induce clear and cogent thinking.

In conclusion, if I were a producer, I would never permit a war in Shanghai to stampede me into scouring the market for a war story with the setting in Shanghai. When a picture like "Hell Divers" appeared, I would not attribute its success to a yearning on the part of the public to see pictures quite filled with airplanes. When a Depression came along I would try to forget it and not growl around for stories with the said Depression as the motif or locale.

By Jiminy, I wouldn't care a hoot in hell what the public likes or what I thought it liked, I'd do such a picture I'd give the public what I liked, and if that course busted me—well, let 'er bust.

Only it wouldn't!

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Movie Cook-Coos

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52)

HE also operates a "Pick-a-Pen-Pal" department, through which one Clara Bow enthusiast can write to another.

Chaw gives a prize each month to the club member who sends him the most stamps.

The progressive acting of Miss Crawford, Joan, makes some people cheer and some people groan. But still all opinion should be most emphatic, this is a gal who is very dramatic.

For how she can act (Ah!) and wildly emote (Oh!) would string her pose for a new roto photo.

GARBO'S unrelenting aloofness has amused, annoyed and puzzled Hollywood. But her superb acting in "Grand Hotel" won her a triumph that sent the world running. For the first time in history she appeared at the studio in a happy frame of mind—apparently free from the melancholia which engulfed her when she first changed in manner due to the fact that she was leaving this country in search of more complete isolation? She became gracious, light-hearted. Strangely enough, the quick transition from depression to ecstasy paralleled her role in "Grand Hotel."

This is one reasonable explanation of Garbo's psychic dilemma which may mean a little or much. As a girl, she grew rapidly. Doubtless she passed through a stage when she was very conscious of a physical awkwardness. She was very tall, too tall. Psychologists will tell you that the doubts and uncertainties of adolescence take a terrifying grip upon a personality. It sometimes takes years to shed the embarrassments of adolescence—to forget the doubts and fears of youth. Perhaps, all along, Garbo has never been quite sure of herself. Or of the public. And certainly unsure of Hollywood's attitude. She found escape in remaining aloof—the psychologists sometimes call it coward phobia. A final assurance of artistic success, such as Garbo must have realized after "Grand Hotel," could have, and perhaps did, go a long way toward releasing her spirit.

Fancy writing, that, oh, what?

Though dealing with ladies who're loose, or with crooks, the very self-satisfied Mr. Clive Brook refuses to weaken, relax or relent in his technique of showing that he is a gent. But still it is soothing, both soothing and surreal.

'Twould sadden us much to find him growing zestful.

BRIGHTEN YOUR HOME

Our circular, "Brighten Your Home with Color," gives charts and explicit directions for choosing the right colors for every room of your house. Send 10 cents, plus 4 cents postage, to The Home Beautiful Editor, care of New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
story which will give us Mary Pickford, the woman, one of the great actresses and personalities of the screen, as they once gave us Mary Pickford, the girl.

I happened to be at Frances Marion's home when this telegram came:

"Frances, darling: On my way home at last. So happy I can hardly breathe over the thought that we are to be together again and work on a beautiful story as we used to. Meet me at San Bernardino. Devoted love. Mary."

Frances handed it to me, and I noticed that her eyes were wet.

For the new Mary Pickford picture isn't going to be just a motion picture — just another business venture. It's going to be the culmination of an ideal, the justification of a great work done which two women who did it believe mustn't be allowed to crumble away.

"Mary's such a great actress," Frances Marion said. "No one has more to give than she has. But they just haven't known how to handle her."

NOT so very long ago, Mary Pickford, standing in the garden of Pickfair, looking rather wistfully out at the distant silver line of the sea, said: "You know, Frances understands me so well. I want to make a great picture—but somehow I feel we should do it together."

And as I watched her, the stately, queenly little lady who in the heart of Hollywood is still enshrined as the First Lady of the screen, I remembered those two young things, starting out so blithely to conquer the world, and so blithely succeeding. Pictures came to my mind—Mary and Frances, giggling like schoolgirls behind a set while they planned some mad Irish prank to discommode a dignified executive. Mary and Frances, driving together in Frances' big roadster, in the days when Mary was almost as much a mystery as Garbo is today—and I saw again the famous golden curls and the gleaming bronze ones, and two pairs of shining, eager young eyes, peeping out at the world which paid them so much honor.

Somewhere, in the years between then and now, Mary Pickford lost her way.

Success after success she had piled up. One on top of another. Together she and Frances made thirteen box-office knockouts in a row, without one failure. The world's record, as far as I know.

Then fate—and business—and many things separated them, and somewhere, Mary lost her way.

And Mary Pickford cut off the curls that had been the symbol of all that she meant to audiences everywhere. The golden curls that had made her America's sweetheart, the pattern of girlhood, the idol of age and of youth alike. It was a great gesture.

YOU must never forget that Mary Pickford loved motion pictures as no one else has ever loved them. Her whole life had been motion pictures, and the industry had grown with her and by her and she had ruled it. She

(Continued from page 25)

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Can Mary Pickford Come Back?

(Continued from page 55)

didn't come from the stage, she didn't come from any distance. She had watched pictures grow into a great art and they were her life.

But she didn't want to make for herself the necessary adjustment to new conditions.

"Funny, how simple it all seems. All she needed was the right story —the story that would bridge for her the great gulf of the world's change, the great gulf of her own. Frances found the little girl with the curls to the woman without them.

Just a story.

And so it was that across that gulf the two friends looked at each other and remembered. Mary, with a divine faith in the old partnership and a complete belief in Frances. And Frances with a great understanding of Mary's genius which must be saved.

After all, the secret of many stories. Take them from us—and we are no longer ourselves.

Memory brought them many things. What fun they had always had together. How they had laughed and played while they made pictures. How easily the inspirations had come which made such great things as "Stella Maris" and "Daddy Long-Legs." How surely Frances had known exactly what Mary could do best and how Mary had lifted the body of Frances' scenes into glowing life.

Then there were so many other things.

YOU see, though they happened to the love and stir the imagination of the world, these two started out exactly as any two girls in high school might start, and they went through all their private griefs and joys, sorrows, troubles, triumphs together.

When they met, neither of them had achieved fame. Frances was a commercial artist and won a place in some street-car ads. Mary was just beginning to be known in the then much smaller field of picture audiences.

But there was an idea for a story germinating in that ever-active, fertile brain of hers. So, very shy, quite frightened, she made her way into the picture studio—it wasn't so hard in those days—and told that story to another shy, rather frightened girl whose name she had seen upon a picture screen.

That story was "The Foundling," Mary Pickford's first great success.

"It's funny," Mary told me once, "but the moment I saw Frances I knew we were going to be—best friends, as we used to say when we were kids. You know, in those days I was very shy, and I never went anywhere, and I worked very hard. I didn't have any friends. But Frances and I just seemed to find each other at once."

So from that time on, Hollywood became used to Mary and Frances. You seldom saw one without the other. Whatever came, they shared. They wore each other's clothes, read each other's mail, thought up jokes and pranks ingeniously, talked over everything that came into their lives.

Mary married Douglas Fairbanks and Frances married the world's champion athlete, Fred Thomson, and the four of them went to Europe on a honeymoon.

Then, business separated them. The picture industry had grown very big and very important. Everybody took things much more seriously. The old happy days and the simple days and Marshall Neiian used to get together and work out stories and go and shoot them in the spirit of a grand picnic, were gone.

SOMEBODY, without quite knowing how, it seems, had left his widow desolate, it was Mary who rushed to her side and gave her such consolation as might be.

"You know," she said to me the other night, "old friendships are the greatest things in life. I know that you can't tell apart lives that are grown together by years of things shared."

So came the day when the highest paid and biggest star in Hollywood—so far as Hollywood is concerned—looked across at Irving Thalberg and upset all sorts of enormous plans and important projects by asking for a leave of absence to go back to Mary Pickford. The day when Mary, having satisfied the need for writers, for stories, among the great, ready to pay any price, turned back to the girl who wrote "The Foundling"—the great success of her early youth, who wrote "Stella Maris," the great success of her great days.

Will this coming story be the one that will carry Mary's old place in the sun? Will they together, inspiring each other as they used to do, find the magic with a final click with the moment of success to add to that impressive list?

Maybe I'm a fool. Maybe I still believe in Santa Claus.

But, nevertheless. There is, there must be, power in faith and love and joy. There must be a moving force in loyalty and devotion. There must have been between those two kids who started out so belligerently and gaily to reach the top, and who reached it beyond their wildest dreams, a spark of something greater than we are.

The picture that Mary Pickford and Frances Marion are doing together, the fourth picture in their long, unbroken line of successes, just must have a lucky star over it. It isn't just a picture—it's a culmination of something beautiful, it's an offering upon the altar of friendship.

I think we who loved Mary Pickford as we've never loved any other picture star, will see her again—not as she once was. We don't want to. But we will see the woman we always knew was the masterpiece and, after all, women are much more interesting than girls.

And the new generation of picture fans, who don't remember. Our Mary, with her new talents, why we have never quite been able to replace her.

They made history once, believe me! They'll do it again!
suburban home about thirty-five minutes out. Never cared much for dolls. Wanted living things like pet lambs and dogs and even cows which grew into cows and had to be relinquished. Went to dancing school and to parties and never dreamed that she would be an actress.

At sixteen she fell in love. Grandly and completely. With a boy of twenty. So they ran away and were married. Joan went to California as bride. The families forgave, and all was well.

But that very young and very grand present didn't last long. For she was sixteen Jean was divorced.

Pure chance brought the movies. California was California to her. Not Cinemaland... . She went with a girl friend to a studio one day. And while she waited for this other girl, Jean was seen. Someone gave her a letter to the studio's casting director. Jean took it home and forgot about it.

Then, at a party, she mentioned the letter. Her friends told her she didn't have the nerve to try it... So she did. Played a few extra bits. It was fun. But only fun.

Hal Roche offered her a contract in his comedies. Jean thought it was swell. She signed and appeared in two or three two-reelers. In one of them she wore a lacy black thing called the "big blonde" or something like that... . Now back in Kansas City, Jean had a grandad-father and he saw the comedy in which Jean wore the lacy black thing. And nothing else except her platinum hair and her white skin. The wires wereizzling that evening, and the next day Jean asked Hal Roach to release her from her contract. He did.

She thought her picture days were over. But at a dinner one evening she met Ben Lyon and Jimmy Halley. They talked Howard Hughes into giving her the role of the girl in "Hell's Angels." And they talked Jean into playing it...

ONE day the youngest from Kansas City awoke to find she was a screen siren; a girl of twenty. Didn't know what to do about it. Living with her mother and her stepfather in an old English house, she scarcely had the same background. So she decided to do nothing about it. Just to be Jeana Harlow.

That's what she is. Just Jean Harlow. And terribly young. Likes dogs. It used to be Great Danes. Now it's wire-haired fox terriers. She loves to ride horseback and to swim. In a white bathing suit with a shiny black skull cap. Only a tiny bit of the famous white hair peering out underneath. But that's enough. You know the effect.

Her dinner parties are great. She seems to know just the right people to make a good combination of wit and fun. An excellent hostess. And what a cook! Not fancy stuff. Real, honest-to-goodness food that hits the spot.

Jean's mother fits into the picture perfectly. She is as good-looking as Jean... . In a different way, of course. Her hair is lacy instead of fluffy, blonde rather than platinum.

Jean wears little jewelry. One or two really good pieces, that's all. She drives a swanky coupé, a popular model. Not foreign or conspicuous. Uses only one kind of perfume. A happy mixture of the exotic and the flowery odors. She always carries a tiny jade elephant for good luck.

She loves black and white. White for evening. Black tailored clothes for daytime wear. Likes pearl earrings. Large ones to add a touch of sophistication to the simplicity of her street clothes.

Jean loves art. Her mother buys all her clothes. Fittings are the bane of Jean's existence.

EVERY week she shampoos her hair. Does it at home... . Prefers showers to tub baths. A warm shower followed by icy cold each morning. Another-warm shower before going to bed. She sleeps eleven hours almost every night. Otherwise she feels dull the next day... . Religiously cold-creams her face and neck at night. When she's not working she uses only lip rouge for make-up...

Her jean wore the lacy black thing is short. Gives her a charmingly childlike look. When she talks seriously, she holds her head down and looks up at you. Her lashes are amazingly long. Real, too.

And she has dimples. Deep ones which flash when she smiles.

Likes to typewrite. Admits shamelessly that she is writing the Great American Novel like everyone else in the country. Types with two fingers and goes surprisingly fast. If she wasn't an actress she thinks that she'd try to get a job on a newspaper... . Reads a lot. Nothing in particular. Anything that looks interesting...


Her voice is low, with a ring of sincerity or something which attracts instinctive attention. Rarely uses slang... . Is a little bewildered by what's happened during the last few years. Was unhappy over the parts she played. Didn't want to be typed as tough and cheap. Is thrilled and excited over new contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Never hesitated a minute when asked to change her famous platinum locks to red in order to play "Red Headed Woman."

She loves parties. Loves work. Loves life.

Jean Harlow from Kansas City!
Music of the Sound Screen

(Continued from page 78)

HERE’S one by Coon-Sander’s Orchestra I know you’ll all like, “I Want To Go Home.” It’s a beautiful tune. No doubt you are all familiar with this really great band and when I tell you this is one of the best that ever bore their name, it should be comment enough. I should like to take this opportunity to express my sorrow at the death of Charleton Coon, one of the greatest men in the music game, whose passing is mourned by musicians, everywhere.

The other side is by the same orchestra, “Round My Heart,” a livelier tune and very danceable. Joe Sanders sings the vocals on both sides. (This is a Victor record.)

LET’S Have Another Cup O’ Coffee” is the title of the next one, played for us by Enrico Madriguera and his Hotel Biltmore Orchestra. This is a nice, swingy tune and I think you’ll like the way the band plays it. There is a very nice vocal refrain.

The other side, by the same orchestra, is “Lovable.” There’s too much fiddle work in this one to suit me. (This is a Columbia record.)

FOR those who like vocal records, here’s a good one. “Dream Sweetheart” is the title, sung for us by the Pickens Sisters, who certainly know their vocalizing.

The other side is by the same artist singing “Lawd You Made the Night Too Long.” No reason why you shouldn’t like this one either. (This is a Victor record.)

WHEN Lights Are Soft and Low” is the title of the next, and although it’s played by the Waltz King, it’s a fox trot. Wayne King and his band do the recording honors and a very good job, too. If you want something soft and drowsy, you won’t go wrong here. Ernie Richnall sings the vocal chorus. The other side is by the same orchestra, “A Moment In the Dark,” and I think it’s a terrible tune. (This is a Victor record.)

EVERYTHING Must Have An Ending” is the title of the next, played for us by Peter Van Steeden and his Orchestra. This is just one more record.

The other side is by Paul Whitman and his Orchestra and again we have “Lawd, You Made the Night Too Long,” I prefer Louis Armstrong’s recording. (This is a Victor record.)

HOT-WEATHER MEALS

Do you dread cooking on warm days? Do you find it hard to plan meals that your family will like, and at the same time will allow you to keep cool? Send for our leaflets on Hot-Weather Cooking. They contain recipes, menus and suggestions for warm-weather bills of fare. Write to Rita Calhoun, care of this magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., enclosing ten cents, and the circulars will be mailed to you.
Is Radio Going the Way of the Movies?

(Continued from page 51)

Radio, with its peculiar talent demands and its obvious limitations, has not drawn as liberally from other fields of entertainment for its artistry as had been anticipated. With the exception of occasional "guest" appearances, the great favorites of the talking screen have had little to do with broadcasting. The stage, likewise, has contributed but little. The musical world has given more freely. But within limits.

When the Metropolitan Opera Company decided to pick up an extra penny by permitting its performance to be broad cast from the stage and on the screen, performances were those selected despite the fact that the loss of listeners, due to this choice of time, may be counted by the million! The fear still persists that radio has a definite and harmful effect on box-office receipts.

Except for its potential publicity value, broadcasting has been found to hold small appeal for movieland's stars. A Greta Garbo, reduced to the mere shadow of a voice—"even a beautiful voice with a charming accent—leaves the most ardent Garbo fans cold when it emanates from a loud speaker in the home. Maurice Chevalier was an outstanding example of how a great screen personality may suffer at radio's hands. I considered the Chevalier personality as flat as the proverbial pancake, without the Chevalier smile and antics. Lawrence Tibbett is an air personality solely because he possesses a golden voice—his acting ability and screen personality are of no use to him here.

The competition between the two national network companies, which has never been of a friendly sort, has been in the main responsible for the over-emphasizing of sensationalism in the air. It has led both companies into the perilous by-path of extravagant expenditures.

The race to obtain signatures of prominent artists on exclusive broadcasting contracts has led the broadcasters to pay those very same Hollywood salaries which they, in their saner moments, sought to avoid. In one instance such a contract called for a guaranty of $50,000 annually and within the year, after all efforts to find a commercial sponsor willing to foot the bill had failed, the company bought back the contract for $60,000.

If radio has learned in time that headlines are an expensive luxury as well as dangerous business. It has grown positively conservative in its taste for scare-heads in the public press, but this has come only after a long, hard and bitter experience. That broadcasting will escape a similar lesson seems hardly probable, for it is even now concentrating on becoming the world's greatest publicity medium. Radio is paying, and paying high for its existence at present but it is nothing compared with what it will pay as its obsession for sensationalism grows.

Jock Ookie (shown at left with Patricio Wing, at his left, and Rochelle Hudson at his right) has come out of an appendix operation with his tonsils also missing. And a couple or more spare ports for luck.

The New Movie Magazine, August, 1932

SWANCREST
CLEANS
Suede—Buckskin—Fabric
SHOES
and
• Felt Hats
• Summer Furs
• Silks
• Woolens
• Upholstery

FOR WHITE AND BLACK SHOES

And first aid to summer clothes—Swancrest Cleaning Powder quickly removes perspiration stains, spots of oil, grease, fruit or food stains, tea or coffee, also water marks. Rub it over your light felt hats and see them take on new freshness. The powder comes or needed through the sifter brush. Swancrest does not affect colors, has no odor, leaves no ring. It removes the rings left by many liquid cleaners.

Swancrest Cleaning Powder

CLEANS

Both BLACK and WHITE

Swansales Corp., 103 Park Avenue, New York.

I enclose.............. cents, for the following:

White Swancrest 10c
Black Swancrest 10c
(for all light colors)
(for dark blue and black)
Sifter Brush (in either color) 10c

COMPLETE SET 25c

Name........................................................
Address....................................................
It's Easy to Change
DARK Colors to
LIGHT Colors
—with wonder-working
Tintex Color Remover

1. Supposing you have a dark dress (or any other dark-colored article) and are pining for a lighter-colored one .

2. Tintex Color Remover will safely and speedily take out all trace of color (including black) from any fabric .

3. Then the article or fabric can be dyed or tinted with Tintex Tints and Dyes in any new shade to suit yourself—either light or dark.

On sale at drug and notion counters everywhere

Tintex
COLOR REMOVER

The MAKE-UP BOX

NUANCES in powder tones are demanded more and more by the particular woman, and she's certainly getting them. A new and unusual powder combination is on the market, planned particularly for those who realize that a different tone of powder should be used under the electric lights than is used during the daytime. In a diamond-shaped box come the proper shades for each of the three general classes of skin—fair, medium and brunette. The night shade is exotic and interesting—particularly the green tone planned for brunettes and the pale lavender that brings out fair skins under the bright lights. But don't be misled and think you'll look a weird green or orchid because the powder changes color on the skin and blends in perfectly.

Three new perfumes selected by you and me from among numberless samples are now on the market in two sizes, a small one for the purse and a larger size for dressing-table use. The odors are labeled morning, noon and night and each fits the time of day it is planned for. You will probably want to use all three and you can because they are not expensive. Lipsticks are growing in popularity and variety. We just were admiring a new little lipstick—inexpensive and yet made of the best materials and in the newest and most appropriate shades. It comes in squat, little blue containers and the edges of the stick are smoothed off ready for action so that you don't have to spend a week or two breaking it in.

And another lipstick that found its way to our desk is a marvel of mechanical perfection. One twist and the cover sinks inside and the lipstick pops out—all in one operation. The company that developed this stick is also presenting another innovation—lipstick tissues, put up in folders similar to matches. You pull off one little square at a time and save the towels and your larger tissues. But the best thing about them is that they may be carried along in the purse.

A long established deodorant—of the white paste type—is appearing now in a new package, simpler and more dignified—and it's wrapped in cellophane.

And then there's that new dry shampoo, maybe you've heard about. It's non-inflammable, containing no alcohol or other material that might catch a blaze, and it not only cleans the hair but takes the excess oil out of it. You dab it on with cotton, allow it to dry and then brush out the powder left by it along with the dirt. It's particularly recommended for use between shampoos as it does not disturb the wave and for those who are ill or a cold.

And, speaking of powder again, the dark sun-tan shades aren't being used so much this summer. Just a faint tone of tan is being added to winter shades. One company has added a warmer tone to two of its most popular shades. Now they are engagingly called apricot tan and rose beige tan.

If you wish to know the names and prices of the articles described here, write to the Beauty Editor, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope.
Suit Yourself
(Continued from page 46)

into the evening hours with perfect propriety. In these dresses she can let her desire for delicate flowery colors run riot. They give her a dressed-up feeling, she explains, without being obviously partyish.

She divides her affections between her sport clothes and her evening gowns. Karen has never outgrown that little-girl love for party dresses. For the after-dinner hours she tries to find frocks which will have an air of youthful and unstudied sophistication, long, trials, well-cut gowns, which follow the slim lines of her figure without definitely outlining them.

When Karen was elected as one of the year's baby stars, she chose for the big party a gown of soft, powdery blue satin, trimmed simply with clusters of pearls. In spite of its extremely low back and its smart design, that dress managed to be young and nonchalant. It is Karen's favorite gown and she tries to recapture its spirit in all other evening dresses which she buys.

THIS Merley girl is a strange mixture of youth and maturity. There are thousands of girls like her, girls who have a genuine and charming youthfulness in their sport clothes and who with an evening gown and dainty earrings, can suddenly become young sophisticates. It's a great combination and these girls are far more fortunate than their sisters who are one sort of person all the time. All styles and fashions are becoming to them.

"There is a wide chasm between carelessness in dress and slovenliness," Karen says in explaining her clothes creed. "To me there is nothing more charming than a casually dressed girl or woman, a girl who looks as if her clothes belong to her, not as if they belong to her clothes. And, in the same way, there is nothing more unattractive than a slovenly person.

"I like to see immaculately groomed and polished women—you know the kind—whose every hair seems to be in its place, but I'm not that type of person. I feel all wrong when I'm trying to dress as the last word in grooming and worldliness. But when I'm wearing a comfortable, becoming dress, when I know that my accessories are correct and well-chosen, when I can be conscious of rightness and yet not of my clothes, then I feel and act my very best self.

She uses very little make-up for the street but is scrupulously careful in the care of her skin. She never touches the lids of her wide-set hazel eyes with shadows, but she does color her lips with a faintly yellowish red which matches the tawny glow of her skin and hair.

THEY say, people who claim to know about fashions and such things, that French women are the smartest in the world, American women the most beautifully groomed and English women the most charmingly careless. Well, Karen must have a few drops of British blood somewhere in her thoroughly American veins. Of all the young girls in Hollywood she manages to give most completely that effect of nonchalant ease in her clothes.

If you are slim and blonde and gracefully lithe you can be like Karen, attractively yourself.

Tint or Dye It at Home With Quick, Easy Tintex and Save Money!

Perfect Professional Results Assured
No Muss—No Fuss—No Spots—No Streaks

Go over your wardrobe today! Pick out all the faded "washed-out" garments or those with unfashionable, unbecoming colors...

In just a few minutes, and at next to no cost, Tintex will restore all their original color—freshness or will give them new and different colors, if you wish!

And it will do the same for household fabrics, too! Curtains, table-runners, bed-spreads...any decorative fabric may be made to bloom with bright new color easily and quickly.

See the Tintex Color Card at any drug or notion counter! 35 beautiful colors from which to choose! Marvelous results assured from your very first trial! Try it today!

THE TINTEX GROUP—
Tintex Gray Box—Tints and dyes all materials.
Tintex Blue Box—For lace-trimmed silks—tints the silk, lace remains original color.
Tintex Color Remover — Removes old dark color from any material so it can be dyed a new light color.
Whitex—A bluing for restoring whiteness to all yellowed white materials.

On sale at drug and notion counters everywhere

Tintex
TINTS AND DYES
famous women

KNOW THIS SECRET

Since the days of ancient Egypt, it has been known that woman's most effective beauty is in her eyes. Not their color—not their size or shape—but the expression of which they are capable when properly made up. Cleopatra knew this secret. Stars of the stage and screen know it too. Famous beauties—including the one whose picture appears above—know the charm-value of the "expression" made possible by dark, long appearing, luxuriant lashes. And they know that the NEW, non-smarting, tearproof, harmless Maybelline is the easy way to acquire such lashes instantly. Try it yourself. You will be delighted with results. The New Maybelline, Black or Brown is 75c at all toilet goods counters.

The NEW Non-Smarting Tearproof

Maybelline

EYELASH BEAUTIFIER

Purse Size for Trial, at all 10c stores or sent for dime and coupon below.

CROONER — W. O R N E R Brothers: The rise and fall of a college crooner, who finds ultimate happiness in his old sweetheart and his old associations. David Manners is the crooner. There are also Ann Dvorak, Ken Murray, Alan Vincent, Guy Kibbee, Sheila Terry, and J. Carrol Naish. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. From a novel of the same name written by Rian James.

MERRILY WE GO TO HELL — Paramount: Fredric March as the newspaper reporter, and Sylvia Sidney as the wife who loves him, are the young couple who go to hell merrily, but not happily. Adrienne Allen is the Other Woman, and in the cast are Skeets Gallagher, Kent Taylor, Cary Grant, and others. Directed by Dorothy Arzner.

WITHOUT SHAME—M. G. M.: Bayard Veiller's story of very modern youth, Helen Twelve-trees as the girl, Robert Young as the brother who kills her sweetheart, and Robert Owsley as one of the weak wavers. And with Jean Hersholt and Lewis Stone. Directed by Harry Beaumont. And with another courtroom scene, too, far good measure.

SPEAK EASILY — M. G. M.: Buster Keaton as an ex-college professor with a fortune, who picks up a cheap theatrical company, takes them to Broadway, and puts them over in a big way. With Jimmy Durante, Ruth Selwyn, and Hedda Hopper. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. Oh, and Thelma Todd as the Broadway dazzler.

The New Movie Magazine, August, 1932

Million Dollar Legs—Paramount: A great comedy cost supporting Jack Oakie and Lydo Roberti—W.C. Fields, Andy Clyde, Ben Turpin and Hank Mann. Directed by Edward Cline. And all about an out-of-work brush salesman in a mythical republic, who falls in love with the president’s daughter. Many of the scenes are being made in the stadium used for the Olympic games.

Some say
IT’S LUCK!

some say
IT’S FATE!

Lew Ayres went to a tea dance, met a film manager who liked his looks and gave him his movie tryout. He says, “That was luck!”

Constance Bennett started out to be domestic, despite her dramatic background, met a big producer at an Equity Ball who persuaded her into the movies. She says, “That was fate!”

Beautiful pictures of the stars, intimate stories of their rise to fame, their luck, their fate, call it what you will, the whole glamorous story is there in the “New Movie Album”. You’re going to enjoy it and send the 10c plus 1c postage for it.

The New Movie Magazine, August, 1932
Hollywood's Rebel

(Continued from page 35)

learning to admit him to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He remained one year and gained in that time a smattering of engineering knowledge.

He soon left Cambridge, and after wandering about the country, arrived in Butte, Montana, a powerful, red-bearded, blue-eyed, belligerent young hobo.

He gave evidence at this time that character, once formed, seldom changes. Sauntering along a side street in Butte, as hungry as if he were already an actor, he saw a young fellow in a blue uniform standing beside a sign upon which was painted a large battleship. Standing on the deck was an admiral and three common sailors chatting about democracy. Mr. Bickford was more pleased than a clubwoman mistaking a Maxfield Parrish for a Whistler. He pointed to the sign and asked the young man if all he saw was true. The young man replied, "Yes, sirre--that ain't the half of it." He talked earnestly to the red-headed hobo. Mr. Bickford confided to the young man that he would gladly chat with an admiral, if by joining the navy he would be sent to San Francisco to do so.

The young man agreed to arrange matters. The next consignment of future admiral-talkers would leave for the Pacific Coast in a week. The young hobo was given twenty-five cents each day to remain in Butte that long. A week passed. The young hobo appeared, ready to go westward. He was told that the consignment was leaving for the Great Lakes Naval Training Station in Illinois instead. In spite of strong persuasion, Mr. Bickford stubbornly refused to go. At last the young man allowed him to remain in Butte ten more days, at the enormous sum of twenty-five cents a day. When the California consignment was ready, the young hobo, like Abu ben Adhem, led all the rest.

When he arrived in San Francisco, having joined the navy to see the world, he decided to view it through a port-hole. He became a stoker.

The months passed, heavy as the coal he shoveled. He became--

he was a bathroom floor. Bickford stayed the six rounds, in many different positions.

The battle ended, his pride was hurt more than other portions of his anatomy. As cocky as ever, he did not feel that a man in the world could defeat him. The man's name was--but I dare not tell. He was not a film producer.

The future actor walked down Market Street, with swollen eyes that had seen the world through so many port-holes. He watched the ships in the Bay and wondered what he would do now that his career of coal-shoveling and leather-pushing was forever behind him.

Night came on clouds of fog, and his heart became heavy. The lad with the bright blue eyes and teeth even as pearls in a row, who was ten years later to thrill the most blasé of New York ladies, now stood, of all places, at the entrance to a wine room. His shirt was open at the throat. His red hair was in long curls. He jingled the money of defeat in his pocket.

A young woman, carefree as himself, pushed him out of the door, saying, "What's you doing here, Beautiful Manhood?"

Before the chap who was later to dominate Garbo in a scene could answer, the girl asked, "Would you like to buy a lady a drink?"

Bickford seated himself at a round table with a push-button in the center.

The girl took her drink and ordered another before the waiter could leave the table. She looked closely at the future actor. "Did'nt you see you fight last night?" she asked.

"You might have seen me," answered Bickford, "but you didn'nt see me fight." The girl smiled.

"Boy," she said, "if you had hit him with all them you missed, he'd be fallin' yet."

Soon another gentleman and lady joined them.

The gentleman looked at Charles Bickford.

"In the profession?" he asked.

"What profession?" asked Bickford, who was beginning to have doubts.

"The theater," the man answered, as he looked at Bickford's Roman nose.

Speak Easily - M-G-M:

Buster Keaton as an ex-college professor with a fortune, who picks up a cheap theatrical company, takes them to Broadway, and puts them over in a big way. With Jimmy Durante, Ruth Selwyn, and Hedda Hopper. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. Oh, and Thelma Todd as the Broadway dazzler.

The New Movie Magazine, August, 1932
Hollywood's Rebel

more ginger ale for the company.

BEFORE the place closed, Bickford had consented to become an actor, or, rather, to join the chorus of a musical comedy. That he could not sing made but little difference. Neither could the chore.

His salary was forty dollars a week. Within a short time he said to himself in the mirror, "You've seen all your life-shoveling coal and getting bounced around in the ring when there's an easy racket like this!"

Before he had been getting seventy-five dollars a week. He stayed two years with this company. Happier days he was never to have.

And the girl who met him at the entrance to the wine room—we will call her Sally. She was one of those beautiful, happy-go-lucky people who keep the heart of the world from growing cold. We leave her for a moment.

The red-headed ex-hobo returned to Boston, more serious than when he had left it. His life world was made.

We will linger only long enough on the next ten years to say that they were full of hard work in different stock companies, which he played in different cities in the East. Several times in Boston and New York Bickford became a hundred-and-fifty-dollar-a-week leading man in a play.

That such an epic of a man should pass unnoticed on the American stage for ten years seems idle to believe. He went his dreamy, dynamic way from one stock company to another, while in Hollywood another Irishman was paving a road upon which two red-headed ex-hobos would step jauntily to shelves and glory.

I WAS at the time living with a taxi driver, far down on his luck. The author of one book, and still destitute, I had written another, Against the advice of a swell publisher, who wanted me to write about a Hollywood woman, I decided to stick to the memory of my bitter bohoy. The book was called "Life."

There was in it a magnificent yeig whom I had seen perish along a railroad in the South. Born for a mightier destiny, he was a red-headed, hook-nosed Irishman who could have held his own with Jack Dempsey in a brawl. With a crude, powerful mind and a six-feet-four-inch steel body, he dominated everything in his own world by sheer force of character.

Often since I have thought of old Sam Johnson's words about another fellow when word came of his death. "He was very kind to me," said the penurious scholar. "If you call a dog Harvey, I shall love it.

Oklahoma Red was very kind to me. When he died, I took his gun and his money and went on to Dallas, feeling that if I did not, the railroad detectives would.

I watched the moon slant across his handsome, life as I left. I did not know that the great desperado was not dead. He was born again in my subconscious. He was, years later, to electrify the elite of New York in the person of Charles Bickford. No less a person than George Jean Nathan was to say of him—"a powerful man." But let us leave Oklahoma Red along the railroad track and hurry to another man, the subject of this story.

MY book was turned into a play called "Outside Looking In." I journeyed to New York in a suit from the highest shelf in a second-hand store. The characters from my turbulent past were being rehearsed at the Greenwich Village Theater.

Unannounced, I went into the theater.

Strutting across the stage as if his body were rubber and steel, an immense, blue-eyed actor who might have been the brother of Oklahoma Red. The likeness stayed to the sentimental heart of me. Wise, through seven years of vagabondage, in the deep lore of the road, I knew at once that the man on the stage had been a hobo in many rough places.

Near him was another red-headed Irishman. I went up to both sorrel-tops and said, "My name's Jim Tully."

"Mine's Charles Bickford," said the larger actor, putting out his hand.

"That's mine's Jimmy Cagney," said the little wavy fellow, who was playing the part of me.

We chatted for a while, and all speaking the same language, we understood each other at once. That was about eight years ago. The stars of both have long since risen high. I find them both today, strident, belligerent, charming and gentle fellows. We are all three, I am very proud to say, still friends.

The play opened. A group of hobos talked in the jungle. The atmosphere was tense.

Finally there walked upon the stage a youth in a worn, well-fitting blue serge suit. The other vagabonds looked from one to another. A man was among them.

Before the play had finished, ladies of the intelligentsia, cold as Grant's Tomb on Christmas Eve, got a vicarious thrill of the handsome ruffian billed as Oklahoma Red.

WITH my understanding friend, George Jean Nathan, I watched Charles Bickford impersonate my bohoy friend. When the play ended, I sat in a daze. The most civilized of men was not at my side. I was back again to my hungry, wind-whipped days. I could hear the dead Oklahoma Red's money jingle in my pocket. The thunderous applause I did not hear.

George Jean Nathan touched my arm. We went to a little place in the Village, which sold milk, I think. And there sat Bums Mantle and Percy Hammond. They were not drinking milk.

The next morning, three red-headed rascals shook hands with destiny—Charles Bickford, James Cagney and Jim Tully.

THE play ran all winter. I bought a new suit.

Bickford and Cagney arrived in Hollywood. Adios to Jimmy Cagney and down the road with Bickford.

Cecil De Mille immediately engaged him for "Dynasty."

Not even the hocus-pocus of that film could hurt him. He went on as Matt Burke to "Anna Christie" with Greta Garbo.

(please turn to page 106)
Hollywood's Rebel

more ginger ale for the company.

BEFORE the place closed, Bickford had consented to become an actor, or, rather, to join the chorus of a musical comedy. That he could not sing made little difference. Neither could the chorus.

His salary was forty dollars a week. Within a short time he said to himself in the mirror, "You've been all your life working on a shoestring and getting bounced around in the ring when there's an easy racket like this!"

Before the season opened Bickford had been the brother of Oklahoma Red, to whom the present story relates. He had been a hobo, but he had played the part of one of the hard working men in different stock companies, and he was to play at the Vineyard, a new stage company in the East. Several times in Boston and New York he had been the brother of Oklahoma Red in various companies, and in Hollywood another Irishman was playing a role upon which two red-headed ex-hoboes would step jauntily to sleekness and glory.

I WAS at the time living with a taxi driver, far down on his luck. The author of one book, and still destitute, I had written another. Against the advice of a well-known publisher, who wanted me to write about a Hollywood woman, I decided to stick to the memory of my bitter boyhood. The book was called "Lilith." There was in it a magnificent yegg whom I had seen pass unnoticed on the American stage for ten years and not quite to believe. He was my own. He was the Irishman who had brought me up in the art of the swindler, and who had been the brother of Oklahoma Red, to whom the present story relates. He had been a hobo, but he had played the part of one of the hard working men in different stock companies, and he was to play at the Vineyard, a new stage company in the East. Several times in Boston and New York he had been the brother of Oklahoma Red in various companies, and in Hollywood another Irishman was playing a role upon which two red-headed ex-hoboes would step jauntily to sleekness and glory.

When the play ended, I sat in a daze. The most civilized of men was not at my side. I was back again to my hungry, wind-whipped days. I could hear the dead Oklahoma Red's money jingle in my pocket. I was to return to the world of the swindler, and I did not hear.

George Jean Nathan touched my arm. We went to a little place in the village, which sold milk, I think. We sat Burns Mantle and Percy Hammond. They were not drinking milk.

The next morning, three red-headed rascals shook hands with destiny—Charles Bickford, James Cagney and Jim Tully.

THE play ran all winter. I bought a new suit. Bickford and Cagney arrived in Hollywood. Adios to Jimmy Cagney and down the road with Bickford. Cécile De Mille immediately engaged him for "Dynamite." Not even the hocus-pocus of that film could hurt him. He went on as Matt Burke to "Anna Christie" with Greta Garbo.

(please turn to page 106)
Hollywood's Rebel
(Continued from page 105)

Not even she could "steal" his thunder in this film. When it was completed, two other stories were ready for him. Bickford thought they were bad, and said as much.

The same lad who as a young hobo refused to go to the Great Lakes Naval Training Station when he wanted to go to California, now said to the producers, "Remember—I'm not going to be made a prop for Garbo." He refused to play the stories.

Not a hypocrite, with plenty of courage and integrity, the groveler at the gates of opportunity soon spread the legend that he was hard to get along with.

Bickford keeps his word. He expects others to do the same.

Recently he made a contract for "top billing"—his name at the top of the billboard. The company made thousands of "twenty-four sheets." Bickford's name was not at the top. He calmly said, "Gentlemen, if you release those bills I'll lie your picture in a thousand legal knots.

Bickford got his top billing.

On another occasion, a girl made her role in a film as important as Bickford's. At the last second the girl's suggestion, she received top billing with him.

A MAN who has made honesty and defiance pay in Hollywood, he receives five thousand dollars a week. His downfall is constantly predicted.

Like the eagle, he is above the petty storms. He owns his small ranches and the most innocent blue eyes in the world.

He's left hand knows not what his right hand does.

Going into a famous Hollywood restaurant, we were met by One-Eyed Connelly. A former hobo like ourselves, he became known as the greatest gate-crasher in America. But in these depressing times the gates are closed. Bickford shook hands with him casually.

Hours later One-Eyed Connelly said to me, "He slipped me a five spot. He's our kind of people, Jim." The hand of Bickford had been too fast for me.

During the filming of "Thunder Below," the director made ready for an emotional scene between Charles Bickford and Tallulah Bankhead.

The Already Talullah walked before the camera. The director and his assistants looked about for Bickford.

Forgetful of all around him, he was chatting with a charming extra player. His name called, he hurried before the camera.

A nothing. Neither did Bickford, nor the charming woman.

She was the girl who had called him Beautiful Manhood so long ago in San Francisco.

Another episode in the Land of Make-Believe.

Would You Put Your Child in Pictures?
(Continued from page 49)

I HEARD so much about parents that I decided to see one, Mrs. Wynonah Johnson has seven children, ranging from a few months to seventeen years, and all "on call." Dick Winslow and Cullen Johnson are probably the best known to the fans.

The Johnsons live in a small gray home in a rather drab district of Los Angeles, seven miles from Hollywood.

If there are normal children in pictures, I'd say they are these youngsters. But theirs is an isolated case! In the first place, children in large families are less inclined to be spoiled. They learn a give-and-take adjustment to their problems very early. No one child is apt to be allowed to feel superior.

In this family there is no maid. It is a tribute to Mrs. Johnson's management that each child helps care for the home. The children do the housework and get the meals and enjoy it. They study home-work and visit their friends in the neighborhood.

The oldest boy works in a drugstore,
Would You Put Your Child in Pictures?

ZASU PITTS SAYS:

Only direct necessity would cause me to allow my two children to go into the movies. I am not opposed to the movies as a career for them after they have grown up and completed their education, but I would want them to make the decision themselves. . . . My opinion is that children are happiest when they are with other children their own size and age. A child working in a studio has very little opportunity for the games and sports that appeal most to children. . . . Plunging the child into a world of make-believe is not to my mind, the best influence for character formation. . . . I have no quarrel with parents who put their children into the movies. Perhaps the tots are possessed of such inestimable and outstanding genius that it would be unfair to deprive either them or the public of its expression. . . . But, so long as I can, I will keep my two children, Norma and John, out of school, playing the games of childhood, and building up character for adult life and a rational mind in a sound body.

and one of the others has a paper route "between pictures." "Working in the talkies gives children a sense of responsibility," Mrs. Johnson said. "They become ambitious early in life and gain self-confidence. They learn to accept situations and people in a way that non-picture children do not because their scope is limited to their immediate family and the static group of school friends. I consider picture work a real preparation for life for my children.

Each of the John kids is a happy youngster. But when we do find one that’s spoiled and forward and affected, it’s the mother’s fault!"

And that is what their teacher, Mrs. Carter, thinks, too. If a spoiled child joins the movies he soon "has it taken out of him." A motion-picture child simply must be well-behaved. He must be obedient, courteous, prompt, and interested. In this respect, at least, working in pictures is actually beneficial.

Doting parents nearly spoiled Mitzi and Anita Louise, to cite a couple of the many representative cases. Mitzi’s adoring father used even to carry her schoolbooks for her and get up to give her his more comfortable chair when she entered a room. Anita’s mother waited on her lovely daughter hand and foot, even stooping to put on her shoes like a maid.

W.EALTH is keeping little Robert Coogan from enjoying a normal childhood—even his famous brother Jackie says so! Jackie is quoted as having said: "Oh, I should never have been put in a movie! It’s not fair to me. And besides, it was the worst thing for an actor. He’s always had it too soft—maids and nurses and luxuries all his life." The Coogans live in one of Hollywood’s swankiest apartment houses and pay rent that runs into four figures. Is such a childhood normal? Perhaps little Mitzi would still be living at the Roosevelt Hotel had not her teacher wisely persuaded the Greens to move into a little bungalow with a generous yard. Mitzi, a stage product, came to Hollywood “full of notions.” She was precious, riche, affected. But working in pictures has completely changed her. . . . Pictures (Please turn to page 108)

MILDRED DAVIS LLOYD SAYS:

Up to the present none of the children have shown any desire or inclination toward picture work. Peggy (Marjorie Elizabeth) occasionally tries her hand at story-writing. So far she hasn’t called them screen plays or scenarios. . . . Harold and myself have discussed the situation many times and have decided that it is entirely up to the children to mold and shape their own careers. Should they choose the stage, screen, medical profession, teaching or what, they will be given every opportunity to enter it well equipped for success. . . . Should any, or all of them decide on pictures, I feel that Harold will be glad to aid them in every way to attain their goal. I’m sure I will be. . . . However, their careers will in no way be allowed to interfere with their education or physical development . . . I don’t want to sacrifice their youth. I plan a normal childhood for them. Then, when they are grown and educated, it is up to them to choose, and we will help them to make good.

Mildred Davis Lloyd

Save bills for dry cleaning

Annette’s Perfect Cleanser is the first cleanser you could use with confidence that it would leave no “ring.” Annette’s is a dry powder—a new and much improved method of home cleaning. This powder actually absorbs spots, stains and all-over soil. And, because it contains no harsh chemicals, it cannot injure the most fragile materials. Just shake Annette’s on fresh spot or old spot—and watch the fabric restored to its freshness and cleanliness.

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Annette’s Cleanser has no effect on color or material. No work. No odor. No fumes. Used by professional cleaners. Revolutionizes all ideas about home cleaning, 25¢ and 50¢ drug and department stores.

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The New Movie Magazine, August, 1932

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Would You Put Your Child in Pictures?

(Continued from page 107)

and her very normal boy-friend, Jackie Searle. . .

"It's an endless fight to keep motion-picture children normal," admitted Rachel Smith, who, though a very attractive young woman, has been teaching the motions of children for the last seven at Paramount exclusively.

"But I find that the child who succeeds is the one who has really lovely qualities—the normal sweetness of average childhood. It is difficult to keep children normal in the picture industry. They hear themselves discussed constantly in the studio and at home by unwise parents; they attend theaters and hear the audiences' reaction to their antics; strangers point them out on the street and rush up for autographs; interviewers question them and make them feel that their opinions are of tremendous importance. They are constantly on parade. It takes an exceptionally wise mother to prevent a child's becoming abnormal in this industry. Probably the most nearly normal child is Jackie Searle—thanks to an extraordinarily sane and homely sort of mother."

Miss Smith constantly fights against abnormality among picture children. She considers it her sacred trust to help the children forget they are on exhibition. Because of her influence, a certain youngster who the other night lived like a private in the company of his parents, is now in the same department of the industry. A family of several children is less inclined to abnormality because they are closer to their own father. You see, this makes a mighty big difference! Beaudine tells me that his children regard the money they earn by acting in the same light that another child would look upon money earned from a paper route. Are motion-picture children normal? Decidedly yes, says William Beaudine.

But his pretty young wife, overhearing the discussion, cried, "No! They are far from normal! They show for every minute and have no idea how to get along with average children! It's almost always their mothers' fault." And she does not hear herself express "motion-picture children" because if they work it's under their father's eye.

IT is especially significant that, though most of the stars could place their children in pictures, the majority guard their young studio contacts. Harold Lloyd's and Gloria Swanson's children do not realize that their parents are famous, and have never been on the set of a picture studio. "My children are not to be exploited!" is the cry of such stars as Norma Shearer, Clive Brook, Nancy Carroll, Will Rogers, Victor McLaughlin, Louise Borden and others. Why? Because they, who are so very close to the pulse of the industry, believe that childhood cannot be prostituted for the amusement of the world and yet remain normal!

I CARRIED my question to a dozen other sources—in the wardrobe mistresses and designers, the make-up specialists, the publicity writers, electricians who work on the sets, to shopkeepers who sell the little darling's off-screen moments, even to neighbors of these tiny screen celebrities. Are motion-picture children normal?

Should they work in films? Oh, the replies I received!

"Children who work in pictures are like animals in zoos. They are exploited for the comfort of their parents. . . . When the children reach a certain age they will demand an accounting from their parents of every cent they have earned, and a world of bitterness will result." (This has happened several times on motion-picture history, you will recall!) "It's cruel to make a child cry for the camera's benefit." Little Mitzi is the only child in pictures who can cry easily—and like it! Once, during the filming of "Young and Handsome," small Jackie Cooper cried by threatening to give him castor oil. When the scene was taken and he realized that it was a hoax, he piped up, "Now, how'd you get me to cry? That castor oil gag's all shot!"

So precocious is Jackie that it has even been rumored that he is a midget, not a child of eight. He is a child. . . . A motion-picture child.

The language on the average motion-picture set is not always for little pitchers to overhear. There are stars and directors so talented that they can swear five minutes without repeating a single word or sometimes forget there are children near.

The working hours of a motion-picture set are not always for little pitchers to overhear. There are stars and directors so talented that they can swear five minutes without repeating a single word or sometimes forget there are children near.

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The working hours of a motion-picture set are not always for little pitchers to overhear. There are stars and directors so talented that they can swear five minutes without repeating a single word or sometimes forget there are children near.
around that wild Irishman now. It's worth your life.

Robert Montgomery is almost as bad about whistling in his dressing room as Jimmy is.

And Bob makes sure of his idiosyncrasy by wetting his thumb and sticking it against a piece of scenery before going into a scene.

Greta Garbo? Yes, this is one time when Greta falls in line. She believes that thirteen is her hoodoo and she tries to avoid starting a picture on the thirteenth of the month.

Anything that has to do with peacocks can get a rise out of Ramon Novarro and Edwina Booth—except that with Ramon it's unfavorable and the opposite is true of Edwina. Ramon thinks that peacocks, even in decorations, are bad luck, while Edwina thinks she likes the feathers decoratively.

What with the new hats all having little feathers tucked in the front, side or back, Edwina's idiosyncrasy strikes us as being particularly timely for her millinery.

If Jack Gilbert woke up in the middle of the night and suspected that his shoes were in a right-to-left position under the bed, he'd get up and change them.

Jack still sticks to the old susceptibility for knocking on wood. But Marion Davies prefers the one that requires salt to be thrown over her shoulder. Many of the more generous persons in Hollywood, and she makes numerous gifts, but no one ever boasts that she gave them a purse for a present. Marion thinks that pocketbooks are such bad-luck things to buy that she won't even buy one for herself. The ones she has been presented to her by friends.

We've known a lot of people who had a horror of throwing out scraps of bread—but Marie Dressler is the only sensible person we ever knew who had an aversion to throwing away scraps of meat. Marie cooks the scraps into a stew on the back of her kitchen range.

Joe E. Brown's idiosyncrasy is the numeral Seven. Joe would stake his reputation on the number. Weren't he the seventh child in his family? And doesn't that prove something or other in favor of the numeral?

When you sit down to write a letter, then decide that you can't write letters—it just isn't in you—think of Charles Butterworth and be consoled. Charles abhors letter writing. He thinks the world would be a better place if there weren't any letter writers. Then he stops, catches his teeth and amends his statements by adding that fans are the only ones who should be permitted to send things through the mails. With the proviso, of course, that they treat him gently.

Joan Blondell is James Cagney's idiosyncracy. Now, there you go, getting us all wrong. We mean that James thinks Joan is just about the luckiest item that ever happened into a man's life, careerly speaking, of course. It wasn't until 1929 when he got his first big chance in a New York play, "Maggie the Magnificent," that Cagney ran across Joan. They played opposite each other and both scored heavily.

Later on Cagney found himself opposite Joan again in "Penny Arcade," playing on Broadway. Still later, when he was cast in the screen version which emerged as "Sinners' Holiday," Cagney found that Joan was his leading lady. So you can readily see why Joan is an idiosyncrasy—as well as a perfectly adorable little blonde.

Besides Joan, Cagney's other idiosyncrasy concerns early-morning telephone calls. Some people in Hollywood have a habit of seeing just how early they can get up to annoy a star. The first thing they do is rush to the telephone and call up, heedless of whether the star had to work late the night before or just sat up until ten P. M. twiddling his thumbs. It's people like that make Cagney crazy, without the idiosyncrasy.

Believe it or not, but Doug Fairbanks, Junior's, idiosyncrasy deals with work. He says he doesn't particularly like to work and has no yearning to work in any way, shape or manner—and does so only from necessity. But when he does work, he works hard.

Another of his idiosyncrasies deals with grand opera; he says it's the most ridiculous form of art.

Ben Lyon's weaknesses include a liking for Ford cars, antiques and good books. But Ben is no highbrow, even in his idiosyncrasy about books. He'll read almost anything at hand and get a kick out of it.

If you have a liking for polka dots, midgets, fortune tellers, lettuce, lime juice and funnel cakes, don't hide it because you think it's unique among idiosyncrasies. You're in the same class with Winnie Lightner.

Winnie believes everything fortune tellers tell her; that's why she stays out of airplanes since one warned her against going up in the air.

Not long ago Winnie gave a swimming party to a troupe of midgets playing in Hollywood—and spent most of the day rescuing them from deeper parts of the swimming pool.

If Winnie had her way she'd retire, get fat, and do nothing but loaf around all day listening to good music. But, since one of her main susceptibilities is for the movies, she'll probably never get a chance to retire and grow fat. Especially if she eats enough lettuce and lime juice.

Pet Oddities of the Stars

(Continued from page 62)
No More
Blackheads, Pimples
Skin Made
Clear, Smooth.
While—Quick
Easy Way
You can have an irresistible, velvety, smooth, ivory-white skin. Clear your complexions of blackheads, pimples, and
rainouts, with Nadinola Bleaching Cream. It is the simple, quick and satisfying method.
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Get a big 50c jar of Nadinola Bleaching Cream at any cosmetic counter; begin using tonight, and tomorrow you will see a hint of the wonderful results to expect. Money back guarantee in every package.

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The secret of reducing hay fever attacks, and in many instances preventing them altogether, has been discovered by a St. Louis physician.
The reason some people get hay fever, while others do not, is that the nasal membranes of hay fever victims are SENSITIVE to pollen. Therefore, he figured, why not build up a resistance to hay fever—make those membranes stronger—less sensitive?
He tried many ways to do this and only succeeded was to perform honeycomb eczematous in a formula known as SINAISIPTEC.
Thousands of people who formerly suffered the misery of hay fever, have already found SINAISIPTEC a genuine blessing. Actual letters on file from enthusiastic and grateful users, show this treatment to be a magnificent success. Right now is the time to start using SINAISIPTEC. Use in warm water in a nasal douche and bathe the nasal passages regularly. It will give your head a pleasantly clear feeling. You will breathe with ease. Headache and chills "flare-ups" will become a rarity. And above all, you will be building a resistence of strength which leaves off the agony of Hay Fever and Rose Cold.
All druggists supply a large bottle of SINAISIPTEC at modest cost and without instruction. Don't delay. Tear out this ad and remember when you next see an ASPTEC Circulator on request. @ American Drug Corp., 2122 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo.

PARIS VS. HOLLYWOOD
(Continued from page 55)

CLAUDETTE COLBERT, Paramount Player: "Decidedly yes, it is my answer to how to make the face look younger. I wear a rather shorter bob. I have already had my hair shingled at the back so that the hairline to the front is so short that I can't about show distinctly. However, I have left the hair at the sides slightly longer so that it can be water-waved. I would like to have a dip in the bob, falling into line with the shingle. I may even go for the bangs Paris is so insistent about this season, that if I can screw up enough nerve.

NORMA SHEARE: "The new haircut is a boom to the average woman. It combines the two qualities which everyone desires, smartness and convenience. To me there is nothing more attractive than a well-groomed head. The short haircut, which outlines the shape of the head, is becoming to almost every feminine type with the exception, of course, of the very youthful, ingenuous girl to whom a fluffy, fly-away sort of hair dress is a part of her personality. The new haircut and the new small, close-fitting, but tip-titled hats usher in a season of smartness in place of the careless, recklessness of other vogue. You can't wear the chic hat of this season with loose ends of long bobs trailing against the clean-cut neckline necessary to the smartness of the hats. But to the woman whose head and face contours don't suit the ultra-short haircut, there are ways of achieving the same close-cut effect. I know of none better than the coronet braid, which winds snugly close to the head and gives the same smooth, regular impression that is given by the short bob."

CAROLE LOMBARD says: "I want to cut my hair shorter if my next picture permits it. A motion picture player is rather limited in a certain length of her hair. The long bob is ideal because it can be curled to appear short, and is long enough to secure extra pieces for long hair coiffures.

"The new Parisian style, however, is very chic, and I have already adopted the bangs. The shingled effect at the back showing the hairline is something I may never be able to attain."

SYLVIA SIDNEY: "Give me time. I have just bobbed my hair for the first time. It's a long bob, but it seems a great adventure to me. I am not ready for a shorter coiffure for a long, long time. The sketches of this new Parisian style are quite alluring, but I believe I can wear them well. That sleek off-the-face and-ears effect is not too flattering to the features, and the bangs are also rather trying."

ANN HARDING, who wears her soft, straight ash-blondie parted in the middle and drawn loosely over her ears into a knot at the nape of her head, will "join the ranks of "bobby heads." "She has a good reason for this. She says: "I prefer originality to imitating any style, whether it be in hairdress or hats. I think every woman should wear her hair in the manner most be coming her. I should feel a stranger to see if I cut my hair and wore ringslets."

GENEVIENE TOPIN: "I'm crazy about the new coiffures. The more eccentric ones where shellacs is used (of course, it's merely a preparation that makes the hair look as if it's being washed or not is not injurious in the least) are just fascinating. Wish I could play a role that would stand such a hairdress. It would be even more amusing than my 'Mitzi' bangs!"

The woman who has a perfect natural hair have all the way around, however, is the only one who should take a chance on the very extreme coiffures. Fortunately, I've never had to look like that. When my hair is short, and I prefer it that way, it is never clipped up the neck, so the new Parisian "hairline" merely offers me another opportunity to indulge my penchant for variety in coiffures. My record has been—a different hairdo for every role. Naturally, I'm enthusiastic and hope to create a distinctive style along these lines that will be imitated—everywhere!"

DOLORES DEL RIO, who wears her laquer-smooth, dark hair severely drawn from a center parting, exposing her ears, to a low knot on her neck, is another to turn down the latest fad in Paris. Here's what she says about it:

"I think one should study and emphasize one's type in the dressing of the hair. I have the coiffure I feel best suited to my features and my personality and do not intend to change to the close-cut fashion, which Paris now declares the height of fashion. I should not dream of changing from my distinctive coiffure to follow the coming fad. For myself, I like the dignity of long hair and the sleekness of straight hair."

JEAN HARLOW: "I don't think that I shall ever wear the very short hair-cut which is gaining so much popularity. It is not because I don't like it—I love to see it worn by women to whom it is becoming, but because it is not suited to the shape of my face, as is a fluffer fuller haircut. It seems to me that women with larger features and rounder faces can wear this style of hairdress much more effectively than can girls with small features and faces."

ANITA PAGE says: "The average girl will look at the convenient, comfortable closeness of the new short hair-bobs with longing, but after many months of training and gaining the medium-length locks which have been so popular and becoming to almost all girls, she will hesitate a moment when it comes to have them scissored on her carefully acquired hair. I am facing that problem now, like thousands of other girls who are dependent on the weather and the buying of the clever little hats on display in all the millinery stores, the short, close bob becomes steadily more and more attractive."

The New Movie Magazine, August, 1932
called "Grandy Hotel." He fill that hotel so full of stars that it bulges. Count them, if you can. 1: Crawford, 1: Stone, 1 Garbo, 2 Beery & 2 Barrymores.

"Why they not get 2 Beerys?" I require.

"Something about 18th Ammnnt," he suggest. "Maybe some day we can have light wine & Beery, then both Wally & Noah can appear on same program, full strength. But when at me, Togo. Now next I incorporared myself as Famus Folks Film Co., Inc. We must have the greatest play ever written, acted by the greatest actors that ever will be. What are the greatest play in all languages?"

"Able's Irish Rose," I ollict nearly.

"Then we must have one like that called something else."

"Mickie's Jewish Tulip," I suggest. "Goshes, what thinkers we find in Japan!" I lapse. "That play are good as written." He start walking from places to places, saying to himself, "200,000, Z.681,498, 0018." This sound deliciously like Pres. Hoover inventing a new Natl Cash Register. "I can do!" he say so. "I am the Master M. that control the Foxes, the Zuckers and nearly ¾ of the Warner Bros. And now what? Ha & ha-ha. I have a plan to shake the wood out of Hollywood."

"Axuse me when I loose my breath," I rampage.

Togo, what I tell you now are strictly confidential. Do not tell a liv- ing sole, except the police, the Mayor of Los Angeles and the reporters. My first movement will be this. I shall fire everybody in Hollywood."

"No!"

"Yes!!"

"Oh!!!"

(Please have your printer put a lot of punctuation on these adjectives.)

AND after they are fired, he snarl- gle. "I will hire back stars to make such a Hitt that the world will come to an end, or do something else."

"Goody," I chub. "Hon. Mr., what are a Star?"

"A Star are a actor (male & female) what can burst his contrac and get richer with every burst. Togo, the slogan of my Famus Folks Film Inc., will be 'Nothing But Genius Allowed.'"

Hon. Ogre get so excited he com- mence to holla like a Congressman. Now I know why the Xtras on the Lott call him "More Barrymore." That is because he can roar like a Lion.

"Now!" he roar like enraged mega- phone, "we must think up a plot for 'Mickie's Jewish Tulip.'" Let us begin. We dischever Miss Tulip Smith, a Jewish florist, standing in the streets of N. Y. This part will go to Miss Nancy Carroll.

"But Hon. Nancy are Irish," I collapse.

"I have no racial prejudice," he dib. "And there goes 100,000$ for first re- hearsals. But beyond all these. On a wetish night in January the Rev. Hiram Drinkwater, goody man of virtue, go into a Slumm. There he see Miss Tulip. O what, a headache gets into his heart! He sing a song, 'Really

I Am Fond of Flowers.' This song will be played by N. Y. Philharmonic Symphony Okestra, 99 pieces, all old artists.

"But who will take part of Rev. Drinkwater?" I require.

"The Marx," he show down.

"But there are four Marx, by axial count, I say.

THEY work so well together," he explain, "that most folks think they are one (1). At this junction in the story we will fetch in 2 newschil- dren to holuxry with papers. But they together are Coogan & Cooper. Then we will have—"

"Hold up!" I snarl. "You say you will have a Alstar Cast of 6 persons. Already you got 90 solo horn-blowers, 4 Marx, 2 Jackie & Miss Nancy Car- roll—"

"Arithmetic are made for merely bookkeepers" he gruch. "Do not interrup my genius when it is burn- ing up. Now I shall tell you the Big Sceneery in my filmdrammer. When Rev. Drinkwater go through the hand, or even the foot, of beauteeful Tulip, income Hon. Mickie O'Hooli- gan, playing a Spanish zither. 'Sure boy, organ, Miss Tulip,' he say-so, 'beauteeful mi- com, y're the sonie lassie, Miss Tulip, Then they love. Love conkers all, do it not? It do. Quickf-odout.""

"Who will be in the Hon. O'Hooligan in reel life?" I ask to know.

"Maurice Chevalier," he snuggle. "Would not Hon. Emil Jannings be more good as?"

"I have thought of him," he im- prove, "but he are not so expensive to buy this week as Maurice Chevalier. Now, Togo, since we got our show ready, pratically, let us get together our Cast and start a rehussle. Kindly elope to telefone and ring up all those people I mention.

Well, Mr. Editor, I tell you. When I ring up those Stars they are doing nothing but coming right away. When I say 10 a.m. they couldn't bare wait. Next morning they arrive so fastly you would think they got a date with Sax Appeal, or some other big shoot in Filmland. And waiting in parlor of the Ogre House were so many stars they look like this:********

YES sir, there was such a quantity of Stars that it look like American Flag withno stripes.

"Getting together an Alstar Cast seem so easy it appear deecive. Was Hon. Marx Bros there? Oyes. In my daughter, that I thought they must of had twins. And Hon. Maurice Chevalier? Yes. He say Excuse It because he were only ½ minute early. But azzfor Miss Nancy Carroll, she get there before breakfast.

Then Hon. Ogre say, "Welcome, Famus Folks. Come into my Think- tank and have a drink. So they all intrude into there. Shut door. Silences for 2 days. I set outside, reminding myself that Art, when it are working, must not be hursted from the outside. Once Hon. Ogre, with some
of his hair gone, poke out head and corrode, "Sir, for Allah Nazimova."
"I, I, sir," I saluted.
"No! Come back! Send for Pola Negri instead!"
"I, I, sir!"
So I fetch forth Hon Pola and chuck her through that door. 2½ hours later Hon. Ogre stick and head gain.
"Send for a lawyer," he dibble. I commence going, but he holla, "Hall! Send for 6.” I fetch them, thank you, and lock them into that Thinking Studio.
Two more days passover. Sometime I awake up to bring in a milk can, or give the stimulation of soup to those Thinkers inside there. Once in a while they holla, "O glasswater!" feebly, so I fetch that with ice.

THEN pretty soon, after 4 or 5 days have collapsed, door bust open and out walk all Stars, down to Jackie Coogan & Mother. They look tired but weary. Because I must know what was, I talk to Hon. Harpo Marx, that little chatterbox who always talks too much. "I are so sick of Marx," he dib, "that I cannot look at another without swallowing my hair. But this were a great Conference for Art. This are the Picture of the Age.
He go somewhere to faint from exhaustion.
Then I uprun to Hon. Maurice Chavelier. With haunted eye-brows I ask, "Have you finished everything?" "Practically everything," he nob. "Accept for a few details the Picture are completed."
He disappear with wore-out expression like a man going to commit suicide or take a bath.
Then I encroach rudely to Hon. Pola Negri. "Pola-Pola," I narrate, "tell me this information. What were accomplished when the 6 best Cellars of Movieland was glued together for 5 days with the Mussolini of the Screen?"
"Everything," she re-tell. "Nothing remain now for anybody else to do."

So they go their separated ways to find ham and eggs, sleep, haircuts, soap, babies, religion, facial massages & all the things which make life so beautiful.

At last I find Hon. Geo. F. Ogore, walking very limp toward bedroom where Miss Caramel Sweet still studied painting.
"This long meeting of No. 1 Brains were a great triumph, not so?" I require.
"Since sound & motion have combined in the Pictorial Art," he scrape out, "there have been nothing like this. Nothing like it before or since. Ha! Now we have something New!!! The harders I work, the more, fortunately, I can sleep for 6 months."
"You have been reassuming the picture in there all this long time?" I ask very much requiring to know.
"Nope. Nothing so insignificant."
"You have been writing it then, maybe?"
"Huh. No time for such insignificance.
"Then what you been doing to turn your great brains inside out so completely and utterly?"
"We have been signing contracts," he divulge.
"I stand ghast for that phenomenon. Then my mind got inflated with one enlarged Thought.
"Listen at me, Hon. Ogore," I negotiate. "Have you noticed something? Have you noticed that you have not gave your Wife some part in that Al-star Cast?"

Following sounds come out:
"O sobb." Female sound. "O Geo, how did I marry such a species of fried ant!" Silence (female). "O gluber! What newspaper told you that Woman are a actresses? Don’t kiss me. Don’t come withting 4 yrd’s of me. How dares you insult me again in another way from usual?"
"But, dollying, precious lemon marang pie." Male sound. Then I hear noise of 88 lipsticks hitting a window amidst furniture, glassware and female war-cry of "O, what can poor, weekly woman do to defend herself from such horror?"
Then out rush Hon. Ogore with nearly all his shirt sacrificed and one (1) eye awfully mashed.
"Togo," he say so, "rapidly telephone newspapers that Hon. Geo. F. Ogore have changed his great mind into something else. Tell them I have gave up idea of Alstar Cast. Tell them I are going back to ole fashioned One Star Play, persenting Miss Caramel Sweet in the perfectly heartbroken flimflamdrammer ‘Poor Little Woman.’ Do this at oncely or I shall ring your nose."
"When you have sunshine in your home," I reming, "you do not need stars to heat you up."
I am feeling like cotton. Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

WANT TO FALL TOGETHER EACH MONTH

Everybody is enjoying the Hollywood adventures of Wallace Irwin’s inimitable character, Togo. Mr. Irwin assures us that the adventures of Togo in the screen capital in the next few months are the most hilarious which the Japanese schoolboy thus far met, and he says it with a twinkle which promises much. Watch for the next Togo exploit in the September issue.

The New Movie Magazine, August, 1922
Box-Office Critics

Dorothy, You're Good

Wilmington, Delaware

Congratulations to Dorothy Mackaill. As Gilda in “Safe in Hell” she was simply wonderful. Dorothy has always played her sophisticated roles with such understanding that you just had to like her. But along comes “Safe in Hell” and she reveals herself as a real emotional actress of tremendous force, and I know she won lots of new fans through this picture. Although most magazines classed this picture as not being so good, I thought it was really wonderful. Of course, Dorothy’s acting really made the picture. She is so real and natural, and she seems to actually live the character she portrays. She reminds me of a girl who would never high-hat any one.

She is my favorite actress, and has been ever since I can remember (I am 16), and I know she will always stand highest in my favor. I can hardly wait for her next picture to come to Wilmington, because I know I will see some really worth-while acting. (Miss) Jerry Mason, 2412 West Street.

Tribute

San Diego, California

The play was “Amateur Daddy” with my favorite actor, but he did not act, just lived the part and took us all with him.

The tender bedtime scene, his personality, his voice, the little song, the sleepy child, will be for me a beautiful memory. I was young and rocked and sang to sleep the “littlest one.”

I am 79, and I just love Warner Baxter.

Mrs. A. M. Gurwell, 2952 Fir Street.

Tired of It All

Seattle, Washington

A little more sincerity scattered in the publicity stunts would benefit the players more than some of the press agent stuff offered to us at present.

For instance, our family was (notice past tense) a staunch Garbo fan; now we don’t bother about her at all. Why? Just because we’re weary of the eternal raving about her “big feet” and “woman of mystery” idea. If she’s bashful and reticent and dumb why not let her alone? She’d probably elicit more sympathy then.

The same applies to Lew Ayres’ sensitiveness; Joan Crawford’s intense marriedness and failure to understand life (or is it herself?), Constance Bennett’s sex-appeal, etc., etc.

Fran Melrose, 6220—37th N. W.

Cuckoo Comment

Lavendale, Philadelphia, Pa.

Why in the name of good movies don’t they give Richard Arlen a break? To my mind he is 100% perfect. Can’t imagine why he isn’t given a good role. He has looks, build, pleasant voice, and is so natural in any role.

Paramount must be cuckoo to let him slide. And there are plenty of others who feel the same way I do about him.

Anyway, no matter what happens to him, he’ll always be my favorite.

Margaret Conrad, 828 E. LeVick Street.

Miss Swallow Raves

Newport, Mon., England

Mr. New Movie, do me a favor. Give me just a little space in your great magazine to give a little praise to my favorite actor, Walter Byron. I think he’s great, marvelous — aw! what’s the good of raving? I just can’t express my opinion properly. Well, this is wishing him luck and a couple of boos. And now I’ve got that off my chest. A thousand thanks to a swell magazine, and a hasty retreat for a crazy movie fan. Well, so long!

Betty M. Swallow, 14 Corporation Rd.

All Right, Let’s

Oak Hill, W. Va.

Three cheers for Cecila Parker, the newcomer to the screen. Give her bigger and better pictures, and show the world what she can really do. Help her to climb the ladder of success quickly. Here’s wishing her luck. 

Marie Vest, Box 243.

From a Shut-in

Clinton, Oklahoma

Although I have been ill for the last two years and have not been able, personally, to attend a theater or see a picture, I believe I know the stars about as well (Please turn to page 114)

STOP the cause of offensive ODOR ..save your clothes!

The needless perspiration of the shut-in underarm stains and ruins dresses — and causes offensive odor that spoils your charm.

Odroono is a doctor’s prescription that harmlessly diverts underarm perspiration to areas it escapes unnoticed. Odroono saves your clothes and prevents repulsive odors.

There are two kinds of Odroono. Odroono Regular is for use before retiring — gives the longest protection of any product, 3 to 7 days. Instant Odroono is for quick use, at any time. It gives 1 to 3 days protection. Standard sizes, 35c, 60c, $1 – fitted with the original Odroono Sanitary Applicator.

For Blondes only!

EVERY blonde takes secret delight in the storage power she has over men’s emotions. That is why it is such a tragedy when lovely blonde hair is allowed to fad, darken or become streaky. BLONDEx, an amazing special shampoo, brings back a lustrous golden sheen to darkened blonde hair. Stringy, unmanageable hair becomes silky-soft and wary, shimmering with thrilling golden lights. No dye. No harmful chemicals. Amazingly beneficial to both hair and scalp. Try it today, and see the wonderful new beauty it will give your hair in ten minutes! At all leading drug and department stores.

The New Movie Magazine, August, 1932

The New Movie Magazine, August, 1932
sensible way to lose

Fat women must take "the leavings" when it comes to choosing sweethearts and husbands. After all, you can't blame any man for preferring a winsome, slender girl!

Fat women take "the leavings" when it comes to choosing sweethearts and husbands. After all, you can't blame any man for preferring a winsome, slender girl!

Start to-day and get rid of ugly fat—the SAFE way by the HEALTHY way with a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salt in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast. Kruschen is a splendid blend of 6 SEPARATE minerals which help every gland and body organ to function properly and throw off poisons and waste accumulations.

Surplus fat gradually leaves until weight is reduced to NORMAL. And what glorious good health you'll enjoy—more energy, too. Many women hasten results by going lighter on potatoes, pastries and fatty meats.

Mrs. J. Glee of Willow Hill, Pa., reduced 43 lbs. in 3 months with Kruschen—she's overjoyed!

An 85c bottle (lasts 4 weeks) is sold by leading druggists the world over.

KRUSCHEN SALTS

Insist on THE ORIGINAL-GOTTSCHALK'S METAL SPONGE in the Sanitary Cellophone Bag

Now twice the size for the same price. The biggest value ever offered. Irresistible and scours everything with less effort and does not scratch—never a splinter to harm the hands. The choice of particular housekeepers. Get one today and be sure it's Gottschalk's.

"The Little Fellow Who Does the Big Job"

METAL SPONGE SALES CORP.,
2726 Mascher Street, Philadelphia

ZIP DEPILATORY CREAM

Poulticed wax! I spread it on and rinse off. All stores. Giant Tube $2c. Small 10c.

ZIP Epilator—IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT

Permanently Destroys Hair

Box-Office Critics

(Continued from page 113)

Where's John Wayne?

Ishpeming, Michigan

Hear ye!

When an actor or actress makes a hit in one big picture, why do they so often do the fade-away act or have their fame die a natural death through obscure pictures? I speak in the cause of one John Wayne, who played the dash- ing hero in "Big Trail." Please do something about it, for he's a jolly good fellow and we like him heaps.

Mayne Mattson,
517 Division Street.

Knives and Yells

Wilmington, Delaware

Three cheers and a tiger for "Tarzan!" The children were mad about it. Nickels and dimes have been hoarded for weeks to gain admittance to "Tarzan.

Every little boy for miles around is carrying a knife, and yelling like a Mohawk Indian. Almost every dog in the neighborhood has been a lion in disguise, and suffered terribly from the grip of little grimy hands at its throat. All the little girls have made plans to go to Africa, and found a man for themselves who can throw tigers, and play ring-around-a-rosie with elephants.

Johnny Weismuller was made to order; not for a long time will mothers have to make their boys eat their spinach. A few more pictures like "Tarzan" and the children will give you a great big hand.

Virginia Gregory,
1805 Washington Street.

Waiting For Years


Well, at last my wish has come true. I have waited for years. What was my wish? Well, I'll tell you.

Back in 1925, I saw a picture called "The Shamrock Handicap." This picture had its players Janet Gaynor and Leslie Fenton. The former has been in the movie world for years, but I always used to wonder what happened to the latter. I used to wish that the studios would recognize talent and pick him out. At last they did, and if you saw "The Hatched Man" I am sure you will agree with me that Mr. Leslie Fenton deserves to be star, as the parts he has taken are just the same as Gable and the rest.

Lillian Golen,
4025 Parkside Avenue.

Phone Him Sometime

Hollywood, California

You can put me down as a "New Movie" fan—and this is how it happened. Your magazine passed me unnoticed until some time ago I saw a feature article by Jim Tully listed among the contributors. That caught me, and later I read a more thrilling criticism (it was the article about Barbara Stanwyck). It showed the motive powers behind her success—chipped off the Hollywood veneer and gave us a picture of a flesh-and-blood woman, rather than a "Movie star."

The next month I squandered another dime to see William Powell—then Menjou—and so "New Movie" has become a habit with me. This is to thank you for your fine discrimination in giving us articles by a writer who not only knows his subject, but tells what he knows!

Anne O'Neal,
1755 1/2 N. Ivar Ave.

And Other Places, Too

New York City

Sometimes, I wonder whether Holly- wood is not another "Grand Hotel. People come, people go. A few years ago, there was Maurice Costello. Then Betty Blythe, Wally Reid, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. Anna Q. Nilsson. John Gilbert. Who knows of the little tragedies that stalk the lives of the movie great? Who knows when some great star will be pushed aside to make room for a newcomer? People come, people go. Many things happen, but we, like the doctor in the film, do not know they are. We know only the surface—the parties, the incidents on the lot, the marriages, divorces, births. . . . People go. . . .

Pearl A. Katzman,
555 West 173rd Street.

Service of Mankind

Wilson, N. C.

At last producers are giving the medical profession its break. The doctor is no longer depicted as a fussy old man in a wrinkled suit who peeps from behind his glasses and prescribes pills, but as a quick, efficient person, scientific to the nth degree, but human, too, with a heart as well as a brain. Barthelmes in "Alias the Doctor" and Kolman in "Arrowsmith" were splendid representations of the modern M.D.

Through the medium of motion pictures, the public has been "behind the scenes" in the hospital of today. We've been permitted to see technicians busy in the laboratory, radiologists at work in the X-ray room, nurses in their crisp, white uniforms, radiating efficiency, and we have been taken into the holy of holies, the shining, immaculate surgery, where we've watched surgeons perform difficult operations.

So I say, more power to you producers who have done so much to acquaint us with the doctors, nurses, technicians, and research workers, who are modern crusaders in the service of mankind.

Edna Walters,
300 N. Pine Street.
And even at eleven he knew he wanted to be an actor, would be an actor! Even at eight he named his muddy boy’s feet to the public library and pondered over Shakespeare and Dumas and Dante. The neighborhood toughs teased him and said he was a “laughing stock.” He lived in a two-dollar room over a dingy saloon. At rare intervals he found a job for a night “carrying a spear.” Day after day he had turned the pages of the theatrical agents’ offices, but there was no work for him.

He was hardly an impressive-looking candidate. He had one suit, and it was rather shabby. He was a tall, thin, living on half a cent a day. A bakery clerk in the saloon sold stale cakes for fifty cents apiece. He had lived on stale, sweetish cake and water for two weeks when an agent said, “I’ve got a movie job for you. Fort Lee Ferry tomorrow morning at nine o’clock.”

This was 1912, and the old Biograph Company had started making pictures in New York. John had one nickel left. He took it to see whether he should buy a new suit, that night, or ride to his job on the morning train. The subway was packed, and he went to bed supperless, lying awake all night and rising so early that he could have walked to work after all.

A t the Fort Lee Ferry was a motley gang had collected. Half the riffraff in the city, it seemed, was about to serve as the mob for Biograph’s war picture. While they waited, shivering in the wind, a row of shining limousines drew up, carrying the leading actors and the directorial staff. There was an hour of squinting up at the gray, clouded sky. Then the big cars, without so much as a look at the shiny mob, drove away. The light was bad. “Back here Monday morning,” an assistant shouted from the last car.

That was Thursday. All Thursday, all Friday, all Saturday, John had no food. Monday morning finally came. He walked the nine miles to the Ferry. This time the light was all right. The mob were stuffed in the dirty, wrinkled Confederate uniforms provided by the costume department and taught how to charge across the “battlefield.” The cameras started turning. John, trying to run, was too weak. He stumbled and fell. An assistant director jerked him to his feet, and cried, “Get up, man! Are you? Just for that, this time you beat it ahead of the others and jump up on that cannon and wave for them to come on.”

Just as he got in front of the cannon it boomed. The concussion hurled him back against a tree, nearly breaking his back, and stunned him. In terror of being fired, he staggered on, clambered up on the hot metal and went through the hit of business. The scene was retaken six times. Time after time he stumbled, ran, leaped and waved. He had not eaten solid food in three weeks. He grew weaker and weaker, spots dancing before his eyes, cold sweat trickling down his face.

“Lunch!” some one shouted.

The five hundred in the mob charged the lunch-wagon like a pack of snarling beasts. John, starved, was too weak to work. When he got to the wagon all the food was gone. The light failed at five o’clock, and work was done. The theatrical agent was out of the spot to take twenty-five cents of the $2.25. John rode to his gloomy room on the car because he

(Continued from page 68)
in the flesh and had begged her to show the star to her.

Jean Harlow and Chic Sale were discussing dogs, and Chic said that Colleen owned the most beautiful Great Dane in the world. Jean bridled at that. She said she owned the most beautiful Great Dane.

Jean looked like a doll in her beige flat crêpe afternoon dress with her pokish white hat. She isn’t a bit tanned, but sun means to get that way with sun baths.

"But not my face," she said sensibly. "Which will be a good thing for other girls to remember." Chic Sale is really a youthful looking man. But he said that his daughter, who is in school, had begged him, "Oh, daddy, please dress up and come to visit my school so that the girls won’t think you are an old man!"

I found Fredric March and his lovely wife, Florence Eldridge, sipping tea and eating their sandwiches in a cozy corner of the sun-room, and I asked Miss Eldridge if she didn’t mean to do something more on the stage.

"Oh, I like to appear in one play a year," she said, "so as to pay for Fred’s clothes and present! I hate to charge it to him."

She confided that she and Fred had no children, but that if they did not have one during the next year they meant to adopt a little one. Gary Cooper arrived alone. He said he was going to back west to South Africa, but that it cost a lot of money.

Jack Pickford showed up at that moment, looking well despite his long illness.

Harold Lloyd and his wife Mildred were among the guests. Mildred wore a white gown of spiff material and a white maline picture hat, which was most becoming.

Billie Dove was looking perfectly lovely in a gown made of Bedford silk trimmed with two shades of fox fur—gray and tan—the fur edging the sleeves in the two-shade combination.

Jetta Goudal was there with Harold Grieve, Harold and Colleen are the old friends, and there is a real affection among the three. Jetta looked stunning in a black and white gown.

Violet Henning came for a few minutes, and then flitted, and I’m sorry I haven’t space to name all the other people who were guests.

Of course there must be a reason or an excuse or something for every party, and what could be a more interesting reason than to do honor to a man like Dr. Arnold Franck, who has ever so many gorgeous outdoor pictures to his credit?

Anyhow, frivolous Hollywood decided it simply must meet him at Carl Laemmle’s—and that is the Laemmle estate in Beverly Hills.

We found that, Dr. Franck couldn’t speak English, so we decided that Tala Birell and Margaret Lindsey—the latter the newest Universal acquisition from the London stage—must be the guests of honor. We couldn’t find Tala at the moment, though, so we concentrated on Miss Lindsey, who proved to be amusing—as well as amusing—at her first Hollywood party. Margaret wore a dark blue Bedford silk, with white vest, white shoes and white hat—very snappy.

The New Movie Magazine, August, 1932
In the Hollywood Whirl

June Clyde was one of the cutest girls there. She is so young looking that it is always something of a shock to find that she is married, but you forgive her when you meet her charming husband, the director, Thornton Freeland. She said she had just stepped out of a Paris fashion-plate, dressed in a dark red flarè crepe, with white sports hat and white fox fur. Paul St. Pierre was among the guests. He has just come from London, where he directed Corinne Griffith in a picture called "Les Cloches de Parme," from a story by Michael Arlen.

Paul said he had had a wonderful time in St. Moritz, where he met Charlie Chaplin. The next day with Marian Reece, the Venetian girl to whom he was so devoted, and he said that Syd Chaplin was usually along, too.

Lew Ayres and Lola Lane were there, Lola cute in a rose-o'-the-morning sports suit. Tala Birell looked sweet in a brown ensemble with coat and beret, and Lupita Tovar wore a black and white fancy suit, and white hat.

A NUMBER of the wealthy patrons of the arts are giving little teas and other pleasant affairs for the Hollywood social set. One of the very nicest affairs was that given the other day by Harry Hollo- way, millionaire sportsman and art patron of Beverly Hills. Marguerite Churchill was the guest of honor.

Miss Churchill was looking especially chic in a Paquin afternoon frock of pink crepe and hat made of pink roses. Anita Louise was as lovely as a little flower, in two shades of beige ostrich cloth, with shoes also in two shades, and a little hat to match.

Vivienne Osborne wore a black Main- boucher model gown of flat crepe material, adorned with black organza roses, an Agnes hat and a silver fox fur. The dress was made with a cape and had especially graceful lines.

We told Miss Osborne she should have brought her harp to play for us! She plays it beautifully, you know. I heard her one day at her apartment. We decided to take a cab home and play a harp she won't look any prettier, as Jack Quartaro, who had gone with his sister, Nina, over to the party with me, remarked.

Thelma Todd, who had been ill with a cold, arrived looking lovely in a flowered chiffon afternoon dress with a large picture hat. Thelma always wears large hats, and they are most becoming.

Lila Lee and Dorothy Tree were talking about Tahiti, where Lila spent so many months, in the home of Gouverneur Morris and his wife, when she was recuperating. Lila Lee told us that she got so tanned that the native girls used to laugh in glee because she was darker than they were.

Lila said the world, since she is well, looks like a new world to her. She is looking awfully well—as plump as can be, and she looks as though she had loved the desert, and felt a curious and powerful desire to return to it, even though she had often been lonely down there. Jan Rubini, the famous violinist, and his lovely wife, the prima donna, Adele Crane, of Australia, were among those present, and he played beautifully for us.

Our host, Mr. Holloway, seemed the youngest of all, though he confesses he was once a cadet to Mr. Quartaro. Quartaro offered to teach him to dance the rumba. The result was quite the liveliest rumba we had ever seen.

Marguerite Churchill, Nina Quartaro and Estelle Taylor tried to learn the dance, too, and really were clever at it.

In fact, you will find everybody at parties nowadays, trying to learn the dance.

Juanita Hansen and Jackie Saunders, stars of a few years ago, were there. Charlie Chaplin, Nina, Lew Ayres, to cover the burns she received on her arms in her bath, at a hotel, from which, by the way, she recovered several thousand dollars damages. But her face is entirely unscarred, and is sweet and absolutely without a line.

She has many picture offers, too. Our galacton beauty had ordered orchid corsages for all the feminine guests. They arrived a little late, but we all congratulated ourselves that they had not been used for our evening dates. Only Irene Purcell was inconsolable because she had no date that evening, but she did hope the flowers would stay free, in the refrigerator till the next day.

Marguerite Churchill and Nina Quartaro used to go to school together. Marguerite asked Nina if she remembered a certain boy in school—Raymond Guyon. "Oh, ny, yes," Nina answered.

"Well, I was told, when I went into 'Forgotten Commandments,'" Marguerite said, "that a certain Jean Ray- mond was to be my leading man. But when I saw him, who should it turn out to be but our old friend, Raymond Guyon! We simply fell for each other's necks, as everybody else in the cast was a stranger to us."

"Teas are growing to be more and more the fashion in Hollywood, I see," remarked Ronald Colman.

We were chatting at Josephine Whit- tell's tea, in her pretty home which hangs like a beautiful bird's nest from a cliff overlooking a green valley in Hollywood. The valley is green because it is a golf course—but why bring that up?

Josephine is from the New York stage, you know, and is in Hollywood for pictures.

Ronaki is wearing a little mustache, but he says that, for pictures, he always shaves it to a fine line, as otherwise it looks rather walrusy on the screen. And then he assured me again that he wasn't engaged to anyone.

Clive Brook and his wife were among the guests, and Robert Warwick and his present wife, Stella Larrimore, sister of Francine. Robert had once been married to Josephine Whittell, by the way, but they are still friends—when I told him, Nina Quartaro, his friend, too. Stella had been over all morning—she and Robert live next door, making the sandwiches of the peculiarly good little toasted cheese horn d'oeuvre for Josephine's party!

Grace LaRue and her husband, Hale Hamilton, were among the guests, and both Grace and Josephine sang some numbers.

In Hollywood Whirl

A NUMERICAL STUDY OF THE WOMEN RUBBING THE PORES OF THE HANDS AND ARMS OF 1,200 PATIENTS.

The New Movie Magazine, August, 1932

Skin Eruptions

Need Not Worry You

Pimples, eczema, itching, burning skin, undue redness, minor rashes and scaly scalp are no longer necessary when relief is so simple.

Poslam will show what it will do for you in one application. Just apply at night and note improvement next morning.

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She Looks Young till She Takes Off Her Hat

The hair the new hats are showing must be free from gray. Streaked, fading hair is unbecoming. Spots a well groomed appearance. Keep all your hair one even shade but avoid that artificial look by using the most modern type of preparation, clean, odorless, not greasy, that leaves a soft, youthful shade, of so NATURAL a texture a hairdresser cannot detect it. Any shade. Harmless as your lip-stick. $1.35. For sale everywhere.

Farr's For Gray Hair

Free Sample

Especially formulated to remove gray, white and 35c.

Send for FREE SAMPLE in plain wrapping.

Name__________________________
Street___________________________
City______________________________
State____________________________

C.O.D. accepted in State of New York.
Radio Rambles

(Continued from page 56)

Minnie Goes Highbrow: Conductor Leopold Stokowski of the Philadelphia Symphony, who recently led a band of unemployed musicians in the streets of the City of Brotherly Love, is, as you've probably heard, intensely interested in all modern music—particularly its rhythms.

Small wonder then that Stokowy is reported to have fallen for the appeal of 'scat' music as exhibited by its originator Cab Calloway and Cab's sister, Blanche. They say that whenever Blanche Calloway goes to Philly on the vaudeville circuit that Stokowski always goes to hear her. Who knows maybe Stokowy's planning a "Minnie the Moocher" Symphony next.

Sleepy Time: On a broadcast during his recent tour Morton Downey fell asleep while Tony Wons was reading his nightly poem, but he says it was only because he was tired out from the train rides.

Downey and Kate Smith each made about $300,000 last year, and both have seen all the extremes from singing one song thirteen times for the Prince of Wales to sleeping on a park bench.

Pulitzer Prize: Back in 1925 a slim young man named W. Burke Miller of Louisville, Ky., got just the best piece of journalism. He's probably the only man from Kentucky who ever did anything and wasn't brevetted a colonel. As a reporter for the Louisville Courier-Journal Miller wowed his way several times a day down the narrow shaft to the cave where Floyd Collins was imprisoned because he shot off a combined slight build—he stands about five feet four and couldn't weigh over 120 after an eight-course dinner—with amazing courage or he never could have pulled it off.

He is the same "Skeets" Miller who directs all the important news events for NBC. Skeets doesn't like to talk about his daring feat, and we wouldn't be able to get it out of him if we wore him down by glare of notoriety which surrounded the Kentucky cave tragedy that made him leave Louisville where he was a local hero. He's a big fellow, and good looking and with a newspaper reporter but because he has a fine baritone voice. But the press department at NBC got him before the microphone had a chance. Result, he is still potential talent as a singer.

The American Opera: Russell Bennett, one of the whitest hopes of American serious music, is Paris bound to an opera. This year he did all the orchestrations for two smash hits on Broadway—"The Cat and the Fiddle" and "Face the Music." At the Philharmonic Stadium Concerts last summer, one of his more profound works got a warm reception from the musical intelligentsia but left the public cold.

When Rudy Vallee was on vacation in California this winter, Russell directed four successful Broadway productions. The book for Mr. Bennett's opera is being written by Robert A. Simon, music editor of the New Yorker and member of the radio department of the same large advertising agency which sponsored these programs. Last year Mr. Bennett won two composition prizes in the $25,000 RCA contest. Mr. Jack for Blue Pencil: A great friend of Blue Pencil, is Jack Daly. Mr. Daly conducted the Philharmonic last year at the Stadium for the Bennett and George Gershwin selections. He and Mr. Bennett did all the orchestrations for Gershwin's great Broadway success "Of Thee I Sing." On the same bill Daly conducted the orchestra for Lawrence Tibbett's Monday Broadcasts. So far as we know, Daly is unique in two ways: He is the only Harvard man ever to conduct a symphonic jazz orchestra anywhere; and he is the only magazine editor who ever dropped a blue pencil and took up a baton. At the age of 24—nineteen years ago—Mr. Daly tossed up his job as managing editor of Everybody's Magazine after a fight with his advertising department. He knew he could get away from advertising entirely if he capitalized his musical ability.

So he is the only Harvard man, or almost that, conducting musical comedy for Lee and Jake Shubert. Now as a radio maestro the tables are turned again and he's working for two big advertisers. He has an apartment on Fifth Avenue not far from Otto Kahn's but he seems never to be able to afford a hair-cut.

Strange Moments with Famous Stars: Buddy Rogers says that he runs two laps around the Pennsylvania Hotel roof every morning . . . Vaughn de Leath missed three vaudeville appearances because he forgot to put on his horse before it stopped . . . Smith (Pavilion Royale) Ballew won his first job to play at a hotel when only a boy in Palestine, Texas, by serenading the hotel owner's daughter. But the girl's father did not understand love, for he fired him within three days.

Let's Peek into the Studios: Look! There's Kate Smith—the girl in the corner with the horn-rimmed spectacles. It's a rare treat because Kate doesn't allow visitors in her studio. And there's little Skeets Miller, his shirt-sleeves, his violin under his arm. Now he lifts his bow to start the orchestra and Kate, from behind her mike, leads it before her—until it's time for her to sing . . .

There's lovely Jean Sargent with her hands on her hips, poised before the microphone as if she were facing a whole theater. The little girl is getting the thrill of her life. And why not? For there's Flo Ziegfeld on her right, beaming because he "found" her. And look, on her left! Genuine Ziegfeld Follies beauties. Take a good look while you've got the chance. Tomorrow they'll be married to millionaires.

Oh, and don't miss Harriet Lee, the beautiful blond girl with her hands half outstretched gesturing to the mike. See those red nails. They match her lips . . .

But wait!—here's the funniest thing. Step in where Jack Benny is leading his band and that colorful gentleman waving his hands in front of Jack's conducting stand. He's leading Benny. But Jack isn't kidding. That man is the sponsor and he pays Jack's salary.
LETTERS FROM HIS DOG: Roscoe Attes made his first personal appearance without his dog recently. He said the big fellow retrieved out of the trip was the only letter he received from the dog. Roscoe has a servant who has been with him many years and it is the servant who wrote the letters to Roscoe, the dog signing them by dipping his foot in ink and stepping on the paper.

ANOTHER RAGE? Dick Powell seems to be another fan rage! He was an orchestra leader in Pittsburg. His band was heavy with his Pittsburgh fans before he ever started a picture. They declared in no uncertain terms how delighted they were that they were going to be able to see Dick on the screen.

Someone said he looks like Rudy Vallee should look! That means he's romantic and heavy on the suavity. He was originally slated to play the title role in "The Crooner," but David Mannens won that role and for some reason Dick was given another.

FILM FUN: W. S. Van Dyke says there is one comfort in taking his trip to the farthest and coldest shores of Alaska. When he comes back they can't think up any worse places to send him.

Van, who has no spirit of adventure in his blood, no desire for travel in his soul, no itch in his feet to go anywhere, but only an overwhelming desire to live a tranquil life in California and shoot pictures on the MGM back lot, is the one who is sent to the far corners of the earth to shoot pictures in actual locales! Such is the irony of life in Hollywood!

Van is now well on his way to Alaska on an old white dust, several hundred tons overloaded He is not kidding himself he has a chin. His book "Horn- ing into Africa" is doing very well, and before he left he said: "Everybody screams at me, 'Aren't you just too thrilled! Think how many trophies you can bring back with you this time ... and you can write another book about it all.' I always answer these morons with 'Oh, yeah! Maybe!'

Van was small and was not any too cheerful before he sailed. He said he didn't look forward to going into a clinic with an iceberg on the way up there until he arrived, nor did he thrill at the thought of having to hug a fire for a year to keep alive. (There are plenty of chances he and his party don't make it and Van knew it!)

KEYS TO CITY SOLD: When Estelle Taylor auctioned off the furnishings of the ultra modern house and other Dempo- sey formerly lived in on Los Felix Boulevard, practically everything was gobbled up by the house hunters. One of them even bought the key to Culver City given Jack in other days.

With real estate moving so slowly, however, it was more difficult to find a buyer for the house, itself.

"It's terrible having a depression when times are so hard," said Estelle.

Jack Oakie tells one on Gary's trip to Africa:

"Gary was being feted by an African Chieftain. When the meat course happened around, Gary made conversation by asking, 'Is this goat meat?' No, jabbered the host, but it's just as good as goat.'

DOG BUSINESS: Motion picture folk are beginning to take their dog breeding seriously.

At the last show of the Los Angeles Kennel Club at the Ambassador Hotel a number of them had entries. Among them were Hardie Albright, Clara Blandick, Constance Blystone, Lionel Barrymore, Helen Gahagan, Hazel Faust, Charles Furnish, Frances Marion, Hal Roach, Florence Ryerson and Zepho Marx.

So far as Hollywood is concerned, "The Mystery of the South Seas" and--the only odd thing--how Tom Geraghty manage to stay down there so many months without getting sunburned.

"KONG" IN SECRET: Certain sections of the Radio lot these days are like a fortress to get into. "Kong" is to be a complete and total surprise to everyone except the cast, the director and the writer.

No one can even approach the sets where they are working on threat of being expelled from the lot. It is to be a sort of "Lost World" affair with great beasts let loose amidst civilization in its most concentrated zones (cities) and in their natural jungle habitats.

Hollywood's jobless have a new racket. They deliver phony C.O.D packages to the stars homes when they know the boss is at work.

BILLY AS DECORATOR: Billy Haines had to pay more income tax on his interior decorating and antique store proceeds than he did on his motion picture salary.

Billy has a sixth inspirational sense when it comes to creating atmospheres, perfectlyauthentic and yet with a warm personal touch which no one else seems to equal.

Billy has just finished redecorating Joan and Doug Fairbanks' home in early American period, with a perfectly realistic atmosphere of charm which brings out the individual personalities of the two stars who live there.

He decorated Lilian Tashman's and Edmund Lowe's beach house in a daring ultra modern red and white motif. Someone said: "Turn it inside out and stand it in front of any barber shop and the people by would walk right into the shop to have a haircut without thinking twice ..." But that was unkind.

He decorated Leila Hyams' beach house in Dutch colonial and gave it a quaint atmosphere so typically Dutch that when one is inside they are transported to Holland and expect to see a great picture-postcard windmill ginning in the wind outside any window!

(Turn to page 120)

**Hollywood Bandwagon**

(Continued from page 18)

**Whitens While You Sleep**

**W**eekend**

**R**ed Corn Pains

**STERILIZED**

**H**ere is one baby powder, mother, that cannot contain germs

**A**CCUMIL"?

**L**ockwood Brackett Co.

**P**opular F. W. Woolworth Stores

**FOR SALE AT MANY F. W. WOOLWORTH STORES**
Richard Arlen continues to add to his collection of slight-of-hand tricks. They now total fifteen.

Mrs. (Edward "Little Caesar") Robinson, on her recent return to Hollywood from a trip abroad, brought home a funny story concerning her conversation with Hannel Swaffer, London movie critic, who comes by far the sharpest tongues and wits that London has. He is a very much feared critic. One day, when the Robinson party was lunching at the Savoy, he was brought to their table and introduced. Eyying Eddie critically, he leaned over and said, "You know, Mrs. Robinson, you Americans make us English feel as if we were in the middle of an English Master pictures and underworld films. You know, we have nothing like that over here."

"Oh, I don't know," said Mrs. Robinson. "London seems to me to be full of places where they exhibit the block on which somebody was beheaded. But the spot on which someone else was hanged or assassinated."

"Dear lady," said Swaffer, "all those are silent pictures."

That extortion plot against Joan Crawford, which studio officials minimized and District Attorney operatives fumbled, was more serious than you heard.

GARY'S CHIMPANZEE: Gary Coop- er had quite a time trying to find a house and a street where they would permit him to bring his chimpanzee! He (the chimp) is a cute little fellow and of course Gary has had a house built in the backyard just for him, but most neighbors think distance lends enchantment to a chimpanzee.

"He's such a cute, friendly little fellow, I simply can't imagine people not wanting him around," says Gary.

But ladies living in the homes next door seemed to feel they wouldn't sleep a wink if they heard the chimp next neighbor's chimpanzee. "That's just it! He might be a bit too friendly and climb into my bedroom and sit for an hour or two," said a young lady. "He is cute—but at a great distance," she said positively!

Alexander Kirkland has an aversion to jewelry of any kind...even his shirt studs are wooden.

AND THAT'S FAITH: And now the Fox Publicity Department tells us:

One of the most prominent and well-to-do screen actors in Hollywood reports daily to the studio carrying his lunch in a regulation tin dinner pail. He is Warner Oland, and is one man in Hollywood who still has faith in his wife's cooking.

Speaking of a period in his career when his fortunes had reached a new low, Spencer Tracy says:

"My pants were so thin I could sit on a dime and tell whether it was heads or tails."

WE HOPE SO, TOO: Adrienne Allen, that new discovery from merry old England, must be seen in "Merrily We Go to Hell." The studio expects big things of her.

CHIC SALE COLLECTS: Chic Sale added another wig to his collection. He recently visited Death Valley Scotty. He was so intrigued by Scotty's crown tussah that he photographed it and turned the picture over to his wigmaker.

Spencer Tracy recently took a few days off work to run down and give the new Hoover Dam his office to okay. His comment was: "What a swell place to fish!"

"CALL HER SAVAGE": Tiffany Thayer, who wrote "Thirteen Men" and "The Greek," is the author of Clara Bow's first starring vehicle on her return to the screen. It is "Call Her Savage" and production is due to start now.

WHAT'S HAPPENED?: Elsie Cort used to be leading woman for J. Warren Kerrigan fifteen years ago, when he was a star in thrillers. She is now head of the information desk at the Fox Studio. And Charlotte Wood who used to be leading lady for Bill Hart and then for old Triangle Studio, is now in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer publicity office.

The script called for an eight-year-old boy that stuttered to portray the son of Roscoe Ates. What a job the casting director had to find a voice tongue that would go into a side-split at the proper time—but he did!

BUSTER'S KIDS: Buster Keaton is father to two little Fixits. Joe and Bob, aged ten and nine, are precocious. They get everything out of order that is movable, and to make more trouble than is ordinarily thought possible for even two small boys. One day Buster thought he would take the two varnish removers with him to the studio, with results that still send studio aides into frenzied howls of distress in retrospect.

Things started warming up within ten minutes of their arrival. The camera lens kept getting out of focus. The lights began to go on and off, like a haunted house. Eddie Sedgwick finally gave them a big build-up to go over and see Bill Halihan's work on another set. Off they went. Then the studio phone began ringing on their father's set. A weary voice said, "I wonder if Mr. Keaton would mind if we sent the boys over to watch Clark Gable. He's doing a very interesting scene."

Bells were ringing steadily from then on. Buster took it big, and remarked, after finally putting the two kids safely in the old tiger cage from "Tarzan" on the back lot, with ice cream cones to hold 'em, "Well, there's one thing sure, those two kids would never stay lost long."

Richard Wallace, the director, is a quiet, unobtrusive fellow with a quiet twinkle in his eye, who sel-

The New Movie Magazine, August, 1932
Hollywood Bandwagon

Buddy Rogers, the defendant in Helen’s suit to recover her hoop, or Max must pay.

On a preview-critics’ postcard the other day appeared the following criticism: “Tom Mix shifts around too much. I don’t like the way he wears his Mexican hat. Tom should fight more!” And the postcard bore the signature of Tommasina Mix, his daughter. A man is without glamour to his own family.

F is BUDDY LONELY: Saw Buddy Rogers the other evening getting into a taxi all ALONE, with hundreds of pretty New York girls begging him for autographs and photos. Buddy looks like the lonesomest boy in town.

We’ve discovered him several times sauntering along Madison Avenue alone, gazing a bit wistfully into furniture shop windows.

Billy Leeds, whose millions and millionaires are made by those tin pie plates we all use in beginning to be serious. Maybe Raquel Torres is the reason for he’s been seen often at the Central Park Casino with Raquel. Anyway, Billy is doing all these years of gathering reputation, that he is not a playboy.

James Cagney’s daughter, Julie, has taken up baton waving. She has organized a band of fourteen pieces.

Peggy a Producer: Peggy Fears, the dynamic little Texas gal who first became a chorine with Ziegfeld, then went to Hollywood to marry the millionaire realtor, A. C. Blumenthal, has decided to become a motion picture producer.

Petite Peggy, all wrapped up in a white flannel dressing gown, snuggled into a big chair at the Ambassador suite on Park Avenue and outlined her plan. First, a play version on Broadway, then the play turned into a movie.

Her first production will be “Child of Manhattan” now running to a full theatre. Clara Bow is to be the star, but insists that Rex Bell play opposite her. So Peggy Fears had a part especially written into the play for Rex. . . . All this, if plans go through.

Wonder what Gilda Gray’s shimmy will sound like in talking pictures. Well, we will soon have a chance to hear it in “Minnie the Moocher”—for certainly nobody would write a picture for Gilda without a shimmy!

June and Jimmy: When June Knight, playing in Ziegfeld’s “Hot Cha,” heard the news that Jimmy Dunn was going places in Hollywood with Maureen O’Sullivan, 3000 miles didn’t mean a thing to him. He got Jimmy on the phone and later hung up with a smile. When wedding bells ring out for Jimmy, June says she won’t be only a bridesmaid!

Oh, death where is thy sting? They are going to little Fren- bert’s immortal classic, “Madame Bovary”—“Indecent!”

(See turn to page 122)

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Hollywood Bandwagon

(Continued from page 121)

Ask any producer, "Why?—Why?" and he will invariably shrug and give the favorite producer's alibi, "Box Office!"

BILLIE DIZZY: Billie Dove was dizzy considering opportunities when she returned from her rest trip to Florida and New York. She was approached for a Radio broadcast series! She was urged to go on personal appearance tours by several agents. She was coaxed to accept a European engagement. She was offered so many pictures by major studios that she grew weary reading scripts and trying to decide which one she wanted to do ... and the marriage opportunities she was urged to consider—well, don't let's go into that!

"Really, I have more fun following my own love affairs in the papers," says Billie. "You see, they are always six jumps ahead of me! Yesterday it was Jack Dempsey, today it is George Raft, tomorrow it may be Ben Turpin or Buster Keaton. It's hard to look through the papers to see whom you are getting serious over each day!

Billie is beautiful, bubbling, full of fun and ready for anything—but Billie at the present writing is not seriously in love with anyone. She says she loves her freedom and loads of good friends and fun—and marriage sort of spoils all that. She will not consider marriage until she is so much in love that everything else is overcast by that one person!

MEET THE VALLEES: Fay Webb, whom New York knows better as Mrs. Rudy Vallee, looks grand since her vacation back in California. We saw her recently with Rudy and the way they looked at each other across a rose-lighted table was enough to put an end, forever, to all rumors of separation.

O-O-O, LA-LA: Fifi D'Orsay has a new perfume which she mixes herself, and it is positively exotic. No, Fifi won't tell just what she puts together because "oet ees the Frenchman's secret," la, la!

BUSINESS BEFORE BEER: Jimmy Walker tried to get Marlene Dietrich to come on to New York for his famous "Beer Parade" to lend it a touch of German elegance, but Marlene was too busy in Hollywood at the moment.

AND HAVE YOU HEARD? A well known Park Avenue (New York) reducing specialist has been in close touch with Clara Bow lately, and it's what Clara will wear who never be bothered with overweight again. It worried her for a while.

LONELY SISTER: We see Rosetta Duncan going it alone in vaudeville and looking a little lonely for her sister, Betty, she's through with the day's work.

ROUND TRIP TO FAME: It took a roundtrip ticket to New York to give Dolores Rey her chance in pictures. Dolores was born in Fresno, came to Hollywood, where she became an Earl Carroll showgirl. Discovered by Ziegfeld while she was dining at the Casino one evening, Dolores went to work for him and later signed with Columbia and is traveling back to Hollywood and movie fame. And they say Cinderella's story was a fable.

Cliff Edwards, at a Pierrette party, won two forks on the table. He is the owner of Park Avenue's most decorous debs went into their Hawaiian stuff.

KIPLING WAS RIGHT: Speaking of Pierrette, where the movie stars rub elbows with smart New York society, every Saturday night, and to remind us that Hollywood isn't the only place where women seem to be one under the skin. It was a treat to see swanky society doing the Virginia Woolf way of lifting their pink chiffon trimming so that the heels of Vic McLaglen wouldn't catch in the finery.

PARIS TO A HAIR: Rosika Dolly, one of the famous dancing twins, and who, by the way, is Connie Talmadge's sister-in-law now, having married Irving Netcher, looks exactly like what most of us believe the beauty salons of Paris can turn out. Inky black hair, sun-tanned complexion, scarlet lips, flawless eyebrows. And of course, a slinky black gown and long lankings. She was the center of interest of all eyes when she and her new hubby walked into a party we were gracing.

Genius must have its way, we suppose, or that's what the waiters at Lady's, Broadway gathering place, must think when they see Irving Berlin pull off the crusts from his eye bread and leave the soft center.

AS CUTE AS HER VOICE: Gracie Allen, of Burns and Allen (who do get into such silly arguments in their act), who has looked more like a child than a baby, seemed this week at the St. Regis in New York the other evening. She was wearing a very tailored white satin evening gown. And, oh, yes, she was with her hubby, George Burns.

NOT REALLY, YOU KNOW: Remember George Metaxa, who played the role of Dorian, with Claudette Colbert in one of her pictures? We've discovered that George is quite the nicest kind of man at heart and is safely married to a little lady quite as charming as himself. George runs around New York with the movie crowd although he's playing in a Broadway show at present.

OLD SWEETHEART NOTE: When Leo Carrillo left New York he forgot to take with him his nuptial vows with Clarette O'Grady which is largely to blame for the recent remarriage to Kay Webb of the original "Tarzan" picture. Leo seems to be one of the handfuls who always seem to remember their vows. It's hard to figure out how he managed to forget this one.
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For Long Hair or Bobs

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

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Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations
Which star is nearest your age?

"Beauty is not a matter of Birthdays"

Screen Stars declare—and these pictures prove it

Which one of these lovely favorites is near your age? Do you, too, know that beauty is not at all a matter of birthdays? "We must keep youthful charm right through the years," the stage and screen stars say—"in spite of birthdays!"

Looking at these recent photographs you want to know their secret! "To keep youthful charm you must guard complexion beauty very carefully," they declare. "Youthful skin is absolutely necessary."

How do these stars stay so ravishingly young looking? How do they guard complexion beauty? "We use Lux Toilet Soap," they say. "Regular care with this nice white soap does wonders for the skin!"

9 out of 10 screen stars use it

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 guard their complexions with Lux Toilet Soap. It is the official soap for dressing rooms in all the great film studios.

Why don't you try this gentle, fragrant white soap—start using it today!

Lux Toilet Soap
La Colbert moves into Lilyan's dressing-room . . . Four Comedians put in Hollywood's saddest evening . . . How Constance Bennett was saved when her bank failed . . .

(Continued from page 6)

LIFE'S LIKE THIS: The Queen is dead. Long live the Queen. You know the sentiment. Over on the Paramount lot, Lilyan Tashman's former green and white dressing-room has been given to Claudette Colbert. La Colbert is now a resident Paramount star. La Tashman is an ex. Wherein lies a story. When Paramount offered blonde Lil a contract last year, the well-dressed one was a freelance actress who worked steadily and received a weekly salary of $1,750 a picture. Paramount offered her no such money. Instead, they offered her a mere $750 a week and the alluring intimation that perhaps they'd build her to stardom. Lil weighed the salary cut against the chance of stardom. She decided to gamble on the deal. She has a poof-poor, so-what, Cameo Kirby trait that way. Lil signed the contract. She lost. They didn't build her to stardom. They didn't even renew her contract this year. Now, Lil is back with the freelancers. She's philosophical about it, and why not? She works steadily and at a much larger salary than Paramount paid her. Some day, she may again have that green and white dressing-room that Claudette Colbert now occupies. For—the Queen is dead. Long live the Queen . . .

You must believe us when we tell you the saddest evening ever spent in Hollywood occurred when Arthur Caesar, his brother, Irving, Al Jolson and Groucho Marx got together.

"Four comedians without a "straight" man! At 3 o'clock in the morning no one had got to the point of the first joke because no one would give the cue.

No wonder Marx wants carved upon his gravestone: "Bury me beside a straight man."

Above: Dolores Del Rio, relaxing at her Malibu Beach home, after finishing the best performance of her career in "The Bird of Paradise." Being Latin, she is a sun lover.

Below: Bill Daly and Lilian Bond snapped, at leisure, at the Universal studios.

Above: Frank Albertson and Louise Fazenda—showing the candid cameraman what they look like quilting work.

CLEVER CONNIE: Constance Bennett uses her attractive head for business as well as histrionic purposes. Connie booked her dollars in the Beverly Hills bank that recently went ka-flooie. The day before the disaster, Connie had deposited her weekly RKO salary, a check for several thousand dollars. Early the following afternoon, she learned the bank had closed its doors. Hastily, the quick-thinking Connie sped to the telephone, called the cashier at RKO, instructed him to stop payment on her last check. He did. The bank tried in vain to collect. Connie was elated. "I outsmarted them," said Richard Bennett's daughter. "They should accept defeat graciously." They just accepted defeat.

(Please turn to page 10)

The New Movie Magazine, September, 1932
A New and Amazing Development in Talking Pictures!

For the first time you hear the hidden, unspoken thoughts of people!

Norma Shearer
Clark Gable

IN EUGENE O’NEILL’S GREAT DRAMA

STRANGE INTERLUDE

Something new in talking pictures! And of course, it comes from the magic studios of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, producers of “Grand Hotel” and so many other important screen entertainments! This Pulitzer prize winning play by Eugene O’Neill has been called the greatest romantic drama of our times. It ran a year and a half on Broadway. On the talking screen you will find it an unforgettable experience. Directed by ROBERT Z. LEONARD.

with

ALEXANDER KIRKLAND • RALPH MORGAN • ROBERT YOUNG • MAY ROBSON • MAUREEN O’SULLIVAN • TAD ALEXANDER • HENRY B. WALTHALL • MARY ALDEN

Eugene O’Neill America’s greatest playwright, reaches the height of his glory in this masterpiece.

Douglas Shearer
Chief Sound Engineer of M-G-M, whose amazing invention makes this picture “different.”

Together again! They thrilled the world in “A Free Soul.” And now Norma Shearer and Clark Gable enact their most powerful love drama!

The New Movie Magazine, September, 1932
Mr. Nixon" and "Mr. Eilers" . . . Von Sternberg and his bodyguards . . . . John Barrymore comments on Sister Ethel . . . . Jill and Laurence bury their beloved . . . .

(Continued from page 8) When Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers had their little tiff a few months ago it was to the home of Edward Hillman and Marion Nixon that Hoot went.

Now, Hoot is calling Eddie "Mr. Nixon," and Eddie is calling Hoot "Mr. Eilers," and both are getting sore at a jest neither will stop.

S A F E T Y F I R S T : Josef (director) Von Sternberg, who is destined to go down in film history as Marlene Dietrich’s discoverer, has no wish to discover a potential movie star among a gang of house-breakers. Joe has turned his house into something of an arsenal, thereby assuring safety to himself, to his library of valuable books, and to his art collection of pictures, etchings, and sculpture. Joe has replaced the wooden doors to the front and rear entrance of his house with steel doors. The door to his bedroom is also steel. Two armed men, working in six-hour shifts, do sentinel duty on the

"Don’t worry. When the time comes she’ll be right there—in front of us!"


Neil Hamilton says there is but one woman in the world who can fold a handkerchief to fit in a man’s dinner suit pocket so that it will not bulge. That girl is Joan Crawford.

Q U A C K I N G B I G M A O N: Clear-eyed Jill Esmond and cheery Laurence Olivier (Mr. and Mrs. behind the silver screen) selected their Hollywood home with an eye to beauty. Being English, they would, of course. They live atop Lookout Mountain and their rambling house overlooks the valley that is Hollywood and Los Angeles. Far to the West stretches some seventy miles of Pacific coastline. To either side of their veranda is their colorful garden. There is also a pond. In this pond once paddled Belinda the duck. Jill and Larry were very fond of Belinda and her quacking, strutting ways. A neighboring cat, however, took murderous dislike to the feathery one. So deep was the cat’s hatred that one day it put Belinda on the spot. Now, Belinda is no more. She lies in a plot prepared for her by Jill and Larry near her beloved pool. Into this, she was sadly lowered by her owners while a Victrola played the solemn, majestic

(Please turn to page 12)
"Though it costs only half as much I like it twice as well"

"Colgate's costs me half what some people pay for toothpaste. And I'm saving these quarters because of something my dentist told me. 'Judy,' said he, 'toothpaste can clean—nothing else. Now the best one I know of is Colgate's. Those people have studied how to clean teeth for thirty years. Not how to cure—that's my job—but how to clean teeth thoroughly and honestly. So my advice to you is not to pay out money for fancy-sounding claims—because Colgate's does all that any toothpaste can do.' That seemed sensible to me. So—frankly, if Colgate's cost twice as much, I'd still like it. But since it costs only a quarter—I like it twice as well."

This seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.
Margaret Livingston announces she's giving up pictures.

Andy Devine and flowers for a girl.

Constance Bennett changes her hairdresses.

(Continued from page 10)

strains of Chopin's Funeral March. Belinda is the first Hollywood casualty of those rising young players, Jill Esmond and Laurence Oliver.

Margaret Livingston has announced her intention of giving up pictures. "One artist in the family is enough," she explained.

"Now that your husband is so slim and handsome, you'd better watch him or some girl will take him away from you," warned a friend.

"Well, I'm staying in New York," Margaret replied. "If I lose him, it won't be because I'm in Hollywood, three thousand miles away."

Margaret was explaining to a friend just how Paul lost a hundred or so pounds of excess avoid dupus.

"And the last fifteen pounds," Margaret said, "he lost taking boxes in front of the mirror."

ATTENTION, MR. TARKINGTON:

Andy Devine is the tall, awkward, husky-voiced lad who is always having one fool of a time being understood by his cinematic girl friends. Apparently, the tousle-headed Andy is just as perplexed by the female of the species as he is in real life. There was one girl he had a terrific crush on. He didn't know how to say it in action. A kindly friend suggested he send her flowers on holidays. Andy took a holiday at random. A few days later, he met the friend.

"Say," moaned Andy the Devine, "that was a swell tip you gave me. I sent her flowers, all right, but what a holiday. It was Mother's Day and boy, am I poison around that dame!"

Constance Bennett announced that she will change her hairdressing soon. For her Warner Brothers picture, "Two Against the World," she wore bangs. "But I met myself coming and going," she complained. "Every extra girl on the set decided to wear bangs."

MALIBU SIGHTS:

Greta Nissen dancing into the crashing surf sporting a big sun hat! ... Lilian Tashman and Eddie Lowe taking their afternoon survey of the beach. ... The Jack Warners entertaining and turning on the many spotlights that crowd the roof of their huge, gray house. ... Adela Rogers St. Johns (our own Adela) stealing a march on the Malibu-ers by taking an early morning dip before breakfast. ... Jack Gilbert jealously hovering around trim, pajama-suit Virginie Bruce (his fiancée, as we go to press) ...
Powerful!

"BACK STREET"

with

IRENE DUNNE
LEADING WOMAN OF
"CIMARRON"

with

JOHN BOLES
LEADING MAN OF "SEED"

Directed by JOHN STAHL
WHO MADE "STRICTLY
DISHONORABLE" AND
"SEED"

Written by

FANNIE HURST

IMMORTALIZED ON THE SCREEN
with a great supporting cast, including:
Zasu Pitts, June Clyde, George Meeker,
Doris Lloyd, William Bakewell, James
Donlan, Paul Weigal and Walter Catlett.

Universal Pictures

The New Movie Magazine, September, 1932
And now Edna Best's husband is the Success. After she gave up Stardom rather than be away from him, Jack Mulhall as a busy barber.

(Continued from page 12)

she'd rather be with her husband, Herbert Marshall (also an English stage and screen star) than career-ing away from him. Yes, Hollywood understands. For Herbert Marshall is here, emoting with Miriam Hopkins in “Song of Songs.” And the colony has seen him for itself. Unanimous opinion: Edna was right for chucking her contract and returning to him. Reason: Marshall is a graceful, handsome, effete young man with that “certain something” that gets the blue singers shouting hallelujah.

Walter Byron and Jack Mulhall were in the Hollywood Athletic Club barber shop when Byron dozed off while having a shave. Suddenly he became aware of very hot towels being put on his face. The heat was unbearable but he stood it bravely until the barber began kneading his cheeks as though they were dough. Looking up angrily, Byron discovered Mulhall in the barber's apron.

Photographed exclusively for New Movie Magazine

Ruth Selwyn studying her lines and eating an ice cream cone, caught unawares by the cameraman at the M-G-M studio.

You've always wanted to know about Will Rogers' family, haven't you? Well, here they are, above. And from left to right, with part of the Flo Ziegfeld family: Mary Rogers, Patricia Ziegfeld, Jimmy Rogers, Mrs. Will Rogers and Mrs. Flo Ziegfeld (Billie Burke). And aren't they just the sort of home folks you'd expect?

At left: Jimmie Durante, known to Hollywood as “Schnaazle,” and Wallace Ford, being greeted at the M-G-M studio by Ralph Spence, the humorist. Mr. Durante —believe it or not—is one of our newest, full-fledged movie stars.

At right: Marion Nixon and her director, Alfred Santell, photographed by the candid cameraman as they were leaving the Fox lot together. Marion is hitting hard with the public. A veteran of silent pictures, she is even more popular in the talkies.

UPHILL FIGHT: Everybody likes a fighter. Harry Langdon, for instance, that whimsical little comedian with the big round eyes and skippity gait. Harry will soon be seen with Al Jolson in “The New Yorker.” It's his first picture from Hollywood in many a day.

The town wasn't especially kind to Harry. When he rose to be a star and to produce his own comedies, it became whispered about that he was getting high hat and impossible. A former writer-director, whom Harry had elevated from nothing to something, clinched the rumor of the star’s snooty ways. The writer-director had had a disagreement with Langdon over a story. He thought one thing. Harry, the other. The writer-director quit in a huff. He did more. He wrote letters to the newspaper movie writers saying how unreasonable Langdon had become since he reached producer-star heights. Those letters undid the star. He hid from people and their in-

(Please turn to page 16)
$6000 REWARD
FOR SOLVING THIS MYSTERY!

YOU can be the
detective in this
astounding crime
thriller!...

Tune in on this absorbing
drama, to be broadcast over
the nation-wide NBC RED
NETWORK in six thrilling
weekly episodes beginning
Friday, August 26th at 10:30
P. M. Eastern Daylight Saving
time... ALL BUT THE
FINAL CHAPTER will be given
on the air.

WRITE YOUR OWN ENDING
and win one of the 100 cash prizes!

This is not a guessing contest. Your solution should be original. Prize
winning answers will not necessarily be anything like the ending which has
already been written for the motion picture by Bartlett Cormack, author...

THE
PHANTOM OF CRESTWOOD

RKO-Radio Picture featuring
RICARDO CORTEZ
KAREN MORLEY
ANITA LOUISE
ERIC LINDEN

HEAR IT ON THE AIR!
SEE IT ON THE SCREEN!

CONTEST JUDGES
O. O. McIntyre, Albert Payson Ter-
hune, Montague Glass, Peter B. Kyne,
James Quirk, Julia Peterkin

GET INTO THE DETEC-
TIVE GAME!...IT'S FUN!
Be sure to obtain pamphlet containing
contest rules, prize list and complete list
of stations broadcasting this story from
your local theatre, or from any office
of the RKO Distributing Corporation.
Polls for Harry Langdon and a big comeback . . . . Lilyan Tashman’s name for hubby . . . . Stars and their mothers . . . . Especially Arline Judge and Eric Linden

This is one of the pictures globe-trotting Charlie Chaplin brought home with him to prove he was in Japan. Brother Syd looks on while Charlie does his stuff for the amusement of his Japanese admirers.

(Continued from page 14)

quisitive cruelty. This hiding proved he was high-hat. It completely licked Harry. His confidence in himself and in people was gone. He was crushed, too hurt, too defeated to muster the energy to combat the situation. Pathetically, he tried to hold his own in a few Hal Roach two-reelers. Finally, he gave up the struggle and came East where he tried to make a living in the sadly passe profession of vaudeville. To add to the hilarity, his matrimonial mishaps hounded him. Others have quit under such financial and emotional strain. Harry wouldn’t and didn’t.

He’s back in Hollywood, making what may be a come-back. We hope he makes it. We want to give him a hand. We like a fighter, especially if he’s a swell comedian. It’s nice to be helped to a laugh—these days.

Lilyan Tashman, she of the startling raiment, who recently returned from Europe with seventeen trunksloads of gowns and what-nots, has an endearing name for Eddie that you’d never suspect. Eddie, you know, is noted for his hard-boiled realism when playing tough characters . . . but at home he is known as “Baby.”

Why worry over the younger generation and their “race” to “perdition”? From now on we’re going to rock on our own front porch and write odes to this same younger generation. Arline Judge and Eric Linden, for example, age twenty and twenty-four respectively. What do you suppose they have done, now that they are established players headed for stardom? Arline brought her mother from New York to a specially decorated apartment (it cost Arline $4,000) in Beverly Hills. She arranged her mother’s trip so her mother arrived on the Coast on her birthday—an okeh way to arrive. After her mother had ahed and oh-ed over the grand apartment, in came a slew of folks and there was a birthday celebration.

Eric Linden celebrated his success by bringing his mother from the East to a chummy home at Malibu, and here Mrs. Linden is learning that life can be very sweet. Both she and her son remember the hard struggle of the last twenty years. In his youth she was force to become the bread-winner for her six children. And she did a faithful job—for all of them were given a wholesome home atmosphere. Eric’s success ends his mother’s hardships and he’s keeping her with him to be sure this is true.

Worry about the younger generation? Not for fun, money, or marbles. Interestingly enough, both Arline and Eric date their screen rise from the picture, “Are These Our Children?”

Above: Alice White, back in Hollywood for a film comeback, after an eight months’ vaudeville tour, presents her fioncé, Sydney Bartlett.

Photograph by H. O. World

John Bolos, photographed exclusively for New Movie Magazine, on the sands in front of his Malibu Beach home.

Photograph exclusively for New Movie Magazine

Ann Harding poses for us as she is leaving her hilltop home for the studio—as charming and lovely as ever.

The New Movie Magazine, September, 1932
Baby Peggy is coming back to films . . . . Rosco Ates stutters at President Hoover . . . .
Richard Dix and his bride vacation bound at last . . . .

When Bing Crosby passed through Boston recently he found a contest in progress to find the best imitator of the crooner. Since numbers, not names were being used to identify the contestants, Bing took part. When the returns came in, it was discovered that he hadn't even placed.

Little Girl Grown Up: Baby Peggy is coming back into pictures. Remember her—the black-haired, brown-eyed elf who used to romp through two-reel comedies for Universal ten years ago? Remember when she started to grow from a lovable roly-poly into the gawky, spindle-leg age? It was at that time that her manager-father, Jack Montgomery, formerly a Yellowstone National Park ranger, took Baby Peggy and the rest of the family (his wife and little daughter Louise) to a dude ranch in Larimies, Wyoming, and there Peggy has grown to the ripe age of fourteen years. She is back in Hollywood, now, ready to take pot-luck with other screen aspirants. Maybe she'll meet with good luck. Other child stars—Madge Evans, Jackie Coogan, Lina Basquette, Ben Alexander—have grown up and managed to become important in films again. Anyway, Peggy paid a special visit to Douglas Fairbanks to tell him that the school she attended in Laramie was the same school he used in his picture, "The Man From Painted Post," made in 1916. Doug seemed flattered to learn the Laramie-ites still remembered and talked about him. No, we don't know if he'll make another picture in that town and have ex-Baby Peggy in.

Too Late! Too Late: When Roscoe Ates joined the parade of half a hundred or more who line up every day at noon to meet the President and shake hands with him, he went into his act and stuttered so naturally that he finally managed to finish his last line as he passed out of the door, fifty feet and thirty handshakes beyond the President.

"T-The darned old police keep that line moving so fast, and I was so confused trying to remember when I saw the President's hand come toward me, to say 'Good morning' and 'Good-by', that when I actually arrived at Hoover and saw his paw extended—I went into my act, stuttered and blew up in my lines I'd been practicin' all the way to him! Darn it!" says Roscoe.

It Takes a Woman: It takes a woman every time to make a man take advantage of opportunity! Richard Dix has been entitled to a six weeks' vacation ever since he signed his first contract with RKO Radio, but Dix has never taken advantage of this privilege until now. He and his pretty wife started East to sail for Europe. "And we'll not waste a single blessed day of the time we're allowed, but fill it to the brim with seeing and doing things entirely foreign to pictures," said Dix.

Knitting Connie: Constance Bennett is driving her director and co-workers knitting crazy. "She sits and knits and knits. She studies her lines, knitting. She rehearses, knitting. She talks over gags and situations and their treatment, knitting! She rolls her knitting until she's making a knit-wit out of me." Thus rages the good-natured Archie Mayo, directing Connie in "Two Against the World."

It doesn't pay to believe all you hear and see about those big, strong, silent men of the movies. Dropping in on the O'Brien beach domicile we were shocked to discover George, the shirtless wonder, (Please turn to page 72)
His bank went blooey...
his business took a Brodie...
and his family thought it was ALL
a gag! That's what "Pike" (Will Rogers)
was up against when he got home from Paris.
The lovable Will got mad and decided to bring
the family DOWN TO EARTH... It's a riot of fun—
and you'll agree it's Rogers' most entertaining picture.

WILL ROGERS
in DOWN TO EARTH
with DOROTHY JORDAN and IRENE RICH
A FOX Picture Directed by DAVID BUTLER

The New Movie Magazine, September, 1932
Queen Marie—Dressler, of course—lovable, humorous, a great actress, one of the surest-fire box office attractions of our day. Her last picture was "Prosperity," with Polly Moran. And here's hoping for many more of the same—now that she has recovered her health and bought a mansion.
WILL HAYS’ Ten

MR. HAYS’ FOREWORD

Frequently I have remarked that no story ever written for the screen is so dramatic as the story of the screen itself. Not the least interesting phase of its history, it seems to me, began with the voluntary association, in 1922, of nine producing and distributing companies, for the purpose of

"Establishing and maintaining the highest possible moral and artistic standards in motion picture production; and

"Developing the educational as well as the entertainment value and the general usefulness of the motion picture."

That association, known as the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc., has, in ten years, come to include twenty-six members.

I was very happy, indeed, when it was suggested that Will Irwin, famous author and war correspondent, tell the story of this ten years of cooperation in the pages of "New Movie Magazine." In his preparation of this series of articles, we have been glad to place at Mr. Irwin's disposal the complete records of the Association.

In pursuing its fundamental purpose of providing essential entertainment for its millions of patrons, the screen can never remain static. Always it must progress, and as a result of that progress there constantly arise serious and difficult problems. It would be my hope that Mr. Irwin's series of articles will cause a more complete understanding of some of these problems.

WILL HAYS, fresh from the Cabinet at Washington, settled down in New York in March, 1922, to learn a new business. When he took the job of shaping up the motion-picture industry to fit in with modern conditions, he had perhaps rather less knowledge of its customs, its technique and its problems than the average fan who reads these lines. He had to pick up his education as he went along; for the events of the next few months proved that he had inherited a crisis.

Literature and the drama had shaken off the Victorian tradition of prudery. Writers and dramatic managers were loose in the loco weed, dealing with such themes, employing such language, as the English-speaking world had never heard or read since the days of Merry King Charles.

The motion picture was following this tendency; and among the producers were those who ignored the special character of their public. They forgot that children and adolescents were important in their audiences, and that Main Street, to which the motion picture had become the standard staple form of entertainment, stood appalled at scenes and situations which Broadway took as a matter of course.

Also, the less skillful of them did not realize that a mildly risqué passage in a novel may become shockingly improper, even to the liberal-minded, when flashed on the screen.

The "Hollywood Legend", which the inhabitants of the motion-picture capital regarded with mild amusement, had suddenly become a real danger. All the forces of sensational journalism, conspicuously the
Years in the Movies

Written by one of America's most distinguished authors—

WILL IRWIN

(At left)

Will Hays and Will Irwin, photographed for New Movie Magazine in Mr. Hays' private office in New York, during the preparation of this series of articles.

newly born tabloids, were working to create in the public mind a picture of Hollywood as a hole of fascinating, awful vice.

Unconsciously, the Hollywood press agents, Broadway trained, were helping this movement along.

Whenever a couple in "high society" decide to get a divorce, they slam their doors on reporters and run away from cameras. But when motion-picture stars decided to part, their publicity agents usually displayed all the family dirty linen to the pop-eyed press. It got space, didn't it? Well, then . . . !

It takes only a dramatic episode, against a background of irritation to set Americans to crusading. The Boston Tea Party of this situation—the John Brown Raid if you please—was the death of a young woman—the extremely unpleasant Arbuckle case.

That happened in the early autumn of 1921. Had it been a one-day story the effect would have worn away by 1922, when Hays took command. But Arbuckle went on trial; and all through the year the preliminaries, the aftermath and the actual testimony made the front page day after day.

One can say now without fear of lynching at the hands of the ultra-righteous that this tragedy was only an accident of a very coarse deubau. But the question of Arbuckle's guilt or innocence stood secondary to the squally unpleasant details of that party, which lost nothing in the telling of expert reporters.

This, said the critics of the motion picture, was Hollywood—just a cross section. Politicians, looking for an issue, began to capitalize the public fury. The Prohibition Amendment had passed into the Constitution only two years before; our legislators still clung to the old-fashioned American belief that the way to halt any evil is to pass a law against it.

Apparently, when state legislatures assembled in the autumn, it was going to rain censorships. Indeed, certain women's clubs, church societies and reform organizations were looking beyond the state legislatures, talking about restrictive Federal laws.

WITHIN a week Will Hays perceived that his first job was to set the public right with the movies, and the movies right with the public.

Other problems, such as eliminating the huge waste of the business, could wait; this one was immediate.

Fundamentally, it was necessary to kill that Hollywood legend—"the sink of gilded iniquity." Within a month, he was making his first visit to the capital of Movieland. That rich, flamboyant community awaited his coming with considerable apprehension. Rumors filled the soft airs of Southern California. He was going to reorganize the business. He was going to fire executives and stars wholesale. No one could be sure of his job.

The spirits of Hollywood rebounded. Apparently, he wasn't going to do anything but just talk. The rumors abated.

I remember Father used to tell me about his first job, which was as a farmhand, plowing. After the landlord had showed him how and where to plow, he said, "And, John, while you are resting at noon, you can pick up these stones."
the publicity agents were trying to paint it. But still, this stuff had a germ of truth in it. There was a small element with loose morals and a way of flaunting their offenses in public. Until we'd changed that, we couldn't go ahead and say that Hollywood was as decent as any other town, without facing a just charge of insincerity."

"One cannot say, 'Go, boys'—one must say, 'Come, boys.'"

So he talked to the actors—smoothly, paternally—on their professional responsibility. They were public characters, he said; and eminence has its burdens. The average citizen demands conventional conduct of teachers, clergymen and statesmen. A teacher, earning perhaps only a hundredth part of the salary of a motion-picture star, knows that he must avoid not only evil but the appearance of evil. Often, he inhibits himself from doing things which his conscience approves, just because the moral sentiment of his community does not endorse them.

And here they were, brothers and sisters, models and idols, to half our American families. The young people imitated their dress and manners, were probably imitating their private morals. Perhaps, therefore, the public had the right to demand reasonably conventional conduct. And there was just a hint that, while nothing dramatic was going to happen at present, actors who misbehaved might expect, by the logic of circumstances, to lose their jobs.

Except for the backing and inspiration it gave them, the majority needed no such lecture as this. They were hard-working family men and women, who were saving at least some of their swollen earnings against the rainy day when their vogue was to pass. Hays was only saying what they had long thought.

Now they got in and helped, actively. Wild dissipation ceased to win even tacit approval; and with everyone, and nothing could be too bad to believe.

When I returned a few years later, scandal was taboo. Take up the Arbuckle case, the Taylor case or the later Reid case, and my interlocutor, no matter how intimately I knew him, blandly turned the subject. Hollywood had grasped the point that scandal might mean unemployment.

The producers saw it too, and went further than Hays himself designed. Spontaneously, a number of them began to draw the famous "morality contracts" by which a public breach of good behavior gave the manager cause for breaking the contract.

Sometimes they even shoved such documents into the grinning faces of eminent writers in process of being shipped from New York.

Rumor said that the producers had a blacklist. This, veteran members of the Hays organization tell me, was not true. However, directors and owners did probably pass along to each (Please turn to page 96)

Harry Chandler, of the Los Angeles "Times," swung into action. He gathered up reporters from every corner of the country, and took them to Hollywood "for to see and to admire" that better side of the town.

more than one rather amusing indirect result. Hitherto, Hollywood, moral as well as immoral, had revelled in gossip. When first I visited the town, on the eve of the Hays control, old friends of blameless life were laughing immoderately at the scandalous stories current about themselves. They didn't mind in the least; Hollywood said that sort of thing about

"There must be in this country two political parties, and both must be strong and virile. To which party you belong is of less consequence than that you belong to some party, that you seek for the truth, find it and then act, and act instantly."—Winston Churchill

The New Movie Magazine, September, 1932
Evelyn Brent, Columbia player, though a star of the silent screen, has come into even increased popularity with the advent of the talkies. One of the most popular girls in Hollywood, she is often mentioned in Edgar Wallace’s Hollywood Diary, concluding in this issue of New Movie Magazine.

The New Movie Magazine, September, 1932
HAVING gone through the greatest epic of struggle I have ever heard in Hollywood, Boris Karloff is a mellow and a sad man.

The struggle has left him still baffled—like a blind man who, after many years, again sees the sun. After long drifting over the sad water, he is too tolerant to be bitter, and sees too clearly the futility of all things human to take himself too seriously.

He has the appearance of a rajah. His eyes are dreamy, defeated, tragic, the eyes of a man who has suffered much. He is supposedly of English-Russian parentage. The Russian blood is far back, hence the name Boris Karloff—taken from an ancestor. His real name is Pratt.

Unfailingly polite, he is nevertheless aloof. There is a rose in his soul which the searing wind of Hollywood has never touched. More than ten years in miserable stock companies which toured Canada and the American Northwest might have made a semblance of an actor out of many a Hollywood leading man. It made Boris Karloff a high-class performer.

He first attracted national attention by his work as the monster in "Frankenstein." It was a story devised from an idea which had its origin in the brain of a woman of genius, now dead these more than eighty years. Even after the idea had seeped through other minds, it remained provocative and interesting through the work of Boris Karloff.

EDUCATED at King's College, in London, England, Karloff first left that country in 1909.

His brothers had all been in the consular service. They were aghast when he decided to follow an unbeaten path.

He had read how men in North America were supposed to dress. Accordingly he arrived in Canada and presented himself to the farmer for whom he was to work. Looking as grotesque as Frankenstein in his large sombrero and spurs that had never been near a
The story of Boris Karloff's tragic struggle of two score years to find his place in the sun

Photographs by Ray Jones

horse, Karloff could not understand why the farmer laughed.

After six weeks the two men were so happy to part company that neither waited to say good-bye. Karloff took his fifteen-dollar wage and wandered back to England in time to receive a small inheritance.

He remained a week and again returned to Canada. After a long journey from Montreal to Vancouver he had forty cents left. Loitering on the street, he met a man who had gone to college with his brother. This man gave him the usual advice on how to get ahead in the world. It helped Karloff so much that more than twenty years later he finally succeeded in Hollywood.

In justice to the man, he was not a mere giver of advice. He introduced Karloff to an employment agent who gave him a job as a day laborer, at twenty-eight cents an hour, fourteen hours a day. For three months he chopped trees. (Please turn to page 99)

"There is a rose in Karloff's soul that the searing wind of Hollywood has never touched."

The New Movie Magazine, September, 1932
One of the scenes from the United Artists' production of "Rain," in which Jeanne Eagels starred for so long on the stage, and which Glorio Swanson made into a silent picture called "Sadie Thompson." Directed by Lewis Milestone, this picture promises to be one of the sensations of the year. Joan Crawford was borrowed from M-G-M to star in it. Here you see her with Guy Kibbee. In the background, left to right, are William Gargan, Ben Hendricks, Frederic Howard and Walter Catlett.
"RAIN . . . . RAIN . . . . RAIN"

On location at Catalina Island making W. Somerset Maugham's classic play, in which Jeanne Eagels starred on the stage and Gloria Swanson in the silent films.

(At top) Walter Huston, who plays the missionary, and Mrs. Huston, showing also Walter Catlett, who takes the part of the ship's steward.

(Above) The general store set, in which much of the action takes place, showing the floodlights on the roof, and the lines of pipes extending outward, through which the rain effects are made. The strong lights are used so that the actors, standing on the porch, can be photographed through the downpour from the pipes, giving the appearance of rain.

Joan Crawford (left), who plays the rôle of Sadie Thompson. Here you see her out of costume, walking to location with friends. This is the way Joan dressed most of the time on the island.

Guy Kibbee, the brilliant character actor, who plays the part of the storekeeper.
"I also met Joel McCrea."

"Evelyn Brent thinks I should give a chance to Karen Morley who, she thinks, is a grand actress."

"Genevieve Tabin...is pretty and can act, which is important."

"I met Richard Dix and we had a long talk about directors."

"They never call Greta Garbo anything but Garbo, and Norma Shearer anything but Shearer."

Mr. Wallace using his dictaphone. He dictated virtually all of his material, either direct to his secretary, Bob, or else to the machine.

Concluding

Edgar Wallace's

HOLLYWOOD DIARY

Herewith we publish what are said to be the last words that the Famous Playwright and Novelist wrote

Editor's Note: Going to Hollywood under contract to write for RKO, Edgar Wallace, one of the most popular and prolific writers that ever lived, kept up a day-by-day account of his activities in the form of letters to his wife, in England. This is the third instalment of this remarkable document, and takes you virtually up to the day of his sudden death from pneumonia. In it you find one of the most intimate pictures of the real Hollywood ever written.

MICHAEL BEARY—(a friend from England)—threw a party last night—as a matter of fact, we threw it together. We had a dinner for twelve at the Embassy. Guy Bolton, Virginia Bedford, Joan Carr, Sari Maritza, Vivian Gaye, blonde secretary and manager, Rochelle Hudson, Captain Roark, the polo player, a friend of Michael's, Mrs. Roark, Merian Cooper and Steve Donoghue were our guests.

The Embassy is very much like the Embassy in London except that it has a marvelous band and is lit almost entirely by candles on the table. We had a really wonderful dinner, and as the staff seemed to

Sunday, 17th, January, 1932

The New Movie Magazine, September, 1932
regard me as the host, and brought me all the dishes before they were served, it was my dinner more than Michael's.

I like Sari. Merian Cooper is, of course, a joy.

It was an off night and the celebrities were not there, but next Saturday is a club night and I am going to have Evelyn Brent and her husband, and Arline Judge, whose husband is Ruggles, the producer. (She was in "Are These Our Children??")

Next week I hope to finish my Eighty Minutes story, which I am afraid will have to be in another form. I can't compress the story for the sake of the stunt. After that Cooper has got another horror picture which he wants me to deal with. The Eighty Minutes story I now call "The Man Without a Face,‖ and I am preparing it also for the — Magazine. I have then got to m'be a story out of "Kong," and there is a possibility of my directing "The Man Without a Face."

They have not yet made any decision about the Connie Bennett story, which is a very good one and will be turned into a tale as soon as I can find time.

I have quite a lot of work to do, apparently, and since Michael's been here I have been rather loafing.

For my next Saturday's party I am also inviting Walter Huston and Nan. (Mrs. Huston.)

You can get a party together very quickly and you have the most surprising results when you invite people. Michael was introduced to a very pretty girl, Rochelle Hudson, at the studio on Friday. On Saturday we telephoned to Perry Lieber, the publicity man, and asked him to get in touch with her and ask if she would come to our party. She was there.

Today, being Sunday, the day of rest, I plan to do a bit of work.

Monday, 18th, January, 1932.

Michael left last night. He was very sad and sent me a wire from the station. I did not go down to see him off. In his wire he commended to me "Roshell," by whom he meant Rochelle Hudson. As he hadn't known her for twenty-four hours his tenderness is less touching than comic. He has promised to go straight to you and tell you all about everything.

This morning I went down to the studio and met Lee Marcus, of the New York R.K.O. office. He is a terribly nice man—I think I have said that before.

Lee Marcus wanted to see me because Basil Dean is opening his new studios at Ealing on February 15th. And the Prince of Wales is performing the opening ceremony. He suggested that we should get together all the R. K. O. players and make them say a little piece—on a Talkie film. It is the little piece that I am writing. It is rather amusing to do. Richard Dix, Connie Bennett, Ann Harding, Dolores del Rio, Helen Twelvetrees and Laurence Olivier are amongst the twelve people who will welcome the Prince that evening.

I wrote to Nan Sunderland (Mrs. Huston), and apparently my letter arrived at a very psychological moment, because she called me up and begged me to come to dinner tomorrow night when she would tell me just what my letter had done for her. You know what I am with the wimmin!

I am giving a dinner next Saturday at the Embassy to which I am inviting Laurence Olivier and his wife, Jill Esmond; Eva Moore, Walter Huston and Nan, and Evelyn Brent and her husband if they can come. I have an idea that they are giving a dinner at the same place. I shall have to pick up a few odd ones to make up the dozen, but it ought to be an amusing party.

Tuesday, 19th, January, 1932.

We scratched out quite a bit of the mystery film last night, and I'll be able to send a synopsis to Carl Brandt (his agent) this week. I have got an enormous amount of work to do, but once I get into it it will be thrown off quickly enough. In fact, it has just occurred to me that it would be a good idea if this afternoon I did the synopsis for the — Magazine (Please turn to page 81).
Lillian Bond keeps creeping upward in popular favor—not an exciting rise to fame, but surer. Following "The Old Dark House," she went immediately into a totally different type of picture, "Air Mail," with Ralph Bellamy. These are two youngsters you ought to watch.

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Sea Dwellers

How Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon solved the problem of a year-round House at the Beach

Above: Bebe's and Ben's beach house, photographed from the sea-front, with the high Santa Monica palisades in the background, and at the left another of their houses, now occupied by Marlene Dietrich. At right: Proud Papa Ben and Barbara Ben Lyon.

The living-room, laying no claim to any particular period. In the background is a Royal Satsuma Japanese lamp. The picture on the back wall is of Bebe's great-great-great aunt, Francisco Julio de Forest, painted by Samuel F. B. Morse, inventor of the telegraph. On the floor is a solid blue rug, bordered by red tile. The walls are old ivory, the drapes antique gold velour.

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Above: The English library of knotty pine, naturally finished. On the shelves are autographed sets of books from Bebe's father's and grandfather's libraries. In the niche are jade and Dresden china figures, miniatures and rare Chinese vases.

Below: An interesting corner of the dining-room, showing the early Italian built-in buffets. On the shelves are pieces of solid silver service presented to Bebe and Ben as wedding gifts. Note the lightly beamed ceiling.

Above: Part of Bebe's fine collection of knives, scabbards and pistols, hung above the imported Italian Travertine marble mantel in the living-room. Many of these are from the Rudolph Valentino collection. The armored figures flanking the shield are from the collection of the late Earle Williams.
Above: Bebe's boudoir. The furnishings are hand-carved Louis XV. At right is Bebe at the bedroom's perfume cabinet, with over forty odors in modernistic and fantastic containers.

Below: Ben's room, simple and masculine, with furnishings of early Seventeenth Century Italian, all picked up, piece by piece, by Ben during his bachelor days and still treasured by him.
Irene Dunne is one of Hollywood's mysteries—because there is no mystery about her. Untheatrical, socially unambitious, sane in her viewpoint, normal and everyday in her life, she has the film colony mystified, yet without trying to do so.
CLARK GABLE innocently uncovered some good points in our depression.

It seems, according to Clark, that when we common, everyday sort of folks have depressions we get wholesale prices and privileges. It's almost like having an operation; we have something to talk about for the rest of our lives.

It makes those of us who live through this period of distinctive interest, as long as we live! We're making history! . . . we're—very miserable about it now, but we know we'll be taken out of it.

Perhaps it might make our own troubles lighter to realize how many others have come through penniless days alone and unaided—not in a time of universal depression when everyone sympathized and understood the situation—but in times when prosperity, cheer, high prices and cold indifference to the troubles of others, held the rest of the world in its spell!

ALMOST every person of note on stage or screen has been through a series of individual panics and depressions as intense and real to them as is our universal one.

Though their experiences were widely different, their conclusion was quite the same—that something—call it God, fate, accident, coincident, what you will—something always lifted them out of any desperate situation.

"If folks who feel helpless in the grip of Old Man Depression had been walking around in my shoes (with holes in the soles) for half a life-time, being attacked by the Old Fellow around every corner in life, they'd stop worrying and know there's always a way out!" says Gable emphatically.

"My most poignant memory of private panic took place in Butte, Montana. It was a cold, blustery day in March and the traveling stock company with which I was appearing abruptly ceased to exist! At this tragic moment I had exactly twenty cents!"

"I was very young, and I don't mind saying I was just plain scared! You're always scared the first dozen times you find yourself broke! Later you just feel interested in what is going to lift you out of it this time."

(Please turn to page 101)
FROCKS

Blondes Preferred

Joan Bennett models her own clothes—the ones she wears at the Brown Derby and at Hollywood parties—for New Movie readers.

(Above) Sheer white chiffon velvet with bell-shaped sleeves trimmed in orange blossoms is Joan Bennett's favorite negligée—and a lovely favorite. Starting at the neckline, two long scarf ends cross over the front of the bodice, turn about the waist and tie on the side. Beneath the long skirt, which touches the floor and forms a train at the back, are white velvet sandals. White is one of Joan's favorite colors.

(Right) More informal is the navy blue flat crépe pajama costume which Miss Bennett has selected for her practical yet charming wardrobe. The blouse is covered with a small shoulder cape, which ties in scarf effect and is easily removed. The sash belt is crépe in flame, yellow and white.

All photos by POWOLNY

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SIMPLICITY is the keynote in designing clothes for a girl of the Joan Bennett type. It is the keynote that expresses harmony in the wardrobe of any girl of similar measurements and physical attributes.

Joan is one of the best dressed girls in the film colony. In selecting her clothes she bows to those two doughty monarchs—Good Taste and La Mode. She buys all of her clothes in the United States and most of them are designed and created in Hollywood. The illustrations presented here reveal some of the gowns she will wear for early fall in her personal wardrobe.

"Co-ordination—fashion co-ordination—is the sum total of Joan Bennett's costume smartness" says Earl Luick, who designs most of her screen dresses. He speaks from the premise of his long association with film productions and as head designer at Fox Films studio.

"Though she may not choose these exact words when accounting for her own smart costume effects, the clothes of every girl, I believe, will reflect whether she has a true understanding of its meaning. Fashion co-ordination finds its ultimate expression in the nicety with which hats, shoes, gloves, hose, bags, perfume, costume jewelry and other accessories are chosen to complement and complete gowns, frocks, suits, ensembles, coats—and, each other."

While simplicity is the ideal type, Luick states, the present mode demands an allure which might be.

Joan Bennett will wear this navy blue satin formal gown this fall at the more pretentious parties. From her personal wardrobe, it is form fitting and cut on bias lines. The feature of the blouse is the Eton front held in place by a diamond clasp. The back is open almost to the waistline and the shoulders are topped with small butterfly bows of self material. Navy blue satin sandals with straps piped in silver cloth are worn over nude chiffon hose.

Her favorite gown, is what Miss Bennett calls the heavy white satin dress shown at the left. It is trimmed with rhinestones and bugle beads of crystal. The bodice is cut on bias lines and the extra fullness of the skirt is provided by inverted pleats.

Two tones of blue crêpe Kerrigan were used in this stunning silver fox trimmed evening coat worn with a blue crêpe dinner gown. The closing is effected by means of scarfs continuing the bodice front. Blue suede slippers and blue crystal and rhinestone bracelets complete the ensemble.
termed "elegant simplicity." This allure takes many forms and steals its inspiration from many periods of dress, but its one great requisite—its refinement, its "ladyliness," if you will—is always there.

"Good taste may be exercised in the simplest and most economical dressing" the designer explained. "To buy poor materials and then trim them elaborately is poor taste in the extreme. But, on the other hand, materials of good quality, however plainly made, speak for themselves and the wearer.

"In order that one may be certain she is dressed in good taste, the gown should not be too conspicuous in color or design. If more than one color is employed, the colors must harmonize. That indefinable 'something' called style is not given to every girl, but with some thought and consideration of her good points, a certain amount of style may be obtained."

In traveling around the clock for a day with a girl of the Joan Bennett type, Luick outlined, briefly, the costumes she might wear and be in good taste.

"First of all," said Luick, "a girl with the coloring of Miss Bennett will do well to confine her colors to blue, a rich brown, or gray for street wear. For formal evening affairs, white, nude, light blue or light pink are the most becoming.

"For morning wear, sports clothes are suggested. And, by sport clothes, I do not mean mannish clothes. Nor do I mean a mannish type when I speak of tailored costumes. A girl of Miss Bennett's type is charmingly feminine and should never dress other than to accentuate that quality. That is why simplicity—beauty unadorned—is her best expression.

"In her sports clothes she can dare to ignore the dictum of skirt length and wear the length best suited to her activities. But in her dresses for general wear, ten inches from the floor is the preferred length (Please turn to page 95)
HOLLYWOOD STEPS INTO SANDALS

The cut-out slipper—latest fad for evening as well as daytime

For tennis and other sports Dolores Del Rio, shown at the left, chooses white buck sandals with narrow cut-outs, T-straps and extremely flat heels.

When Rochelle Hudson goes to market her toes get an airing in these smart patent leather, black and white high-heeled semi-sports sandals.

Frances Dee selects dainty white satin open-work sandals to wear with afternoon tea gowns. Hers are not only cut out over the vamp, but a mere semblance of a heel is carried out by a back strap. The heels are high and the arch is built up strongly. These are among the most extreme types of sandals.

Lila Lee compliments a sophisticated hostess gown of tangerine and white crêpe with brocaded cut-out sandal slippers from I. Miller. The small photo shows the slippers in detail.
Nothing but LOVE

By WALLACE IRWIN

To Editor, Tower Magazines, who like to play with Literary Firecrackers to make himself emotional.

DEAREST SIR:

PLEASE ask your printer to put this news on the front page.

Hon. Geo. F. Ogro, greatest director since Adam & Eve changed his policy, but not the famous horse-pants with which he makes a battle on the Lot both often and frequently. This Hon. Ogre, making his brains cook with giant thoughts, now says there ain’t nothing in finding the ugliest Woman in Hollywood. Because, he requires, what shall you do with her when found? Also, he dictates, the All Star Cast are nothing but a toothless idea. Why is? Because, when you get such many stars in a bunch there is so much starlight that the oddience can’t see the play.

"O!!! what a wise man I am working for!

Togo," he reports, "from now onwards the Catamount Emotion Pictures, Inc., will go back to their old policy, Nothing But Love. No more airships, baby-spanking, horseraces or bicycles. Just plain Love."

"Could you not write a film-play about one bicycle in love with another bicycle?" I ask to know.

"Go roll a tire," he narrates peevily. "When I say love I mean Love. Do not try to inflect me from my course. An emotion picture without love are like a egg without ham. I are a stern, silent man of quick decisions." He bit his cigar in 2 and say harshly, "Go fetch me my wife, Miss Caramel Sweet."

I GO fetch. But when she come into his Thinking Studio he look at her with glass eyes and corrode;

"& who are You?"

"I are what you married one night in haste," she choke.

"My goshes! When you left me 2 hrs ago you was an aluminum blonde. And now, by goldarn, you look like something Leo Cabrillo brought in. Wipe that Mexico from your face. Remove off that Loppy Valez wigg, and maybe you can think straight."

"What you wish me think about?" she snarrel.

"Love," he growell.

"0. That old thing. What you gone to do with it now?"

"Miss Caramel Sweet," he rebound, "from now onwards you will be something more than wife of the Greatest Director on Earth. You will be somebody yourself. I am gone to make you famous. Ann Howe! I shall put you in a scenario where you shall be made love with by the Most Dangerous Man in Hollywood."

"O goody. Who izit?" she ask out.

"I give you your choice of 6," he narrate. "Miss Caramel, put on your $108 stockings & folla me to the Lot?"

WELL, Mr. Editor, you bat your bootware there was a great calamity of hurry-scurry in that home while Miss Caramel Sweet got ready. I almost ran my feet in two, fetching her the wrong kind of perfumery to wear with the No. 44 Grade A lipstick she decided to wear. But at lastly she was ready, so with all her drug-store supplies, including 7 extra shoes, 2 fur muff and her Chinese dog name of Boo, I go with her proudly in a silvertobbomobile to where the Lot was there, waiting for her. You could see by the appearance of that place that they had got ready for a pretty mean sort of battle. The entire Catamount Photo Gallery was there, doing so. The glass talking machine, which make life so wunnerful for America’s millions, stood with open mouth, waiting to take her in. Camera men of every size and color was there, pointing their machinary. Electrocutioners stood with monkeying wrenches, tools and hammers, pulling wires.

O what a shot there was to be when it exploded!

BUT that was not the worst. Getting close up to that machinary I seen what I saw. Standing in a row was six (6) illustred gentlement. By their faces I knew them in the following list:

1—Hon. Clark Gable, wearing his famous love-and-express expression.
2—Hon. Thomas Mix, chewing something he borrowed from Will Rogers.

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3—Hon. Jno. Barrymore, pulling down his Grecian face and not caring how many hearts was bursted by it.
4—Hon. Doug Fairbanks, jouncing cannon balls on his muscle.
5—Hon. Joe E. Brown, curling his mouth behind his ears like a Fireman saving a Child.
6—Hon. Alf Monjou, sharpening his mustache with a nail-file.

"Gentlemen of the jury," holla Hon. Geo. F. Ogre, putting his throat into the megaphone, "this are Miss Caramel Sweet. Please to meet you. In odder to film the new world-bursting screen-play 'Rough Lovers,' we are putting on one (1) short scene to prove who are the most dangerous man in Hollywood. Line forms from left to right. As each candidate step up into the talking-machine he are supposed to say merely, 'Why do I scare you, little gel?' and make it (meaning love). When I shoot a gun, the first applicant step into the battle."

2 hours wait while Miss Caramel Sweet change from a Venetian hunting costume to a lace painware, suitable to bedroom work. Then she get into glass cage and lay down on a Egyptian couch, courtesy of Pessimons Bros.

"First application!" holla Hon. Orge, putting his voice through (Please turn to page 92)

Being the latest—and the funniest—adventure of the famous Japanese Schoolboy in the midst of amazing Hollywood

Drawings by HERB ROTH

The New Movie Magazine, September, 1932
Going Places

The newest photographs of the stars—posed exclusively for New Movie Magazine—while at play.

Jack Oakie giving you a fraternal greeting at Malibu Beach.

Eddie Cantor photographing the whole darned Cantor family for us—Mrs. Cantor, Marjorie, Natalie, Edna and Marilyn—at Malibu.

Mr. and Mrs. Pat O'Brien (left), leaving their Malibu home for a dip in the Pacific.

At right: Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and his friend, Laurence Olivier, the English actor, stop and pose for our cameraman near Olivier's Hollywood home.

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Above: Wesley Ruggles, the director (sitting on the medicine ball), Arline Judge (Mrs. Wesley Ruggles), and brother Charles Ruggles on the steps of the Wes Ruggles home at Malibu.

Below: Mr. and Mrs. Frank Albertson practicing married-life jiu jitsu at Malibu—for the benefit of the New Movie cameraman.

Above: Reading, by the way, from top to bottom, you see Lucille Brown, Margaret Lindsay, Arletta Duncan and Tom Brown at the Santa Monica Swimming Club.

Wallace Ford, Patricia Ann Ford, and Mrs. Ford posing for New Movie Magazine’s photographer on the beach at Malibu.
CLARK GABLE'S First Sweetheart

[Above] Clark and Marjorie Miller (Sharpe) when they were kids together in Cadiz. [At Right] Mrs. Marjorie Miller Sharpe as she is today—photographed exclusively for NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. (Below) Clark Gable today, polished, sophisticated, the idol of millions.

As reported by SUSAN WARNER

A Day's visit with a group of real people in the life of the hometown boy

who has become one of the screen's great lovers

A TINY gold thimble, the gift of a nine-year-old boy to a seven-year-old girl, is the most treasured possession of Mrs. Marjorie Miller Sharpe of Cadiz, Ohio, because—It was given to her on her seventh birthday, twenty-one years ago, by none other than Clark Gable.

Mrs. Sharpe, now happily married to a Cadiz dentist, merits the title the town has bestowed upon her—"Clark's first girl."

More than that, Cadiz says that Marjorie was Clark's only girl, for Clark just didn't care much about girls.

But he did like the black-haired, hazel-eyed Marjorie with her two pert hairribbon bows at either side of her head where her braids looped, for he saved every penny he earned carrying milk for the neighbors to buy her the gold thimble he gave her at that memorable birthday party.

"Clark was the hero at that party," Mrs. Sharpe told me the other day. "He helped mother plan it—in fact, he put mother up to it. When he gave me that thimble, we got word that my grandfather died. I started to cry, and I still remember how Clark wiped my tears away with his handkerchief, while he was holding that thimble in his hand, all wrapped up in cotton batting.

"Should you like to see it? I have it upstairs in my room."
I put it away carefully, and I wouldn't trade that thimble for a million dollars."

**She** is five feet tall and daintily built from the tips of her blue suede slippers to the top of her head, which is covered with black hair which falls in becoming, soft, wide waves.

She wore a blue dress, modish with a wide suede belt. Her eyes are hazel, the "same color as Clark's, cat eyes," said Aunt Mory Elle. She doesn't look the 28 years she confesses to, nor does she look old enough to be the mother of the charming little daughter of school age whose picture stands on the mantelpiece over the fireplace.

In addition to keeping house and caring for her little daughter, she assists her husband in his office, because "I like to be out among people."

The house in which she lives is roomy and old-fashioned. Built of red stone, it stands right across the street from the Hotel Custer, where Clark Gable's photograph now shares equal and conspicuous honors with that of General Custer, the hero of that locality.

**I** KNEW Clark before he started to school here."

Mrs. Sharpe exclaimed. "You see, his mother died and he went with his father to Hopedale. There he lived with his aunt and uncle."

"When Clark came back here, he went into the second grade, and I just had started in the first grade. He practically lived at our house all the time. He had a stepmother, you see, and not much home life."

Mrs. Sharpe crossed her knees and swung a shapely foot to and fro. "You know, talking about Clark is like talk-
Zasu Pitts and her director, John Stahl, taking time out at the Universal commissary during the filming of Fannie Hurst’s “Back Street.” Zasu’s newest part is that of Miss Leighton, the supercilious receptionist in “Once in a Lifetime,” in which Louise Fazenda will also be seen.
Cook-cooing the Movies

Before taking up the regular order of this month's business we would like to have you—

Test Your Knowledge
Be as familiar with Hollywood as you are with your landlord's hand

Answer the following questions on one side of the paper only. Seal your replies in a self-addressed envelope and drop in the nearest mail box. The prize for the best answers is a Baldwin locomotive with fifty miles of track.
1. A smart boy in what town is cleaning up in a big way by renting autograph hunters by the hour to neglected film actors?  
2. Why wouldn't it be a good idea for cinema actors to be more mysterious off the screen and make things a little clearer when on?
3. What studio recently transferred a veteran publicity man to the scenario department because his imagination was giving out?

And, of course, there may be some idle gossip in Hollywood. But there's always fifty chatter-writers eager to put it to work.

How would you like to be marooned on an island with a motion-picture actress? Or a leading man? Oh, very well.
It isn't easy to arrange—but we'll do the best we can.
On second thought, it may be better just to tell you beforehand what they'd talk about.
Now if your companion happened to be—

Tallulah Bankhead—She'd sooner or later confess that her throaty, vibrant voice is the result of laryngitis. You'd observe her toenails are painted vivid red. And she might confide that of all the things she's been called, her favorite name, pet or otherwise, is "Sweet TNT".

James Gleason—Would talk about horses, monkeys and bees. He'd tell you how he kept bees on the porch outside his bedroom door in Beverly Hills—and that his monkey, "Mingo," was a gift from Claudette Colbert. And that, after buying seventeen saddle horses, he hired a financial guardian to look after his money.

Lupe Velez would be hilarious one moment, and wallow in dejection the next. She'd tell you that she had more fun with Jack Gilbert than with any man she ever knew. And she'd be wearing a wedding ring and insist she bought it for herself just to give gossips something to puzzle about.

Richard Bennett would tell you that he started out with a medicine show and lost his first stake trying to operate as a professional gambler in Denver.

Marlene Dietrich might recall her childhood when she studied hard to become a concert violinist, and how this career ended suddenly due to an injury to her hand. How she then enrolled in Max Reinhardt's dramatic school, and was suddenly yanked into pictures the morning after von Sternberg, sitting in the front row of a Berlin theater, heard her speak eleven words in English.

George Bancroft would tell you about his days as a gunner aboard the U. S. S. Baltimore and give you his version of his most exciting experience—the battle of Manila Bay.

And Clive Brook might (Please turn to page 108)
Our Hollywood Kindergarten

New Movie asks cheers for the starlets—
for you are the judge and the jury. Their fate is in your hands.

Diane Sinclair's first film bow to you is in "The Washington Masquerade." She's nineteen, of French and Dutch parentage, born in Dutch Guiana, and was left an orphan when a baby. Adopted by Americans, she was sent to public school in Philadelphia, studied art, took up amateur theatricals, played three years in stock, and was discovered by an M-G-M contract scout. You see her at the right.

Above is Marion Burns, being introduced to the mysteries of movie makeup by James Barker at the Fox studios. Born in Hollywood—her birthday's August ninth—but made her way into films by way of the spoken stage, having played in stock in Los Angeles, Oakland, San Francisco, El Paso, Denver, in touring companies, followed by several New York stage engagements. Married to the actor, Bruce Macfarland.

Gertrude Michaels (you see her at the left, at the seashore with Virginia Bruce) is five feet seven inches, weighs 120, has brown hair and blue eyes, was born in Talladega, Alabama, in 1911—her birthday's the first of June—plays the violin and piano, her hobby is collecting books, and she came to the movies through singing on the radio. Was on New York stage in "Caught Wet." Organized her own Little Theater in Talladega after two years in a stock company. Taught dramatics and dancing in High School. Her first picture was "Wayward."
Above is Betty Gillette, the little New York Social Registerite put under contract by Warners-First National, daughter of a New York banker—a blue-eyed blonde who weighs 102 pounds and is five feet, three and a half inches tall. Her recent pictures are "Big City Blues," "Blessed Event" and "Life Begins." Her pet recreation is horseback riding.

Dolores Rey (above) is the new Columbia find. She went into the pictures by way of Earl Carroll and Flo Ziegfeld in New York, although she was born in Fresno, California. She's blond-haired, hazel-eyed, five feet five inches, 108 pounds, educated in Washington, D. C., and Holbrook, Mass., likes wicked roles, pet aversions are tired business men, jealous wives and tennis.

At right: Joan Marsh and Arthur Pierson surfboard-riding. Arthur's a Fox newcomer. He was born in Christiania, Norway, is five feet, ten and a half inches tall, and has dark hair and blue eyes. Played in Portland and Seattle stock companies, toured with "So This Is London," and then went into the New York production of "Remote Control." His latest film is "Bachelor's Affairs."
The Barrymore Mystery

By IVAN ST. JOHNS

An ardent admirer
Salutes Lionel

We regard the Chinese as an un-
canny race, inscrutable, mysterious,
signirist. It is but an
impression, heightened, perhaps,
by fiction about these people who are
really almost childlike in their sim-
plicity, who are far more sentimental
than their Occidental brothers, and who
get their reputation for mystery solely
because they are, in their mode of living
and their beliefs, different from us.
And so, in the hectic rush of Holly-
wood, in its atmosphere of realities
angered, drama and make-believe,
where even homes take on the
trappings of picture sets, where the
language of the studio is incessantly talked,
and where the very psychology of the
community is different from that of the
rest of the world, Lionel Barrymore is
mysterious.

He wasn't mysterious to his associ-
ates on the stage. He wouldn't be a bit
mysterious to Kansas City or Cincinnati.
He's just mysterious in Hollywood be-
cause he has the habits and mode of
thinking of the fellow in Kansas City
or the rest of these United States. Lionel
Barrymore's mystery is purely geo-
ographical—like Ambrose Bierce's de-
scription of an infidel—"In New York, a Mo-
hammedan; in Mecca—a Christian."

He likes to attend to his business,
then seek his pleasure in the simple
ways that please him best. He would
rather work all night on an etching or
a painting than dance all night at a
social function. He would rather stay at home and
read than go to a premiere and take bows amid the
studio lights, microphones and all the rest of the fan-
fare.
When he happens to be dragged to a premiere he
slips unobtrusively in, while the rest of Hollywood is
being more or less microphoned with all ceremony.
If he's at a party he'll probably be found in an out-of-
the-way corner, with a book.
Which makes him mysterious.

Hollywood can't see why a man of his attainments
doesn't flaunt them. Here is the actor who won the
Motion Picture Academy award for the finest perform-
ance of the year in "A Free Soul." At the great social
function, attended by the vice-president of the United
States, at which the greatest group of nationally
and internationally famous characters ever assembled
was present to do honor to Barrymore and Marie
Dressler, the most humble person present was that
same Barrymore. One wag remarked that he acted
more as if he were to be hung than paid the highest
honor within the power of the screen industry.
Consider Barrymore, the man.
As an artist he was as successful as he is as an
actor. His paintings won him fame; in New York he
made his mark as an illustrator. He is a gifted pianist,
a composer of exquisite music. As a film director he
made talking-picture history with "Madame X" and
other successes. He can create before the camera or
behind it.
Quiet of manner, rather preferring solitude, he is,
with chosen friends, a genial companion, a brilliant
conversationalist, a scintillating wit. The few who are
privileged really to know Barrymore revel in his
epigrams, his brilliant conversational flashes.
He can sit on a set with Ernest Torrence, who also
composes music, for instance, and talk by the hour on
harmony, counterpoint and instrumentalization. But
let someone interrupt and ask him what he thinks of
Susie McGoop's new wedding, or Mazie Matzos' divorce,
or some current Hollywood topic of interest like that!
He gives one disgusted look and shuts up like a clam.
He is tolerant of everything save stupidity.

Actor, director, artist, musician, Lionel Barrymore
is another Hollywood mystery.

As a director, he showed the patience of a Job. One
night, in "Madame X," they were having trouble
with the lines of a certain player. He kept stumbling
over one sentence. They (Please turn to page 90)
Thelma Todd is coming to be known as the blonde menace of the films. Vivacious, with personality plus, she's the vamping chorus girl again in Buster Keaton's "Speak Easily." Although under contract to Hal Roach, Thelma is continually sought by other companies.
Putting Hollywood

HERB HOWE—Our Hollywood Boulevardier—waxes indignant

WITH private detectives hiding in the hibiscus, nursery windows barred against kidnapers, bristling bodyguards in constant attendance, Hollywood seems to have put herself on the spot with her gangster pictures.

Unquestionably these films have been a source of inspiration to the criminal amateur. To say they pointed a moral is to talk like a schoolman trying to explain the moral of "Deadwood Dick, or the Terror of Brewery Gulch." If these epics did not glorify the gangster, how are we to explain the new race of idols? Under the heading "Villainy Pays," a local paper features our current favorites: Edward G. Robinson, James Cagney, Clark Gable, Wallace Beery, George Raft, Paul Muni, George Brent, Lionel Barrymore. It is unfair to some of these actors to classify them as villains but the fact is they have established new records of popularity in Caponish roles.

The press, not the screen, is primarily responsible for stimulating a morbid interest in crime. But the pictorial suggestion is far more potent. Personally I enjoyed "Little Caesar," "Public Enemy" and "Scarface," not because they dealt with gangsters but because they were pictures of dramatic action. Most talkies are static.

Thus far these crime dramas have had no apparent effect on me in a criminal way but then, thus far, I am not one of the ten million unemployed.

While I think censorship stupid, I do believe that such
public utilities as the screen and press have a responsibility in these times just as they had in war days.

Of course, "Scarface" was supposed to be the crime picture to end all crime pictures. You know about the war to end all wars. However, now that the kiddies of Hollywood are traveling in armored cars, are given gats instead of rattles and baby tanks instead of kiddie cars, their parents may resist the temptation to grab the "easy money" of crime pictures. Hollywood herself is now tasting the moral of retribution. But there! I'm talking like a schoolman.

I FIND moral solace in the box-office triumph of "Tarzan." It promises to top "Grand Hotel" in popularity. This goes to prove that we want action and that the greatest stars of Hollywood are no match for real apes.

Chita, the ape-mother, was far more human than any of our poseuses. She hadn't distorted her brows or painted her lips in emulation of Toto, the clown. And when she stood on her hind legs she didn't crook one knee over the other to get that stylish line. Indeed, Chita is the only new discovery who hasn't been apish or given a burlesque imitation of the inimitable Garbo.

A MENACING note just received informs me that Gene Dennis, the soothsayer, has predicted that unless I write more about Clark Gable I will not be writing about anybody next year.

Well, there are ten million unemployed and I'll bet not one of them has my talent for being that way. As a beach-comber I'd be the world's greatest coiffeur.

Besides, Miss Dennis, while awing Hollywood, predicted that Joan Crawford would play "Red-headed Woman." So yah-yah. Nevertheless, I think Clark Gable a great guy, more and more.

BY way of flipping the glove at Miss Dennis I'm saying that What-a-man Gable has a challenger in What-an-apeman Weissmuller. Johnny has performed the miracle desired by producers—that of bringing the kiddies back to the movies. You know the kids, having better sense than us adults, walked out on the static gabbies. They wanted movies, not snapshots of stage plays.

Johnny, furthermore, is unique in having equal appeal to men and women.

What man today would not like to go primitive, swing in the branches and develop a form like Johnny's?

(Please turn to page 106)
NEWS and PICTURES of
Advance information on what the

Two Against the World—Warner Brothers: All about the Hamilton family, one of Boston’s best. Constance Bennett the rose among thorns. Neil Hamilton the young attorney she loves. A married and faithless sister, a loafer, drunken brother, a snobbish family, a suicide and a murder. With Alan Mowbray, Helen Vinson, Gavin Gordon, and directed by Archie Mayo.

Son of Russia—First National: This story Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., helped to convert to the screen from “Revolt,” the novel by Mary McCall. Laid in Russia during the Revolution. Filmed during the hot summer, with Doug, Jr., starred, wearing high-collared uniforms—and declaring he was having a fine time. Nancy Carroll is the heart interest. Directed by William Dieterle.

Smilin’ Through—M-G-M: Norma Shearer, surrounding herself with some of the best lovers of the screen—Fredric March, borrowed from Paramount; Leslie Howard, borrowed from RKO, and Ralph Forbes, the master of Ruth Chatterton’s manor. Sidney Franklin is directing this classic of the stage—a story of war-torn England. With such a cast, such a story, a capable director, and Miss Shearer’s always finished production, this film should be a success.

The Blonde Venus—Paramount: Marlene Dietrich is married to Herbert Marshall, a small-salaried workman. Dickie Moore is their child. To get money for Marshall, who is dying, she joins a cabaret. After a series of degrading events she reaches success. This is the picture over which the Dietrich-Sternberg-Paramount controversy waged.

The New Movie Magazine, September, 1932
FORTHCOMING FILMS

Hollywood Studios are doing

Three on a Match—First National: Three girls, Joan Blondell, Ann Dvorak and Bette Davis, graduating together from school, separate, then meet ten years later. Their separate lives, finally merged, makes an interesting story. Warren William plays the male lead. Mervyn Leroy, who directed "Five Star Final," at the megaphone.

Murder of the Night Club Lady—Columbia: From the novel by Anthony Abbot, featuring Adolphe Menjou, Pauline Frederick and Niles Welch—the first of a series of three best-selling mystery novels that Columbia will produce. Three murders occur in this, the first one while the police commissioner and six detectives are in the room—and you'll be kept guessing to the very end of the last reel.

After the Rain—Fox: From the play by A. C. Kennedy and directed by John Blystone. The locale is the streets and dives of Singapore, aboard a South Sea schooner, and on a remote island of the Marquesas. Peggy Shannon—there for no good reason—loathed men and feared marriage, but Spencer Tracy, an ex-Marine, disrupted her well-planned program.

Thirteen Women—RKO: Adapted from one of the year's best-sellers, by Tiffany Thayer, author of Clara Bow's next, "Call Her Savage." Cast is headed by Irene Dunne, Jill Esmond, Mary Duncan, Myrna Loy and Ricardo Cortez. This picture, directed by George Archainbaud, and one of Hollywood's most-talked-about forthcoming releases, tells of a Swami who forecasts the lives of thirteen girls, sorority sisters, with an unusual and most spectacular ending.
They Call It Sin — First National: From the novel by Alberta Steadman Egan. George Brent gets third place on the billboards, yet he's the one who carries the love interest and gets the girl, none other than Loretta Young. David Manners is the not-too-nice young man, and Una Merkel adds the lighter moments. Directed by Thornton Freeland, all the way from Loretta's Kansas church organ to New York's Gay White Way, where the plot speeds up.

The First Year — Fox: Janet Gaynor marries Charlie Farrell to escape the middle-class existence in the village of Reading. Things go from bad to worse, and when an old flame of Janet's hands out a false business tip Janet blows up and returns to the protection of the parental shingles. However, Charlie puts over a big deal and everything ends happily . . . maybe. It's from the play by Frank Craven and under the direction of William K. Howard.

Fraternity House — R.K.O: Taken from the play, "Crosroads," by Martin Flavin, directed by Gregory LaCava, with Dorothy Wilson, Richard Cramwell, Aline Judge, Eric Linden and John Halliday. All about what happened on the campus of a small co-educational college where life is filmably hectic.

Untitled — M.G.M: Marion Davies and Billie Dove, two Follies girls, are the principals in this picture, still untitled as we go to press. The story is an original by Frances Marion, who wrote "Emma," "The Big House," "The Champ" and other successes. Directed by Edmund Goulding, who put on "Grand Hotel." In the cast are Robert Montgomery, co-star; James Gleeson and Zasu Pitts. It is, briefly, the story of the friendship of the two girls, their careers, and their return to the simple things of home.
of the newest film-plays in production in the major studios

Love Me Tonight—Paramount: Based on a play by Leopold Marchand and Paul Armont. Chevalier as a French tailor finds himself, after a series of amusing events, a "count" and a guest at a week-end party in a French chateau. One of the guests, a princess (Jeanette MacDonald), falls madly in love with him. When she discovers he is only a tailor she becomes furious but the way to love is finally navigated. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian.

Airmail—Universal: An isolated desert airport, relay station for the United States mail, picturing many thrills, several sensational crashes, and heart interest supplied by Ralph Bellamy and Gloria Stuart, aided by Pat O'Brien, Slim Summerville and Lillian Bond. Picture being shot near Bishop, California, three hundred miles from Los Angeles, where Universal built its own airport, with a background of mountains and desert. Directed by John Ford.

Downstairs—M-G-M: By John Gilbert, starring John Gilbert—for he really wrote it. With Paul Lukas, Virginia Bruce—to whom John is engaged—and Olga Baclanova. John has long wanted to do a picture in which he's not the Great Lover. Now, in this story in a German setting, he's the villain who is killed in the end. Directed by Monta Bell, this film should give Gilbert the dramatic opportunities he is seeking.

The Most Dangerous Game—RKO: The story of a hunter hunted. A mad Russian turns his island domicile into a hunting ground for humans, and plays deadly hide-and-seek with a young sportsman in a duel to the death, with a beautiful girl castaway at stake. Merian C. Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack directing, Joel McCrea and Fay Wray the hunted couple, and Leslie Banks the mad Russian. From the story by Richard Connell.

The New Movie Magazine, September, 1932
Back at home in Beverly Hills again—Edmund Lowe after a tour in vaudeville, and Lilyan Tashman after three trips East in as many months. And they do say Lilyan has bought so many clothes that she has given over a whole room to them, with racks and shelves and drawers just like a private costume shop.
It's a Great Life!

By JOHN J. RODGERS

Even if the breaks are bad, Eddie Lowe just keeps on grinning

The best counter-irritant for general depression in Hollywood is Eddie Lowe. Probably he has troubles. But if he has, he keeps 'em to himself. What's more, he doesn't care about listening to yours. He will, but he doesn't by any means encourage it.

When everybody else seems bent upon discussing things gloomily; when every other actor is kicking about his director, his stories, his parts or his salaries; when the stock market crash still absorbs a vast number and the naturally pessimistic mention dark matters in low tones—Eddie is about the best person in Hollywood to meet up with.

Eddie thinks life is great. He enjoys every minute of it. If the breaks are tough, he accepts them with that broad grin of his and remarks in passing that the world is full of a number of things. Whereas with the majority right now something is always wrong, with Ed. Lowe something is always right.

He likes his own wife better than anybody else. He likes his job, and when they make bum stories or put absurd titles on his pictures, he concentrates on the size of his weekly salary check and refuses to get hot and bothered.

Being big and tough, Eddie is one of the few Hollywood actors willing to admit openly and freely that they love acting. It's fun. Doesn't want to direct or write or go to Europe to live. He's been to Europe and thinks it's great—for a visit, but the good old U. S. A. for Eddie every time. Acting is his game, and his pals in Hollywood are okay, and his home is altogether delightful to him.

It's a real kick to find anybody in Hollywood who isn't either bored or Bolshevik. The upset and uproar of the talkies has not yet died away. For long, it has been somewhat the fashion to look down upon the intellectual diversions of Hollywood. To yearn for Other Things.

Eddie Lowe isn't bored. I don't imagine he'd be bored if he was selling shoes or picking coconuts off a desert island. His mind is too active, his imagination too colorful, to allow him to be bored. People—all kinds of people—amuse and entertain him. The O. Henry touch of seeing amazing little stories about the most ordinary people and things is part of his equipment. If there weren't any people around, he'd have a good time somehow remembering the ones he used to know.

He is a brilliant raconteur, with a vivid sincerity in all he says. Exceptionally well-bred and well educated, he can talk about almost anything with fervor, with enthusiasm. Like Jack Gilbert, he has kept that grand fire of enthusiasm burning bright.

But even better than being a good story-teller himself, he's a great listener. Walter Catlett remarked not long ago that there were practically no "straight men" left in the business. Likewise, there are few left in conversation. Eddie can be a good "straight man" if he wants to, which is a blessing beyond price in a land where almost everyone desires the spotlight. Eddie likes it when he gets it, but he's just as happy when he's listening to somebody else.

His real passions are Lilian Tashman Lowe—whom he regards as the most brilliant and amazing woman on earth—fine books, and the theater. He's one of the few persons of whom you dare to ask questions when he says he's read a book.

EDMUND LOWE was born in San Jose, California, but the family moved to San Francisco when he was a kid. There his father was one of the leading political lights and the family name is well known in California history. Eddie went to Santa Clara College, which is a Jesuit institution, best known to the public for its football teams and (Please turn to page 88)
Two radio stars and their brood—George Olsen, orchestra maestro, his wife, Ethel Shutta, the singer, and the Olsen brood, out for a summertime frolic far away from the microphone.
Radio Rambles

The latest intimate gossip about the Great and the Near Great of the Air—and what they are doing

Ruth Etting, now one of the highest-salaried stars of the air following stardom on the stage—photographed in her New York apartment exclusively for NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE.

HIGH up on the roster of recent radio visitors to Manhattan is the old maestro, Ben Bernie. We stopped in to see him at his dressing-room where we interrupted him in the midst of reading a flock of telegrams from the racetrack. Ben's chief outside activity, as you have probably gathered from his broadcasts, is that of turfman. We asked Ben if he wouldn't let us know how he came out the next day—and we got the following telegram dated Belmont Park:

RADIO EDITOR
NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE,
55 Fifth Avenue,
New York City.
DREAMED LAST NIGHT HORSE NAMED QUOTE HAT UNQUOTE WON RACE STOP AT RACETRACK TODAY PUT ALL I HAD ON HORSE NAMED HATTERAS STOP WHEN RACE WAS OVER DISCOVERED QUOTE FE- DORA UNQUOTE HAD COME HOME FIRST STOP FROM NOW ON AM ONLY TAKING TIPS COMING STRAIGHT FROM HORSES MOUTH

BEN BERNIE

Lawrence Tibbett and his bride, aboard ship sailing for Europe, where this opera-movie-radio star will study for three months. And we thought he had been graduated!

The New Movie Magazine, September, 1932
For you never can tell: That one-way street to radio fame is plentifully strewn with tacks and broken glass. The radio artist's fame is far from puncture proof. Year in and year out, people may be faithful to their wives, their children, their automobile, their regular morning paper, their favorite brand of breakfast food or even their mother-in-law—but when it comes to entertainment, that's another something else again. Once a radio performer gets to the top of the heap his work has only begun. Everyone is talking about him from Coast to Coast; his strong points, his weak ones—the slightest slip and he gets a thousand criticisms. All these headliners will tell you that the heartrending struggle to stay at the top of the ladder is invariably twice as hard as the scramble up the rungs. We could mention twenty stars whose names were on every listener's tongue three years ago; and now they're virtually forgotten. That is, we could mention them if we ourselves could remember their names.

And several of them crooners—forbidden only because they are forgotten.

A new low: One radio headline name, however, is destined to go thundering down the tracks of time whatever happens. The only possible reason for saying he carries less weight now than he did two years ago is thanks to a Hollywood reducing diet. Paul Whiteman, the King of Jazz, as you probably have already heard, is down from around three hundred pounds to only one hundred and eighty. And now its another kind of corporation that's got him working instead. An automobile corporation.

Ancient Mariner makes good: Though he was reported to have made three-quarters of a million out of the blue note in 1929 alone, in the subsequent two years the winds of public fancy shifted and the Regent of American Rhythm found himself becalmed in a sea of jazz bands which were technically his musical inferiors in a dozen ways.

(please turn to page 113)

Here the all-seeing cameraman caught Bing Crosby in the midst of a billiard match. And if you don't think he's trying a difficult shot, just get that expression.

Arthur Jarrett in his New York home, surrounded by books he really reads, with a real kitchen in which he really likes to cook—occasionally—and all the other comforts of home—photographed exclusively for NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE by Wide World.
You must Come Over
How Hollywood Entertains

Gary Cooper's Toluca vied with Mary Pickford for the honors at the big party Gary gave.

Going places with the Film Favorites in their most frolicsome hours

BY DORIS DENBO

"I'm having my first Hollywood house-warming next Sunday. Won't you drop in for tea—and fun?" smiled my pet exotic, Tala Birell. And I did drop in.

Ramon Novarro, who had arrived with Laura Hope Crews, sang three romantic Spanish songs which were enthusiastically received. Ramon seems to have that Old World charm which never fails to draw enthusiastic support from women.

And, oh—watch out, girls, for that charming and interesting Gerald Fielding! He's a newcomer to Hollywood and declares he is not interested in pictures though he has come to Hollywood to stay indefinitely.

He and Ramon had much talk in common since Gerald was Rex Ingram's leading man in France for a number of pictures and it was Rex who launched Ramon forth on his career.

One of the smartest and most charming women present was Irene Dunne. She wore a pale green angora sport outfit, with a smart white hat, white gloves, cut-out sport shoes and, as the sport suit was trimmed in white, she made a cool and attractive figure.

Tala Birell wore a softly clinging afternoon gown of French blue flowered chiffon. The three ruffles on the skirt each featured a sapphire blue bow. She is decidedly the continental type, but quite different from the other foreign stars who have come to Hollywood. She is a devotee of the arts and, as do all Viennese, adores beautiful music. So her party turned into a musicales.

Gabriella Birell, her sister, wore a chocolate-colored chiffon with long, clinging lines and a wide shirred belt of the same material.

(Please turn to page 106)

Minna Gombell at the luncheon Mrs. Blanche McIntire gave for Joan Bennett.

Photo by Powledge
Smart New Accessories for The School Wardrobe

Au151—Complete knitting directions for boy's three-piece outfit. Au152—Directions for knitting girl's sweater, skirt and cap.

Au153—Diagram pattern for net and seambinding set at left.

Au154—Gingham set at right is made with the aid of this circular.

Au155—Practical school bag for boys or girls is easily made at home.

Au157—Make this attractive play apron from unbleached muslin and seambinding.

Au156—Directions for making handkerchiefs for days of week.

Au158—This circular gives directions for crocheting this up-to-date scarf and cap.

Au159—This diagram pattern makes a school girl's practice suit.

Turn to page 112 for directions for obtaining patterns described here.

The New Movie Magazine, September, 1932
Let's try SUKI-YAKI

To Jill Esmond and Laurence Olivier go the gold inlaid chop sticks for discovering how to make Suki-yaki, fried shrimp, curried crabmeat and Sunomono in true Japanese style.

Jill and hubby, Laurence, were speeding along Washington Boulevard toward the beach for a breath of air after a long day at the studio, when they suddenly discovered they were very hungry. Jill's keen eye hit upon a Japanese Inn. "Let's try it," she urged, and Laurence agreed.

So in they went. Looking over the menu, Laurence said, "We have no idea what it's all about, so let's try one of everything new."

Jill laughed and said, "Oh, yes, we don't want to miss anything." So the two made an adventure of it. Jill insisted on knowing just how everything was made.

"We had to come all the way to Hollywood from good old England," says Jill, "to taste Japanese food. First we ordered Chicken Sukiyaki, and to our amazement a little gas grill was brought in and put up in the center of the table, while a heavy pan just filled to the brim with peculiar looking vegetables and topped with thin slices of chicken was placed on the grill. This mixture was cooked right under our noses and before our very eyes. The aroma of sizzling food was almost more than we could bear!"

"Then bowls of rice were brought in, with little covers to keep it hot; tea, served in the charming little tea pots and handleless cups, and then a side dish of Sunomono.

"It was all delightfully different and interesting to Laurence and me. We decided then and there to find out how it was all done and to try some of these queer concoctions on some of our friends some evening.

"Odd, and unusual menus are all the rage in Hollywood these days and I believe we discovered the oddest and most unusual right there in that charming little Japanese Inn. The proprietor, a very polite and eager-to-please native of Japan, was more than flattered and delighted to give me his recipes."

Suki-yaki, it seems, can be made out of beef or chicken, and it must be mixed and cooked right at the table while one is eating the soup course. Jill had it all down in black and white and here is how you make it:

Skin and cut onions in very thin slices. Remove leafy green tops, roots, and outside skin from scallions, and cut them in three-inch (Please turn to page 109)

The New Movie Magazine, September, 1932
BY JOHN EDGAR WEIR

GENE KARDOS is always sure of turning out a headliner and his new one is no exception. "My Extraordinary Gal," is the title and it is one peach of a tune. Here is a band that always gets plenty of rhythm in any number it records, and this is a disc both entertaining to listen to and easy to dance to. Chick Bullock sings the vocal.

The other side, also by Gene and the boys is a faster tune, "When Nobody Else Is Around," and this side is just as good. Again we hear Chick Bullock doing the vocal honors. (This is a Victor record.)

HERE is a concert jazz record that is really something to talk about. It's the old favorite, "Washboard Blues." Hoagy Carmichael's famous blues classic, played for us by the Casa Loma Orchestra, with Connie Boswell doing the vocal. This is certainly an excellent record of a great tune, and should have a tremendous sale. The instrumental work is very good, indeed, and there couldn't have been a better choice than Connie Boswell to do the vocal work.

The other side is a medley of four Indian Love Songs made up of Kasmiri Love Song, Less Than the Dust, Temple Bells, and Till I Wake, played for us by the Casa Loma Orchestra. Although this band is generally identified with hot music, you have a chance here to see what they can do with the semi-classic, played in concert style. The result is gratifying and we should hope for more such departures. (This is a Brunswick record.)

OUR old friend, Teddy Black, is still with us and turning out some mighty good records. His latest, "I Can't Forget," is a typical Black tune, smooth and easy going, staccato trumpet work with a solid sax background. Here is a band that is surely up and coming. The pleasing vocal is sung by a trio from the orchestra.

The other side is also by Teddy and this time we hear, "I'll Get Along Somehow." There is no reason why you shouldn't like this one, too. (This is a Victor record.)

THE MONTH'S BIGGEST HITS

"MY EXTRAORDINARY GAL," fox trot—played by Gene Kardos and his Orchestra—Victor.

"WASHBOARD BLUES," concert—played by Casa Loma Orchestra with Connie Boswell—Brunswick.

"I CAN'T FORGET," fox trot—played by Teddy Black and his Orchestra—Victor.

"WITH SUMMER COMING ON," waltz—played by Waring's Pennsylvanians—Victor.

We all like a good waltz now and then, and here is one that is going to be a big hit. "With Summer Coming On," is the title and it's played by Waring's Pennsylvanians, who seem to get better all the time. This is all that a good waltz should be with an excellent vocal by Tom Waring and the vocal trio. The other side is by the same band, a fox trot, "Tell Me Why You Smile, Mona Lisa," from the picture, "The Theft of the Mona Lisa." You'll like this and the way the orchestra plays it. (This is a Victor record.)

"LAZY DAY" is the next one, and it's both vocal and in—

(Please turn to page 112)
SARI MARITZA is a fresh complexioned little English girl who has made herself interestingly different by sheer art of make-up.

She has a round, appealingly frank countenance, which you might pass on any English-speaking street almost any day and never notice. It is significant that she has been touted as exotic, a potential Garbo, a Dietrich type. That is due to the canny smartness of this little English girl and her deep study of make-up. She graciously agreed to tell New Movie readers a few of her make-up secrets!...

Here they are:

"Today, with all the cosmetic aids which every girl has at hand, almost any one can be interestingly different. But I should hesitate to advise every girl to try to be different with make-up—for it is so easy to overdo a very delicate and subtle art, and the minute a girl overdoes make-up she has lost a lot of her own individuality and exactly what she is seeking—interesting appeal!

"First, I would advise sitting before your mirror and studying your every feature, from every angle. This may take days, weeks or even months before you have discovered every flaw and good feature which you own. But this you must know before you can intelligently work out the individual make-up for your own personality and your own face.

"A girl with an exotic, mysterious, different sort of personality to start with, should have an easier time than a girl with an ordinary every-day sort of face appeal. But this girl is in danger of overdoing her eyes—her lips—and making herself simply ridiculous and cheap instead of bringing out her already different appeal by just a few deft touches to her already interesting eyes, hair, and facial make-up.

"However, there is no space in this article to speak of every type of girl, and I do not believe any one person is capable of advising everyone with utterly different facial contours and coloring, how to make themselves interesting.

(Please turn to page 106)
In planning the bathrooms for our Colonial house we can have the charm of the old fashioned—yet the convenience of the modern.

A Modern Bathroom for a Colonial Home

BEFORE we plan the other rooms of our house we must consider the bathrooms. As much a part of the decorative scheme as any other room they must be planned in detail when we are building the house.

The first thing to consider of course is the plumbing installation. For this type of house we must keep it as simple as possible. All of the plumbing installation can be divided into three parts: the fixtures, the fixture trimmings and mechanical parts, and the valves and fittings behind the walls. Quality in these, and competent installation, assure plumbing satisfaction and true economy.

So much has been done within recent years toward modernizing and beautifying plumbing fixtures that with careful planning and very little expense our bathrooms can be as decorative as any room in the house.

After the plumbing has been satisfactorily taken care of we can proceed with our decorative scheme.

Let us take the master bathroom first. For the fixtures, a soft shade of green, for the walls, a waterproof paper, with a peach background and a small floral design in green and rose. The woodwork could be painted green to match the fixtures. For the floor we would suggest a plain dark green linoleum with a small oblong varie-color hooked rug to break the monotony. The window and shower curtains could be of rubberized moire also in green. To carry out our color scheme of peach and green we should select our towels, bathmats and accessories so as to be in harmony. You can buy them now so inexpensively in all the pastel shades.

Since the larger bathroom will be shared by more people and by the younger members of the family it should be very practical. Because of this we would suggest tiling. Blue tiling to the dado and yellow paint from there to the ceiling would be most attractive. The woodwork could also be painted yellow. A blue and yellow checkered tiling on the floor would carry out the scheme and at the same time be most practical. With the plain walls in this bathroom we can use figured window curtains, the shower curtain might also be of a figured material. Waterproof chintz, in a small pattern of blue and yellow, would be effective. An oval rag rug in dark blue would be appropriate for the floor. Here again if we keep our towels and accessories in harmony we will have a charming up-to-date bathroom.

In Colonial days we know very little thought was given to the bathroom. A bath was a mere necessity then and absolutely no attention was paid to its luxury. In some countries in Europe this idea is still in existence but as everything else in America has progressed modern plumbing has taken its place among the present day achievements.

It is no longer an unattainable luxury to have two or more bathrooms in your house or to have bathrooms that are as carefully planned and as attractive as any other room in the house.

Among the most recent developments in modern plumbing is color in the bathrooms and fixtures in color. Our bathrooms need no longer be monotonously white. They can be planned and executed in color to harmonize with the adjoining bedrooms. Colored fixtures, of course, cost more than white but still the price is not prohibitive and the charm is lasting. The beauty of color adds nothing to the cost of valves and fittings and pipes, nor to the installation cost, and further, colorful, well-planned bathrooms will undoubtedly add to the sale or rental value of the house.

The wall and floor treatment of the modern bathroom has unlimited possibilities. Waterproof papers and chintzes in charming designs have taken the place of the imitation block tile paper that used to be so prevalent. For the modern bathroom floor smart linoleums in lovely colors have been especially designed.

The New Movie Magazine, September, 1932
Amazing...yes...but TRUE!

10¢ now buys $1 to $3 Quality

In Convenient Sizes

The only Beauty Aids at 10¢
that give Proof of Quality!

Famous Chemists report Faøen
equal to $1 to $3 brands in
fineness and purity.

Naturally, you want proof for such a startling
statement. And here it is, from the report of
a famous Research Laboratory:

"after a complete chemical analysis we
have found that every Faøen product
tested is as pure and fine as products
of like nature sold for $1, $2, and $3."

Behind this proof is the additional assurance
of the name Park & Tilford...a name that
has stood for quality for nearly 100 years.

Use only the best beauty aids...your love-
liness demands that protection. But now
instead of spending $1 to $3, buy Faøen
Beauty Aids in convenient sizes at 10¢...of
equal fineness and purity. The saving will
mean extra "pretties" for you this year!

Every Faøen product
has received the Good
Housekeeping Institute
seal of approval.

10¢ each at F.W. Woolworth Co. Stores

PARK & TILFORD
NEW YORK

FAOEN
PARIS

Beauty Aids

CLEANSING CREAM • COLD CREAM • SKIN TONIC • LOTION • FACE POWDER • ROUGES • PERFUMES

The New Movie Magazine, September, 1932

HOUSE FOR THE BRIDE: A week before they set their wedding, Paul Bern presented Jean Harlow with a deed to his $60,000 home.

Paul built the house about two years ago. It is not large but it sits in nearly four acres of beautifully landscaped grounds. It is of South German type of architecture, more Bavarian than anything else.

HOW HE DOES IT! The secret at last is out. All those George M. Cohan tunes you have been hearing for the last forty years have been composed on a contraption that is nothing short of a cross between a zither and a five-cent slot machine.

George M. had the implement shipped out to Hollywood to be used in composing the tunes for his Paramount pictures.

He can't play a piano. He just picks the notes out with a dillent thumb and forefinger in the key of F sharp.

By pulling a crank on the side of the gadget the notes are transposed—aw, well, you know what we mean. Write us a postcard and we'll have Rube Goldberg send you a blueprint.

ETHEL'S NEW HOUSE: Ethel Barrymore has taken the house in Benedict Canyon formerly occupied by P. G. Wodehouse.

It was from this house that Wodehouse departed to issue his now famous statement about the motion-picture business—the one in which he said he had been paid more than $100,000 a year to do nothing.

Where most Beverly Hills' houses strive for one patio, this one has three and one of them is large enough to accommodate a big swimming pool.

MERELY MOVES A YARD: Dolores Del Rio moved her whole

(Continued from page 17)

and Joel McCrea, who recently went native in a big way for "Bird of Paradise," daintily fingered teacups while they nibbled one-minute water-cress sandwiches.

A brand-new Garbo story is the one that Richard Cromwell tells. Dick, as you know, makes life-like masks of all the stars by taking casts of their faces with plaster of paris. Meeting the Swedish siren at a select party at the home of a German director, he asked if he might make a mask of the famous features. "My Gott, it would ruin me. I would never be the same," she replied.

At left: Virginia Bruce, John Gilbert's fiancée and his leading woman in his new picture.

At right: Lewis Stone, hurrying back to the set of "Unashamed," after a studio lunch.

Photographed exclusively for New Movie Magazine

Photographed exclusively for New Movie Magazine

Our cameramen caught these two resting between scenes, sitting on the steps of one of the M-G-M stages—Maureen O'Sullivan and Norman Foster. And from Norman's expression you'd never believe he's sitting right next to one of the most popular girls in Hollywood.

The New Movie Magazine, September, 1932
HOW and WHERE do you buy your Groceries?

For your courtesy in answering these questions you may choose any three of the Tower Food Circulars listed on this page.

1. Where do you buy your groceries?
   a. Name of Store ..............................................
   b. Street ..........................................................
   c. City ..........................................................

2. Why do you buy there?
   a. Nearness to your home ..................................
   b. Price ..........................................................
   c. Quality of Groceries ....................................
   d. Service ......................................................

3. How do you usually buy?
   a. Visit the store yourself ..................................
   b. Order by telephone ......................................
   c. Send a member of the family .........................

4. Any remarks on how you select the foods for your table:

TOWER FOOD CIRCULARS
Check the three you prefer and we will send them promptly.

The Right Way to Buy Food
Warm Weather Dishes
Camp and Tourist Cookery
Foods Men Like
Fruit Recipes
Spring Parties
Cooking for Two
Favorite Desserts
Holiday Parties
Your Best Thanksgiving Dinner
The Perfect Summer Party
Feed Your Children the New Way
Sally Jane's 21-Day Diet

We'd like to go food shopping with Tower readers. We know you like to cook and eat good things because you have been so interested in Tower cook books and Tower food circulars. Literally hundreds of thousands have gone into Tower homes. But we'd like to go in spirit to the grocery store with you to see as a thrifty housewife just where and how you buy. The questions listed above will take only a few minutes to answer and for your courtesy you will receive three of the food circulars on the list quite without charge. They will be forwarded promptly.

GROCERY STORE EDITOR
TOWER MAGAZINES, Inc.
55 Fifth Avenue
New York

The New Movie Magazine, September, 1932
Hollywood Bandwagon

(Continued from page 72)

front yard at the beach up to her Beverly Hills home. She must have her sand for sun baths, so two trucks picked up her Malibu beach front yard and hauled it to her home and dumped it near her swimming pool. Now Dolores is depending on Mother Nature and Neptune to get together and replenish her beach home's front yard!

FAY AND JOEL: Fay Wray says she believes perfume is the most individual and characteristic thing a woman can possess. Therefore she changes her perfume for every role she plays.

Different perfumes remind her of different roles she has played, and she is afraid that, surrounded by the perfumed breezes of the characters she played before, she might take on some of that character’s personality, for her new role.

“Ah, me!” sighed the clown Joel McCrea, “I need’s a must smoke a different brand of cigarette with each role. Now, I know what has been interrupting my genius—it’s the ghost of my former parts still hanging around my brand of cigarette. When I run out of new brands I must stop acting—that’s all!”

HOW IT ALL HAPPENED: Out of small little kindnesses and tiny thoughtfulness come great deeds and great events!

If George M. Cohan had not tipped a messenger boy fifty cents, and had not noticed his trembling admiration as he received it, we might never have had a George Bancroft.

Now with the two Georges on the same lot at Paramount the story is going the rounds. George Bancroft was the messenger boy who received the fifty cents from George Cohan, the actor. Wide-eyed and excited he eagerly told Cohan he wanted to be an actor more than anything in the world.

Cohan told him to look him up if he ever came to New York. The boy did, and appeared in several Cohan musicals, finally leaving for his chance in Hollywood.

And my dear, you would have done it, too—Via Garbo and Shri Meher Baba, the Hindu mystic woman who hasn’t spoken for seven years, met at luncheon at the Hollywood Roosevelt.

The Hindu finally won, for he had a secretary who could tell the waiter what to bring while Garbo had to break her silence to order for herself.

AND THEN THEY MADE UP: The real story back of the reconciliation of Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers is almost as dramatic as one of the best cast rides Hoot makes in his pictures to rescue the girl.

Sally’s mother and father had just been killed in an automobile accident. Her aunt had died the day before. She returned from the hospital to find her house in terrible disorder. Her negro cook, poisoned with gin, had beaten up the maid, broken up furniture and, armed with a long knife, had backed into a corner, defying the world.

While Sally and the maid stood paralyzed with fear, Hoot strode in.

Well, it was just like the old cavalry trooper, the flag flying, rushing to the rescue of the covered wagon.

TALKING MONEY: Joseph P. Kennedy, who used to finance Gloria Swanson’s pictures, is said to have come out to Hollywood offering $3,000,000 in cash “and a lot more where that came from,” if Greta Garbo would agree to make two pictures a year for him.

MEALS FOR TWO

First aid to the home-maker who has to cook for herself and someone else is contained in the set of looseleaf circulators prepared by our cookery experts. Send ten cents to Rita Calhoun, care of the New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., and these helpful circulators will be mailed to you.

NOT LOST—STRAIGHT: After George M. Cohan had been in Los Angeles three days he decided to walk from the Ambassador Hotel to Paramount studio.

The distance is about three miles but had not Cohan resided in Los Angeles in 1905? And had he not been here again only twenty-two years ago? And anybody that says the George M. Cohan legs are any less sturdy or agile—

Well, to make a long walk short, Georgie, accompanied by his valet, started out.

They walked and walked and finally had to admit to themselves they were lost.

Approaching a young man mowing a lawn, George said:

“Say, buddy, can you tell us the direction of the Paramount studio?”

“Well, that’s a long way from here,” the young man began, dubiously, “You’re apt to get lost. You’d better—”

“Never mind that lost stuff,” cut in George, a bit truculently, “We ain’t lost. You just tell us the direction and we’ll get there.”

The young man told them and they set out again.

An hour later, George M. Cohan and his valet approached a young man mowing a lawn.

“Say, buddy—” Cohan began.

The young man looked up, a bit surprised, and then said coldly:

“I thought you said you weren’t lost!”

When Jackie Cooper returned to Hollywood after a contract eight-weeks vaudeville tour they practically turned out the town to meet him at the station.

Jackie accepted all the attention with a preoccupied air. Finally, he began to fidget. When the photographers suggested pictures, Jackie said:

“Well, all right, but hurry up. My dog, ‘Dink,’ has been sick and I gotta get home to see him.”

LUCK IS LUCK: Phyllis Fraser—lived in Oklahoma City, which is a considerable distance from Hollywood.

Yet she had heard enough about the movies to want no connection with them other than that of being a fan.

So it was that she came to talkie town to visit her cousin, Ginger Rogers, whose brilliant red head is frequently seen on the screen.

Called for a test at R.K.O. studio, Ginger naturally took her guest along. Before Phyllis left the place, she had been signed to a contract.

She is nineteen and beautiful—and, what a figure!

THREE BIG THRILLS: Mervyn Lenox, Warner Brothers’ young directorial ace, has had three big thrills in his life, with Gloria Swanson providing them all.

When Mervyn, then eighteen, deserted the variety stage and came to Hollywood as an extra to win a foot-hold in the movies, he glimpsed Gloria Swanson, already a star and the wife of Wallace Beery, and fell madly in love with her. But she was in love with someone else, however, lived in ignorance of Mervyn’s palpitation heart.

The youngest of the blood-pumping organs attained a machine-gun speed when he was cast in his first “bit”—the role of Gloria’s brother in “Prodigal Daughters,” one of her early vehicles for Cecil B. DeMille.

Twelve years had elapsed when Gloria signed him as her director in “Tonight or Never,” one of her most successful talkies.

“Will you come to London on your own terms again and accept me in ‘Perfect Understanding?” read a cablegram he received from her the other day.

And because of Hollywood’s demands for his services, Mervyn declined the offer!

SHORT SUBJECTS: Spencer Tracy’s polo game has improved to the point where they let him act as timekeeper. . . . Explaining her rapid speech, Tallulah Bankhead says it’s her timidity does it. . . . And you should see that new brooch of Joan Blondell’s—one hundred and twenty-two small diamonds, two rubies, an emerald, and two sapphires. . . . Russ Saunders, assistant director, and “Ballet” Baker, now in the first-aid corner, both former Southern California football stars, now working at Fox. . . . Talking of hav-
**Hollywood Bandwagon**

...You make it in about 5 min.

This wholesome, delicious dessert is a great help to mothers!

The problem of "what to serve for dessert" without the tiresome effort of following a complicated recipe has been answered by Kre-Mel—America's New Dessert.

Kre-Mel takes about five minutes to prepare and its economy is equalled only by its purity, quality, and wholesomeness.

There's plenty of Dextrose, the vital food element, in Kre-Mel—which explains why it is so good for growing children. And milk is used in preparing Kre-Mel, which makes it doubly nutritious.

Many mothers add unprepared Kre-Mel to the milk they serve their children—which makes a delicious, refreshing beverage the youngsters like.

Ask for a package or two of Kre-Mel today.

4 SERVINGS PER PACKAGE

4 FLAVORS

CHOCOLATE  VANILLIN  CARAMEL

KRE-MEL DESSERT

AT ALL GOOD FOOD STORES

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The New Movie Magazine, September, 1932
wood being filmed now, including "Movie Crazy," the Harold Lloyd picture, "Once in a Lifetime," "The Double," "Broken Hearts of Hollywood," and others are being finished by Constance Bennett's "What Price Hollywood?" There are four political pictures being released.

Two depression yarns and three prison stories are to be filmed.

Several thriller stories, and several stories built around the career of men.

"Don't tell me the Chinese haven't any sense of humor," said Richard Dix when he was working on "The Roar of the Dragon."

"One of the Chinese working on the set tried to get over that old mosh-bang about how China won the war.

"China have Japan looking silly," he chuckled. "One day paper say five thousand Chinese killed, ten Japanese wounded. Next day, six thousand Chinese killed, seven Japanese dead. Now, you know, Mister, Japan couldn't stand that, let's try, Japan have no man left to fight!"

"I believe to this day he thinks I'd never heard that one before."

O F T H E T H I R D G E N E R A T I O N : When Wallace Reid, Jr., gets under way with his new pictures, he will represent the third generation of Reids to enter the motion-picture profession. His father, Wally Reid, made his first appearance before the footlights with Hal Reid, Junior's grandfather, in a vaudeville sketch. They both went into pictures later.

A N D N E V E R T I R E S: Imagine, if you can, a woman sixty years old giving, an all-night party only to step into a plane at three in the morning to fly east.

She entertained ten guests at dinner, followed by a theater party and then home for music until time to climb aboard the plane.

The woman is Louise Closer Hale, to whom years apparently have no meaning.

And just to think, all this time Zaun Pitts has been living right next door to Greta Garbo without bringing about it even a little bit! She gets to see the great Garbo play tennis, go horse-back riding, take sun ba-ba-bo—Somebody, please hush my mouth."

W H E R E T R E E S W E A R C O L L A R S: Douglas Fairbanks tells us the Cocoanut trees in the South Seas wear clay collars!

"Now Doug, be yourself," says we. "Yes, and the reason they wear 'em," continued the unabashed Doug, "is to make the land crabs commit suicide!"

By this time we had ceased to be careful, so we opined heartily—"Oh, YEA?"

"YEA," says Doug. "You see, a couple of big families of land crabs can ruin a whole coconut plantation.

They are such huge, hard-shelled fel-

ows they are practically impossible to kill in sufficient numbers to count, so the natives found by putting clay collars around the trees just where the branches start, the crabs committed suicide!

"They climb up the tree and out on the limb where they have spied their special cocoanut, clip it off with their claws and let it fall on the ground, then they back out and down the tree and when they feel the clay collar on the tree, they think they've hit the ground and let go the tree and fall and kill themselves!"

(We visited the museum of natural history just to see if Doug was right—and he was! ... Nuff said!)

Saw George O'Brien at his Malibu house and told us all about a recent train raid just off the Malibu coast. He says that when the Coast Guard brought their spotlight into play, in an effort to find the run away, horses came rushing from every house and started taking bows. "... They were all half asleep and stumbled out thinking it was a premiere opening."

C H A T T E R T O N ' S T I M E O U T: Ruth Chatterton has a three-thousand-piece jigsaw puzzle she keeps locked in her study. Not even the maid is allowed in the room when the thing is spread out. Ruth had been working on her newest one three weeks when she left for Europe, and the room was kept locked during her absence.

Chatterton's time out: Ruth Chatterton has a three-thousand-piece jigsaw puzzle she keeps locked in her study. Not even the maid is allowed in the room when the thing is spread out. Ruth had been working on her newest one three weeks when she left for Europe, and the room was kept locked during her absence.

The latest amusing content in Hollywood at the moment is the one between Tallulah Bankhead and Marlene Dietrich over the affectionate adage.

Tallulah gave him a boat that can do something like fifteen miles an hour in calm water, and even a DeMille bottleneck—even Marlene gave him an electric train.

T H A T ' S D I F F E R E N T : John Barrymore's collection of guns is without doubt the finest in Hollywood. They are all modern and all work.

"We don't need any guards," he said a few months ago, when so many motion-picture people were hiring detectives to protect their children.

"We have enough stuff up here to take care of ourselves."

But, the other night there was a burglary scare on Tower Road, where reside the Barrymores, John Gilbert, King Vidor and others and—

The Barrymore residence remained lighted until dawn and a regular army of guards showed up from nowhere.

T H I S A N D T H A T : Al Jolson's living at Hollywood's Town House and driving a $26,000 automobile—and they say there's a depression...... William Dieterle, who directed Doug, Jr., in "Son of Russia," always wears white gloves while megaphonimg, and we wanted to know why. George O'Brien still adding polo ponies to his already well-filled stables. ... Lilyan Tashman at Malibu strolling under a hat as big as a bridge table. So far she's displayed fourteen different styles of beach pajamas. ... Seems to us the newspapers took an unfair slap at Adolphe Menjou when they printed a story that his son was held for the death of a girl in an auto accident. The boy was Arlet's first wife's son. ... Kay Francis on the prospect list of all the hair specialists in Hollywood—because her hobby is good-looking hair and everybody knows it. ... Warren William's not superstitious—simply wouldn't buy a car from a salesman who lighted a match. ... George Arliss has never driven or owned an automobile. ... Ethel Barrymore, arriving at the M-G-M studio, asked to have Garbo's dressing-room— and the studio gracefully declined. ... El Brendel and always uses his Swedish accent in public speeches, saying that when he makes grammatical errors they think it's part of the act. ... Gary Cooper's leased Garbo's former house on Cherie Chase Drive. ... Tallulah Bankhead likes to crack mirrors— ... says it's lucky. ... Aline MacMahon, leading woman in the stage version of "Oscar," in "A Life Time," signed to do Universal's film version. You saw her in "The Mouse Piece" and "Five Star Final." ... John Mix, his first cow-opera a money-maker, has signed to do six more for Universal. ... Lila Lee, fully recovered, back in films, and working one hundred and eighteen—more than she ever weighed before. ... Wallace Beery airplaning to Utah to fish—where fish are fish. ... M-G-M to lease both Garbo and his next season, the first time for Clark. ... And did you know that Gary Grant once worked for five dollars a day as a still-walker at Coney Island? ... Pauline Starke hates dresses. She prefers to wear masculine trousers and one of those smart cutaway jackets you see her in here. She was caught by our photographer at Malibu Beach.
HELLO TO MARY: Ran into Mary Brian on 54th Street in New York the other afternoon and really Mary has the prettiest eyes we've seen in a long while. They're such an enchanting shade of blue and Mary knows her hats, too, when it comes to showing off the color of her eyes. She was wearing one of those little French models, in blue, with a perky tilt to one side. Mary's mother, Mrs. Louise Brian, was with her and they made an adorable picture of the sort of understanding companionship every girl would like to enjoy with her Mom.

YES, NICE: It's grand to have an uncle who owns a popular Broadway restaurant, don't you think? Because if you're a movie star you don't have to go many places to be seen and admired. Like Nancy Carroll, who just drops into her uncle's restaurant now and then and accidentally meets everybody in town. Billy La Hiff, which doesn't sound very Irish but really is, is known for his corned beef and cabbage fare, so you can imagine why the crowd goes there when you can get very good good-near-beer with it. Nancy's uncle is a genial good fellow and when Nancy comes in to order her favorite dish it's always on the house, beside meeting her friends. Nice, what?

RANSOM INSURANCE: With all the kidnapping rumors prevalent in Hollywood, insurance agents have been offering policies that will cover victims for ransom in case their children are stolen. Agents and studios, however, have instructed their stars and actors not to take advantage of these offers as the policies might be a tip-off to criminals. Gossip has it that there is a gang that has been lining up some of Hollywood's better knowns as prospective victims with the result that steel doors and barred windows are in order for many.

JOAN IS WISE: Joan Blondell is one actress who has never lived in a mansion, a large house or a fancy apartment. She lives in a very modest flat and likes it. She drives a Ford, and likes that too. She doesn't put on half the flash that Hollywood High School girls do and she's one gal who will probably have something in the bank when all the shouting dies down.

DINNER-PAIL PLUTOCRAT: Ten years ago when Chester Conklin appeared daily carrying his tin lunch pail, many of the so-called big shots did a little laughing up the sleeve. Today, the one time big shots are looking with envious eyes at the fifteen room home which perches high on the side of Lookout Mountain. It is the home of the lunch pail carrier. Figuratively speaking Chester still carries his lunch pail. He and his wife, unaccustomed to so much room utilize but three or four rooms of the French mansion. Domestic help comes in but once a week to help clean and Chester does his own gardening. The early part of the Conklin's life was none too easy. Frugal living was a necessity. They have

THE SOCIETY WOMAN

"The tell-tale trace of perspiration odor on her person has cheated many an otherwise charming woman of social success. What a pity—when daintiness is so easy to attain, with Mum!"

THE COLLEGE GIRL

"Certainly, underarm odor is cause for black-balling. We girls all play safe by using Mum. It's the quickest, easiest way and lasts all day. We put on Mum, slip into a dress and off to class."

THE HOME WOMAN

"You never can tell who will drop in and surprise you on a busy morning, so I just use Mum when I dress. I like it because it is soothing to my sensitive skin."

THE BUSINESS WOMAN

"Underarm odor has lost many an efficient woman a good job. I take no chances. I use Mum every morning. It's quick, harmless to clothing and I can use it right after shaving."

THE SPORTSWOMAN

"Goodness knows, I'd be safe from perspiration odor if bathing could do it. I like Mum because it destroys odor without in any way interfering with perspiration. I keep Mum in my locker."

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

AND THEY ALL SAY, "What we would ever do without Mum as a deodorant for sanitary napkins, we don't know. It's perfect for this."

never completely overcome the early influence. Let's rub it in a little to the early scoffers that the lunch pail was the wellspring of a very considerable fortune. While the Conklin's live high on the mountain side, far above the range of banknote collectors and financial worries, some of the others are finding out what the back streets of Hollywood really look like. Another thought: If you read a movie personality going to the grave penniless, don't think of the Chester Conklin; they'll be up there looking down.

DRY NEWS: Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Norma Shearer, Bob Montgomery, Lon Novarro and the thousand or so employees on the M.G.M lot certainly drink a mighty lot of water: if the studio's yearly water bill of $25,000 is any criterion. Somebody please page Mr. Volstead . . .

EXPENSIVE TRUNK: Be it hereby known to all and sundry that Roland Young is as dry off the screen as off the sailed, where he departed the Coast for England and was securely ensconced in his compartment on the 3,000 mile trek to New York and this week discovered he had forgotten to check his trunk through. Frantie, he wired his agent; WHERE IS THAT TRUNK? As frantie, the agent dropped all business to Sherlock Holmes that trunk. To his horror, he found the trunk had never been removed from Roland's Beverly Hills house. So it would arrive in New York in time to sail on the boat with the Young man, the agent sent it via airplane at a cost of $100, Roland, delighted to receive it, wired joyous relief: TRUNK ARRIVED. ALL IS FORGIVEN!

HO, HUM: Use the salt-shaker on this one. About Lew Ayres. Who does his star gazing away from the studio by knowing his astronomical Venus; who, like every amateur astronomer, has an impassioned ambition to discover a new star or something dizzying around in the firmament. 'Tother eve, the Ayres' household was precipitated into a wild up roar. Lew, studiously alone on the roof with his telescope, focused on what he believed to be a new star. Lew yelled for his wife, Lola Lane. Lola came a-running. Lola stopped, listened, looked. She frowned, for Lola, a natural brunette before she turned blonde, has a habit of returning to brunette doubts. Tensely, beneath Lew's anxious regard, she walked around to the end of the telescope. That walk k.o.-ed Lew's discovery and gave anti-climax honors to Lola. For wriggling lazily on the glass of Lew's expensive telescope was a glow worm. Vehemently, Lew flipped his "star" into the garden. "Never trust a worm."

FIRST PERSONAL APPEARANCE: Sid Grauman, Movie Theatre magnate, says the first time a motion picture actor ever made a personal appearance in his theatre was twenty-two years ago in San Francisco.

Sid, Mabel Normand, Bronco Billy Anderson, Charlie Chaplin and Roscoe Arbuckle were walking down Market Street one evening when they came upon one of those little movie houses so common in those days.

Unrecognized, Charlie and Roscoe strolled into the tiny lobby. Suddenly, Roscoe kicked Charlie and Charlie struck at Roscoe with his cane. Then they both fell down, bumped up, fell down again and were turning some saults and hand springs when the enraged manager rushed out and called the police.

Their identities discovered, the quiet hurried away but later the manager accused Sid of having instigated the brawl in order to break up his business for Sid also was running a little theatre on Market Street in those days.

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and your complexion tones.

Do you know exactly what color eye shadow, rouge and powder will bring out your best points?

What rouage changes to make if you are wearing a red dress, for instance? This little Color Harmony chart will give you all the details of make-up you could wish for.

Write to Ann Boyd, care of the New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth avenue, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope.


Those are some of the names submitted by motion picture critics all over the United States in RKO-Radio's poll to determine the thirteen most glamorous stars in the history of motion pictures.

One hundred critics submitted 119 names.

TOOK HER AT HER WORD: "You really should be in the movies," Ann Harding told John Schoyer, 32-year-old Westport, Conn., boy, a few months ago.

Imagine her embarrassment when John appeared one morning in the Harding home with a young lady.

"Well, here we are," said John.

"It developed that John and Helen Clarke Robertson had eloped, got married in Baltimore and come to Hollywood to try John's luck."

Luck was good or bad, which ever way you want to look at it. Ann called their folks on long distance telephone and a few days later the youngsters were on their way back to the Westport home.

GARBO AND HER FRIEND: In this Garbo-nad era, when the world's entire male populace is extending its tentacles in the glamorous Greta as parking places for their spare footwear, it might not amiss to toss a gardenia boutonniere to Nils Asther. He's probably the only man who ever did—or ever shall, for that matter order the Swedish flame to "quit pestering me!"

It was three years ago that Nils proved the resistive powers of his heart. The Garbo-Gilbert romance had only lasted from the wax to the Holly wood foothills, and poured into his ears her Swedish words of woe. Nils put his arms about the girl who had been his leading lady in Germany, dried the tears that trickled down her cheeks and whispered words of sympathy.

"I'm going to give it up and forget about it," he urged her.

A day or two passed, and in Garbo returned.

"I'm so unhappy," she sobbed.

Once again Nils was gracious, but—Before the end of the week, Greta paid him another call. Her spirits still were in the depths, and her confidante's patience had reached the breaking point.

"Greta," he finally exploded, "I've said and done everything I can to help you forget your troubles. You've got to quit pestering me!"

She told him the Garbo story, and Greta, in her professional triumph, has forgiven and forgotten.

C O L L E E N A P R O F I T E E R: Colleen Moore is one of those fortunate few to profit by the recent Wall Street collapse.

Al Scott, her new husband, directs the destinies of a brokerage firm in New York. When the dust of the most recent stock crash had cleared away, he found one of his clients had left him holding the sack to the extent of almost $100,000. Al sued, won a judgment, but when he sought to collect, he discovered that the defendant's only remaining asset was a sailing yacht built and equipped for ocean cruising.

The writer was among those present at Colleen's Bel-Air mansion the day Al agents wired him the vessel was his.

"It's all yours, sweetheart," he said, handing the telegram to Colleen. "I'm going to have it sailed out here for you.

"And we can go to the South Seas in it," queried the star.

"Certainly.

"You darling," she cried, treating him to another kiss.
Hats Off to Bebe: For downright grit in the face of peril, don your hat to Bebe Daniels.

When Gertrude Ederle won universal acclaim as the first woman to swim the English channel, she came to Hollywood, and while here was Bebe's guest at the latter's Santa Monica beach home. Bebe, too, is a mermaid of no mean ability, and it was only natural that they should enjoy a dip in the Pacific.

The pair raced out for a considerable distance, and were returning toward shore, when Bebe was caught in a powerful rip-tide beyond the second line of breakers. So strong was the current that she was being swept further out despite her strenuous efforts to make shallow water.

Gertrude was within hearing distance, and Bebe could easily have called for help, but—

The film star remembered the crowd of newspaper folks lolling on her front porch.

Should the world's greatest feminine swimmer rescue her, it would crash the front pages. She was afraid the public might chalk the incident up as a "cheap publicity stunt."

Muster ing her last ounce of strength, she determined to swim or sink. She won after a terrific struggle.

Gertrude, noting the exhausted condition of the actress when they reached the sand, asked why she hadn't requested aid.

"I'd rather have drowned, under the circumstances," she replied.

They tried it again the following day, this time without an audience. The girl who had mastered the channel was caught in the same rip.

Bebe had to assist her into shallow water!

The Bennett and Markey family seem to be settling down to absolute wedded bliss!

They are very much in love, and Joan knew her mind this time! She and her first husband met in Europe, ran away and married—and didn't live happily ever after! . . . Just a couple of kids eager to have everything all at once—without understanding what anything was all about!

Now Joan's baby is four years old, and Joan is just twenty-two, though she still looks sixteen. Joan's baby seems to heartily approve of Mother's choice and is highly delighted with her new daddy. She calls him "Daddy Gene"—and when she calls him, he jumps, and don't you think he doesn't!

Joan and Gene bought Warner Baxter's former Malibu Beach house at a big bargain, much to Warner's amusement!

Joan and Gene asked him, "Where can we find a house at Malibu?"

"I'll sell you one, if you like it," quickly answered Warner. He quoted them a price several thousand lower than he had ever thought of offering it—he claims he doesn't yet know why—and they liked it and took it within a few hours!

"That's the time even a woman wouldn't have had time to change her mind," chuckles Warner; "I can't


15¢ in the Far West and Canada.

Sold exclusively at F. W. Woolworth Co.
think to this day just why I priced it $4,000 lower than I paid for it! But they’re grand folks and good neighbors, and they never knew the difference—so why not?"

J O A N is the most popular girl on the Fox lot. Every one sings her praises, from the office boy to the highest executive.

She is such an excellent trouper that she rushed from one picture into another after she came out of the hospital, and made four pictures in three months, before she had a breathing spell and a chance to really get acquainted at home with her brand-new, much-enthralled husband.

W A N T to know what a movie star likes to do with her long evenings?

Joan Crawford’s favorite evenings are the ones in which she can slip into some lounging pajamas and after dinner curl up in a big chair before the fire with a bowl of apples on one side and cracked nuts on the other.

In her lap she will have either a rug in the making or some piece of sewing, and Bing Crosby will be singing to her from the victrola in the corner—or Doug will read to her or sculp on his latest likeness—or they will quietly discuss his next story or hers, until far, far into the evening.

J O A N has invented a clever idea to cover the painfully undecorative effect of blankets!

You know, when you throw the spread back from the bed just before you crawl in at night? You know how sort of shockingly immodest the bare blankets thus disclosed appear?

Well, Joan has been making soft silk gauze covers to throw over the blankets between the decorative spread and the blankets so that, when you toss back the spread, lo, a beautiful embroidery or crocheted gauze covering, quite as pretty as the spread is disclosed and the bed looks quite alluring.

It has made them for all the beds in her home and has made several for friends who admired them, and now they have become quite the fashion in Hollywood film folk’s homes!

J O A N would never dream of eating a cracker, a piece of bread or starch in any form, but she is varying her strict diet with shredded wheat for luncheon these days. Quite a departure from fruit salads and unsweetened tea for Joan. She is not quite such a splinter as she used to be.

She has to keep that perfect figure for the screen, however, and any one who thinks the gorgeous sleevet of the screen just come that way is a psychopathic case, according to Joan. They have the skill of sheer self-control and self-inflicted hunger strikes! And that’s that!

J O A N believes the secret of appeal and charm in a feminine wardrobe is color harmony.

Crawford wears a complete ensemble of color scheme whether for the evening or for sport. If she wears a blue and white gown, she will carry the same shades in purses, hat, gloves, shoes, stockings and accessories—and Joan always looks smart.

J O A N hero-worships with a depth and intensity which few people could duplicate. She has a drawer at home full and brimming over with articles by O. O. McIntyre. She has cut out and saved every article written by him for a long time.

“I am usually in such a rush in the mornings I cannot enjoy him as I should,” explains Joan. “So I just cut out his column or any article of his I see and put it in this drawer. If I haven’t time to cut it out before I rush off to the studio, my maid is instructed to cut it out for me.

Harry Bannister is vacationing at Molibu. Since his divorce from Ann Harding he has been making no attempt to work, getting himself in shape for a fighting attack upon either the stage or the films.

J O A N and Douglas, Jr., have a budget system whereby there is no chance to them or they may have an official keeper of the purse, who gives each one twenty-five dollars a week for spending money—and not a cent more.

Louis Blomberg is this financial tyrant of the Fairbanks family. Louis is a superintender and Douglas’s and Joan’s joint secretary and business manager.

Joan and Doug strictly instructed Louis he must never let them overdraw on their spending money—and Louis doesn’t—that is, all except Joan, sometimes! But if the fair Joan were to coax and wheedle you for an extra package of cigarettes, saying (oh, quite contritely) that she has spent her allowance, what would you do? ... Well, that’s just what Louis does, too!“

J O A N and Douglas say the most treasured prize in their home is a death mask of Napoleon.

There are only two in the world, and they possess one. Doug has made quite a study of Napoleon’s life and thoughts; so intimately has he studied the man that he has assumed the proportions of the death mask of a dearly beloved friend, and when he looks at it he has the wonderful feeling that he knew the man in life!

G A R B O is a dynamo of nervous energy or a picture of complete relaxation.

After finishing a picture she spends whole days in bed, having her meals served there and reading constantly, or whole days lying in the sun in her enclosed garden, wearing only a bathing suit. She can lie for hours upon her back, moving a muscle, completely relaxed.

S H E loves orange juice and drinks it at regular intervals during the warm summer days. In colder weather she substitutes black tea with lemon or the same black, or with a little cream.

T H E dressing table in Garbo’s studio dressing-rooms is the largest one on the lot. Especially made for Garbo, its surface is heavy plate glass and its huge mirror is outlined in powerful electric light bulbs.

The Garbo dressing suite consists of three rooms, two living-rooms and a dressing-room, with a connecting shower. In one room the hangings and furniture are of deep wine-red velour, in the other of royal blue velvet. The dressing-room itself has draperies of cretonne and enameled furniture of pale, cool apple green.

G A R B O is one of the world’s fortunate women. She doesn’t have to diet. But she eats moderately and never between meals. Every noon, when she is working at the studio, her luncheon tray is sent from the studio commissary to her dressing-room. It always contains a sandwich on rye bread, two slices of imported Swiss cheese, a small dish of some kind of cooked fruit and a pot of black tea.
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(Continued from page 29)

and mailed it to Carl. It will have the effect of getting it off my mind.

I had a visit from the Los Angeles correspondent of the New York Times, who has been ordered to wire a thousand-word interview with me on what I think of Hollywood now that I have settled down here. Before he arrived I dictated the thousand words to Bob and it was exactly all he wanted.

To-morrow, R.K.O. have got to take up my first option. I haven’t heard from them yet, but I have no doubt that it will come through. Did I tell you I had got on to Evelyn Brent and asked her to dinner? She’s having a party at the same place so I shall see her and it will cost me nothing! That’s the kind of economist I am!

I expect you’re having a pretty anxious time about the play, and it will be rotten for you on the first night, being deprived of my encouraging presence!

I am hoping still to get a good horror picture without corpses, and I am certain that “Kong” is going to be a wow.

Wednesday, 20th January, 1932.

There was another party at Walter Huston’s last night. By the way, these are the only dinner parties I have been to yet where everybody dresses. Walter Huston’s sister was there, Mrs. Carrington, a very remarkable woman. She has a house in Santa Barbara but she lives in the East. Between her and Walter is a very sincere affection, but he is a man of whom everybody is terribly fond of.

Bobbie Jones was present—not the golfer but the man who designed the scenery and directed many of Eugene O’Neill’s plays, a very amusing fellow. He did “Desire Under the Elms” in which Walter Huston played. Also Dr. Ellis Jones, who is one of the three big bone specialists in America. He expected to be called by “phone and didn’t even take a cocktail.

We talked about ghosts through the meal and premonitions. It was a very interesting evening, though the party broke up a little sooner than last week, and I was home by half past twelve.

In the course of the evening Walter called up Clark Gable, who lives in the same building, with the idea of getting him down to their flat, but he was out. They say he’s a terribly nice fellow and that success hasn’t spoiled him. In one year he has become the biggest of all the screen attractions, and probably draws more money into the boxoffice than Greta Garbo. Nan said that beyond being a little dazed by his success he is unchanged. I shall probably meet him in the course of the next week or so.

Thursday, 21st January, 1932.

I had the shock of my life last night. Joan Carr called me up and asked me if I’d like to dine with young Jesse Lasky and a woman whose name I forget, and I suggested the Brown Derby. Jesse Lasky turned out to be an awfully nice boy, but I think that his father, the Famous Players (Please turn to page 82)
Friendly, gentle laxative!

The laxative you're using may "work" all right.
But does it work safely or harmlessly—in the long run? Does it have any harmful after-effects? Do you really know?

Violent laxatives cause elimination of the food waste in utter disregard of the normal action of the bowel muscles. Often they are habit-forming. Repeated dosing with violent cathartics does more harm than good.

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The right kind of laxative works like Nature. It gently stimulates your bowel muscles to return to work. It gives these muscles just a friendly "nudge" when normal action is delayed.

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Ex-Lax does not rob your bowel muscles of their natural impulse to function properly. Ex-Lax helps these muscles to function easily and normally—as Nature intended. Ex-Lax gives Nature gentle, friendly, but effective aid. That's why doctors everywhere approve the Ex-Lax way.

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Troy, Pa.

Please send me a free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name

Address

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Lasky, lost heavily in the big slump, and from enormous riches to go on at the old rate or even at a smaller rate, and as most of the executives here are my personal friends, I am sure this would have been done.

Cooper, who is on the "general staff," told me that the matter had never been discussed, and in his opinion they have not the slightest idea that my option is due. My first period of eight weeks terminates to-morrow week. They have the right to keep me on for another two weeks to clear up anything I am doing or which is unfinished. There will be so many unfinished things that I am pretty certain to go the extra two weeks.

I dined with Lee Marcus, his assistant, and Kenneth Macgowan was a fourth. He has come out to be story editor. He is a friend of Nigel's and was the man behind "Leather Harvest." His duties are rather nebulous at the moment. I expect to hear something tomorrow about myself.

Saturday, 23rd January, 1932.

I STILL have no satisfaction about the renewal of my contract.

They have had four stories, one of them quite good, two of them very good, but there is no department which receives stories or reports on them or lets me know what is happening. With the exception of "Kong" I have no information as to the reactions of the people who have read them. "Kong" itself, although it has been written over a fortnight, has not been read by the chief executive. It is rather like living in a madhouse.

Now they want me to write a mystery story and turn it in by next week, and I don't know whether they will continue my contract, which means that if it's a very good story they can say: "No, we won't give you a contract but we'll take the story because it has been written in our time."

So I wrote to your cable saying you had booked a provisional passage on the 24th with mixed feelings.

I should hate to wire you not to come.

Saturday. Later.

I WENT down and had a talk with Selznick. I am very anxious to produce a picture and he promised me I should.

It will be called "The Man Without a Face."

He was very tired; he says he has had seven weeks of hell in this reconstruction period, and he apologized for not having given me more time. Altogether it was a very satisfactory talk, for it was rather disturbing not to know what one was doing and to have all one's plans upset.

The truth is that in these seven weeks I have not had a chance of proving myself, and that is what I was most anxious to have.

I met Richard Dix on the lot and we had a long talk about directors.

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Cooper is enthusiastic about my directing a picture, and he’s got a great scheme, which he uses, of having every key shot drawn by an artist.

I also met Joel McCrea and lunched with a big naval aero plane designer, a friend of Cooper’s, and his very charming young wife.

Sunday, 24th January, 1932.

I GAVE a dinner last night at the Embassy to Walter Huston and Nan. Lee Marcus and his wife came along, and Cooper looked in later. I was very tired, but it was quite successful. Theda Bara and Fatty Arbuckle were there, and I met Evelyn Brent. She is very charming.

Your pictures have created quite a sensation with my domestic staff. Marie, the cook, ventured the opinion that I should never find anything in Hollywood as good-looking as you. I thought that would go well with you. And of course they are in ecstasies about Penny. (Mr. Wallace’s young daughter.)

I took them down to Walter Huston’s last night and showed them round, and they were generally admired. Even my barber, who came up to cut my hair, expressed the view that you were fine and dandy, so you’ve passed.

To-day is simply glorious, and here am I working, though I don’t exactly know what should be done if I weren’t working. Sleeping perhaps.

I have just called up Evelyn Brent on the phone, and as two o’clock in the afternoon she certainly is sleeping. I am dining with her on Tuesday night, and I am dining with Walter Huston to-morrow night, just a private little dinner to talk over business possibilities, and I am dining with Bayard Veiller on Wednesday night, and dining with Guy and going to the premiere of Greta Garbo’s new play on Thursday, and dining with Dr. Ellis Jones on Friday. On Saturday night I shall probably be dining out.

Curiously enough, it is a week in which I had planned to do a lot of work. If I can get the work done in the day it won’t matter, but on Tuesday I’ve got a lecture and lunch with the Advertising Club of Los Angeles.

None of the Hollywood stars or even the feature players have their names in the telephone book. I suppose they get called up by their fans, and one has to go to all sorts of trouble to find out their addresses. Because the telephone people will not tell you. The telephone system here is perfect. It is worked by the dial method, and you very rarely get a wrong number. If you want to call New York, three thousand miles away, you don’t even have to hang up. This is rather amazing. On ordinary days you can get through to England in about half an hour.

It is rather a nuisance not having had letters from you for so long, because I don’t know what you are doing on Saturdays, for example. I am wondering if you are going over to Switzerland for the week-end, where Michael (a son) is and when he is going to have his tonsils out. I presume you are bringing him on the 24th.

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Everybody’s delighted to hear you are coming and there have been paragraphs in the newspaper about it! Where the information came from I am at a loss to know, but apparently they knew as soon as I did, even though they had the date wrong and fixed the 15th.

Tuesday, 26th January, 1932.

I DINED with Walter Huston and Nan last night. There were just us three. We talked about various things, and had a little business talk about a radio engagement he has been offered. I think it was very pleasant, and I left about a quarter past eleven. Walter improves very much you meet him, and Nan is very sweet! Walter is very gentle, and so is Nan, for the matter of that, but she’s got a shrewder conception of actualities.

When I went down to the studio yesterday and told Cooper I was getting on with my crime story, I incidentally mentioned another story I had in my mind. I think I told you we should meet yesterday; if I did, Bob will cut it out. He went up to the ceiling at the idea, said it was the swellest opening for a picture he’d ever seen, and I shall am working on it now. I will send you the complete scenario when I am through.

My Constance Bennett scenario wasn’t passed by the Constance Bennett section of R.K.O. They had about twenty stories to choose from and they chose another. As a matter of fact, I am learning a tremendous lot of what is required in motion pictures, not only the angles My the interests that the public wants, and when I get back I’ll be able to give British Lion a real ripsnorter. Tell Sam that if you meet him.

Wednesday, 27th January, 1932.

I HAD a sleep in the late afternoon and at half past seven went up to Evelyn Brent’s. Joan, who is a very close friend of Evelyn’s, was there, and Lowell Sherman came to see a very young Evelyn Brent tremendously. She thinks Chalklands (the Wallace country home) one of the loveliest houses that she’s ever been in. She is a very real person, terribly sane and without any hokum at all. We talked about various people in the film business. She was very anxious that if I directed a film I should give a chance to a girl who is under contract to M-G-M, who, she thinks, is a grand actress. Lowell Sherman agreed. He has played with her. Her name is Karen Morley. She’s got a small part in “Mata Hari,” if you see it.

Sherman was very interesting about old-time actors. He knows London very well. We had quite a long talk about Ethel Barrymore and George Arliss. They bought Pauline Frederick’s house up on Sunset, tore down the old rose houses, built swimming pool, refitted the house with brick bathrooms, and now it is a white elephant on their hands and they want to sell it or let it. They want $25,000 a month for it. One way and another the house cost them $140,000 and they will be lucky to sell it for that; although it occupies a very posh position, it is too near Sunset and its traffic.

Evelyn, as I say, looks as lovely as ever. Her nickname, by the way, is Betty, and her husband calls her Brent. That is one of the curious things about Hollywood, that people are referred to by their surnames. You never speak of Greta Garbo except as Garbo, or Norma Shearer except as Shearer.

Thursday, 28th January, 1932.

THE dinner last night at Bayard Veiller’s was quite an experience, though I didn’t get the names of three or four people who were there. Bayard Veiller is very charming. She says she has met you. Norma Shearer was there and Irving Thalberg; and do you remember Billie Burke? She is just as lovely as ever, though she has a grown-up daughter. When I was introduced, she said: “I don’t believe it!” She said she had heard so much about you, but never dreamt we should meet.

I used to think what a swell actress she was in the old days, when one went to little cinemas in Oxford Street. She was very delightful to meet, and I hope, to see her again. Her husband is Flo Ziegfeld, of Ziegfeld Follies fame.

Norma was terribly nice, and we spoke about Pat Hastings. By the way, I wrote to him last night. I like Thalberg and he is extra nice, but one of the most competent men here. I am going to do an article about him. My scenario is proceeding slowly but surely: it is the best I have done so far.

Friday, 29th January, 1932.

I WENT down to the studio and at lunch met the highest hats. It was funny to see bankers and people taking a fifty-cent lunch. Actually I lunched with Cooper, but afterwards Lehman, the girl who is a legend, joined us, and then David Selznick came in.

In the evening I dined with Guy and had three large lamb chops, this being my fifth lamb chop in a day. I have got quite a passion for lamb just now. Afterwards we drove to the opening of “Mata Hari.”

It is an amazing show. Outside the streets are crowded, and about two hundred policemen are on duty controlling traffic and the people, who were lined six deep along the sidewalk for quite a long way to see the platinums pass. If you are a celebrity you pause and make a little speech into the microphone which is broadcast to the crowd. But carefully hiding away my cigarette holder, I dodged through and avoided this veryauce. The only person who got a hand from the audience was Mary Pickford. Douglas Fairbanks was with her.

The place was packed with film celebrities, but I seemed to be reading the programme when most of them arrived. There was an entertainment, which was supposed (Please turn to page 85)
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to begin at half past eight and actually began at a quarter past nine. It lasted till half past eleven, and at a quarter to twelve the picture began.

It was an experience, but I am not passionately keen on repeating it.

I had a wire from Billie Burke this morning: “Your lovely flowers made me realize I had really met you last night. It was as delightful as opening the flowers this morning.” She was very gracious. It was two o'clock before I got home last night, and I slept till nine. I don't remember getting up at nine for a very long time.

This is the last day of my old contract, and the new one begins to-morrow. It doesn't seem eight weeks since I've been here, and ten weeks since I left England. Life is so settled here that it is almost difficult to believe that I can have any other existence outside of 716 North Maple Drive. I have most carefully avoided engagements next week, but I have a feeling that one or two may come along. Norma Shearer threatened to ask me to dinner, and somebody else.

Saturday, 30th January, 1932.

LAST night I dined with Dr. Ellis Jones. He and his wife are great fans of mine, and they are close friends of Walter Huston. Cecil de Mille was there and his wife, and a lawyer whose name I forgot. It was quite a sort of family dinner, a sit-down-and-talk-after affair, but it was half past twelve before one knew what the time was.

You will remember that Cecil de Mille was staying with Bunny Banner- man. He has a ranch an hour outside of Hollywood—a perfectly wild place. He says not a night passes but a mountain lion comes down and sniffs around. He asked me if I'd like to come and stay with him, and I said no, although if there was anything in the mountain lion story I'd get me a rifle and go out. I have never shot a mountain lion, who is probably not as formidable as he sounds.


COOPER telephoned yesterday morning, or rather his secretary did, to say that we were to meet at his place at 8.30 and the dinner would be round about nine. I collected Zarì Maritzka, and when we got to the Chateau Elysee I discovered that the meeting time was 9.30. In other words I was nearly an hour before everybody. About ten they began to trickle in. Fay Wray, a lovely girl, the wife of a Rhodes scholar, John Monk Saunders, the man who wrote “Wings” and “Dawn Patrol” and himself a very charming man, were there, and Sylvia Sidney, another perfectly lovely creature, a little bit bigger than Penny.

One or two other celebrities whose names I didn't catch first, and then the R.K.O. party, with David Selznick and Mrs. Selznick, Lehman the banker, and an eminent banker whose name I don't know and his wife turned up round about eleven. It was half-past eleven when we sat down to the dinner at the Mayfair.

(To be continued)

The New Movie Magazine, September, 1932

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Radically new

most vital improvement in sanitary protection since the invention of Kotex itself in 1920

the new

Phantom

Kotex

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

AT LAST! A radically new design in sanitary protection. Made, of course, by Kotex—originators of the modern sanitary napkin.

It is called PHANTOM® KOTEX. Why? Because it is so flattened and tapered that it leaves no outlines even under the closest-fitting gowns. Not the slightest bulk even under the filmiest summer silk.

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The special Kotex features you have always appreciated are retained, of course. It is soft even after hours of use; wonderfully absorbent; can be worn, with equal protection, on either side; disposable, easily and quickly.

Do not be confused. Other sanitary pads calling themselves form-fitting; other styles with so-called tapered ends, are in no sense the same as the New Phantom Kotex, U. S. Patent No. 1,857,854.

Buy the new. Test and compare it. Only so can you fully appreciate all that this unique discovery means.

Insist upon getting genuine Kotex, when you buy it already wrapped. Each tapered end of the new pad is stamped "Kotex" now—so you can't get inferior substitutes. And this new improvement comes to you at no increase in price! Kotex Company, Chicago.

HOW SHALL I TELL MY DAUGHTER?

Many a mother wonders, Now you simply hand your daughter the story booklet entitled, "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday." For free copy, address Mary Pauline Callender, Room 2162, 160 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

Note! Kotex—not at your dealer's-marked "Form-Fitting" is the new Phantom® Kotex.
Children gain in every way with this delicious drink!

Cocomalt

Evelyn Brent had brought a party, and when they were dancing I stepped over and joined them.

One of the party was to have been Olga Andre, but she sort of got caught up in connection and they had to go and fetch her. She is supposed to be a ravishing beauty out of New York. She is R.K.O.'s new find.

Jamieson Thomas was there. He used to be at Elstree. Lowell Sherman brought Ethelind Terry and I met her. Ricardo Cortez stopped in his dance for a little cross talk and introduced me to his partner, Genevieve Tobin, who is very anxious to come to London to do a play. She is a charming girl.

I met Jeanette MacDonald, who was dancing around. She is a very attractive girl. It was a very quiet party and we left at four in the morning. I took Sari Mariza, whose name is Pat, back to her artistic apartment and arrived home about twenty past four and went to bed at five. Robert (his valet) was on deck, looking a bit pop-eyed. He is terribly nervous and treats such hours as an adventure, though he had to be up at ten at the latest.

Monday, 1st February, 1932.

I DIDN'T do a great deal of work yesterday except to write a couple of letters. It was a day before the event. I am a little bit held up on my scenario, which has gone tame on me after a very excellent opening. It has gone wrong because of wrong characterization, but I think I can correct this in a day.

Jean Carr went to the Hustons to supper last night. They asked me, but I was a little too comfortable to go out. She has 'phoned me and told me that Richard Arlen and his wife were there, and that the conversation was entirely about me. Which shows!

Tuesday, 2nd February, 1932.

ON Saturday night, I forgot to tell you, I was introduced to a great friend of Garbo's. Greta's reticence is no pose. She told me a lot about her. She was an assistant in a barber's shop—used to mix the latter—then went into a little hat shop, where a producer met her. He developed her into a Swedish success and eventually brought her to Hollywood, where she was getting $15 a week. I really am working at the picture to-day, and want to turn it in to-morrow. It has been necessary to reconstruct it. As I shall probably direct it, I am trying to make it as easy as I can for myself. If I get the thing finished in time for the next mail I really will send you a copy.

Wednesday, 3rd February, 1932.

This has been rather a muddled day, if you please. In the first place, I woke at five, coughing due to the very strong east wind that blew in on me, and as I told you in my letter, I dropped off until the p.m. and tackled the scenario, when we came out of our trance.

I went down to the studio with the completed manuscript, and found Cooper and handed the script over to him.

Cooper and I were going to lunch, but it was about a quarter to twelve and we thought it was an indecent hour. I had agreed to pick him up at half past twelve, but by that time I had got in tow with Lee Marcus, who is the President of the Pathé Company, now allied to R.K.O. and not only allied but absorbed. He is a delightful man, a brilliant mind with a large and sane view of world affairs. You will probably see me in New York—I have asked him to call on you. Remember the name—Lee Marcus. Anyway, R.K.O. are going to do everything to facilitate your passage through the Customs, and I expect Carl Brandt will be doing the same.

By the way, R.K.O. have given me a new contract, which is not a renewal of the old. Lee Marcus is all against my having contracts at all. He hasn't one and never had one, so why bother about it, he says. Anyway, I've got it.

Thursday, 4th February, 1932.

I HAVE got into the bad Hollywood habit of not sending out invitations to anything, even one. It only feels as if it's going to be sore.

I have asked Genevieve Tobin to my party. The chances are, however, that I'll have to get a scratch party at the last minute.

Friday, 5th February, 1932.

I NURSED my cold all day yesterday. My throat is sore, and I have no temperature whatever. Cooper has got exactly the same kind of throat. He blames the drinking water, but I think we can blame our ailment to the sudden change of weather and the dropping of temperature, accompanied by heavy rain. In his case he wears a cap and in my case I slept with the window.
Edgar Wallace's Hollywood Diary
(Continued from page 86)

open. I don't think there is anything more mysterious about it than that.

Last night I had a frantic wire from Mary Pickford, which I enclose. I
sent her some flowers on Christmas Eve and a note thanking her for all
she did for Bryan and she didn't acknowledge it. About five weeks later
I sent her a note saying I hoped it hadn't gone astray, but that I shouldn't
like her to feel that I was unappreciative of what she did for Bryan. I will
probably dine with her next week.

Saturday, 6th February, 1932.

I TOOK Joan to lunch yesterday at
the Embassy. In the middle of
lunch Marlene Dietrich came in with
Von Sternberg and her little daugh-
ter.

There was nobody else of interest at
the club, and nothing really happened
that day. I am nursing this suppressed
cold of mine, and went to bed at 10.30,
had a very excellent night and got up
at 7.30.

I hope to knock off a few articles
to-day and start to-morrow on serious
work. I have not had any reaction
on my scenario yet, but then the ex-
ecutives are recovering from the visit
of the bankers, who, thank God, have
gone back to New York. Lee Marcus
has also gone, and I am sorry for that
because he's a swell fellow and I shall
miss him.

Your news about the play is very
cheerful, and I am not holding you to
it if it flops. But somehow I feel you
can always smell a flop when it's com-
ing, and you never get quite that same
feeling as you have when you see a
pretty good play rehearsed with a com-
petent cast. It must have been a very
good experience for you, having a play
to put on whilst I am away, and al-
though it must have been a bit of a
strain and a trouble, it has been of im-
mense value to you (said he smugly).
But seriously, I do feel that you couldn't
have had this experience under better
conditions.

At this point the osteopath came, Dr.
Bell. Make a note of his telephone
number—Gladstone——. He gave me
a real tussling about—broke my neck
twice, broke my feet four times, gave
me belly treatment and back treatment.
used a vibrator and alcohol and gen-
erally left me feeling a better man. I
like him very much and I've arranged
for him to see me twice a week, not be-
cause I am ill but because I feel ever
so much better after his treatment,
which was for a cold and bronch. He is
a youngish-looking man, but he told me
he's been thirty-three years in Holly-
wood and has only once seen a rattle-
snake. Before he came I was feeling a
little bit dopey, but I am quite gay
and bright now. In fact, I feel I have had
a tremendous lot of exercise without
the weariness and concomitant per-
spiration.

Sunday, 7th February, 1932.

THERE was a time when my dinner
party last night looked like being
a froth. The Hustens couldn't come
and the Selznicks couldn't come and
(Please turn to page 87)

TOWER BOOKS, Incorporated
55 Fifth Avenue New York
The New Movie Magazine, September, 1932

Edgar Wallace's Hollywood Diary
(Continued from page 87)

It's a Great Life
(Continued from page 59)

Edgar Wallace's Hollywood Diary
(Continued from page 87)

Keep your skin smooth and supple with this marvelous Olive Oil Face Powder

A HOT summer sun may be fine for your health, but what it does to your skin! The scorching rays take out its natural oils... leave your complexion dry, dull and lifeless.

Soon, wrinkles appear. Parched tissues shrink and shrivel. Your skin, deprived of its essential moisture, grows brown, taut and "leathery."

Here's the safe way to protect your complexion. Every day, before you go out, use Outdoor Girl Oil Face Powder. Its luxurious Olive Oil base (found in no other powder) acts as a "softener" on sun-dried skin... soothing it, restoring its normal suppleness. Outdoor Girl Oil for hours, yet it never cakes or becomes "patchy."

Try this different face powder today! Discover why millions of women will use no other. Outdoor Girl comes in 7 popular shades to blend naturally with any complexion.

Keep outdoor Girl Oil Face Powder and other Olive Oil Beauty Products regularly priced at $1.00 in the better drug and department stores. Try-out sizes, too, at 10c each, may be found in the leading "chains." Buy your box of Outdoor Girl today, or mail the coupon for liberal samples of both the Olive Oil and Lightex face powders and the new Liquefying Cleansing Cream which cleans the skin as no soap can.

Edgar Wallace's Hollywood Diary
(Continued from page 87)

Heather, after accepting, rang up to say that she had to be at the studio at ten the next morning and wanted to go to bed early. Apparently they telephoned that she was not required, for about six she phoned saying she would be with us. I arranged it so that she could meet at the house for cocktails, and Marie, who rose nobly to the occasion, had all sorts of little anchoives and celery produced and whatnots and Robert produced two varieties of cocktails, which were approved.

Dr. Ellis Jones and Mrs. Jones came early. They are very nice, simple people and, curiously enough, they had never been to a Hollywood party, though God knows there was nothing exciting about it.

Then I discovered that nobody had called for Genevieve Tobin, and when we got her number we discovered that she was on her way, so that was all right. Lowell Sherman, who is really a most amusing devil, arrived. He said he had been with the polo players for three days.

Heather, looking her usually marvelous self, arrived in my car, which I sent for her. She lives about ten miles away from me. By the way, she brought an invitation to Ivor Novello's farewell party, at which the Crawfords and Douglas Fairbanks, etc., will be present. It might be fun, and if I can get a good start on my story I'll go.

Harry Edwards and Evelyn Brent came a little late, and young Jesse Lasky brought Joan. The surprise of the evening was Richard Cortes who turned up. I wasn't sure that he was coming.

Robert, in his grand habilé, and Marie in black, looked after them, and as Marie said, it was a pleasure to wait on them. They certainly were a lovely couple, the two of them.

We went to the Club about a quarter to ten, having sent eight small bottles of champagne down in advance, a bottle of red wine, and a bottle of red whine. That is a recognized practice—why you send it on in a bag and the waiters bring it in, having first ostentatiously placed ginger-ale and white rock on the table.

It was a very gay party and quite amusing. I had Mrs. Jones on my left and Betty Brent on my right. At the next table was Fatty Arbuckle and his fiancée, and he is a most amusing devil. I was introduced to him by Lowell Sherman. All the evening he was singing quietly to himself, improvising ways to do things I don't know how many other stars. Sari Maritza came to party a party very late, looking lovely. I had a long talk with Evelyn and a long talk with Genevieve Tobin, who I think is a very fine actress.

It was half past two before anybody made a move to go, and I was home at three. I am having breakfast. Heather, Genevieve and young Jesse Lasky, who had left his car outside my house and picked it up to take Genevieve back to Los Angeles, and from Los Angeles to where he was living at Santa Monica. In other words, he had a thirty-mile drive ahead of him when I left him.

I think Heather had a lovely time. Yours and Penny's photographs were there, and as usual everybody was talking to Ellis Jones about Penny's glands. He was pointing out what a marvelous thing it was that Penny did develop appendicitis. He said the pains were probably not caused by the appendix at all but by the condition which the glands had set up, and what a great blessing it was that the operation was performed.

He said that there is a doctor in London, who is curing rheumatism by injections, and he gave me his name, which I am telegraphing. He said this man has marvelous cures.

There is going to be another club night at the Embassy—they have them every fortnight—the night you arrive, but I think you'll be too tired for a party, and I am arranging this the following Saturday. I think everybody will want to give you a party—the Harmons and the Brents certainly will. You ought to have a gay time, though not perhaps the most restful time, but you can sleep in this house till one o'clock if the dining room is so quiet.

I want Genevieve Tobin to play in this new picture I have written, as soon as I can get it passed by the executive, and we discuss it at length. She is very enthusiastic, and I think she is the right type. She is pretty and she can act, which is very important.

(Here Mr. Wallace's diary was ended by his sudden death—as was ended the career of a brilliant and lovable man.)
It's a Great Life

"Only lost one game out of twenty-one we played," says Eddie, with his best smile.

It was at Santa Clara that young Lowe first took to dramatics. One of his great successes was the Henry Irving part in "The Bells." For which role he wore a long gray beard and chewed up most of Santa Clara's best scenery.

The boy was just a natural born actor. Most Irish-Californians are whether they ever get to the footlights or not. Graduating at eighteen he was the youngest graduate to receive a Bachelor of Arts degree—Eddie stayed another year as a member of the faculty, trying to make up his mind whether to be a priest or not. Finally, deciding that he didn't have a real call, Eddie left and went on the stage. The famous old Alcazar Stock Company in San Francisco saw his maiden professional efforts and no matter what anybody says now, his first role was that of a butler. And he wasn't such a good butler, either. Too young, probably.

But you couldn't keep a handsome youth, six feet tall and with an Irish grin and trained in dramatics by the Jesuits, down for long. Not on the stage, anyway. Eddie became a juvenile shortly and the debs of San Francisco made him a success. He knew all about fan mail by the time he was twenty-one. In those days he answered his own—sometimes in person.

His first New York success was in "The Brat" with Maude Fulton. For six years he played on Broadway, and had a year under the master himself, David Belasco, when he played opposite Lenore Ulrich in "The Son-Daughter."

All that training put him in a great spot when the talkies came along. Silent pictures had given him success, but when the microphone was hung on the set he was in his glory.

Everyone remembers Edmund Lowe as the sergeant in "What Price Glory?" and "The Cock-eyed World." It was a character he loved. "Most fun I ever had was playing that hard-boiled top kick," he says.

The Lows—Eddie and Lil—live in a charming Spanish house in Beverly Hills and are probably, taken as a whole, the most popular couple socially in Hollywood. Of course, Lil gets most of the credit.

But don't overlook old man Lowe as a host. He dispenses real hospitality and it isn't all bottled by any means. On any subjects that men particularly like to talk about—any sport, for example, Eddie knows fascinating anecdotes. One of his closest friends is Eric Pedley, the great polo star. Eddie knows football much better than most fans. He never misses a game and he's the sort of spectator who outcheers the rooting sections.

I think those who are Eddie's friends appreciate deeply his gaiety, his enthusiasm and the ability to look upon life as a great adventure, full of good things. If you should ever happen to meet him, you'd like him even better off the screen than you do on. Which can't, I'm sorry to say, be said for all actors.
Your Windows Tell the Story to the Outside World

The Barrymore Mystery
(Continued from page 50)

With Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul."

Keep them Well-Dressed with CLOPAY Window Shades
only 10¢ each

They look expensive at your windows—and they actually outwear shades costing five to ten times as much! Made of patented, tough fibre fabric that doesn't fade, fray or crack. Millions now in use. Use CLOPAY Shades everywhere. Rich plain colors for formal rooms. Other styles faced with decorative chintz patterns for informal interiors. Full size—easily cut down for smaller windows. Attached in a jiffy to your old rollers without tacks or tools. At 5¢ and 10¢ stores and 5¢ to $1.00 stores everywhere, 10¢ each. In Canada 15¢.

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tried it again and again. The evening wore on. The poor actor became almost a nervous wreck.

"Now, old man, it's quite all right," Barrymore would assure him. "Everybody does that sometimes. Come right along and we'll get it next scene."

Ruth Chatterton and a big cast were working overtime, and production schedules were piling up, but Barrymore continued to soothe the poor actor who was the cause of it all. Finally he got the lines right.

Barrymore excused himself for a second, and slid into the room next to the mixing-booth. The "mixer" relates the rest.

"He cussed everybody and everything up and down until he got it out of his system—then went down, smiling and calm, and shot some more scenes," relates that functionary.

Barrymore wouldn't let the cast see that he was nervous or upset.

An actor himself, he knew that a nervous director means a nervous cast. Once the director "blows up," the cast does likewise. So he just slipped away from the players and got it off his system!

On the set in a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer sound stage, Barrymore will find a quiet corner, a newspaper, and perhaps his script. There he'll be between scenes. He doesn't mingle around between setups and get out of character. In fact, when he plays a role, he usually keeps pretty much in character before the camera and away from it. He will work late without complaint, give up his luncheon hour if the schedule is behind—anything to help the production go on.

He was ill one day—very ill. But a young actor was going to take a test for "Grand Hotel," and wanted Barrymore to help him by playing a scene with him. Barrymore went to the set, did the scene several times, and never even hinted that he didn't feel well. He wouldn't do anything that might hinder that boy from getting the job.

He's hunted too many jobs in his own lifetime. He's been a stage "super," sometimes not getting any pay for days, in small companies. In fact, it was not long before he earned five dollars a day as an actor that he says he doesn't really remember.

His idea of a good play is very simple, compared to the elaborate theories some elucidate.

"Interesting people doing and saying interesting things," is his formula. He doesn't care how big a part he plays or how small, if it's a part that he can make interesting.

He knows all about motivation, tempo, and all the rules of drama and acting. He'd dealt with them for so many years that familiarity breeds contempt. He says he doesn't know any rules now. Probably he's forgotten the form they took. They're all instinctive with him, now. He doesn't think there's anything complicated about it at all.

He tells young actors to talk naturally—forget voice-culture lessons. He illustrates by remarking that Lincoln had a bad voice—but rocked the world with it.

"It's still all a matter of gray matter—and it's all in the old bean," says Barrymore.

BARRYMORE assumes a gruff attitude; a sort of hardened camouflage. Sometimes he loves to grumble about things in general—and doesn't mean a word of it. It's his own quiet form of "kidding"—watching to see how people take his grumbling. He and his brother John get a great many laughs that way.

Incidentally, when the two work together as they did in "Arsene Lupin" or "Grand Hotel" it's a revelation to watch them. So perfectly is their action timed that one seems literally to know what the other is going to do before he does it. It seems almost like telepathy. Edmund Goulding, who directed them in "Grand Hotel," ventur ed the thought that it's because they always think at the same speed, and calls them "the synchronized Barrymores."

Barrymore does not enjoy being interviewed, except when an interviewer catches up with him, says what he has
to say in as few words as possible—and means every word.

"I know you are not wild about interviews," one fair young thing from a magazine apologized, "and so I hardly know what questions to ask you."

"Ask me anything—I'll answer. But maybe you won't print it," responded Barrymore.

"Suppose I asked you about your sex life?" she inquired archly.

"Same as anybody else's," said Barrymore. "Nothing unusual about that."

"Do you fear death?"

"Nope—not at all. But I'm darned afraid of the process of dying."

"Do you imagine you're the character you're playing?"

"Those that don't never really play a character."

"Do you try to figure out what the public wants?"

"No. Nobody knows. If I knew what the public wanted I'd be the richest man in the world."

"Are you afraid of the public?"

"Nope. Just curious. The public has a trick of setting somebody on a pedestal, just to tear him down again. It's natural—old as the ages. The trick is to keep off the pedestal if it looks too high."

"Would you rather act or direct?"

"All depends. To create anything you take the tool best suited. If somebody gave me a brush and a bucket of red paint and told me to paint a cardinal in his robes, I wouldn't throw it away and demand materials for a drypoint etching."

That's the way Barrymore gets interviewed—if anybody ever catches up with him.

He hates to pose for photographs. It's a bigger ordeal than having teeth pulled, he says. Once he was cornered and had to do it. He posed one side of his face, faced the camera, posed the other side, and started to walk out.

"Hey! Only three pictures!" said the photographer.

"Only got three sides to my face."

"But you hadn't had a sitting in four years."

"Well—I look the same now as I did four years ago—not a bit different!"

Lionel Barrymore in another characterization — with Elissa Landi in Fox's "Yellow Ticket."
The Barrymore Mystery

(Continued from page 21)

And Barrymore stamped back to his combined dressing-room and studio.

This room was a loft over a sound stage. Barrymore "promoted it." It is hung with etchings. There is a desk where he writes scripts. A piano where he plays and composes. A make-up shelf and rack for wardrobe. On the floor one usually finds the wardrobe and the make-up materials, however.

There is an ornate screen. Behind it, piled in confusion, are old scripts, bits of wardrobe, tubes of paint, half-finished etchings, old canvases, and what-not. It looks like chaos, but Barrymore can put his hand on anything.

He loves to slouch around in a loose-fitting sack suit, and drives his own small car out into the country on days off, with an etching-plate, in search of some appealing bit of scenery to transfer to paper. He hates to "dress up" and it is only on some special social occasion that he can be induced to. But—once he's dragged there, he's a Chesterfield.

He can be a brilliant talker over the radio, or even lecture, if he's in a "spot" where he can't help doing it—but loud are his protests when he has to. He hates to act. When he doesn't feel well. He hates a crowded studio commissary, and usually has his meals sent to his room. A retreat.

His man "Bill" attends to his every want, and watches over him as ardently as a mother watches over her baby. They are not in an argument with John's valet once over who was the better actor, and a fight was averted only by outside interference.

He revels in the invalid Kringlelein in "Grand Hotel," and made a classic out of it. Far different from his dominating roles in "A Free Soul" or "Guilty Hands," his sinister police chief in "The Yellow Ticket" or his famous stage performance in "The Jest," but—on some special social occasion that he can be induced to. But—once he's dragged there, he's a Chesterfield.

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The sun helps, the fruits and salads that taste best in summer help, summer sports make exercise easy.

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Send ten cents and we will mail "Reducing the Right Way" at once. (Canadian orders, 15c.)

Tower Books
Incorporated
55 Fifth Ave., New York

Nothing but Love

(Continued from page 41)

"I married a circus lady," he narrates. "Unless I approach her on a trapeze she do not think I am a Lover at all."

"Next!" roars Hon. Ogre. So into the arena step Hon. Jno. Barrymore, wearing the hat the Prince of Whales give him for a wedding present. He makes his eyes so heavy they weigh 49 lbs. and set in a chair like he was too tired to get there. Hon. Caramel Sweet get kind of nervous, waiting for his emotion to start. Hon. Barrymore look at a picture on the wall, pull a cigarette out of his cuff, go over to a mirror and decide that he got on the wrong color knickerbocker for a murder.

"Well?" declare Hon. Caramel, after 27 minutes wait.

"Well, what?" corrobore Hon. Jno.

"When you gone to begin?" she collapse.

"Oh. So you are there. Well, well. I hope that you froze outside, waiting for me. Ha. Do you expect me to amuse you? Or pay your doctor's bills? Or make myself ridiculous by knowing your name when I meet you in publick? Are that it?"

"But you are supposed to say—"

"Ah. yes. Women can be so tiresome. I am supposed to say, just to amuse your funny little mind, that you are afraid of me. Are that it, you think so? You are awful scared of me, eh what?"

"Nope," say Hon. Caramel, jingling a bell for Next.

This is are turn for Hon. Doug. Fairbanks to show how he can hand a lady such a fright that she will love him. Hon. Doug jump over 2 trees to get at her, but before he arrive there a telegram from Beverley Hills come scooching up. "You are late for lunch what for?—Mary." He read that description and slanked away, not feeling pretty dangerous any more.

But now Miss Caramel Sweet have met her Waterloo! For into the ring jump Hon. Je E. Brown like a spare part off a fire injine. His head
Nothing but Love

was covered with red hook & ladder millinery, and his mouth was so broad-
cast that when he smile he break his
knee. O what a lover to be scared by!
Miss Caramel lay there looking
like a angel full of ice cream. Hon.
Brown fetch a ladder from out of his
pocket, hitch it together and commence
climbing up to where she was. He
make his face flap. He look. She
look.

"Hello, strawberry," he goggle,
skimming teeth at her, "If you live I
shall save your life. Are you ready?
Dis joint your arms. Now I shall
throw you out of a window. You will
fall 60 stories, land in a hair net,
bounce back into my arms. From
there I shall toss you down a chimn
and catch you as you come out in the
ceilar. This are called Comedy. Are
you afraid of me, little goil?"

"If you keep this up continuously for
½ hour," she moan, "I shall be in
danger of laffing."

"Next!" holla Hon. Ogre through
Maggie Phone.

So Hon. Al Monjou walk forwards
with expression of Hon. Baby
Ruth hitting a pincher. But minute
he step-in with Miss Caramel Sweet I
see he got no wishes for that
job. His face look too downtrodden
and his mustach too stuck up. He set
down with apology expression like a
Frenchman saying Excuse It. He act
so shy like he must go even if she say
Get Out. How could a lady feel dan-
gerous with such a tamed lover? I ask
to know.

"Dolling," he say for gently sighing,
"I know that I are here by mistake. I
are not worthy to lay my 78 glove on
one of your fingerprints. Say one word
and I shall commit suicide twice. I
are nothing by a 5th Avenue college-
bred worm, laying at your feet.
Sweetoth, do me a favor, won't you?"

"1000," she negotiate, slightly mazed
that such a distinguished actor should
put up such a weak fight.

"Gimme one (1) kisses for old, old
manny's sake," he deplor.

"Why shouldn't" she relate. "A
lover like you could do a gel no in-
jury."

So he lay his face on top of hers.
Then, goshes! Then wow! She
struggle & curl amidst bee-stung
shreecches cumbined with howells &
yells.

"O Geo. F. Ogre, my husband!" she
holla. "Come save me from this mur-
der-man. He have stabbed me twice
with his 2 mustaches. With the right
one he have poked out my eye. With
the left he have sliced a hole in my ex-
ensive Greek nose. I shall never be
the same woman again. Al Monjou, I
advertise your genius. You are the
Man with the Dangerous Kiss!"

"Stop everything," howell Hon.
Ogre, throwing his Maggie Phone at 4
Famus Actors. "Alfred K. Monjou,
ping sign a 50 yr contrack to make
love exclusively with my wife. Let us
start a play at the. I offer 50c cash-
payment for best title."

"Suppose we call it 'The Kiss That
Kut" I dietate modlishly.

I am still standing there, waiting for
next pay day.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,

HOSHIMURA TOGO.
Millions of women acclaim the NEW improved MAYBELLINE because it is the ONE mascara that—

... does not smart the eyes if accidentally gotten into them...

...is perfectly tear-proof and will not run or smear...

...applies more evenly and smoothly with greater ease...

...contains beneficial oils that tend to promote the growth of the lashes and keep them soft and glossy...

...removes easily with soap and water or with cold cream.

Regardless of your past experience with eyelash darkeners, go to your toilet goods counter and purchase a package of the new solid form Maybelline. Absolutely harmless. You will be amazed and delighted with the results. 75¢—Black or Brown. Purse size for trial, at all 10¢ stores or sent for 50¢ and coupon below.

Maybelline
Eyelash Beautifier

CLIP-----------------------------

Maybelline Co., 5900 Ridge Ave., Chicago 8--9
10¢ enclosed. Send me a Purse Size package of the new Maybelline. □ Black □ Brown.

Name

Address

The MAKE-UP BOX

Glamorous eyelashes are something that everyone wants—and can have, one way or another these days. If mascara is one of those items you just can’t manage yourself there’s another new way of getting eyelash beauty. Two little bottles and two little brushes will solve the problem and dye your lashes for three or four weeks. You can have it done at your favorite beauty shop or do it yourself at home. This new lash dye is put out by the same company that specializes in those single long lashes that may be needed to your own, just like that, and newly applied whenever necessary. The dye is nontoxic and if you do make a mistake in direction it won’t be fatal. Also white pads are supplied for your underlids so you won’t have to rub off the dye that may fall there.

Further eye beauty is brought to you by another concern—in a new and interesting container. A triangle of black set next to a triangle of green forms the square box that holds their well and favorably known eye shadow. Choose your shade or shades and you will be sure of an attractive box for your dressing table or purse. And, by the way, it’s becoming popular to use two shades of eye shadow blending one into the other. For instance, you may use green shadery down close to the lashes, spread brown shadow a little above it and blend down into the green.

A complexion soap that has found its way into the beauty kits of any number of women now appears in a smart new wrapper of pale yellow and green covered over with cellophane. On the wrapper is printed a suggested cleansing method.

Compacts and vanities are growing more and more fascinating. They are as tiny as you could wish, composed, conservative, or antique and inlaid if you prefer with any color combination you could wish for.

If you’ve not already tried out one of the new oversize compacts, you really ought to. They’re delightfully—

They’re delightfully convenient because they hold a man-size puff and plenty of loose powder. A French couturier and perfumer has brought out a particularly good-looking one.

In a tall slim bottle comes a new dry shampoo from a famous hair specialist. Faintly perfumed it removes the oil and grime from the hair without removing the wave and will prove its usefulness for those in-between times when a regular shampoo is out of the question. It is recommended in particular to those with hair that grows oily immediately after the shampoo.

If you’re going on a late vacation and just starting out after a tan you’ll be glad to hear of a new sunburn oil which will protect your skin from the burning rays and still allow it to tan a bit. It’s put up in a smart, oblong, black bottle. You apply it just before going down to the beach and carry it along with you so in case you are planning a long sojourn on the sands for reappllication.

A companion piece to it for the woman who wishes to appear tanned without going to the trouble of being exposed to the sun as well as for those who wish to cover the sections where bathing suit and evening gown disagree, is also available in a similar bottle. The shade is just dark enough to give a most realistic effect.

The fragrance of an English garden in June is captured in a line which has made several notable additions to its list. There’s a new three-ounce perfume bottle made in a quaint six-sided design; bath dusting powder which comes in a yellowed silver box; sachet powder; and a rouge compact in polygonal silver metal.

Because of the neutral tones chosen for this line, it will fit into any dressing table ensemble, although its sheer simplicity makes it particularly adaptable to a modern scheme.

If you wish to know the names and prices of the articles described here, send the Beauty Editor, Make-up Box, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope.

The New Movie Magazine, September, 1932
Frocks—Blondes Preferred

(Continued from page 58)

for grace in the general effect. The sports clothes may be tweed, jersey, or any of the pretty roughs now in the shops for early fall wear. It may be a coat suit, or it may be a skirt and sweater ensemble. Or, if she goes in for tennis, it may be a one-piece rough silk crepe, or light-weight wool crepe.

"For luncheon—a one-piece tailored dress. A dark blue fabric and a silver fox fur necklace, or a shade of brown that goes well with blue fox fur are attractive. A small hat to match and smart tailored pumps, with accessories in harmony with the dress, would be charming. The pumps could be blue, brown or black, as desired. This type of dress is one that may be worn throughout the afternoon for shopping or such general wear."

Soft pliable satin is the fabric, Luick states, best suited for the dinner-dance. The gown should be simple, rather tailored in effect, and certainly without ruffles. The length of the skirt for dinner-dances and formal affairs should be to the floor—just clearing it. "Ankle length is just about the ugliest length there is for a girl's dress," says Luick. "And, as for trains, we use them only in pictures."

For a formal afternoon affair, such as a reception, or a wedding, Luick suggests gowns of crepe roma, or heavy georgette, with a small hat. Wraps made of the same fabric as the dress are smart for girls of Miss Bennett's type. If she must have fur, it is best that the wrap be trimmed with fur, rather than to wear a fur wrap. A wrap of all fur is not particularly suitable for the young girl. The footwea should be simple. If jewelry is worn it should be of the simplest kind. "Do tell the young girls not to wear costume jewelry with their evening clothes," says Luick. "If they wish to wear it with their sports clothes, all right, but tell them bracelets, along, for their formal adornment."

Where a girl has a limited income, whether she is of Miss Bennett's type or not, if she makes simplicity her role, she can often gain the maximum of effect with the minimum of effort. Her very simplicity in gowning gives her a distinction, especially when she wears becoming colors.

Girls should always give consideration to the environment and the locality in which a dress is to be worn. Clothes should always suit the occasion. If they do not, no matter how beautiful—they will be in bad taste.

Who's the ASTROLOGICAL AUTHORITY in your circle?

Here's How to Read Horoscopes for Your Friends

YOU can have a lot of fun reading horoscopes with your friends. Tell them about their characteristics as indicated by the stars. Just know the birthdate—the day of the month. In one of Evangeline Adams' twelve books of astrology you will find a detailed horoscope of the man or woman born on that day. Evangeline Adams is the world's foremost astrologist. You will be interested in the way she interprets the stars. Send for your own horoscope or that of a friend, stating the birthdate. Or have the set of twelve books, covering every sign of the Zodiac. The price of each book is only ten cents.
Plan a Real
HOLLYWOOD
DINNER

Italian Salad
suggested by Winnie Lightner

Split Pea Soup Melba Toast
à la Ruth Roland by Marian Nixon

Spanish Chicken
as prepared by Constance Bennett

Asparagus with Crumbs
Jane Colyer's recipe

Biscuit Tortoni
Buddy Rogers' "favoriate nourishment"

Forty-seven marvelous dishes, straight
from your favorite stars! And forty-
seven interesting photos of the stars
at home! Send ten cents for your copy
of this interesting Cook Book.

TOWER BOOKS, INCORPORATED
55 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

Will Hays' Ten Years In the
Movies
(Continued from page 22)

other the fact that Mr. Smith or Miss
Jones was a "bad actor" in the popular
meaning of that phrase.

The worldly notion of the Arbuckle
affair had sunk deeply into their minds.
As soon as the story broke, Paramount
withdrew two of its films which cost
$350,000 apiece to try because they
had to store, so much waste celluloid.
It had happened once; it might at
any time happen again, with a star of
uncertain morals. If I said that the
atmosphere of Hollywood changed, I
would imply that the town somewhat
resembled its picture in the tabloids.
What did change was Hollywood's at-
titude toward its own morals.

That being initiated, the next step
was to reorientate the publicity agents.
These also Hays assembled, both in
Hollywood and New York, for advisory
discussions. The situation was simple.
No matter how many hundred columns
of front-page space it commanded, a
press that exploited scandal hurt both
the business and the stars whom it pur-
ported to advertise. It was not unfair
to ask that the publicity men turn their
attention now to the other side of
Hollywood—the one which the press
released had so far neglected.

He came down strongly on another
point. Hollywood sales Co., if it was
very successful at least, was sensational-
ly large. But some publicity agents had
grossly exaggerated them, and meant
for cheap effect. If an actor signed up
for two thousand dollars a week, the
sum would grow to five thousand by
the time the story reached the press.

Further, they would touch up these
stories with accounts of the sybaritic
luxury in which the stars lived—Pom-
peian swimming pools, gold-plated
bathtubs, retinues of servants, fleets of
foreign motor-cars. Old-fashioned
melodrama, if nothing else, had fixed
in the mind of Main Street an associa-
tion between luxury and vice.

Also, this process raised social envy.
"Cut it out!" advised Hays.

Although the character of Hollywood
press began to change from the mo-
ment of Hays' first public appearances,
some instances appeared for some time.

Will Hays started something else
when he attacked a tendency, manifest
in some quarters, to boost a compara-
tively mild film with sensational, sug-
gestive advertisements. There, he en-
tered one of the hardest, stubbornest
battles. It isn't won yet.

FOLLOWING perhaps a hint from
Hays or the producers, Harry Chan-
dler of the Los Angeles Times swung
into action. He gathered up reporters
from every corner of the country, took
them to Hollywood "for to see and to
admire" that better side of the town
and its life which had hitherto escaped
newspaper attenion. It helped his job.
The "Hollywood legend," the old pic-
ture of a jazz-mad, booze-mad, sex-mad
community, did a double-fast from
the screen of the public mind.

During these early visits to Hol-
ywood, Hays began hastily and for
the moment imperfectly, that
which the public most expected of him—
purifying the motion picture from
within.

In meetings, in private conversations,
he urged producers and directors to find
and draw the line between insipid, repe-
titious pap, and offence to the old de-
cencies of the American people.

To one director he said: "When you
make a woman cross her legs in the
film, you try to see how high she can
cross them. Why don't you try to see
how low you can cross them and still
be 'Hollywood'?

However, this aspect of the Hays job
is so important that I must leave it
for future issues, and hasten on to
politics.

Women were newly enfranchised in
those days, and politicians were groping
for a bait to get the feminine vote.
This being an issue which affected
children, the main protagonists against
the real or imagined offences of the movies
were the women's clubs. If there was
an issue to catch the women!

WHEN in the spring of 1922, the
situation grew acute, the State
legislatues were adjourning. But all
that summer, explorations of the polit-
cal landscape proved that censorship
bills were coming in floods that autumn.
That lay in the near future; Massachu-
setts was an immediate issue. In 1920,
its General Court passed a bill estab-
lishing censorship for screen and stage;
and a Massachusetts censorship, as I
have said before, is never a mere ges-
ture.

Coolidge, then Governor, vetoed it.
But the reformers, urged on by res-
olutions of four hundred women's clubs,
passed it again at the next session.
The new governor let it through. Its
strictness of enforcement lived up to
expectations.

The theatrical managers and motion-
picture exhibitors had organized a pet-
tition for a referendum to repeal this
law at the election of November, 1922.
Of course, they saw Will Hays. The
rage engendered by the Arbuckle case
was at its height. Hays advised them
to delay the issue until the motion pic-
ture had demonstrated that it could
care for itself.

"That would have been a mistake,"
he says now, "but by good luck, I wasn't
allowed to make it."

The Boston men looked over the sit-
uation at home, consulted the polit-
cicians, and reported back.

"We can sell in the north now,"
said they. "We've gone too far."

The Hays organization buckled down
to a hard, important political campaign.
At once, they found strong allies in the
newspapers. Our Constitution guar-
antees freedom of speech and press.
Doubtless, it would have added freedom
of the screen, had this invention been
born or thought of in those days.

But the newspapers foresaw that if
the trend of events would still be to raise
the question, a campaign would be in
full form. Indeed, the press would be
in full form, indeed, to take up the issue.
The campaign was in mid-course be-
fore Hays began to realize what all
politics has learned since—the woman
in man's world is treated differently on
any issue from men. Members of the
very women's clubs whose resolutions
brought on this objectionable law be-

Will Hays' Ten Years In the Movies

gan to come out against it.
Barring accident, the cause was won. But a mere victory wasn’t enough. Hays needed a landslide. For as the State Legislatures assembled that autumn, in twenty-two of them members introduced censorship bills. And Massachusetts was the only state where the people were voting on the question.

He kept the agitation going full force until the very eve of the election. To say that it went over big would be chary under-statement. The vote for censorship was 206, 252; against, 553, 173. That amounted approximately to a majority of 345,000—the largest in the old Cradle of Liberty for or against any man or measure.

With this as a weapon, the Hays organization moved on the legislatures.

"The people have been heard from," they said. "Look at these figures from Massachusetts!"

In some states, the bills died in committee; in some they were defeated on the floor. But not one of the twenty-two passed into law. The Massachusetts election was the Gettysburg of the motion picture.

Without firm, intelligent resistance, without this dramatic demonstration of the popular will, most of those bills would have passed. Ordinary methods of lobbying would never have availed to stop them. The movement would have gone on, gathering bulk as it rolled, like the traditional snowball.

By the spring of 1923, perhaps one-third of our state legislatures, including the most prosperous and influential, would have clapped down censorship on the motion picture.

We have political censorships in five states. Further, many foreign countries make their official cuts. These changes are all reported and filed at headquarters. Almost never do they agree.

Apply all these cuts to any given film, and it comes out a ragged abortion.

The picturesque confusion which resulted might have blown up censorship in one big, new stunt; but not before the motion picture, as a business and an art, had taken it on the button.

After that session of 1922-23 ten years ago, no American studio ever passed a political-censorship law.

BEFORE going on to "purification" from within, let me dispose of the strange figure about whom this storm whirled and rotated—that great child with the comic gift, "Fatty" Arbuckle.

After the Rappe affair, Paramount put into storage his two latest films, as yet unreleased. They had cost $700,000. Hays was on his way back from an Easter visit to Sullivan, Indiana, when the newspapers reported a rumor that Paramount was going to release them.

The public was still in a lynching mood toward Arbuckle. At about this time an ill-advised exhibitor in an Eastern state set experimentally one of his old films. That show was never finished; for someone charged down the aisle and hurled a rock through the screen.

Returning to New York, Hays visited the Paramount Company, saw Adolf Zukor.

"Nothing in those newspaper stories!" said Zukor. "We’ve no intention of releasing those films."

"Then say so, and say it loud!" advised Hays.

This announcement, properly inserted into the newspapers by expert publicity men, helped in the Massachusetts campaign. Meantime Fatty Arbuckle, discharged from custody, could imagine nowhere to go except that Hollywood about which his life had revolved. In his day of prosperity he had spent like the child he was—twenty-five-thousand-dollar automobiles, a villa that looked like a movie set and parties, parties, parties.

The expenses of his trial had more than broken his personal fortune. No one knew just how he was living. The man was forgotten, and only his deed remembered.

Then, as the year drew to a close, a newspaper story brought him back to public attention. On Christmas Eve, a reporter found him crying on the streets because he alone of all Hollywood wasn’t going to have a merry Christmas.

Everyone understood that "Fatty" Arbuckle’s face and figure must never again appear on the screen. But dictatorship was another matter. Arbuckle has the rare comic genius. In his popular days he invented many of his own situations. And already, a producer of two-reel comedies had offered him—subject to official confirmation—a job as director.

Now, Hays gave his approval.

"The jury acquitted him," he said. "And there is such a thing as Christian forgiveness. I won’t stand in the way of his doing the only work he knows how to do."

Arbuckle took the job under an assumed name. Shortly afterward, the Hays office found itself much interested in a letter from an eminent reformer of the movies. He began by denouncing Arbuckle and the Arbuckle films; he ended by praising the "clean, wholesome fun" in the series of pictures, which, in this new capacity, Arbuckle had directed!

Inevitably, the fact leaked out. "And I had a chance to observe the rarity of Christian charity," Hays has said since. "You’d have thought I’d committed murder!"

But the Association and its head stood by their guns; Arbuckle kept his job as director. Fortunately, this happened after the victory over censorship was in the bag. But Hays ended his first year, during which he had started more things than I have been able to mention in this brief article, on a spurt of unpopularity.

Next month Mr. Irwin’s second article on the experiences of Will Hays in the Movies will appear in this magazine. Don’t fail to follow this unusual series—written by the man who is sometimes called America’s Greatest Reporter, from records of The Hays Association. Mr. Irwin makes no attempt to be other than frank, straightforward and accurate. We feel proud to publish this important and dignified series.

MOTHER THOUGHT HER BABY WOULD DIE!

Then she found a wonderful baby food!

"I feed my baby with my own milk till she was four months old," writes Mrs. Elsie Roberts, 1138 Longfellow Avenue, Bronx, New York City. "Then I became sick, and she would eat nothing—no food I tried suited her. Every day she lost many ounces. I was so nervous and worried I thought she might die. She was very thin. How bad I felt about my baby!

"At last I tried Eagle Brand. She loved it! In a week she gained four ounces and the week after that even more. At 11 months she weighs 27 pounds, 3 ounces. And she’s so strong and healthy!"

If your baby is not thriving on his present food we suggest that you and your doctor consider Eagle Brand. Send for free booklet. The new and complete edition of "Baby’s Welfare" contains practical feeding information and suggestions for supplementary foods—orange juice, cereals, cod-liver oil, etc.—advised by doctors.

FREE! Wonderful baby booklet!

The Borden Company, Dept. E-6, Borden Building, 330 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me—free—the new and complete edition of "Baby’s Welfare."

Name: __________________________
Address: __________________________
City: ___________________________ State: ___________________________

Please print name and address plainly.
Boost for Tala

Tala Birell, the new Viennese import, seems an extremely distinctive type. If her acting is as marvelous as her looks, she ought to be able to outshine all the others. Her ultra-sophistication and pose surpass that of the glamorous Constance Bennett. And also her clothes and manner of wearing them. Such sophisticated simplicity could not be equalled. She has a mysterious quality about her, most noticeably in her eyes, which is somewhat like the mystery of Garbo, but she has no trace of awkwardness in her appearance. In fact, she gives one the impression of being cultured and refined. Given good stories and directing, she might certainly should be one of the best. We are hoping for at least that.

Anne Godeck, 27 E. Roseridge Ave.

Wheels Go Round Backward

Minneapolis, Minn.

When a car is pictured as moving forward on the screen, its wheels appear to be turning in the opposite direction. This looks ridiculous. Isn't there a way in which the shutter of the camera may be correctly timed with the vehicle? The correction of the above illusion would lead to a better-finished film.

D. Oliver Merrell, 519 Washington Ave., S. E.

Chew BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM

Especially made to aid digestion.

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address your communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Opinions NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Please, you Hollywood producers, when you get some worth while actors, keep them!

Edith Burtt, 406 Bierut Ave.

Have You Noticed?

Wilmington, Delaware.

The resemblance between Charles Farrell and Dorothy Mackaill is amazing. Their facial features are identical and their smiles are very much alike. I have often wondered if any one else ever noticed the resemblance, and have come to the conclusion that it has not been observed. But it is there just the same.

Virginia Gregory, 1805 Washington Street.

The Great God Drama

Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Isn't there a more humane method of injecting "sob stuff" in the films? I refer to three pictures I saw, in each of which a lovable little boy was brutally sacrificed to the great god Drama. What an easy way to get drama! Simply have a gangster accidentally "mow down" a smiling youngster and both hard-boiled and tender-hearted will feel that old lump forming in the throat. Or have a cherub contract a disease—one so deadly that it cannot survive. Horrible, yes—but you do have Drama.

Aren't there other, less pathetic ways, to obtain tense moments? Can't we have the villain be the little fellow's face (make-believe, of course!) as in "The Champ." That was dramatic, surely. Please, Mr. Talkie-Maker, don't convert the theater into a funeral parlor.

F. E. Ebel, 5512 W. Washington Blvd.

Tribute to Gary

New York.

I am writing this to pay tribute to the most natural and sincere actor on the screen—Gary Cooper.

I have followed his career ever since the very beginning, and know that there are few who can be classed with him. There is no more charming or versatile actor. He holds his own face of the Gable avalanche. Strong, clean-limbed and tall, lean as the wild horses he has broken in himself, he has brought a bracing draught of desert air to that stuffy atmosphere which was polluted with sheiks and matinees.

The New Movie Magazine, September, 1932
idols. Something wholly alive, hence pure and clean, shows through his acting. He is real! His pictures have never been a disappointment to me.

Sylvia Fresner, 2655 Valentine Avenue.

For the Hall of Fame

Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

A recent screen trailer advises us to be thankful that we are contemporaries of a certain famous Swedish star. Faithful to this grand actress, I am nevertheless even more thankful that I am living in the same century with that princess of comedienne, Zasu Pitts.

The world needs its great dramatic stars to interpret its sorrows and disappointments, but it is now in greater need of its comedians who smooth the wrinkles out of life, at least temporarily.

For the following reasons, I nominate Miss Pitts as the greatest enemy of gloom alive:

Because every one can see herself in her characterizations.

Because she never mars her comedy with cheapness.

Because she is not afraid of looking ridiculous.

Because she is really a great dramatic actress who dares to sacrifice a fame she would personally enjoy for a character the public loves.

When in a thankful mood, please remember Zasu Pitts.

Robert Downing.

1044 Third Avenue, S. W.

Wants Jannings Back

Montpelier, Alabama.

Wonder if the producers will ever wake up and give the American public a chance to look once more upon the face and actions of the greatest actor the screen has known, Emil Jannings? Surely his voice isn't any worse than Garbo's, Lukas's and others that we hear. We hear them, and like their pictures. So why can't Jannings be given a chance to come back?

Why doesn't some company have the courage to bring him back?

I would give anything to see another Jannings picture. To me he is the Captain General, The Last Word, The Great.

James M. Parker.

Box 245.

my LIPS looked COMMON!

"IMAGINE! And yet common is just the word any man would use for that painted look. And my lips did look painted!"

Look critically at your own lips... have they that obvious look that men detest so?

Why take chances? Use Tangee and your lips can't look painted. Because Tangee isn't paint...it's different.

In the stick, Tangee looks positively orange...but wait! Once on your lips it changes to the one shade of rose most becoming to you!

And Tangee is soothing...it has a cold cream base. Try it today...at any druggist's or cosmetic counter. Or send 10¢ for Miracle Make-up Set.

"TOM said..."

Alias the Monster

(Continued from page 25)

blasted rock, tamped ties and carried steel rails for a new railroad. He then tried to be a real estate agent. His eyes being too honest, he gave it up in despair. He next carried a chain for a surveying outfit. The chain was large. The pay was small.

Discouraged, he read an advertisement which stated that an actor was wanted. He went to the town, interviewed the manager, and lied until he got the job.

His salary was thirty dollars a week—when he got paid. He performed for two weeks the manager cut the salary to twenty-five, and became more careless about payday.

KARLOFF remained with this company two years, playing what passed for comedy and drama on small stages, in barns and in tents. Once he played a Roman warrior and wore a pair of b.v.d.'s of the period. It was forty-five degrees below zero. He shivered like Brutus at the Memory of Caesar.

The company disbanded. Being now an established actor, he was soon broke. To make matters worse, he lost better—he took some of his clothing with him. As it was winter, a traveling salesman gave him a sample summer suit, two neckties and a pair of button shoes. The outfit was more garish than motion picture love. Thus attired, the future Frankensteined in Regina, Canada, by watching him perform for two weeks the manager cut the salary to twenty-five, and became more careless about payday.

FOURTEEN years ago, he came to Hollywood and got a job as an extra in a Frank Borzage film. He followed this with six days in Fairbanks' "His Majesty, the American." Taking his thirty dollars, he entered another long valley of semi-starvation. It was broken by small parts until 1922, when French-Canadian films became a vogue. As he resembled the producers' idea of a French-Canadian, he was offered four parts in one week. Unfortunately he could only accept one. The vogue passed, and he became a Hindu in "Omar, the Tent-Maker."

(Please turn to page 100)

The New Movie Magazine, September, 1932
WANTED
The Girl With
GLORIOUS HAIR!

She's always popular — always has plenty of
boy friends — the girl with soft, lustrous, beau-
tifully-waved hair!

And it's really very simple to have such hair.
Just use STA-BAC CURL SET regularly. With
this famous preparation, you can quickly give
yourself a smart, "beauty shoppe" wave set,
right in your own boudoir.

But be sure you get genuine, tried-and-proved
STA-BAC, 5 million bottles of which were used
by the girls of America in the past 12 months.

STA-BAC CURL SET is scientifically created
to hold the waves longer. Special ingredients
imported from Europe make it thick enough for
the merest beginner to arrange her hair just the
way she wants it. STA-BAC dries quickly, too,
and positively leaves none of those objection-
able white flakes so often seen. Try STA-BAC!
— at most F. W. Woolworth Stores

VI-JON LABORATORIES, ST. LOUIS

STA-BAC CURL SET

When the valley ended in a swamp, Karloff decided that a truck driver
who ate was happier than a starving
actor. He learned from a kindly driver
one Sunday how to pull the levers on
a truck. The driver took him to his
foreman the next day.

Soon he was on a truck loaded with
cement. His friend had helped him
back the truck at the warehouse. No
one was the wiser.

When the other truck drivers
learned that he had been an actor they
treated him as though he were a wo-
man and helped him lose that sack
of which weighed two hundred
pounds.

When Bert Lytell started to make
"Never the Twain Shall Meet," Kar-
lof's boss allowed him to take two
weeks off. Karloff went on location. The
time ran too long and his kindly
boss was forced to hire another man.

Karloff was back in films again with
one hundred and eighty dollars, an
amount which was for him, larger
than the British National Debt.

The dull days came. The money was
soon gone. He played as an extra at
even dollars a day.

A few things began to happen. John
Barrymore picked him for a part in
one of his films. A part with Richard
Dix, then with Wheeler and Woolsey,
and back with Richard Dix again.

From one studio to another he cir-
cled like a squired in a cage. At Green
the director, who twenty years before
had himself been a bottle-washer in
a saloon, gave him a part in "Smart
Money." It made a slight impression.

Still working and hoping, his time
was not yet.

By sheer heartbreak and outstanding
ability the sad brown eyes of the poor
life-lashed devil were at last begin-
ing to see a path through the wood.

That a man of his ability was in
Hollywood thirteen years looking for
an opportunity seems almost beyond
belief. That he was often destitute,
that he drove a truck and worked with
a pick and shovel, is known to all who
have watched the making of Holly-
wood's man of the hour.

KARLOFF, as they would say in
Ireland, "could never stop a pig
in any alley." His legs are bowed,
and he has a slight lip. Just why a
man so handicapped should decide to
become an actor cannot be answered
in this article.

Further to handicap him in his
chosen profession, he was shy and re-
served. Leaving behind him an after-
impresion of mystery, he was not one
to be quickly understood by his fellow
players. That is why, perhaps, he was
forced to drive a truck while un-
talented men rode high on the waves
of popular approval. But the longest
lane ends at last—even for a man
with a lip, who is gentle as dawn on
far-off English meadows.

As he really played his assembly of
dismembered corpses in "Franken-
stein," he did not speak a word dur-
ing the entire two hours of the notice
of horror which he created had to be
sustained by visual stimulation. His
gradations of fear, innocence, rage
and stupefying strength will not soon
be forgotten.

There is in Boris Karloff an earnest
belief in the goodness of mankind
that is pathetic and admirable.

"Frankenstein," he went on his
honeymoon.

It was the first vacation in his life
away from the immediate need of
money.

He was no sooner settled with his
charming young wife in a San Fran-
cisco hotel than the telephone rang.

A gentleman with a Yiddish accent
was talking. He owned a theatre in
a suburb, and the Universal Company
in Hollywood, that is, had requested
that he make personal appearances
at his theatre for the coming week.

The undoubting Karloff made the
ten-mile journey to the theatre
the next day, and drew large crowds,
all to see the truck driver.

And there was the trucking
Karloff's honeymoon spoiled.

During one appearance, Mrs. Kar-
lof attended. She was accompanied
by a young woman who, upon seeing
Karloff appear as the monster, Fran-
kenstein, exclaimed, "Heavens, you've
got to top that!"

The audience looked at the confused
bride with pity.

WITHIN Boris Karloff's sphere,
and it is far larger than pro-
ducers imagine, there is no actor
who can surpass him.

His work so as a discredited minister
in the employ of a tabloid newspaper
in "Five Star Final" was super-
F. His business to use the clerical
garb to gain confidence while he pried
secrets from the tabloid's victims. If
there was ever a better exposition of
cruelty, of complete personal depravity,
I fail to re-
member it.

His performance in "The Criminal
Code" was not even surpassed by Wal-
ter Huston, the star of that film. One
scene, in which he holds the knife be-
fore the dummy steel pigeon, was so
real that an oldtime convict came
to me and said emphatically, "Jim, the
man's been in stir," meaning the
penitentiary.

So far as I know he was mistaken.
Being an actor is not yet a peniten-
tiary offence.

His final success was completely ac-
cidental—except, of course, he was
ready when the ship steamed into the
harbor with his big chance on board.

He walked one sunny morning down
Hollywood Boulevard, destitute as a
Russian aristocrat in Moscow. It had
been a long time since parts. After
early two dozen years on stage and
screen, he had a pack of cigarettes,
a forlorn expression, and shoes that
were worn at the heels.

For more than twelve years he had
gone to the headquarters of the Actors' Equi-

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the street again. He stood idly, blowing rings of cigarette smoke which soon disappeared on the Boulevard of Hope. For a long time he stood thus, making a football of his destiny. At last he walked to the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Avenida, a half block away. Not knowing what else to do, he smoked another cigarette. That done, he looked at his watch. There were four left.

He lit one more.

Holding the match between thumb and finger, he thought to himself: “If it burns to the keep, I’ll go home and read.” The match curved in a black ember to the end. It fell to the street. He went to the headquarters of the Actors’ Equity.

The same girl had been handing his mail for almost a year. There was nothing for him this morning. They talked for a few moments. As usual, there was no screen work either.

He drummed idly on a wooden mantel while the girl said rather indifferently: “They’re putting on a new show in town. All the original New York company are here—but one man. They’ve asked me to send someone down.” She looked at Karloff closely.

Neither the girl nor the time-worn actor could have heard the wheels of his destiny rumbling.

“I wonder if you would do,” she said.

“What is the part?” Karloff asked.

She told him.

In ‘The Criminal Code,’ you say?”

“T’ll go down,” he said.

He was given the part, and played it well on the Los Angeles stage. The play died, as even angels do, in California. Karloff was again out of work, and making the dreary rounds of studios and the Actors’ Equity.

Months followed. Harry Cohn began to produce ‘The Criminal Code.’ The entire cast was selected with the exception of one part. Every effort but one had been made to fill it. At last in desperation, Cohn suggested, “Why not get the fellow who played the part on the stage here?”

No one had thought of that. This was in Hollywood.

“How do we know he’ll photograph?” asked an assistant.

The amazed Karloff was sent for. He was given the part and went on to “Frankenstein” and glory.

The long ordeal over, he now lives in a delightful home overlooking Toluca Lake, five miles from Hollywood.

He gazed, silent and speculation, over the lake. “Suppose,” he said, “that The Criminal Code’ had been made by a larger company than Columbia. With many players under contract, there would have been no chance for me.

He sighed. “It’s all such a gamble.” I looked at him for a moment and ventured, “Suppose, Boris, the match had not burned to the end.”

He spoke with mild surprise.

“But it had to.” He smiled. “And it burned my fingers raw.”

Cheer Up!

(Continued from page 55)

“That experience as a lumberjack had a very valuable place in my life and I’ve always been glad I saw that sign and so desperately needed the job. It’s an ill wind blows no good, eh?”

“GETTING run over by a truck was a splendid way out of the depression for me,” was Richard Arlen’s startling statement. “I don’t know that I would advise anyone else to try that means, however. There are so many more convenient and more comfortable ways to emerge from this quite human state of low funds!”

Six months after I arrived in Hollywood I was stony broke. I finally landed a job as a motorcycle messenger boy. They told me a truck hit me! I know when I woke up I was lying in a hospital cot with a broken leg and mashed up a bit generally.

“I had a nice long rest in that hospital and, when I emerged, all they let me take was my leg, a limp—well, anything that couldn’t be changed into currency. I had no job, not a red cent!”

“I decided after some thought that the first thing to do was to look for a kindly-faced landlady. Did you ever look for a kindly-faced landlord? I did. However, I did find a landlady who was willing to accept my bet that I would be able to pay her at the end of the week.

“I spent that week strenuously trying” (Please turn to page 102)
Cheer Up!
(Continued from page 101)

ing to win that bet. Saturday evening I had to admit I'd lost! As I was nervously preparing to brave the land-
lady in her fair to announce to her the
to hand the money I had lost my
to her the
very obvious fact that I had lost my
bet—and the still more obvious one, that I was leaving—a man knocked at
my door!

"It was the driver of the truck that
hit me. He had read of my hospital
dismissal. He had been anything but
me to tell me the studio was work-
for, would offer me steady work
until I got back on my feet physically
and financially! Did tell me there
isn't any Santa Claus—or any kindly-
faced landlady in Hollywood! I be-
lied in both that night!"

GIRLS, can you imagine having
Gary Cooper calling at your door
some morning to talk you into having
your picture taken? Well, that actu-
al happened once, at many doors in
Los Angeles, according to Gary.

"When I came to Hollywood from
Montana I had great ambitions to be-
come famous as an illustrator for
advertising concerns," explains Gary. "I
seemed to be the only one with that
ambition! I couldn't find an adver-
tising boss to agree with my aspira-
tions. They all thought I'd make a
better cowboy. You are right, George! I
they were right, but I wouldn't believe
them until looking at doors convinced
me!"

"When I found it utterly impossible
to find an intelligent and far-seeing
advertising boss who could appreciate
my genius, the crying need of the inner
man forced me to accept door-to-door
canvasing for a photograph gal-
ery...

At this point a far-away, reminis-
cent look crept into Gary's eye. I dis-
creetly cleared my throat. He looked
at me reprovingly, and with obvious
regret brought his thoughts back to
the present.

"Well, all I was thinking was, that
there are any number of attractive and
lovely young house-fours from Los
Angeles. I met a lot of 'em, personallly,'
He grinned sheepishly.

"But to get back to my story: I had
almost decided to go into the philan-
thropic business of creating different
and better designs for doors in Los
Angeles (they have an appalling same-
ness to them when you study them
daily at close range), when I saw an
article in a paper on someone's front
pore. It said that cowboys in pictures
made more than ten dollars a day just
for riding and looking like the good old
west!

"I never waited for that lady to
answer her door bell, but hied me right
down the street to the nearest studio.
I spent the afternoon applying as at-
mosphere for the great outdoors. ...
At least that was a different type of
doors than I had been gazing at from
early morn until late each eve! Of
course this finally proved the adver-
tising bosses right. Guess I make a
better cowboy than the illustrator I
hoped to be, all right, but I still hate to
admit it!"

WHEN you're lowest in funds it
wouldn't do anything foolish
and idiotically extravagant," advises George Bancroft. "Why? Be-
cause it breaks the mental hypnosis
of fear which keeps Old Man Luck
from getting to you! That's not sup-
ception, you know; that's common
sense!"

"I had but ten cents in the world
in New York City once. I'd had a long
siege of hopeless discouragement.
I couldn't crash into any sort of luck
on the stage or get any sort of a job; I
could see no advantage breaking or a
chance for anything to break in the
near future; in other words, I'd
reached the lowest ebb of my spirits.
"I had right small dimes, but I
dimed lovingly while I considered what
I'd rather have, for a dime, than any-
thing else in the world—and pineapple
soda was the answer!

"'I've always loved pineapple soda!'
"I probably always will love pineapple
soda!' said George defiantly. "'So what
did I do with my last dime? I
spent it on a nice, deep, gussling pine-
apple soda—and loved it! Yes, sir,
and came to love anything which
started me on the upward trail of
crime on the screen that very after-
noon!'"

PAUL LUKAS, standing near at
the moment of this shameful confession
from George Bancroft, grinned as he
said, "You are right, George! I, too,
believe in breaking the sanctified
ill luck by spending!

I have only been absolutely without
funds once in my life. I had nothing!
I was very, very sad and low in spirits.
I, too, could not get a break and there
seemed to be none for me in the near
future.

"Thinking seriously about it (I did
not happen to think of a pineapple
soda, though) I came to the conclusion
that I was mentally poverty stricken,
and that I couldn't ask someone else
to believe in me when I didn't feel
sure of myself!"

"I went immediately to my tailor, and
in order to get what I wanted from
him I had to pretend great prosperity.
I knew I would not have the nerve to
ask him, and by the time I had finished,
I had not only convinced him I was sit-
ting atop the world, but he had con-
vinced me I was a great fellow—as is
the way of tailors the world over! His
gloving compliments had put me in a
mood of superiority and confidence,
and so I went immediately to the cast-
ing director I had talked with that
morning.

"But it was a role I wanted badly,
but had failed to get. I went after
that role again and got it before I left
the casting director that night. That's
the psychological effect of clothes on
mere man, is it not?"

MY desire to look my best when
applying for a position after a
long stretch of frenzied finance was the
cause of my losing one chance and get-
ting a better one," relates Ann Har-
ing.

"A theatrical agency called and
asked me to see them about a part.
I had just finished washing my only pair
of gloves. I felt that I could make a
better impression, get more money, and
a better chance if I appeared with the
white gloves!

"I waved them frantically in front
of my little oven. I blew on them. I

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Cheer Up!

laid them carefully in the oven on a piece of paper and walked up and down the room. I actually coax ed those gloves to hurry up and dry!

"At the earliest possible moment I put them on and scurried out, only to find that I had been delayed too long by the cursed gloves and the job had been filled! That's one of the things that can happen.

"I had once played with the Providence Players, until they had gone broke and left me stranded. As I was leaving the theatrical office, white gloves and all, my old manager entered. He seemed really delighted to see me. Here was hope, following on the heels of despair.

"Sure enough he was looking for an ingenué for a Providence, R.I., stock company, and said I was just the one to fill it! I almost kissed those old gloves for delaying me, then!"

RUTH CHATTERTON stormed Broadway with a mother to support on ten dollars a week.

"We budgeted our income of ten dollars a week, a weekly fare to the Actors' Welfare league and a weekly venturous with a dollar a week for rent.

"But it's Ruth. I spent twenty cents a day for carfare and lunch, which usually consisted of a chocolate soda. At night twenty cents went to the delicatessen—ten cents for a hot portion of meat, five for potatoes, and the other five for a vegetable! No more, no less.

"I've always claimed it's the spirit with which one accepts hard times and financial reverses which makes them either a terrible nightmare or an adventure. If you treat them as adventures and mentally insist that they straighten out any day, you can pull through the hardest of times without a life-time scar!"

JAMES CAGNEY had seven months to feed when he was a mere lad. "Believe you me, that was a stickler to me," says James. "I heard that some men dancers were needed for a musical show in town. The money sounded good to me, and I applied. I didn't know a buck and wing from an elk and dove—but I went! And was I scared, too?"

"The hard-boiled producer who was looking over the talent lined up about twenty men and told 'em to clog! I didn't know whether that was a toe dance or an exercise, but I watched the rest of them and when my turn came tried to imitate them.

"My efforts were so extraordinary that the producer asked me to step out of line. He decided then and there to make a comedian out of me! Not exactly complimentary, incidentally, but decidedly satisfactory to me. Later I took up acting—and have been broke ever since! But it has been a lot of fun, at that!"

OH, law alive! I've been broke so many times there's no saying which one I remember the best," says beloved Oldie Dressler. "Whenever I found myself without funds and broken in spirit, I would go for a walk on the busiest street I could find. I would watch people scurrying busily about until I lost the feeling of my own importance. I would try to forget myself and feel a part of the great world and its activities; and invariably—honestly, that's true—as soon as I accomplished this purpose something always comes to lift me out of my own little troubles, and to start me anew!"

"MY greatest financial panic is still a nightmare to me," emphatically declares Joan Crawford. "An actress dropped into the little hat-and-gown shop in a small town where I was modeling. She carelessly told me that I would be a great success on the stage; that if I should come to Chicago I must see her and she would help me get a chance.

"Probably many have read how hard I worked night and day to save the money to find this woman. How when I finally arrived there, high in hopes and the assurance of the chance on the stage that I had longed for, I found her gone and no one knew where.

"Here I was in a strange city without a friend in the world and penniless. My taxi bill from the station had been ten dollars; the driver was waiting for me to borrow the money from my encouraging actress friend—who was not there.

"Through my panic I remembered an 'ad' I had read in the train that morning. A famous producer wished some experienced dancers for a show he was opening. I gave my angry taxi driver the address of the building in which this great producer's offices were to be found.

"Arrived there, panic drove me up those eleven stories, into the outer office of the great man. There I found the walls lined with beautiful, self-confident girls awaiting their turn to see the great man. The pompous secretary approached to ask me to wait like the rest of those girls!"

"I knew if I waited I didn't stand a chance! I had to have a job. I didn't have a cent. There was my taxi driver waiting downstairs. I was in a strange city. I was ugly—small-time looking—cheaply dressed—and completely inexperienced!"

"These thoughts drummed through my terrified brain. Panic drove me headlong down that line of surprised, gasping faces and smack into the office marked "private," where the amazed, indignant producer raised his head and glared at me. I fainted!

... But I got the job!"

"Since that time I have always realized that necessity is the mother of invention—and courage!"

Remember—that you bought this magazine at WOOLWORTHS You will find a new issue at the same place on the 15th of each month

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Hay Fever

The secret of reducing hay fever attacks, and in many instances preventing them altogether, has been discovered by a St. Louis doctor, who found that the pollen-sensitive nasal membranes are quickly STRENGTHENED by the specially treated beechnut extract in SINASIPTEC.

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SINASIPTEC

(Proonounced "sina-sip-teck")
Clara Gable's First Sweetheart

(Continued from page 45)

"The big thrill came when we would walk the trestle. Clark would dare every girl to walk across the trestle. "Did I take that dare? Every time I wouldn't miss it."

"Yes, and I remember one night we all decided to go buggy riding. There was a big snowstorm going on. Oh, how it was blizzarding!"

"And we all piled into a one-horse buggy, six of us. There was Andy Means—I'll bring a boy over later; he still lives in Hopedale—Charlie Wilson—he's a doctor now in Oklahoma—Dunn, Clark, my brother and me."

"We came down a steep hill, the front wheel came off the buggy, the horse reared, and we all fell out, in a snowdrift. Mrs. Sharpe laughed and then confided quickly, "Anyway, I sat on Clark's lap during that ride."

"When I say that Clark didn't care much about girls, I mean it. He didn't. He was so bashful and acted so bored at the parties at which we played Postman's Knock. He always insisted upon being doorkeeper. I was sore about that."

"THERE was just once that I was angry at Clark because of another girl. We went to an Epworth League party one evening. When I came into the room, there he was, sitting near the fireplace, leaning against it, talking to another girl. There she was, beating my time. I just went right out to the kitchen and cried and cried. We didn't say a word all the way home from that party. But I forgave him because he never talked to another girl. He was just embarrassed in front of them. What was her name? Daphne Reed, and she lives in Steubenville now."

"We went to school together for about ten years. I guess the reason he liked me was because we were just pals. Clark quit school when he was a sophomore. I guess he was about fifteen years old then."

"He and Andy Means went to Akron together to get a job there. When he came back, he came up to see us. He walked up on the porch, and of all things he began dropping his P's. He put on so much that we gave him the laugh."

"But I will say this: He is natural in pictures. He's the Clark we used to know here in Cadiz."

"He was here to see me—two, no, let me see—it was three years ago, on his way to the Coast. He was driving in the car and he looked like a million dollars. He told me he was the junior partner in a haberdashery store on Fifth Avenue."

"We went visiting in his car to see his school teacher, Miss Fannie Thompson, and his aunt and uncle in Hopedale."

"No, I don't receive any mail from him. Only his school teacher, Miss Fannie Thompson. She's the only one that gets a letter from him. He's the only one who hears from him."

"We can stop over there to see her on the way to Andy Means'."

Mrs. Sharpe said as we got into the car.

"This is where we usually started out on Sundays," Mrs. Sharpe indicated the cemetery. We would pick lilacs on the way there.

"You see the top of that hill. That's where the horse threw us out on that snowy night. Look down there," Mrs. Sharpe pointed. Below us was a railroad trestle with a fifty-foot drop. "That's the trestle we would walk."

"And here is the old Hudson mile. This was our way. We stood on top of that and look down."

We stopped in front of a small white house. The house was lived in by Fannie Thompson. She is as proud as a President because her pupil, her little Clark, has become a success. "Clark was always a dear boy and he hasn't changed a bit," Miss Thompson said as she brought out her most treasured possession—a photograph autographed by Clark.

"You see that guitar?" Miss Thompson asked. "That's the guitar that helped me form the band which Clark would never have joined if I didn't first give him the idea of being an actor. I would play on that and the children would sing. Later Clark learned to play the horn."

"He was a fine boy. Ask Andy Means about how he could play baseball. Andy and I lived around since they were—let me see—Clark was about three and Andy was seven."

We followed her instructions and found Andy Means sitting in front of the fire in the living-room of the Millers, Mrs. Sharpe's parents. A large fire burned in the grate. Before it, in a comfortable chair, sat Charles Miller, whom Clark regarded "almost as a father." Mrs. Miller, who was "Ma" to Clark, bustled in from the kitchen where she was preparing supper.

"Baseball? Clark play baseball? Why, Clark Gable was the best sacrifice man we ever had in Hopedale," Andy Means exclaimed—and began reminiscing.

"I was born in 1893, and a traveling salesman for the Black & Grand Company of Zanesville, Ohio, moved to Hopedale when he was seven and Clark was three."

"My father bought the hotel here, and that's the way Clark and I became friends," Means explained. "We shot marbles together, we played baseball together; he played second base and I first. He had the loudest voice of any kid on the street."

"He was some talker! He could talk himself out of anything. He didn't have to scare; he just talked himself out of it."

"That's what made him a good salesman. You know when he worked down in Akron at Firestone's, he worked evenings and Saturday afternoons in a haberdashery, selling.

"The men liked him. Clark made a swell salesman. I will say this for Clark; he always dressed well."

"Can't you blame him; he always looked like a million dollars in them."

"That's what he understood he was doing the last time we came here. You mean?'" Means questioned Mrs. Sharpe. "He said he and another fellow had a haberdashery on Fifth Avenue in New York and that he was on

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Clark Gable's First Sweetheart

his way out to the coast to see the old man. I understood Clark fixed him up with a gasoline station.

"He told me that he had been married but it didn't take," Means offered.

"But he cared much about girls, Andy?" Mrs. Sharpe questioned.

"No, he never cared for them very much. To the contrary, we were used to a double date together down in Akron, but otherwise he didn't bother about them very much. He was never afraid of them—just didn't care for them, that was all."

"Then, what did I tell you?" Mrs. Sharpe asked me.

"Sure. Clark never liked any other girl but Marge here," Means replied, and looked at Mrs. Sharpe with a teasing twinkle in his eye.

"Oh, go on! Clark and I were just pals, that was all," Mrs. Sharpe protested blushingly.

Clark was a good kid, a regular kid, offered Charles Miller, father of Mrs. Sharpe. "We are mighty, mighty proud of him, you know."

"His acting is so natural-like that when his uncle saw him, he yelled out, 'There he is! There's my Clark!' And do you know what his Aunt Mary Ella did?"

"His aunt and uncles had never been to a movie in their lives. They went to see Clark in 'A Free Soul' with Norma Shearer. Remember the part where they shoot Clark? Well, his Aunt Mary Ella stood up right and screamed. They've got my boy!"

"We had the hardest time convincing her that it was only a picture," Miller chuckled.

"Do I envy him? Would I change places with him?" asked Means in reply to my question. "No, siree! I have my wife and my little girl and I am happy that way. Sometimes I think I would like to be the money he is, but that will come with time; and if it doesn't I'll be just as happy—and a holler if Clark is that!"

It was already evening when we left the Millers and made our way to the Dunlaps. They lived right across from the church, in which Clark's Uncle John is sexton.

"If you'll just wait until I open the church, I'll be glad to talk to you," Uncle John exclaimed as he invited us into the living-room.

Soon the long windows across the road gleamed with light, and Uncle John reappeared in the doorway. He picked up the pot which was lying under the coal stove and prodded the bed of coals.

"You want to know about my boy?"

Uncle John asked as the tongues of fire leaped out of the stove door. "He's the best thing I ever had."

Uncle John spread his arms out and stood up on his toes. "This is the way we feel about him—right up on our toes, don't we, Aunt Mary Ella?" he asked a plainly dressed woman who came into the room.

"There won't anybody beat him," maintained Aunt Ella staunchly.

"We saw him in the movies and there he was just as natural as if you were right there talking to him," explained Uncle Edson.

"How do you feel about his being in the movies?" we asked the two bachelor uncles and his maiden aunt.

"It's a business, isn't it? Certainly so; then Clark is in it, clean and fine just as he would be in any other business."

A tile of movie magazines that reached almost half way up the ceiling told the story that not only were the Dunlaps proud of Clark but they followed every move he made in his career.

See what the theater man down in Cadiz gave us," Uncle Edson told as he displayed movie stills from "A Free Soul" and "The Fall and Rise of Susan Lennox."

"We're right proud of him," commented Uncle Edson.

"Show them the baby dress you made for Clark and the little sailor suit," suggested Uncle John as he turned his back toward the stove and warmed his hands. Aunt Mary Ella, her thin hands working steadily, displayed a tiny white dress and a faded blue middy blouse. "Clark was a right smart little one," Aunt Mary Ella said with pride.

"I remember when he was about six years old, he came to me and asked me to give him a little red dress I had there. He said he wanted to give it to his stepmother in case they had a baby at the house."

"You want to take my picture?" questioned Uncle John in his mountaineer accent. "Well, let me fix my hair up," he borrowed Aunt Mary Ella's comb and combed his hair and then his white mustache.

"How do you think I am?" questioned Uncle John, coyly.

"About... "I started.

"Well, you wouldn't take me for 71, now would you?" Uncle John asked, as he tucked his hand through Mrs. Sharpe's arm. "And I'm still a bachelor, what do you think of that?"

"Do we look nice? We want Clark to be right proud of us," the three questioned.

"He's Uncle John, there's folks going into the church, a youthful churchgoer called into the doorway.

"Goodbye, and if you should see Clark, give him our love," waved the three as they made their way into the lighted church."

It was evening when we returned to Cadiz. In every window burned a lamp. As we stopped in front of Mrs. Sharpe's home, and she alighted, a question popped into my mouth. I hesitated. Mrs. Sharpe noticed it and said, "You wanted to ask me something else, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"It was a delicate question to ask any lady."

"Did Clark ever kiss you? I finally managed.

Hearty laughter greeted me. "Oh, my, yes, lots of times. On the doorstep, when we came from skating, on sleighing parties. Oh, yes, lots of times, but I will say that he wasn't the lover he is today!"

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Putting Hollywood on the Spot

(Continued from page 53)

M-G-M was dubious about Johnny because he's not a talkie actor, has never cultivated a broad "a" or learned to murmur "love" like an actor. About the same goes for the M-G-M's Gable. Instead of capitalizing on him, they worked him to death in the shoddiest of films. Only once was he given a good director. With Von Sternberg coaching him in "Morocco," Gary delivered a performance that was witty, charming, satirical. I think Cooper will very much enjoy playing as a hero of cow dramas, he is distinctly a sophisticated person, with a quizzical, half-cynical smile. That trip abroad may have improved him. He returned a cosmopolite. The hostesses at his house-warming in Beverly Hills were the chimpanzees Toluca, an Italian

Sari Maritza Gives Makeup Secrets

(Continued from page 69)

"All I shall attempt to do is to tell a few girls how to study, quite regular faces they may pick out their most interesting features and bring them out with make-up and make themselves interesting with such a face I have had experience!

"First of all the eyes are the most important, alive, and interesting feature of any face. You can be made to talk and the background and frame

"Try different types of eye shadow until you get just the right unobtru-

"If I should say a safe rule would be to follow the natural line of the lip, adding just the necessary curves to make a pretty, soft contour. If the chin is weak definitely accent the upper lip."

"I assure you use as little as possible. For a face of my contour I put any check rouge I use from the temple to the lower cheek, to add length to my face, but for street wear, I do not use rouge, and powder just on my nose, about my mouth, chin and neck. Your eyes, lips and hair with their highlights to con-

"So for cheek rouge, and powder, I use as little as possible. For a face of my contour I put any check rouge I use from the temple to the lower cheek, to add length to my face, but for street wear, I do not use rouge, and powder just on my nose, about my mouth, chin and neck. Your eyes, lips and hair with their highlights to con-

"I have been in Hollywood for some years, and I have learned the good, the bad and the ugly. I have worked with some of the greatest actors, and I have seen the best of the best."

"Try different types of eye shadow until you get just the right unobtru-

"All you need is a good director. With Von Sternberg coaching him in "Morocco," Gary delivered a performance that was witty, charming, satirical. I think Cooper will enjoy playing as a hero of cow dramas, he is distinctly a sophisticated person, with a quizzical, half-cynical smile. That trip abroad may have improved him. He returned a cosmopolite. The hostesses at his house-warming in Beverly Hills were the chimpanzees Toluca, an Italian
Putting Hollywood on the Spot

countess and Mary Pickford. I repeat once more, Gary has a cosmopolitan appeal.

CLARA BOW is back, I hope. She too is primitive, therefore natural in contrast to our posing platinum. During her five years with Paramount she brought luxury to company than any star has brought in the history of motion pictures. She virtually saved Paramount. If she had had sympathetic management she might be doing the same for them today.

The most remarkable and natural people suffer most in Hollywood. Mabel Normand, I think it was Mabel who kindled the fighting spirit of Hollywood. The injustice she suffered from the press, the tabloid rats and the blackmailers, turned Hollywood into a citadel.

Everyone rallied to Clara Bow because, whatever her folly, she had the valiancy to face the blackmailing traitorousness. Clara should be a greater actress now than before.

Can you blame Marlene Dietrich for walking out on Paramount when Jack Oakie was assigned the leading role in "Million Dollar Legs?" I mean...

THE triumph of Joan Crawford is significant. It indicates that the younger crowd, who are her kind, have become artificial. In "Grand Hotel" Miss Crawford was a great movie star condescending to play a stenographer and not condescending very much at that. Compared with Miss Garbo she was a poster to a painting. Miss Garbo had little opportunity.

The role was for Nana, but Garbo, whatever she does, is true. Her outward gestures are the motive of her thoughts. She lives. The reverse is true of Miss Crawford. She thinks in outer effects. Her postures, eye-rolling and undulating stride are all calculated. She acts.

CORINNE GRIFFITH, I read, has knocked European royalty for a row and danced with the Prince of Wales. When a movie star goes abroad it doesn't, that, my friends, will be new.

I FOUND myself absorbed in Kay Francis the other evening. I don't know whether she is an actress or not but she has this distinction—she doesn't appear to be a Junior Leaguer, a school teacher, a business woman—in a word, a woman. Her eyebrows were not weird, her lips did not look as if they had just been in a jam jar, her clothes did not make her look like a float in a rose parade. She was, in fact, so much the woman that I had a mind to go right up to the stage door. Of course that is not art but it's an awfully nice feeling.

HOLLYWOOD is rapidly turning socialist. It's a bloodless revolution. Several producers have put their employees on a profit-sharing basis, giving them the right to share in the profits. This privilege of sharing in the losses, which just now are a lot more promising than profits. One producer, Doug Fairbanks on his South Sea picture have a good chance, however, of topping their previous in

comes. None of them were paid salaries. Each was allowed a percentage in the film.

"We agreed to make a lark of the trip," says Doug. "Whatever we make is velvet."

This sounds dangerously communistic but the boys swear that they still say their prayers and perhaps the D.A.R. (Daughters of Revolution) may leave them alone.

"I'd never work if it wasn't for Mary," Doug declared.

We were talking in Harold Lloyd's bungalow on the United Artists lot. It's a lovely place of green and gold, formerly occupied by Gloria Swanson. Ophish males were spread over the gold sofas. Harold had one shoe off. Doug needed a shave. Joe Reddy, commissar of publicity, looked like Trotsky in shirt-sleeves. I imagine the Czarina's boudoir presented such an appearance after the Russian revolution.

LOYD hasn't gone communist. He did even better. He paid salaries to his staff during the year he wasn't working.

Harold Lloyd is the most consistent producer in Hollywood. He has never had a failure. His secret is in organization. Instead of preaching loyalty, as other Hollywood producers do, he practices it. He has never been heard to use the Hollywood "I," but always the Lindberghian "We."

On his estate in Beverly Hills there is a house for the gang, as he calls his staff. Everyone who works with Lloyd considers the picture as "ours." It's a fraternal organization. If there were more men in the world as great in their simplicity as Harold Lloyd there wouldn't be these depressions.

"I BELIEVE that motion pictures offer great possibilities as a medium of art," says Theodore Dreiser. "The pictorial effects on the screen are real, while those on the stage, especially outdoor scenery, are artificial."

In saying this Mr. Dreiser reveals again how little he knows of the inner workings of the studios. Today the producers do not give you real scenery. They resort to the Dunning process, glass shots and other subterfuges. Most of the scenery is built on the studio stages. It is as artificial as that on theater stages.

That is why the screen has lost its peculiar charm. Producers think they fool the public but, as a matter of fact, the public has come to think of the screen as far more false than the stage.

Even the people are less real. Never in the history of the stage did actresses resort to such queer make-up as that employed by the Hollywood mannancers. Thus the screen with all the possibilities of realism has destroyed itself by artifice. Even news reels are faked. The average TV audience is not greater writers, actors, or directors, but greater executives.
tell you how he was almost buried alive
when the British mined the front lines
in the battle of Something-or-other.

Louis Closser Hale, the character
actress, would bemoan the fact that she
hadn’t any gasoline in which to wash
her beautiful hair. She stops her cars
eight nights a week in order, and rests
with a bandeau over her eyes.

Gary Cooper would explain that he
was born in Montana, but sent to Eng-
land as a child where he went to school
in Dunstable—and that because of in-
juries in a car accident, when he
was thirteen, he was sent back to Mon-
tana where he rode his father’s cattle
range for two years.

Helen Hayes would yearn for a ping-
pong table and tell you she always
had one with her when she was
trouping.

Maurice Chevalier would tell you
he learned English in a German prison
camp, from which he escaped disguised
as a field hospital attendant
—and that he still has a bullet in his
chest.

And Ken Maynard would admit
he has two bullets in his back—but
he wouldn’t tell you how he got
there.

Roland Young might amuse you with
a recital of his love at first sight with his
wife-when she was wearing pic-
tails. And how he waited ten years
for her to grow up.

Claudette Colbert would insist
that she lived apart from her husband, Nor-
man Foster, because she loved him—
that they would take separate houses
whenever they felt they were becoming
the least indifferent toward each other.

Walter Byron would explain that
he got his prize fighter’s nose in an auto
accident. And that he owns a gold
mine in Nevada—and was wounded
three times in the World War.

PRODUCERS have a new gag to
coax the droopy-studio workers who
are supposed to be snapping at the hand
that feeds them. A clause in contracts for
scribblers forbids either spoken or
written comment upon Hollywood, the
moving-picture industry or its per-
sonnel.

Anyway, the boys can have a fine
time telling each other about the
weather. Until the Los Angeles
Chamber of Commerce hears about it
—and tells them to go back to Russia.

But from where we sit, it looks like
the executives are going to a lot of
trouble to prove that the industry’s still
in its infancy.

GENE FOWLER, who lives most of
the time on lonely Fire Island, re-
fused to sign a $1200 a week writing
contract in Hollywood because it con-
tained a morality clause.

At no time, ’til last summer, ’til I
wrote my letter,” Fowler wrote, when he returned the
contract to Radio, “is immorality a
thing. It is an absolute luxury. They’re
about as much interested in immoral
guys, and, after all, if I’m writing
about them I like to get the proper
atmosphere. I’ve been stymied for
years by the long-haired who look out
for our national morals. First, last
and always I’m a newspaper man, and
you know how newspaper men are
characterized in pictures. They’re
never over-moral. And who am I to
make a bum out of pictures?”

Fowler remained in Hollywood a few
weeks and turned out a great grib of
story material for Radio. Then he
headed back to Montana to go to Fire
Island to write a book about Holly-
wood.

ADD SIMILAR—
Full of garters as publicity stills...

CHARLES LAUGHTON, the Eng-
lish actor, is considered the most
important potential star in Hollywood.
He’s another Emil Jannings, as every-
body observed when he made his first
stage appearance in this country last
fall. His performance in “Payment
Deferred” was judged by critics as
the finest character acting seen on the
New York stage in twenty years.

Although they are tremendously
impressed by Laughton’s first work in
Hollywood, Laughton has received lit-
tle or no publicity. Perhaps they’re
waiting to see what the public thinks.
Or waiting to tie him up on a long-
time contract. At any rate, the word
has gone around that only confusion in
casting Laughton can prevent him
from zooming into a place of first
importance. Unfortunately confusion
on some studios have plenty of these
troubled days.

Laughton didn’t start acting until he
was nearly thirty, and he’s only in
his middle thirties now. He suddenly
decided to go to a dramatic school.
He was hailed as great in less than a
year after he first appeared on the
professional stage.

AND studio heads must be getting
sick and tired of carping critics
who insist that the industry is afraid
to attempt anything new and differ-
ent. By making such insinuations,
would-be “intellectuals” merely expose
their own ignorance. The fact is that
the industry is always seeking
for something new to please and amuse
the public. The only thing executives
ask before experimenting with some-
thing new is: “Who tried it before?
And how much did they make?”

IRVING CAESAR wrote forty-six
songs in three weeks—and out of this
grist a half dozen have been se-
clected for Al Jolson’s picture, which
is now under way. Caesar works like
a maniac. He’ll write a song first
thing in the morning, then try to
finish another before lunch. He plays
golf at three. “Of course,” says
Caesar, “I’m afraid some of the things
I do in a rush are merely great. The
others come out better.”

This modesty was sired by Producer
Bennet Fogel’s remark, when asked about
business. “It’s colossal,” he said, “but
we hope it will pick up.”

The New Movie Magazine, September, 1922
Cook-cooing the Movies

JOLSON tried out his new songs for two weeks before picture audiences in San Francisco and Oakland. He told gags and sang songs four hours a day, testing movie audiences. Then he collapsed in a dressing room equipped with a radio and electric ice box. It was hard work. And at a midnight show a hoodlum in the front row tried to razz him. Jolson blew up and called the boy a complete hobo print for a moron." The fellow pulled out a rubber whistle and blew a blast—a ripe raspberry, "I could lick you when I was a baby," shouted Jolson. "And I can lick you now." The fellow replied once more with his rubber bugle. The audience began to roar—thinking the boy was a stooge. He wasn't. Jolson was tired and mad. But the audience enjoyed the business so much that he hired the mug to play a Bronx chodley symphony every performance.  

Another motion picture which continues still and yet to bubble is the one showing that the rich all lead lives full of trouble.

Dry your eyes if you have been feeling sorry for Colleen Moore these last three years. The gal the film magnates forgot will receive $100,000 for her picture. That's not a bad solution of Colleen's unemployment problem. Her recently acquired husband, by the way, is no pauper.

Yet, Colleen was the first motion-picture celebrity to crash the gates of Bel Air and build a hacienda in that domain of rich hillbillies between Beverly and the ocean. Developers of this snooty country side openly proclaimed that no celluloid celebrity would be permitted to live there. Bel Air is a vast stretch of bridie paths and elaborate estates surrounding the swank golf course and country club. The place is populated by many transplanted social registers—some of them decrepit but very solvent. Nothing in these parts gives a conventional dowager more pleasure than to wrinkle her titled nose at the mention of a "motion-picture person." This attitude has long prevailed in certain states of lower California's higher circles. A luscious movie blonde, however, has never been known to worry away much weight toward the hips after a social chill.

"Suffering is good for an actress," says Jean Harlow, who should certainly know if she heard it on good authority.

Entirely too many of them have been good along for years on the theory that suffering is only good for the audience.

Let's Try Suki-Yaki

(Continued from page 65)

lengths. Remove tops from celery, wash stalks, then cut diagonally into thin strips. Cut bamboo shoots in thin lengthwise strips. Place all these on a large cake plate in an attractive manner, and put them beside your grill.

Now heat your grill, drop the beef suet or butter into the pan and add all the prepared vegetables to the fat; when boiling add half the beef or chicken stock, and all the soy sauce and sugar. The mixture simmers for seven minutes without stirring. Then turn the top vegetables to the bottom of the skillet with the chop sticks or a fork. Now reduce the heat, add the rest of the beef or chicken stock and let it simmer seven minutes more.

Then push the vegetables to one side of the skillet and add the bean curd, which has been cut into inch squares ½ inch thick. Then sprinkle over the top the vegetables, mushrooms, which have been sliced lengthwise, and cook 3 minutes more.

Again, push the mixture to one side in the skillet, and drop in the sirloin steak or chicken, sliced very, very thin. Simmer gently for half minute until browned slightly, then turn, and cook for the same time on the other side. Cook meat until tender. If more liquid is needed add more beef or chicken stock. Any combination of seasonal vegetables may be used in place of the Japanese foods which may not be easily found.

"Sukiyaki is another delicacy which I found out all about," says Jill. "You're supposed to dip these in soy sauce, which he told me can be obtained in any delicatessen in bottles..."

FRIED SHRIMP RECIPE

1½ cup flour
3 tsp. salt
1 tsp. baking powder
1 egg
3/4 cup of milk
Drained canned or fresh cooked shrimp

Measure and sift together flour, salt, and baking powder. Beat the egg slightly, add the milk, and combine the dry ingredients, stirring constantly. The batter should coat the shrimp entirely. Dry the shrimp and dip it in the batter.

Fry in deep olive oil, browning them first on one side and then on the other. Drain on absorbent paper. Serve with rice and soy sauce.

Curried crabmeat is another favorite dish with the Japanese and here is that recipe as Jill took it down.

1 tsp. butter
1 tsp. minced onion
1 tsp. of flour
1 tsp. salt
1 tbsp. curry powder
1 cup chicken stock
1 cup canned crab meat
1 tsp. of lemon juice.

Cook minced onion with beef for three minutes; add flour, salt, and curry powder, and stir until smooth. Next add chicken stock and cook until thickened. Add canned crab meat from which the bones have been removed, and the lemon juice. Heat and serve with rice.

(please turn to page 110)

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The New Movie Magazine, September, 1932
**The New Movie Magazine, September, 1932**

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**SHE LOOKS YOUNG till She Takes Off Her Hat**

"If you wish another course to round out a Japanese dinner, I told me you could use Sunomono. It might take the place of our fish or salad course," says Jill.

**SUONOMONO RECIPE**

**Caused crabmeat**

**Oceander**

**Celery**

On an individual salad plate arrange a few pieces of crabmeat. Beside the crabmeat place a few thin slices of cucumber overlapping each other, then place a small pile of celery cut lengthwise of the stalks into short strips. Over all pour the following dressing: Combine one cup of hot beef stock made by using one beef cube dropped into a large boiling water. Add 1/2 cup vinegar and 4 teaspoons sugar. Chill and serve.

"Oh, yes, I asked him about dessert. He laughed and said Japanese eat no dessert excepting special feast days—then we have preserved mixed Oriental fruits, preserved kumquats or golden fruits. They may be served with lee chee nuts or rice cakes. Japanese eat no bread, only rice cakes." Now isn't that interesting?

"I'm going to try a Japanese dinner out on Hollywood real soon and if they don't like Sukiyaki and Sunomono I am going to be surprised and disappointed," laughed Jill.

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**Let's Try Suki-Yaki**

(Continued from page 105)

Jacques Feyder, French-German director, and one of Talia's devoted friends, created quite a flurry, though he could not be present due to a broken leg. He sent a basket of magnificent lilies. They looked fully six feet tall! He called on the telephone several times during the afternoon just to hear what was going on and to wish he might be there.

**HOW about coming up to my house Saturday night and meeting my little African protege" asked Cooper. And that’s just what we did—and had quite the most exciting evening you can imagine!**

Gary's new home is a Spanish ranchhouse with all the charm and appeal of a bachelor's paradise, reflecting the informal and gracious charm of its owner. The living room, large, spacious, long and inviting, with a great fireplace at one end.

When his guests, about fifty in number, were all assembled in the great living-room, Gary suddenly appeared in the doorway with his protege. The room was filled with animation, but at his appearance there was an instant silence, then sudden explosive "ohs" and "ahs" which Toluc, the chimpanzee he brought back from Africa with him, took as her just due. She looked over the room with blazing indifference and some scorn. She wore a little beret, rakishly cocked over one ear, a lovely silver bracelet and a short red skirt.

From the moment of her entrance she held every eye, in spite of the presence of Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Joan Crawford and Douglas Jr., Charlie Farrell, and Janet Gaynor, the interesting Countess Frasso, and many other stunning women and distinguished men.

Even the sight of Mary Pickford did not break down Toluc's superior air of boredom ... but one sight of the hora d'oeuvres did! Her dignity and boredom vanished in a flash! She made a sudden, unexpected dive at the dish and grabbed as many as she could possibly grip in both hands. She seemed to stuff them into her mouth as quickly as possible.

From this moment Toluc was queen of the ball, and she knew it! She walked up and down, looking over those assembled with avid interest here and apparent scorn and disapproval there.

Johnny Mack Brown grabbed her skirt as she started past him. She slapped him hard, glared at him furiously, then jumped up and down and screamed for help—and when she screamed, she screamed! She resettled Johnny's familiarity and was giving him the jungle raspberry.

After she had sufficiently impressed Johnny with her scorn, she passed on, looking back constantly to frown and show her teeth at him.

Only the women and their jewelry interested her. She would pick up a diamond-studded bracelet or finger a precious ring carefully, turning it curiously about. Then she would raise her own bare arm and shake it in the very face of the lovely lady she was belittling and display her own bracelet with excited pride and triumph.

"Thank goodness she has no taste for expensive jewelry," murmured Gary, which caused another ripple of laughter.

After Toluca had performed until the guests were quite exhausted with laughter and excitement, she was taken out. The guests were then seated at several tables and were served quite the most delicious and enticing course dinner imaginable.

The room was in an upsurge of friendly, cordial excitement. Gary had quite the most impressive guest list to be found in Hollywood.

Lydell Peck was attentive and devoted to Janet Gaynor, her wife, as was Charlie Farrell to Virginia Valli. The two of them sat at the same table and chatted and laughed like school children.

It was distinctly a white party. Virginia in a stinging scarlet gown was like a beautiful flame on a moonlight night, for she was the only woman in the room wearing a vividly colored gown.

Mary Pickford wore a lovely, softly clinging white satin gown, as did Mrs. Sadie Gottschalk. Mrs. Peck, the Countess Frasso, Frances Marion, the new and very attractive Mrs. Edward Goulding, and Mrs. Richard Wallace.
You Must Come Over

Mary Pickford was the life of the party. Mary, quite the criterion of proper behavior and exclusive atmosphere, has lately been reaching out and enjoying everything and everybody with her old spirit and verve. She is one of the few spirits who have been heard singing in Hollywood when she lets down to play. She was the belle of Gary’s party—perhaps with the exception of Teluca.

Dolores Del Rio Gibbons gave one of the most delightful sports parties of the season at her home in Malibu beach.

The guests were ushered out to an attractive lawn terrace where individual tables were set with vivid green linen and center bouquets of white gardenias.

A delicious course luncheon was served promptly at one o’clock. Guests had been invited for ping pong, tennis and swimming, so bathing suits, tennis rackets and bathing shoes were brought along.

No hostess in Hollywood has greater charm and finesse than does Dolores when entertaining. She is here, there and everywhere. She was at a most striking pajama ensemble. It had watermelon pink trousers, made of a beautiful soft silk and so voluminous they floated about her as she walked. They were tight around the waist and bell-shaped at the bottom. They had a white silk close-fitting of the same thin silk and yards and yards of material in a scarf about her neck to match the trousers. The scarf was tied with a holly green ribbon.

Pay Wray was dubbed ping pong champion of Hollywood because her spirited playing and technique made her victor in every contest.

She conquered Lily Damita, Dave Selznick, John Gilbert, Florence Eldridge (Mrs. Fredric March), Barney Glazer and Dolores herself, besides many others.

Dolores declared herself chagrined at her ping pong defeat and decided to enter the billiard tournament, going golfing in another corner of the estate. She disappeared for a few seconds and reappeared in a smart one-piece linen tennis dress with a square neck and a paisley-patterned scarf about her neck, and openwork sandals on her feet, with no socks or stockings.

The tennis court is on a beautiful cement pavilion with awning-covered and ultra-modernistic chairs scattered about the sides for the use of tennis fans who wish to watch the game. Tennis matches were carried off with much jeering and shameless cheering from the sages and Jack Gilbert knew defeat here as well as at the ping pong table, so they drowned their sorrows in the swimming pool.

The guests left at five because their host and hostess had promised to join Constance Bennett’s party, in celebration of her six months’ wedding anniversary.

Dolores changed into a stunning black chiffon evening gown with a taffeta jacket with two enormous puffed sleeves, and two lovely handmade flowers at the waist.

Constance Bennett and her Marquis celebrated their six months’ wedding anniversary with a group of friends at dinner, after which they played backgammon and bridge, and most popular of all—solved cut-out puzzles.

Hollywood has now taken up the fad of working out cut-out picture puzzles. Even at parties you will find groups pawing over little meaningless bits of wood or cardboard looking for an arm, a leg or an eye that belongs to a certain something on another bit of wood or cardboard.

Constance, whose first passion has been cross-word puzzles, has now taken up cut-out puzzle-solving with a vengeance. Constance, always interestingly gowned for any occasion, gave the cotton-wearing fad a boost by appearing this evening in a white pique gown, low cut, tight fitting and perfectly plain, one bracelet and the rings she always wears. It was simplicity itself, but most effective and smart.

Besides Dolores Del Rio and her husband, Norma Shearer Thalberg and Arlette, there were the late Joan Bennett and Gene Markey, Mrs. and Mrs. Sam Goldwyn, the Dave Selznicks, Joan Whitney Payson, Mrs. L. DuPont, Harry Selznick, Mrs. and Mr. Edmund Goulding, Mr. and Mrs. George Fitzmaurice, William Haines, George Gurko, Alice Glazer, Viscount Leecher. Dr. and Mrs. Harry Lyon, and many, many more I cannot remember.

There were several parties being given that night. It has become quite the rage in Hollywood now to go from one party to another. Every party now is a series of comings and goings, bewildering to the uninstructed.

Billie Dove and Harriet Parsons visited New York and Florida together last winter. They went for a few days and stayed three months. Billie says they tried everything each place had to offer at least once, and had a glorious time.

So it is not surprising when Billie’s birthday arrived, Louella Parsons, Martin, Harry’s mamma, Hollywood’s favorite columnist, invited Billie to tea. Billie said: “Louella wants you to come along with me. I have no idea what we’ll do, but you can believe me we’ll have a good time. We always do at Louella’s.” And we did.

We arrived at the tea, the delightfully informal Billie sans hat, sans expectations—but ready for anything, which is one of Billie’s most charming characteristics.

Marion Davies arrived almost immediately, then Bebe and Ben Lyon, Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson, (yes, they are going to parties together again) and then Gary Cooper and the Countess Frasso.

Billie began to get excited. “Um-m, looks like a party,” she whispered. “Wonder if Louella is really giving a party because it’s my birthday?” Billie, of course mentioned anything about her birthday, she couldn’t be sure.

Dick Barthelmess and his attractive wife had many exciting adventures to relate about their trip to the Orient. Jack Dempsey, Gene Raymond, Gilbert Roland and Billie’s brother and his wife, all close friends of Billie’s, added to Billie’s suspicions about its being her party—but still she couldn’t be certain.

When Eddie Goulding and his wife

The New Movie Magazine, September, 1932
You Must Come Over

(Continued from page 111)

arrived, Marion Davies cornered him immediately. After a bit of furtive conferring, they crossed directly to Billie and drew her into a corner.

Later, Billie told me they were telling her the story of Marion's new film and installing her to do the girl-
friend rôle. "It's a great part, really Billie, and we could have such a lot of fun making it!" coaxed Marion, who is Hollywood's most beloved good-time girl in person.

Ruth Roland, one of Billie's oldest and best Hollywood friends, dropped in. "I've just arrived in town that very morning, she caused quite a flurry of excitement.

Joan Bennett and husband, Gene Markey, were present. Joan has never looked more radiantly beautiful than since her marriage. There is a new radiance about her, quite evidently due to her newfound happiness with her charming husband. Joan is wearing bangs, and they are deceptively becoming.

Lilyan Tashman had Tom Dougan and Billy Eakewell in tow. Mary Pick- ford and Marian Nixon and Eddie Hill- man, her husband, were the last to arrive.

Suddenly the doors into the dining room were flung open and an elaborate buffet was attractively displayed, with a huge, creamy, yellow, and green decorated cake with little white doves all over the top. Candles were glowing brightly upon it, and everyone in chorus called, "Happy birthday, Billie!"

The beautiful, easily moved Billie was close to tears. Though she had been suspicious all along, no one had said a word to her to verify her sus- picions, and she had had to be content with just wondering. So it was a real surprise.

About nine, after most of the guests had left, Billie took twelve of her most intimate friends home for dinner.

ONE of the smartest luncheons was that at which Mrs. Blanche McIntire was hostess in honor of Joan Bennett.

The long table was set in the Venetian room. The decorations, following the popular mode of the present, were all in white, relieved only by dainty maidenhair ferns.

Mrs. McIntire is the mother of Donald E. McIntire, Fox Films official. She is extremely popular with the younger set and delights in having them about her.

Mrs. McIntire wore a smart ensemble of white crepe Korrigan and Paisley. Joan appeared in her usual harmoni- ous color tone ensemble. She wore a brown and white silk crepe print trimmed with brown and white or- ganic collar, scarf and cuffs, white gloves, brown and white hat, and brown and white shoes.

Minna Gombell was strikingly smart in a costume of black and white wool crepè, with a huge scarf bow at the neck, white gloves, black shoes and black, severely tailored hat with a short flare veil.

Sally Eilers looked exceptionally beautiful and dainty, wearing a lovely gown of pale blue cotton lace, fitting her slim figure like a glove. Mrs. Reginald Donny wore a smart white pique suit.

The favors were little baskets of muffin breads, all hand-crochet ed by Mrs. McIntire herself. They were designed as sachets and she had a busy time telling the girls how she made them.

Music of the Sound Screen

(Continued from page 68)

instrumental, that is, we have two stars for the price of one. The singing is done by Bing Crosby and the dancing rhythm is furnished by Isham Jones' orchestra—a very entertaining combi- nation.

The other side has the same stars in "Happy Go Lucky You," and it's good, too. (This is a Brunswick record.)

"I FOUND a Peanut," is next and it certainly is a pip—a combination of a barn dance and a hot tune, and what a combination! The Radio Rascals are the recording artists and maybe, they don't have a barrel of fun. One of the best novelty records going.

The other side is "Dixie," by the same outfit. Just one more tune. (This is a Victor record.)

IT'S time we had a good vocal, and here it is, "Lullaby of the Leaves," and the artist is none other than little Connie Boswell, who certainly knows her sharps and flats. If you don't believe me just listen to this one. You will come out of the store crepe print trimmcd with brown and white or- ganic collar, scarf and cuffs, white gloves, brown and white hat, and brown and white shoes.

The other side is also by Connie, singing "My Lips Want Kisses,"—two good numbers on one record. (This is a Brunswick record.)

HERE'S our hot tune for this month and it's played for us by the old master of hot music, Duke Ellington. "Blue Bubbles," is the title and I know you'll like it. Unlike Louis Armstrong, the Duke relies on en- semble work to put his stuff across and I honestly think he has one of the smoothest working hot bands in the country.

The other side is also by the Duke, "Blues I Love To Sing," with some real blues singing. (This is a Victor record.)

NEW ACCESSORIES FOR THE SCHOOL WARDROBE

To obtain circulars described on page 64, write to Miss Frances Cowles, in care of this magazine, enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars, or fifteen cents for all nine. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers beside the description.

The New Movie Magazine, September, 1932
Radio Rambles
(Continued from page 62)

But this year Old King Paul called for his crown and in the fall, he talked three and sent to work. Again the corridors of the broadcasting companies are ringing with his praises.

Prince of Wales Pride: This comeback would not have been possible had it not been for one of his greatest characteristics,—his waxen but not his man. Paul Whitman has been flattered by experts, including among others the Prince of Wales. But he doesn't let it go to his head.

The King's Finest: Somebody told us a story the other day which illustrates our point, even though it happened several years ago. Whitman's band had gone on its first concert tour of the United States. Everywhere they had met with wild acclaim, for they were, as you probably recall, the first large group of jazz musicians able to read complicated musical scores.

King Paul was at first delighted when he noticed that a number of the boys had also started to fool around on the side with the complicated task of writing special arrangements. In fact, in every way he encouraged them with their work until at length he began to notice a few of the musicians in his orchestra were beginning to exhibit a distinctly exaggerated complacency about their musical attainments. The fact is some of the boys were getting swelled heads. He turned to his secretary.

"Get me forty seats in the dress circle," he ordered. "For that Wagner Opera at the Met. next Thursday. What is it, 'Lohengrin'?

"Yes, Mr. Whitman."

"All right, get me twenty scores of 'Lohengrin'—one for each man to follow.""

Undoubtedly most of Mr. Whitman's musicians thought the procedure a little silly, but the majority of them showed up at the Metropolitan Opera House that Thursday, scores in hand. At the overture they seemed a little bored, but as the first act unfolded they fell under the spell of the great Wagner's music, so that the introduction of the score found them all in their seats, scores already opened to the spot well in advance of the conductor's appearance. At the first few bars they all followed the music with rapt attention until at length the thematic progression of the melody swelled into a triumphant blaze of Wagnerian brass. At this point one of Mr. Whitman's trumpet players, given special arranged, feverishly jabbed a saxophone playing brother in the region of "Great Christmas, Fritz," he whispered, "did you get a load of that development?"

Libel: In connection with Paul Whitman's big reduction in size, Ellis McDaid, the only Scotch flutist we know, this year is the first time Mr. Whitman's first saxophone player ever saw the audience.

But Kate Smith's accompanist hasn't seen them yet.

Such is Fame: Some idea of the importance of Kate Smith's Fan Club, sponsored by her cigar-making clients, can be found in a letter she recently received from her St. Louis, Mo., Post No. 28 regarding the marriage of Mr. Walter Wagner and Miss Addie Quinn. The Wagner romance began by an introduction at the club's first meeting and, at the marriage which took place recently in the club headquarters, the customary Lohengrin Wedding March was aban-
doned. At 7:30 promptly a loud speaker was switched on and the future Mrs. Wagner started her trek up the aisle accompanied by Kate Smith's voice, singing, "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain."

Mrs. Wagner is at least one bride who cannot object to cigar smoke and in about the living room.

Going Into Figures: In spite of the fact that our arithmetic has frequently been questioned by grocers, butchers, brokers, school teachers and Income Tax Collectors we still figure on a very particular basis. Paney our pleasure when we discovered that Pete Dixon, of "Raising Junior" fame, authored 426 episodes totaling over a million words while this series was on the air. Now, since at the outside there aren't more than a hundred pages to a page of dialogue, he must have had sheets of foolscap, the run of the show. If he's on his toes he'll buy into a paper mill before putting on his next series.

Any inventory left over after he gets through with his own stuff, he can peddle to Amos an' Andy who broadcast at the rate of 400,000 words a year.

While on this subject of statistics, we heard the other day that between January and May this year sixty-one Metropolitan Opera stars broadcast over the NBC chains—on the average of twelve new names among operatic stars facing the mike each month. And big ones. Both the names and the opera stars themselves.

From Clouds to Waves: Penthouses and wild waves continue to be the weakness of the composer and gentleman of the wave. Joe Moss has taken his Met. with high places in earnest. He lives on one roof, maintains an office on another and until recently conducted an orchestra on a third roof at the Hotel Pierre.

James Melton has installed a piano in the cockpit of his boat "Le Reve." That's what you call an enterprising singer of the thousand islands in the United States. This, he owns, the 1,000 Island where he goes fishing... And Welcome Lewis can show you two cups he won for canoeing when she was a high-school girl in Los Angeles...

Nat Brusiloff, Kate Smith's musicmaker, has a penthouse farmstead sixteen stories up over West End Avenue, New York. He plants potatoes, beets, onions and lettuce of other things there, and very few of them grow..."

Connie, Vet, and Martha Boswell spent their money on an apartment and a new car. They painted the apartment themselves from sketches made by Connie.

(Please turn to page 114)
Radio Rambles

(Continued from page 113)

Connie is an accomplished artist, having already sold a landscape for $15 which, she feels, takes her out of the garret class and makes her a boss painter. The girls are lots of fun. They play kind-hearted tricks like handing you empty match boxes and bum lighters; they raise indoor turtles and grapefruit trees; they hire a blonde secretary because they are brunettes; and when they bought their car they hired their regular taxi driver as chauffeur because he looked so sad at the prospect of losing their trade.

Costly minutes, etc.: Frank Crumit and Julia Sargent call their Long Meadow, Mass., home "Dunrovin" because since they went on the air they are "done roving." When Will Rogers argued himself out of that Ziegfeld air contract he lost $633 a minute—but for only five minutes a week, of course . . . Roger White, of the late Bath Club, lost his first conducting job at fifteen because he refused to sweep out the hall between playing dates.

Lovebirds apart: The Paul Tremaines celebrated their first wedding anniversary early this summer. Paul married Janet between trains. He came in from Missouri for the wedding and left alone a half hour later for an orchestra date in Virginia. This broke the short honeymoon record set by the Frank (Barbara Stanwyck) Fays on August 26, 1928, when Barbara arrived in St. Louis from New York at one, married Frank at two and left for New York at five.

And now: Let's climb on our own magic carpet and fly about the studios. Look, down there! The tall man standing on the edge of the platform with the sharply creased trousers and the black and white shoes—Abe Lyman, the well-dressed orchestra leader. Now he's conducting with clenched fists—somebody must have sounded an off note—but he can't seowl long. A few bars and he's smiling again. He pats the saxophonist who is walking up to the mike for a solo. He smiles to the zylophonist crossing the room. And then somebody makes a mistake and he's boiling again . . . but not for long . . .

And so we go over the roofs of Manhattan down Fifth Avenue and into Forty-second Street to Ed Wynn's spectator-filled Times Square studio. There's Ed Wynn now running on the stage in a high hat and a frock coat, while the audience roars. And there's Graham McNamee—the man next to Ed, who's putting on weight. Now Ed finishes his first bit and rushes off, while Don Voorhes plays . . . Wait! Here he comes back in a checkered coat and a comic hat. He changes costume five times—claims it keeps him in touch with the invisible audience . . . And now for a real surprise. Back up Fifth and into the big studio. Look! Walter O'Keefe and the original magic carpet! Yes, that's the magic carpet. The black chair with half the paint chipped off and the old table against the wall. And see him sitting there tensed over his manuscript. That's O'Keefe "at the controls." His eyes are glued on the first words of his "continuity . . . The man standing behind him is poised to tap him when it's time to start. His hand comes down . . . and . . . O'Keefe is off. He tells the band that has just played from somewhere out in the U. S. that they sounded swell. But he's only guessing, because he hasn't heard a note of it. The remote broadcasters don't come into the studio and he does not go out to listen to them.

At the Jazz King's Court: We were sitting with Jean Sargent and Eddie East and Ralph Dunke, the funny Sisters of the Skillet, at an opening t'other night. Jean was worried because she had eaten two scalloons for dinner, so we asked the helpful sisters what to do about scalloons and they beamed happily and said: "We love them.

Jean is getting over the hard lack of her first days on the air when Sam H. Harris, her "Face the Music" boss, threatened to order her off the Ziegfeld programs unless he was given air credit, and her dentist followed up by breaking a hypodermic needle in her jaw. On this night she sat watching every singer with wide open eyes, trying to study what made them tick.

There was Paul Whiteman cracking jokes sotto voce to Mildred Bailey while she sang . . . Jack Fulton standing before the mike as expressionless as Buster Keaton . . . James Melton swaying back and forth as much as a foot—they told me that was tone effect—and even clutching his heart during the more emotional numbers . . . but the eye of the night came at two A. M. when Paul called out from the floor: "Let Janie do something. She's been waiting all evening."—And Jane Vance, the blonde Northwestern co-ed, who had been nervously twisting a handkerchief all this time, sat upon the piano, and everyone was surprised to hear the slender little girl sing in a strong deep voice.

Society is on the Air! Jack Denny tried a new idea at the Waldorf Astoria when he started auditioning society charmers and broadcast them from his Starlight Roof as "Radio Debutantes." Young Social Registerite Gloria Braggiotti is credited with the idea and there are tentative plans to have private try-out teas on Tuesdays for the millionaires to do their stuff.

The Old Maestro Again: Walter O'Keefe tells a story about Ben Bernie. There was a horse named after the old maestro down at Hialeah Park. One day as it was coming down the home stretch fifty yards ahead of the field, the crowd rose and roared: "Yeah, Ben Bernie . . . Yeah, Ben Bernie." Whereupon the horse, says O'Keefe, stopped, took a bow and said: "I hope you like it," and lost the race.
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Do you realize that while today's foods are delicious, they are too soft to stimulate the gums? Gradually your gums have become flabby and tender. If you haven't "pink tooth brush" already, you probably will have it unless you do something about those touchy gums of yours.

And "pink tooth brush" not only tends to dull the teeth, but it often leads to Vincent’s disease, gingivitis, and even pyorrhea. And it may endanger perfectly sound teeth.

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The New Movie

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RADIO PICTURES
broadcast special

The New Movie Magazine, October, 1932
"AW bunk!" and the sound technician meant that heartfelt exclamation! During the scenes of "Once in a Lifetime," Jack Oakie had to crack pine nuts as a part of his role. Every time he would crack a few nuts, faithfully carrying out his "lines," the sound technician would yell "Cut it!" and disconnect the sound system.

Russell Mack finally became exasperated at this constant interruption to the scenes he was directing. The chagrined sound technician finally sheepishly admitted that the cracking nuts sounded exactly like outside static and he would get so interested in listening to the action he would forget all about Jack's nut cracking role—and would think something was wrong with the sound waves!

Remember "The Perils of Pauline," "The Exploits of Elaine," and "The New Exploits of Elaine?" How you thrilled, shivered and shook with the hair raising adventures of Pearl White through these early flicker films?

Carl Laemmle, Jr., has bought the screen rights to them and once more our children will shiver and shake to the same adventures that so thrilled us . . . but wait, maybe I'm wrong, for today children do not shiver and shake—they cheer, and clap and shout their pleasure as the lion eats the baby and the train rushes over the recumbent body of the beautiful girl. They know it's "nothin' but a pitcher show!"

JACK OAKIE, always good for a laugh, always with a new story, said: "You know about the undertaker who wanted his son to follow in his footsteps? "He said to a friend, 'wonderful the advantages young people have today with modern college courses! My son is taking Latin, they say that's a dead language, you know! Think how that will help him when he takes over!'"

REVENGE is sweet! One of Vincent Barnett's practical joke victims got even! Barnett is Hollywood's practical Joker and professional insulter, you know.

Recently he went on his honeymoon. An "eager to get even" victim found out at which hotel he was staying and had a dozen or so girls call him on the telephone . . . . The new Mrs. Barnett finally wanted to know—"how come?"

(Please turn to page 8)
GIANT planes roaring through the night... battling the fury of the elements so that you and I may receive our letters in a hurry... Brave men... and braver women... Living, Loving, Hating, Fighting.

This picture, dramatic in the extreme, takes you right into the lives of the air-pilots. An exceptional cast with

RALPH BELLAMY

GLORIA STUART, PAT O'BRIEN, SLIM SUMMERSVILLE, LILIAN BOND, RUSSELL HOPTON, DAVID LANDAU, LESLIE FENTON, FRANK ALBERTSON, HANS FURBERG, TOM CARRIGAN and WILLIAM DALY.

Directed by JOHN FORD

Universal Pictures

The New Movie Magazine, October, 1932
Beware Hollywood!

"Thirteen Women"—"The Thirteenth Man"—and "The Night of June 13th" are all being made at the same time! . . . Phew! . . . Shades of witches, broomsticks and black cats! What will happen to Hollywood now?

TOM MIX and James Gleason met on the Universal lot.

Jimmie was arrayed in true Tom Mix style, ready for his role in a western comedy short he was making for Universal.

Tom stopped him and turned him around slowly, looking over his chaps, jangling spurs, cowboy hats, guns and all . . .

"Not so bad," drawled Tom, with a grin. "You're stealin' my thunder!"

Gary Cooper and Mary Pickford, attending a recent Hollywood premiere together.

Here's old son Richard Dix, celebrating the fiftieth wedding anniversary of his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Brimmer, in Hollywood. Also present is Richard's sister, Mrs. John Compton. You can see that Richard is the star son of all sons.

"Not me, Tom!" retorted Jimmie quickly, "I'm just borrowin' it to go with my lightnin'!" . . .

Only true Irish wit could work that fast! . . .

Which reminds me that Vince Barnett, professional insulter working on the set with Tom Mix in "Tom's in Town" for Universal, tried some of his "funny business" out on Tom.

Tom let fly a hard left straight at his head. Vince felt the force of the blow in the air a sixth of an inch from his chin!

That was the end of Vince's foolin' on the Mix set! He says from now on he is only going to "work on" invalids, children and helpless looking women! He shudders to think what would have happened to him if Tom's fist and his face had connected!

Tom drawled slowly, "I figured as how he was foolin' all right—but I just wanted to be darn sure! He was! . . . So was II!"

They're trading actors and actresses these days . . . . David Selznick said, "I'll let you take our Radio player Eric Linden for "Merry-go-Round," if you'll let me take your Universal player Tom Brown for Richard Dix's "Liberty Road"—or it was vice versa . . . anyway, the trade was made!

Remember Baby Peggy? This is the young lady herself, except that she's Peggy Montgomery now, aged thirteen, back in Hollywood after a few years on her father's ranch at Laramie, Wyo. She's playing in a series of featurettes being made by the Gleasons, Jimmie and Lucille, called "Jarry of the Journal."

Beware Hollywood the 13th . . . Tom Mix and Jimmie Gleason . . . How the studios are trading stars

The New Movie Magazine, October, 1932
Eric Linden busy and popular ... Is Zasu Pitts the
funniest woman in pictures? ... Lois Moran, capitalist

THAT Eric Linden is a very busy and popular young man these days! There is only one saucy, cocky kid who can get by with a small boy smarty-smarty air—and not be heartily hated by his elders—and that’s Eric! Therefore with all the smarty-smarty roles being written around our flaming youths, Eric is a busy young fellow!

THE funniest woman in pictures is Zasu Pitts! Who is there to disagree? Whenever she appears on the screen at previews the cheers and shrills of approval from the audiences are Özellik and outshriek the audiences’ welcome of the star or featured favorites of the picture shown.

On the “Once In A Lifetime” set Zasu portrayed the startled motion picture secretary with such gusto that Onslow Stevens, playing in the scene with her, broke down laughing and blew up in his lines. They took thirteen retakes before Stevens could control his appreciation of Zasu’s art!

SOMETIMES picture making is fun! When the “Wild Girl” company went on location in the Big Trees at Sequoia National Park, it looked like a family vacation at a summer resort to the usual onlooker for . . .

Charlie Farrell took Virginia Valli, his wife, along. Raoul Walsh took his wife and their little girl. Ralph Bellamy took his wife and Joan Bennett took Gene Markey and “Ditty,” her husband and little girl.

What a time they had! “It was more like the old days of silents when picture making was really fun instead of hard work and a business,” said Charlie wistfully.

So many silent players feel this way about talking pictures—they’ve taken a lot of the free and easy fun out of picture making!

TWO of the Fox favorite romantic leads are going to appear in one picture. John Boles and Warner Baxter are both to play in “Six Hours to Live” . . . This is a feminine fan break.

Recently the Fox Studios entertained the Olympic women athletes in a single body. They fairly mobbed John, who sang several of their favorites for them, and Warner Baxter, of whom they simply shrieked their approval.

Circulating among them it was found John and Warner were their favorite “heart busters” of the screen.

ZASU PITTS SAYS “NO”: Zasu Pitts did a Cameo (Take a Chance) Kirby when she turned down an offer from Paramount to sign a five-year contract at a salary said to be $150,000 a year, or $3,000 a week for two hundred and sixty consecutive weeks. It is being whispered that with Marie Dressier’s retirement from the screen, temporary or permanent, Zasu may be selected to step into the Dressier shoes, in which case Zasu wants to be free to step into them.

BUSY MAKING MONEY: While Lois Moran draws a non-dieting salary for her stellar share in the Pulitzer prize musical comedy, “Of These I Sing,” her clever business mother, Mrs. Gladys Moran, continues to squeeze the shekels from a tired Wall Street. Mrs. Moran can be found daily in her New York broker’s office and as a “bear” she buys, sells, and profits with the same regularity that long since has (Please turn to page 12)

[At Tap] Now why didn’t Sir Walter Raleigh think of this, instead of ruining his cloak? Clive Brook was brighter. When he found Claudette Colbert trapped on the curb on a rainy day at the Paramount studio, Sir Walter Brook just bundled up his Queen Elizabeth and swung her to dry territory.


(Right) Richard Arlen, with Jazzy Ralston, posing here especially for New Movie Magazine—recently has been working on two pictures at different studios at the same time. Or, rather, the pictures were being made simultaneously. One was “Tiger Shark” at First National, the other, “Guilty as Hell,” at Paramount.

The New Movie Magazine, October, 1932
Marion Davies  Norma Shearer  Joan Crawford  Marie Dressler  Greta Garbo

Jimmy Durante  Buster Keaton  Ramon Novarro  John Gilbert  Laurel & Hardy

Directed by Edmund Goulding
From Vicki Baum's Play

Lewis Stone  Polly Moran  Jean Harlow  Jean Hersholt  John Gilbert
John Weissmuller  Walter Huston  Maureen O'Sullivan  Anita Page  Karen Morley
Dorothy Jordan  Leila Hyams  Joan Marsh  John Miljan  Conrad Nagel
Robert Young  Nils Asther  Wallace Ford  Ralph Graves  Neil Hamilton
Myrna Loy  Una Merkel  Verree Teasdale  Helen Caburn  Norma Gregor
Hedda Hopper  Diane Sinclair  Louise Closser Hale  Ruth Selwyn
Diana Wynyard  William Bakewell  Helene Barclay  Virginia Bruce
Mary Carlyle  Claire Dubrey  Muriel Evans  Lawrence Grant
Gertrude Michael  Kane Richmond  May Robson

Other M-G-M Personalities:

Directed by Robert Z. Leonard
Eugene O'Neill's Prize Play
Lots of people avoided disappointment during the past year by making sure it was an M-G-M show before they bought their tickets. They saw, among other hits, such unforgettable M-G-M attractions as, "EMMA"..."HELL DIVERS"..."POSSESSED"..."TARZAN THE APE MAN"..."MATA HARI"..."THE CHAMP"..."RED-HEADED WOMAN"...space prevents listing them all! A new season of motion pictures is here. Again you may safely depend on M-G-M. The welcome roar of the M-G-M Lion awaits you at your favorite picture theatre! Under his banner appear the stars who light the movie sky with joy.

M-G-M IS PROUD OF THESE!...DON'T MISS THEM!

GRAND HOTEL...STRANGE INTERLUDE...NORMA SHEARER, FREDERIC MARCH in SMILIN' THROUGH...MARIE DRESSLER, POLLY MORAN in PROSPERITY...JOHN, ETHEL & LIONEL BARRYMORE in RASPUTIN, THE MAD MONK...WALLACE BEERY in FLESH...JACKIE COOPER in FATHER AND SONS

—and many others

GOLDWYN-MAYER

The New Movie Magazine, October, 1932
Jackie Cooper gets his own way when his mother gives him a lesson in thrift

(Continued from page 9)
glided herself and Lois into the millionaire class.

WHAT A BOY JACKIE: Jackie Cooper promised his mother to be a good boy if she took him shopping with her. He was doing fine until they passed through the gun department.

"Hey, mother, dear," he shouted, pulling her over to the counter. "Look—look! boy! that's a gun. Kin I have it? Kin 1?"

Now Jackie dotes on guns and he has quite a supply of them, but Mrs. Cooper was not averse to buying him another if it didn't cost too much. The clerk said it was six dollars. Mrs. Cooper decided this was too much money to spend, but Jackie, his heart set on that little beauty, pleaded, cajoled, offered to do most anything if she'd buy him that piece of hardware.

"Jackie," his mother silenced him sternly. "It's high time you knew the value of money. Six dollars is entirely too much to spend."

Thoughtful, Jackie subsided and his mother went on to a neighboring counter. A few minutes later, she heard laughter and amused voices and, turning, saw Jackie was not with her but over by the gun counter was a circle of people around some attraction. Jackie, as she had suspected, was the center of that interested circle. There he stood, talking a mile a second, the precious gun gripped in his loving hands, his eyes ablaze with excitement.

Mrs. Cooper prepared to swoop down on her irrepressible offspring, but
I'm counting on you to read HOROSCOPES at the PARTY

EVANGELINE ADAMS' twelve books of Astrology make it easy for you to be the bright particular star of any party. So much more fun than the old-fashioned fortune-telling because so much more real! Every book contains an actual horoscope worked out by the world's most famous astrologer, the woman whose advice is sought by leaders in business, political and social life. Read your own and you'll be amazed at her keen analysis of your character and life. The price is only ten cents for each book, a dollar and twenty cents the set. State the birthdates you are particularly interested in. Better still, send for all twelve of these fascinating books and be able to read the horoscope of everyone.

TOWER BOOKS, Incorporated
55 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y.

The New Movie Magazine, October, 1932
Regarding the star who sought simple life... Greta Garbo due back to work under new contract... Chaplin annoyed when fellow tourists expect him to keep putting on his act.

Warren William and Bette Davis snapped at breakfast together while on their personal appearance tour in the East.

(Continued from page 12)

PAGE ELINOR GLYN: A well-known actress went to Santa Barbara to week-end in quiet and she engaged a room at the fashionable Biltmore to be certain she would have quiet. For some strange reason, the room turned out to be headquarters for all the noises of Santa Barbara. In high dudgeon, the lessee of the room flounced down to the deserted lobby, discovered a deserted lounge and went peacefully to sleep. Along came the manager, espied her, tapped her shoulder gently. The young lady (we’re meanies and we won’t tell her name) sat up indignantly and demanded: “How dare you enter my room?” (P.S.—She had her quarters changed immediately.)

JACK HOLT SAD: There’s a reason for that shadowy expression in Jack Holt’s eyes. Roy Wilson, the young stunt flyer who doubled for Jack in the air scenes for “War Correspondent,” crashed to his death in this film. Wilson was to-have been married the next day. Though in no way responsible, Jack has taken it keenly to heart.

We quote this choice true story from Variety. At a studio where punctuality is the rule, a writer was bawled out by the boss for being ten minutes late at his desk.

“But I worked until two this morning,” he explained.

“Shut up” came back the boss.

“Don’t change the subject!”

GREAT IS EXPECTED: Sweden’s gift to American celluloid, the Garbo herself, is expected in Hollywood.

Another meteor in the Hollywood constellation is Cary Grant. And here you have none other posing especially for New Movie.

Hollywood Kindergarten Pupil Lyle Talbot, under contract to Warner Brothers-First National, appeared in “The Purchase Price,” “Big City Blues,” and “Love Is a Rocket.” Do you nominate him for stardom any day now. She has been vacating on the Continent amid the inconspicuity she so loves. Her new M.-G.-M. contract, however, brings her back to the land of the drys and the wets to emote for a salary said to be $12,500 a week for forty weeks.

CHARLIE’S LAMENT: Charlie Chaplin is recovering from the arduous of his travels. We say “recovering,” for give an eye to what Charlie wailed to Gordon Sinclair and Variety...
Johnny Mack Brown does a little footballing as a surprise... when Connie's contract ends.

aboard the ship that brought him back to the U. S. A. "All these strangers," grunted Charlie, including everybody in and out of radius, "expect me to wiggle my feet or pull rabbits out of hats. I'm just a tourist. If I could tell you all the bores and pests and louts who fondle and paw and pester me." Which, of course, is part of the c.o.d. price of fame. Relax, Charlie. We fondle you to a box-office, don't we?

"All American" Johnny. The "70,000 Witnesses" company, starring Johnny Mack Brown, moved over from the Universal lot to the University of California, Los Angeles, campus in Westwood to shoot a day of football scenes for this college romance. Rigged out in football togs, Johnny high-kneed, around the field limbering up in a style reminiscent of the days when he was the All-American flash halfback on the University of Alabama team. The U. C. L. A. football eleven—the same eleven that defeated the strong St. Mary's team last fall—watched Johnny with lazy interest. For a movie star, they reckoned, he put on a pretty good show.

"Mr. Murphy," the U. C. L. A. captain asked the director, "where do you want Mr. Brown stopped in this scene?" Murphy said: "Any place, but stop him with all you've got. We want this realistic."

The movie "eleven" and the California "eleven" lined up in kick-off formation. The cameras started to grind. Director Murphy yelled: "Action!" As the umpire shrilled his whistle, the California kick-off man jogged forward. His educated boot smacked the pigskin and the ball soared high and far to come down and nestle in Johnny Mack's arms. Johnny started down a field littered with huskies set to tackle him hard. But Johnny strong-armed one California man, twisted, changed pace, side-stepped through the rest of the lunging U. C. L. A. team to a clean, standing up touchdown.

"Boy, oh, boy!" marvelled the awed U. C. L. A. boys. "Say, Johnny," they breathlessly propositioned, "how about a course at U. C. L. A. this year?"

But Johnny, with a wife and a young daughter to support, thinks he'd better touchdown for movie checks and not for college letters.

Among the thousands of fan-mail money pleads Connie Bennett has found some really deserving cases. She is sending a young New Hampshire teacher through the final year of normal school because, upon investigation, she found her plea very real and worthy.

"I'll have to be twins, if all the rumors about my retirement are true," says Connie. "France thinks I am going there to live. England telephoned (Please turn to page 19)
Jimmy Cagney, mysterious and elusive . . . something about overhead . . . Hollywood philosophy . . . when the chatter writers tried to get a rise out of Zasu

(Continued from page 15)

me at four dollars and a half a minute to argue with me that I must be planning to go there to live because they heard that I was, and where was I planning on settling in London, etc. . . .

"I am not at all sure yet, just what I am going to do upon the expiration of my contract. But I am absolutely sure I am not going to live in England. Everyone else seems to be giving the idea of my retirement from pictures much more thought than I have so far. It's two years off and anything may happen in that time!"

O. U. JIMMY: Jimmy Cagney should be in Hollywood now, salary disagreement with Warners settled, ready to do those talkies that his bosses announced he would do early last summer. Jimmy must be restless to get back into grease-paint harness. He has been having one swell vacation, part of it having been spent in New York. The lad slipped into Manhattan with his wife, registered under an assumed name at an obscure hotel where he used to stay in his lean theatrical days, took in the shows, visited his folks and his lawyers, and undiscovered except by one sleuth, slipped out again into the fastness of the Canadian woods. Great stuff, freedom, but a salary check, croaks Mars' Band wagon wisely, is not to be sneezed at.

Now you'll have to keep your eyes open for Matty Kemp. You picture-goers sent in such good reports of him in Will Rogers' "Down to Earth" that Fox immediately signed him to a long-term contract. Here he is on his way to the Cafe de Paris, on the Fox lot, stopping long enough to be snapped especially for New Movie Magazine.

Do you remember Renee Adoree in "The Big Parade" and other successes? She's coming back to pictures after a long illness, and we're asking that every one of you give her a great big hand. Bottling for her health at Prescott, Arizona, for nearly two years, she has won, has been pronounced completely cured, and now she'll try to take up her career where she left off. Let's all cheer her.

Before a camera was turned on the soon-to-be-released Al Jolson talkie, "The New Yorker," a six weeks' delay in production checked up on overhead against the picture estimated at $150,000. And we, in our innocence, puzzle why Pickers eat small fortunes to make.

The years roll by: And are sometimes a little unkind. Vera Gordon, who will never be forgotten as the mother in "Humoresque," is now on tour in a Fanchon and Marco act which has a ghetto background. From vaudeville, stage and screen headliner to one among many in a movie house presentation bill.

Hollywood Philosophy: "Be kind to every one on your way up," Wilson (local Socrates) Mizner advised a young starlet. "You will meet the same people on your way down."

SPORTSWOMAN ZASU: Zasu Pitts has a fine set of teeth but she wants it understood that she uses them for chewing and not for back-biting. The writing boys and girls have been besieging Zasu to explain what she meant when she told a Los Angeles divorce judge that hubby Tom Gallery had been cruel to her and that he topped this with desertion.

"I haven't anything more to say about
my divorce," stated Zasu to all and sundry questions. "My matrimonial past is my own business."

"But we aren't interested in that," soft-soaped one writer.

"No?" derided the Pitts. "That's what they all say; then they turn around and write articles that make a monkey out of Tom."

"Well," jabbed the writer, "isn't he?" Zasu flicked the query aside. "He's the father of my children and they love him. Print that, if you want to."

We want to. We like her for it.

CONNIE PUTS ON A SHOW: The Boss said: "Go over and see how Connie Bennett is getting along in 'Rockabye' at R.K.O." So we did and arrived on the set to find La Bennett tearing up and down in a blistering rage. Director George Fitzmaurice, worried into wrinkles, was attempting to pacify the blonde cyclone. As Connie tore the script from his hand and hurled it into space, we looked frantically for the nearest exit.

"I'm through," she blazed at Fitz.

Then, solemnly, she winked at us.

That wink collapsed us into a convenient chair but nonetheless we viewed the approach of the hesitant assistant director with misgivings. Connie had enough dynamite left for him and she gave it to him before he died to join the droopy Fitzmaurice in a dark corner. Again Connie turned and winked at us.

"Enjoy it!" she inquired serenely, powdering her expensive face.

"Er—or—yes," we stammered.

"Then darn you, show a little enthusiasm," she demanded, laughing suddenly. "We staged the big temperamental act for your benefit!"

STAR PALATES: Just in the way of table small-talk... John Barrymore dotes on salami and cheeses strong enough to run a mile in nothing flat... Lionel is forever munching potato chips... Try to keep Joan Blondell away from ice cream... Marguerite Churchill has never gotten over her bread and butter and jam days... No orchard is safe with Lil Tashman in a hungry mood... Doug Fairbanks, jr., is a tomato juice imbiber... Joan Crawford will swipe pickles off your sandwich, if you don't watch her, and then startle you by eating mustard on crackers... Helen Chandler likes peanut butter sandwiches... Evelyn Brent has a yen for melted cheese sandwiches... Kay Francis is a licorice chewer... Pola Negri dabbles in trout to the tune of three a meal, when she feels up to par... With Marie Prevost it's hot biscuits dripping with butter—are we getting starved!... Ruth Chatterton fancies the avocado... And Greta Garbo—well, if you can believe the luncheon

(please turn to page 70)
The sensational CHANDU, The Magician, greatest of all radio mystery thrillers NOW on the screen—thanks to Fox Film. Millions have sat spellbound, listening to the exploits of daring of this super magic maker—NOW you can both see and hear and CHILL with CHANDU and his further adventures in this marvelous Fox Film.

CHANDU
THE MAGICIAN
WITH
EDMUND LOWE
IRENE WARE • BELA LUGOSI • HENRY B. WALTHALL
DIRECTED BY MARCEL VARNE AND WILLIAM C. MENZIES
A FOX PICTURE
No matter what, Louise Fazenda is irrepressible. And again she has a part in which she should score tremendously. She's to be seen as the chatterbox newspaper girl in Universal's "Once in a Lifetime", the picture that's the talk of Hollywood because it is a broad satire on the movies themselves.
"America Needs to
THE HAPPY WARRIOR'S OWN MESSAGE TO THE MOVIES

As told to
ELAINE STERNE CARRINGTON

A SPINDLY boy of ten, with bright eyes that took in everything and ears that heard everything, wound his legs around a table leg and dove into a plate of chocolate ice cream heaped up before him.

On a platform not far away, a band of lady musicians, dressed in youthful white, but far from youthful, struggled with the heat, the music and the smoke. On the stage, a team of clog dancers jigged through their routine, woodenly. They created a mild stir among the elders grouped around the tables, placidly engaged in drinking their lager beer, talking together, for the most part in German, and half listening to the entertainment.

But the boy listened, laughed, and returned with gusto to his feast. For this was the Atlantic Gardens in New York City and the year was 1884, and the boy of ten, so partial to ice cream, so happy among his friends and neighbors of Christie, Broom, Delancey and Rivington Street, was to be four times governor of the Empire State. Just then he was little Al Smith. He has remained Al Smith down through the years. He still is.

I was a little afraid to meet him. I had loved and honored Al Smith longer than I could remember. He had been a sort of idol to me. In some ways the greatest of our time. And now to meet him!

I waited in the outer office of his suite on the thirty-second floor of the Empire State Building, and finally I was summoned. A wicket gate opened, a door, another door, and there, across the room at his desk, he stood.

He was talking to someone when I entered, his back towards me, then he turned. He was shorter than I had expected, and sunburned. There was in his face strength and kindness but there was also a shrewd, steady gaze from the eyes that took in everything, that penetrated sham, that shook off flattery.

"Sit down, won't you?" he asked. I sat down, beside his desk. He had graciously made the appointment with me for The New Movie Magazine in spite of this desperately busy time for him, two days before the Democratic Convention. Every minute was precious. Hundreds were clamoring for him.

"I'm not going to talk about politics," I began. "I'm going to talk about pleasanter things. I want to know what you think the mission of the movies is today." He smiled. He looks younger when he smiles, and kinder. "What the mission of the movies is today," he repeated. He mused a minute, taking his cigar from between his lips, then he turned, and brought down his fist sharply on the desk. "I think the mission of the movies today is to make America laugh. We need something to lift us out of ourselves. And only the theater and the movies can do it. I'll tell you who is doing more good for the country right now than most politicians put together, and that's Charlie Chaplin. He makes people forget their troubles, forget their empty stomachs, and their empty pocketbooks. He makes 'em laugh."

"The movies are the one bright spot in a long day for lots of folks. It's what keeps them going, the thought that after supper they can close the door and forget the grind for a few hours. And what do they want when they get there? Murder and bloodshed! Not much. They want to forget. They want to laugh. "The people of this country are fundamentally clean minded. They don't need a political censor."

Alfred E. Smith

Price Studio

"WE need something to lift us out of ourselves. And only the theater and the movies can do it. I'll tell you who is doing more good for the country right now than most of the politicians put together, and that's Charlie Chaplin. He makes people forget their troubles, forget their empty stomachs, and their empty pocketbooks. He makes 'em laugh."

His face became serious. Perhaps, in that split second, he was seeing again from across the years a shabby, little flat, dark, cheerless,
He was on his feet pacing, his cigar clamped between his teeth.

"You don’t know what it means to sit down in a quiet theater after a hard day’s work. I’m talking about the little theaters. A quarter admission or less. Truck drivers flopping into their seats after delivering their last load. Wives who’ve been up since daybreak cooking, dressing the kids, washing the dishes, washing the clothes, cooking some more, cleaning up, getting the babies to bed, and dragging the other youngsters along with them to the movies."

I wondered, as I listened, if he was recalling his own movieless years. Bitter years when he became a man overnight with a man’s burden on his shoulders; selling papers, working in a basement candy store, running errands. A penny here, a nickel there, for little Al was quicker than most boys. A smart kid and a good kid too. Gave all his money to his mother and went to school regularly. And won a prize, the junior medal at eleven, in an elocution contest.

That was a great night! Al, sweating and cold, by turns, dressed up in his (Please turn to page 78)
The first photo-portrait of Clara Bow made since her reducing sojourn on the Rex Bell ranch, preparatory to her return to the films in "Call Me Savage." She is variously reported to have taken off from twenty to thirty pounds. After "Call Me Savage," Clara hopes to direct a picture.
EVERY argument has two sides; I have found one with three sides.

Alan Davis and Peggy Shannon, husband and wife, have separated. Peggy is a screen star. Alan is an actor who has not yet achieved success. Because Alan is unable to earn as much money as his wife, he cannot afford the household bills of her establishment, therefore he has moved into less expensive quarters.

She is perfectly willing to share his smaller home, but he will not permit that, because he realizes such sacrifice would be unfair to Peggy, who earns fifteen hundred dollars weekly and therefore deserves a lovely home. Neither will he live with her, because he can no longer suffer the disparaging remarks of people who know that she pays the bills.

Since he refuses to live with Peggy, and will not allow her to share his humble apartment, only one thing could follow—they are separated. Today they are man and wife in fact, but not in actuality. Their strange story has three sides: Alan's, Peggy's—and the outsider's. I am the outsider.

By ALAN DAVIS

I HAVE been Mr. Peggy Shannon for the last time.

To guard against it, I have separated from my wife. Although we are not divorced, nor contemplate such action, I have my home and she has hers.

I love Peggy. We have been married five years, and I have never ceased loving her. She is and always has been my ideal woman.

But even my love for Peggy does not counteract the shame of being Mr. Shannon. No man with a right moral viewpoint and masculine backbone is content to lose his identity in that of his wife. From childhood, the masculine element hates the thought of hiding behind feminine skirts.

The circumstances of my separation from Peggy, and of my refusal to share her home, are simple enough. We married when we were both beginners; we had hardly enough money to keep us a week, but we looked bravely ahead, for we were young and confident. Success came first to Peggy—a greater and more amazing success than either of us ever dared dream about.

Peggy can afford a beautiful apartment and all manner of luxuries. Because I have not yet been successful, I must live moderately. If I make my home with my wife, people know that the rent is beyond my means, therefore they know that she pays. What, then, do these people whisper among themselves? I'll answer the question:

"Peggy pays all the bills," they say. "She is the family wage earner. He should stay home and wash dishes."

Before I talked matters over with my wife and moved into a separate apartment—one I can afford—I felt like a cross between a gigolo and a kept man. I have too much pride to be either.

Peggy does not want a (Please turn to page 106)
George M. Cohan

ANNOUNCES—

"HOLLYWOOD, HERE I COME!"

(Editor's Note: George M. Cohan, producer-star-writer-composer of Broadway for twenty-five years, is in Hollywood for his talking picture debut. He sees Hollywood for the first time, since his last visit to the Pacific Coast was in 1910 when there was no Hollywood.)

THIS way for a good time, boys. I can cheerfully recommend Hollywood as the Coney Island of the West. Many a laugh out here.

The fellows who have been here for some little time, start laughing at you the moment you get off the train.

After a few days you get to understand what they're laughing about.

Then you just naturally start laughing yourself.

But you mustn't keep on laughing.

The idea is to take things seriously.

After the first week, you're supposed to "call" your laughs.

The same as you "call" your shots in a pool game.

HOLLYWOOD is a beautiful spot. It's like a week of one-night stands in Pennsylvania.

It takes in that much territory from the hotel to the studio.

It is really an interesting town if you're at all interested.

Not being a business man, I'm not talking about the business part of the town.

The Main Street is much like any other Main street. Looks like a "drop-in one." Only this has Belasco lighting.

All the school girls talk and walk like Marlene Dietrich.

All the little boys in short pants are looking forward to the day when

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they'll have their own motion picture companies.
The residential part of town is what gets one.
It makes me think of Central Park and every time I think of Central Park I think of Steve Reardon."
And every time I think of Steve Reardon I bust out laughing—wondering what he'd have to say about it all.

**COLLEEN MOORE'S** home looks like Buckingham Palace. Although they claim out here that Buckingham Palace looks like Colleen Moore's home.
Four or five character actors in plain clothes are on guard in front of every star's mansion.
The whole lay-out is a gorgeous stage setting.
Screamingly funny trees and laughing oranges growing all over the place!
And, oh, so many leading men!
And many, many, many leading ladies.
And not a transposing keyboard piano on the lot.**
The big shots all go to the Brown Derby.
That's the big shot restaurant out here.

**SOME** of these folks never even heard of me. They haven't said so but I can tell.
And talk about wise-cracking; I thought my Japanese valet *** was pretty fast but they stopped him the first day.
All the executives are nice fellows.
And awfully well dressed.
Most of them walk around without hats. Some don't even walk around.

The directors are the babies I like best of all.
I love to watch seven or eight directors run into one of their huddle discussions.
I don't know what they discuss but I shouldn't be surprised if it's Chevalier's contract.

*I HAVEN'T* done much of anything yet.
Made tests—one in whiteface, one in blackface.
After seeing them both, I imagine they'll use the blackface.
Well, anyway I've been to Hollywood.
I'm meeting all the big shots and all the famous people. Too bad Henry Irving, Booth and Barrett and some of the other old-fashioned theater fellows couldn't have got a load of this.
Many a laugh out here boys. They really ought to put them in the pictures!

*Steve Reardon is a retired policeman in New York City with whom Cohan has chummed for years.*
**A transposing keyboard piano is of ancient invention. By use of it, the composer plays in his pet key and then, by means of a hand crank, slides the keyboard into another key, playing the same notes, but placing the song in another key. Like Irving Berlin, Cohan cannot play the piano. Also like Berlin, he composes (by chording) only in the key of F sharp. The transposing piano then places his tunes in a more singable key.*
***This valet is one Mike Hirano, who has been with Cohan for eight years. Together, they walk between the Paramount studios and Cohan's place in Beverly Hills—a distance of eight miles—several times a week. This has given rise to Hollywood's claim that Cohan is its champion walker.*

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ALICE in HOLLYWOODLAND

Come with Alice and the Mad Hatter on a tour among the strange sights you'll see on the streets in Movie Wonderland

The Cast
Alice . . . . Rochelle Hudson
Mad Hatter . . Creighton Choney

Verses by
EDNA CASS

Why! whoever heard of a reality place
Bein' inside of a big Sphinx face?

Whew! isn't this a big piano?
Well, open your ears up wide,
And listen while I whisper it—
There's really a store inside!

And look at that lady. Why's she there?
A Mother Hubbard stand?
Ooh! a place to eat ice cream? My stars.
Say, I like Hollywoodland!
I'm feeling just like Holland.
Do you see what I see?
Let's ask somebody what it is.
—Ooh, a famous bakery!

Now what do you think . . . a Coffee Pot Inn!
And here's a funny sight:
A Barrel Inn that sells you things
Or am I seeing right?

Oh my! Oh me! Look what I see.
A restaurant you say?
Why Hollywoodland's the grandest place,
No wonder people stay!

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WILL HAYS —AND WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS

Continuing the most important series of articles ever published in a motion picture magazine

Written by one of America's most distinguished authors—

WILL IRWIN

WHEN Will Hays—then Postmaster-General—became "dictator of the movies," the nine assembled magnates who put him in that position were thinking, humanly and naturally, in commercial terms.

This great, suddenly grown business was full of unnecessary and chaotic wastes. Its links needed tightening, its channels of communication between firm and firm needed repairing.

While most ardently they wanted him to get them out of the fix into which "Fatty" Arbuckle et al and their own publicity agents had plunged them, only one or two or three, I have reason to believe, were giving much thought to what the newspapers called the purification of the movies.

The public, on the contrary, had its eye fixed on that very point. Therein, the shrewd instincts of man-in-mass transcended the wisdom of the wise guy. Really, this was the most important issue of all—for the movie magnates themselves as well as for the people at large.

The motion picture, in contrast with the newspapers, the magazines and the radio, has no advertising revenue worth mentioning; practically, it depends entirely on the box-office. If its stories, its situations and its stage business offend any large part of the public, revenue drops. That is the Devil on one side.

The Deep Sea on the other is a danger inherent in trying to please everyone—repetition and counter-repetition of safe, stale situations and plots, until audiences grow bored and box-office receipts go down with a gradually accelerating rush.

BETWEEN December, 1921, when he first considered a job with the movies and March, 1922, when he went to work, Hays had been thinking over his problem of "elevating" the motion picture.

Obviously he must do what he could to insure a better supply—better artistically, better in tune with old-fashioned, straight-laced American ideals of morals. Judging from the comments in the newspapers and the results of societies for the improvement of things in general, the public expected him to clean up the motion pictures at the source—and nothing else.

But who had thought of the demand?

"What the public wants" was the working motto of Lord Northcliffe, greatest publicist in our day. That has always stood as the chief canon of commercial success in any entertainment business. Shakespeare doubtless wrote his great blank verse because audiences, starved for music, satisfied their hunger with the music of words; and finding that it filled the pit, Managers Henslowe and Burbage kept him writing blank verse.

What the public wanted, it would in the end get. Wasn't it possible to improve and organize a better demand? More, wasn't it possible to make that demand articulate? But here again Mr. Hays ran against a peculiarity of this most peculiar business.

If a periodical offends a reader, he has only to cancel his subscription; the newscounter in any country drugstore offers him a hundred substitutes.

But at least half of our population lived at the time in small towns. One or two motion-picture houses stood as the sole public diversion. For the radio was not yet born, and the "road show" had stored its scenery and departed this life.

More than that—in the small towns the motion-

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the town that is equally the smallest and the largest in the world, our ways soon parted. We had met while the iron of misery was hot in our souls, and remained friends.

Within a year my first book was published. I soon became known as a writer of features concerning film celebrities. A young fellow from a publicity department came to me and said, "Metro's just hired a good-looking girl and they're going to make her a star. Somebody saw her picture in a crowd of extra girls. She photographs like a million dollars. She's got more sex appeal than the Queen of Sheba and all her sisters. Why don't you do something smart and give her a big yarn right away? It's something you know you could do."

"What are you calling her?" I asked.

"Nothing yet. We're changing her name." He went into further rhapsodies.

I went to interview the new marvel.

In a small, sparsely furnished bungalow, she rose to meet me, languorous as June weather. It was Barbara LaMarr.

"I've been following you," she said quietly. "You're beginning to go places."

"And so are you," I replied.

"But I'm lame," she returned, "and I'm afraid I won't be able to travel far."

"Why?" I asked, surprised, gazing at her apparently virile young body.

"I'm not as strong as I look," she said.

In a year she was world famous.

I WATCHED her go through the different avenues of fame, always with the haunted eyes of one who saw clearly that she was moving through a world that would crush her at last.

She was like a rare fruit, over-ripe with beauty. She wore it indifferently, as if it were a string of cheap pearls she had found. And yet, no woman has ever been able to walk across the screen with such golden allure. Voluptuous, caressing, undulating, and fascinating as a beautiful tigress, she was vibrant with life.

Unknown to her associates, she could hide the harsh exteriors of life with the (Please turn to page 104)
Brilliant ELSIE JANIS, who has watched Doug, Jr., grow from babyhood, nominates him for the title—

"A lot of people probably know him better than I do now, but I'm sure no one has known him much longer or is prouder of him."—Elsie Janis.

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The Crown Prince of Hollywood

One of the most human and intimate pen-pictures of a screen star ever published

In bestowing the title of Crown Prince on Doug, Jr., I do not mean to suggest that he is going to step into his father's shoes or ascend the throne upon which his dynamic parent fidgets restlessly when not en route from China to St. Moritz!

Doug, Jr., couldn't get those long slim "dogs" of his into the shoes and, as for the crown, he would probably turn up at court wearing that much-adored old green hat, which might well be named as co-respondent if Doug, Jr., and Joan Crawford ever satisfy the "rumor runners" and divorce.

In my opinion the caption fits because, just as the Prince of Wales and the Crown Princes of Italy, Belgium, Roumania, Norway, Sweden and other lands where the crown is still being worn this season attract interest, admiration and publicity for their countries, so I think Doug, Jr., does for Filmland.

Who else is there who writes an amusing article for Vanity Fair one week, makes a film in French the next, writes exquisite but virile poetry, draws and paints with originality, becomes the life of a party when he goes into his imitations (Ask the gal who does some!), is a splendid athlete, strips magnificently, dances as well as most professionals, is apparently an ace of a husband and above all is a real actor and not just a type? It would seem just that I have flattered the other crown princes by comparison.

Being the son of a king does give a boy an entree, because everyone knows that unless the (Please turn to page 98)
Here we present four members of the Royal Family, grouped photographically for the first time and posing especially for New Movie Magazine. There's John Barrymore, pere, and Dolores, mere, and Dolores Ethel Mae and the latest Barrymore, John, Junior. And not to forget, at the extreme left, Tatters.
What A GAL!

Interviewing Miriam Hopkins is just one cyclone of words after another—and all of them interesting

By HESTER ROBISON

GIVE us time—plenty of time—and we'll recuperate from the shock of having interviewed What-A-Girl Miriam Hopkins. She could talk a deaf man into hearing and a man with good hearing deaf—so you can imagine what she did to our neat little tin ears.

We came to question—as the saying doesn't go—and stayed to listen.

For one hour we listened to the dulcet voice of a little blonde girl wearing Oriental green pajamas with jade buttons up to her very chin, and embroidered white Oriental slippers on her diminutive feet. For one hour we waited for an opening to pop at least one of our questions—and left without having uttered any of them. Such is the power, the charm and the lightning speed of Miriam Hopkins' tongue, conversation and voice.

SHE started out by telling us that she was so sorry to have kept us waiting but she had been up since 8 A.M., keeping appointments and had not even had time to greet her hostess. She was spending a few days before going to Southampton, with the Bullens—charming young people who remained out of sight and sound while Miriam kept up with the business of being a public figure.

(The please turn to page 102)
A Dizzy Day at the

Ethel Barrymore, Charlie Chaplin, the Countess de Frosso, Eugene Palette and Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., at the Brown Derby.

Illustrated with pictures posed especially for New Movie Magazine. Photos by Wide World

Above: Estelle Taylor having luncheon with Wallace Beery—but why so haughty, Estelle?

At left: Lois Wilson, now playing on the stage, lunching with Danny Danker, advertising patentate and chum of all Hollywood.
Brown Derby

By RAMON ROMERO

Twenty-four hectic hours at the Famous Hollywood restaurant where the stars go on parade

IT'S ten A. M. The Brown Derby No. 2 (for there are several Brown Derbies, each numbered) is practically deserted. There isn't a tourist or a star in sight. A few waiters hover about the empty booths, placing "Reserved" cards. The phone is ringing madly, and the pretty girl at the switchboard, Maxine Beach, is frantically taking orders for reservations for the luncheon hour. From all over Los Angeles' scattered and vast territory come the calls—from Santa Monica, from Malibu, from Universal City, from First National in Burbank, even from far-away Laguna!

"Good morning. Brown Derby Number Two... Of course, Miss Daniels, a booth for two... Thank you... Good morning. Brown Derby Number Two... Malibu calling... O. K., operator... Go ahead... Yes, Miss Taylor, this is the Derby... The usual booth at one o'clock. Thank you... Good morning. Brown Derby Number Two... Laguna calling you... Put Laguna on, operator... Hello, Polly Moran!... I suppose you want a booth for this afternoon!... What! You're bringing Greta Garbo to lunch! Not really! You'll give me heart failure if you joke with me like that too often... You say you're only bringing your little son... Why, I never knew you had a son!... I'll watch for him... Good-bye... Good morning. Brown Derby Number Two..."

THE phone rings on and on. Nick, the popular manager of No. 2, comes to the switchboard at intervals to pick up the little slips of paper upon which Miss Beach has written the names of those wishing reservations. In a dated ledger Nick carefully enters the
names of Bebe Daniels, a booth—Estelle Taylor, a booth, one P. M.—Polly Moran, ditto. And so is kept a daily record of the Brown Derby's guests.

Famous voices mean nothing to little Miss Beach. She remains her calm, placid self, until Charlie Chaplin's secretary calls to ask if Mr. Chaplin may have the large corner booth that afternoon. He is bringing to lunch with him Douglas Fairbanks, Ethel Barrymore, and B. S. Moss, the well-known theatrical magnate.

Miss Beach's eyes flutter, her voice grows weak with excitement. Hooray! Hooray! Hollywood royalty is coming to lunch! She shouts the news. The cashier at the desk takes it up. The waiters carry it back to the cooks in the kitchen. Finally it reaches Harry Heckel, the chef!

There is comment and joy and speculation. Chaplin and Fairbanks and the Ethel of the Barrymores! All at one table—all in one booth! What a treat in store for the tourists and the fans today—and even for the professionals... for it isn't every day that Charlie and Doug and Ethel appear in public to-gether. From the farthest corners of earth they have come. Doug, just back from the South Seas—Charlie, from two years in Europe and the Orient—Ethel, from a successful theatrical tour of the country. And today they are all to sit together in a booth at Number Two!

SHORTLY after eleven, the kitchen has its lunch. The chef and the cooks and the waiters all sit down together at the long, wooden table, which is not covered with a cloth—and upon it is spread food fit for kings. There is no caste here. The chef jokes with the cooks and the cooks speak to the waiters. They've never even heard of the Boston Cabots!

Do you begin to wonder why they do not employ beautiful waitresses here? Those beautiful waitresses you have read so much about in the movie magazines? It seems that (Please turn to page 112)
Buck Jones and his horse in a remarkable action camera study. Buck is to be extravagantly headlined by Columbia. His latest picture is "White Eagle," with Barbara Weeks and Jim Thorpe, famous Carlisle Indian athlete. Several hundred Indians take part.
One of the smart coats of the season is this shown on Tala Birell, in old French blue cloth, with epoulet effect broad shoulders, bell sleeves and a fitted line. Large bone buttons close it at the side. The blue felt hat droops on one eye. Designed by Lomberth Williams of Willard George.

TALA BIRELL solves the fashion problems of

THE TALL SLIM GIRL

If you are a small girl with a retroussé nose, well and good. You'll find plenty of your favorite stars are of that description and their clothes ideas will help you out. But if you have a tall graceful figure, oval face and well-defined features you may have more difficulty in finding a model to work from.

Most of the Hollywood headliners are petite. But not all. Tala Birell, for instance, is close to five feet six—five feet five and a half inches to be exact—far above the general movie average and her clothes problems may well be yours if you are around that height.

Tala Birell was puzzled when asked to explain how she had achieved such remarkable distinction in her costumes. This Universal star, who comes originally from Vienna, is the personification of chic, from the top of her glossy, dark gold head to the tip of her tapering shoes. She has the sculptured, classic appearance that is the envy and admiration of all women and the acme of Dame Fashion's degrees for the fall and winter of 1932-1933.

"It may be that I have made a special study of my many shortcomings," she replied thoughtfully. A modest enough answer, certainly, and somewhat of a surprise; for Tala Birell has a quietly bearing for her twenty-three short years.

"In America I think that the women and girls make a mistake in all trying to wear the same styles. It is death to individuality," said she. "For instance, I am five feet, five and a half inches tall. Why should I try to dress like a short girl?"

Blue cloth is chosen again by Miss Birell for a short jacketed suit shown at the far left with a blouse and scarf of blue and green print crepe. A green beret, pull-on suede gloves and a dark hound bag complete the ensemble from Willard George.

Over on ivory satin evening gowns, the lovely Viennese star wears a short ermine jacket with leis of white fox fur over each shoulder. The wrap is fastened by two sets of draped ribbons. Furs from Willard George.

Photos by Roy Jones
Blue crepe-back satin trims itself by reversing sides to make an informal lounging robe for Tala Birell. The sleeve fulness at the elbow is obtained through the cut rather than gathering and the five-inch wrist bands button tightly. The sandals of shiny satin match the gown. From Bullock’s-Wilshire.

like the little girls? Here in Hollywood I am considered ‘too tall,’ but in Europe height is an asset. Of course, I am not what you call the ‘cute’ type,” she smiled. “So I do not try to look petite.”

This brought up the subject of fads in clothes. Miss Birell shook her head. “So many times they are bad. For example, I believe I am the only woman in the United States who didn’t wear pajamas. Not that I dislike them, but they do not suit me. I had a divided skirt that was made of lace and which might just as well have been a dress—but it was not pajamas.

“Then perhaps you object to the wide-shoulder fad?” I inquired, but she shook her head again.

“On the contrary, I like it very much—on myself. It is not good on small girls though, especially if they are the least bit broad. It makes them look top-heavy. But for me—I have had my coats made this winter to accentuate the shoulders; my favorite is a Japanese ermine with a cape. Two cloth coats are also made with wide shoulders; one has been widened by means of short pieces that extend out beyond the sleeves and the other has fur banding near the top of the sleeve. However, I do guard against shortening my neck by using much trimming on the necklines.”

This was a new idea and a bit startling from one of the “tall” girls and I hastened to ask for information.

“Broad bandings, deep ruffles or wide fur when placed directly around the edge of a neckline tend to thicken the appearance,” said she. “It makes the neck, which should be graceful and slim, look awkward. Also, it detracts from the slenderness of the figure.”

Glancing at her chiseled silhouette, it seemed incredible that Tala Birell should need to take such precautions, but she apparently knows all about the subject of lines—has an artist, in fact, and takes no chances with too much material of any sort.

“For the sake of health and strength, I must weigh at least one hundred and fifteen pounds,” she told me. “That looks like more when it is photographed, unless I am always careful about the manner in which I dress. See?” and (Please turn to page 101)
Cheers! For Ruth Selwyn! Sort of slipped into the limelight, instead of with the usual hullabaloo and hurrah. But now she's on the ladder to stardom. Because of her excellent work in Buster Keaton's "Speak Easily," she will henceforth be featured by M-G-M—and that means they regard her as star material.
The famous humorist makes notes on his cuff while sauntering down the Boulevard

Hollywood Cook-Coos

By TED COOK

"HOLLYWOOD," says Will Hays, "faces its darkest hour with courage and determination." And may we add, with peroxide.

AUTOGRAPH hunters are certainly being put in their place.

An item in Variety says:

HOLLYWOOD—Marlene Dietrich and Josef Von Sternberg, with Miss Dietrich's young daughter, attended Pantages Sunday night with two plain-clothes officers, each carrying sub-machine guns.

THERE was a lot of tearing of wigs and gnashing of gears when the First National Bank of Beverly Hills folded up.

"I fooled the bank," chirped Harry Ruby. "I had my money there. But it was in my wife's name."

Garbo's manager issued a denial that the bank was crippled by her sudden demand for $300,000 in deposits. A month before he denied that she lost a fortune in the Ivar Kreuger suicide crash.

Wallace Beery had $80,000 in the Beverly bank. Robert Montgomery had $40,000, and John Gilbert had a $200,000 trust fund.

JUST before the bank crash, Will Hays had asked the studio to pipe down on publicity showing movie stars wallowing in wealth. No more publicity stills showing a film star with his mallet tangled up in his polo pony's tail. No more stills of (or on) private yachts. A United States Senator, after being entertained in Hollywood, had gone back to bellow against the luxuries enjoyed by film actors. Politicians never indulge in polo. Therefore it was all outrageous. The idea of Hollywood comedians getting such money when a Washington comedian only gets boos.

So don't be surprised if the press agents start sending out stills showing the sheriff sitting on the porch of your favorite actor's cottage.

Or a still showing Constance Bennett, with a shawl over her head, ducking into a pawn shop.

Be that as it may, Jules Furthman recently paid $10,000 for a first edition of "Huckleberry Finn."

And Zeppo Marx charged into the (Please turn to page 108)
I APPRECIATE the honor, gentlemen, but I regret to say I cannot accept your very flatterin' offer," said Peter, the famous Hollywood Hermit, facin' the committee.

"An' why?" pressed Buddy de Sylva, Eddie Cantor an' Fred Beetson, committeemen. "It ain't every days a man is offered the opportunity of bein' the Head Hermit of so exclusive an' thrivin' a cloister as Malibu Beach. The pay is good, the hours almost union, an' think of the power you, as Head Hermit, will have..."

"An'" interrupted Fred Beetson, being of the Hays office, "you would be the Will H. Hays of Malibu, an', I ask you—is that an honor to be passed over lightly?"

There are certain exactions which the dignity of my profession demand," returned the white-haired Peter, bowin' gravely. "An' while I, Hollywood's greatest an' outstandin' recluse, would enjoy spendin' a summer with so many widely known hermits as you gents, still I can not make my home where all the folks are in bed and lights out by five A. M.—where at two-thirty in the afternoon the milkman is permitted to come prowlin' around with the breakfast cream, disturbin' the populace—such a place is too slow for any self-respectin' hermit. Even if I do live in a cave in Hollywood, I gotta have a little excitement—an' Malibu ain't got it."

So sayin', Peter the Hermit shook the dust of Malibu from his bare feet, stroked his long, white whiskers, an' followed by Groucho an' Sid, the goat, betok himself an' his outfit back to his cave, high, high in the hills of Hollywood.

"Why, say," Peter told me, after he had rested from his three-day Malibu pilgrimage, "them movin' picture folks down there just roam around all night, a-goin' nowhere an' comin' back again. An' listen, they don't have more'n five hundred visitors down there on a Sunday. Why, I got a better box office value myself than them Malibu hermits all put together. I can do 600 up here in my cave any Sunday it don't rain; an' I can't sing, I can't compose, I can't act, but I sure can hermit."

Many columns have been written about Malibu, but very little told, due to the fact, I discovered, that the motion picture folks who live down there, an' who, as anyone knows, don't like to talk about themselves, won't give out much information. An' in addition, the leadin' citizens control the records of the Malibu police department. But havin' spent a week-end there last Sunday, I'm prepared to give you all the result of my observations.

MALIBU BEACH is a sort of public playground operatin' on a commonwealth basis. Every one there is either "Mr." or "Miss"—an' the housekeepin' is kinda general—leastwise it would so look to a casual visitor, not knowin' who was married to who, or how fast the brides change hands in some sections.

It's a bleak spot, about twenty-five miles up the coast from the Hollywood studios, where the more prosperous ones of the industry an' others too new as yet to know what it is all about, have built themselves homes on rented property.

Malibu is a thrivin' community of about 1200 souls an' 600 actors. A recent census, taken by three local finance an' mortgage companies, shows an average of one an' a half dogs an' two an' six-tenths servants to each paid admission or inhabitant. The average car equity, includin' personal property, is 8.9866 per cent. per capita, includin' interest carryin' charges of approximately

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Our cowboy society reporter spends a week-end one Sunday down the oceanside where the stars turn to the simple life. This is the Newport of the Movie Great—with the reputation of being the gayest village in the world.

14.5624 per cent., which, all things considered, is fair enough an' shows a nondepressionable an' distinctly prosperous type of motion picture citizen.

The little village, which for some unaccountable reason is not as yet within the city limits of either Los Angeles or San Francisco, is policed by the Malibu Beach Seaside Patrol, a force of seven men an' one especially good lookin' policewoman. Every member of the Patrol has either an A.B., or an L.L.D., degree.

NEW YORK cops, who complain that their duties are too diversified, might with interest, glance over the daily report turned in by Patrolman Aloysius Eisenfeldt of the Malibu Seaside Patrol—just an ordinary day's work, so Aloysius told me. He used to be a supervisor for Fox in the old silent days, overlookin' the comedies, but he flunked on his Greek verbs an' the efficiency man fired him. I made a copy of Aloysius' report. It read:

10.30 A. M.—Answered roll call an' distributed the mornin' papers from Wayward Avenue to

Volstead Place.

10.50 A. M.—Buried a dead seal near Amarillo de la Caliente's bungalow.

11.15 A. M.—Responded to lost child complaint—told one of Eddie Cantor's kids home. Refused one drink.

12.30 P. M.—Answered Buddy de Sylva's telephone—no one up.

12.50 P. M.—Investigated lost dog complaint from Vivian Duncan—found it at Lew Cody's.

1.00 P. M.—Responded to lost child complaint. Took three of Eddie Cantor's kids home.

1.30 P. M.—Helped the early milkman.

2.00 P. M.—Helped Miss de Soto find a nurse girl for her baby. Lil Tashman's second upstairs maid knew one looking for work.

2.30 P. M.—Investigated lost child complaint. Took two of Eddie Cantor's kids home. Refused two drinks.

2.45 P. M.—Helped Miss Rowland Royce's maid bor-row three eggs and a pint for breakfast.

3.30 P. M.—Chased Brynie Foy's baseball nine away from in front of Lil Tashman's bungalow. Said they were keeping her awake.

4.00 P. M.—Let Buster Collier try my recipe. He thinks the one he's been using calls for too much juniper and glycerine.

4.15 P. M.—Chased two white rats out of Billie Dove's kitchen. (Please turn to page 80)
Kate Smith gets more fan letters than Garbo—usually about 35,000 a week. She says that the only reason for her success is that she is a "vocal stylist."

"I Tried Dieting...

By DOROTHY HERZOG

Kate Smith, radio's singing favorite, grew rich and famous by being dissatisfied and discontented and telling the right person about it. That was two years ago, when she was twenty-one and appearing on Broadway opposite Bert Lahr in the musical-comedy hit, "Flying High."

She's twenty-three now, and she has sung her way through hundreds of thousands of ears to hundreds of thousands of hearts. What is of equal importance to her is that she is content.

Kate Smith likes to call herself a "fat girl." She weighs two hundred and ten pounds and is five feet and nine inches tall. She tried dieting once, but...

"It made me irritable," she recalls, "so I gave it up. It's bad enough not to get everything you want in this world without making it worse by depriving yourself of what you can get."

She's easy-going and cheery, this young woman who is in the millionaire earning ranks. She has no burning ambition to be other than she is. The notion of studying for an operatic or concert career is far from her mind. Her simple, sentimental songs have found a place in the public heart and that is enough for her.

"And I can't read a note of music. I just happen to have a perfect ear. My accompanist plays a new song..."
Kate Smith’s Favorite Recipe

A Three-Layer Chocolate Cake

1/2 lb. of butter      2 teaspoonful of baking powder
1 1/2 cups of sugar    2 teaspoonful of vanilla flavoring
3 eggs
1 cup of milk
2 cups of flour

A pinch of salt

Preparations: Cream the butter and sugar together. Separate the whites from the yolks of two of the three eggs. Put the yolks and the third egg in a cake cream that with the above. Add a pinch of salt. Take a cup of milk to which the vanilla flavoring has been added and add alternately with the two cups of flour into the cake batter. This method keeps the batter from getting lumpy. To the very last of the flour add the baking powder.

Divide the batter evenly into three cake pans. Put into hot oven and let bake for ten minutes, then turn down a little. After five minutes more, you can take a peek at it. When browned evenly, stick a straw in it. When the straw comes out dry, the cake is baked. Let layers cool before icing.

ICING: Beat whites of the two eggs until stiff. Add teaspoonful of vanilla flavoring and then while continuously beating add about four tablespoonful of confectioner’s sugar and also two ounces of melted baker’s bitter chocolate. If you find that icing isn’t sweet enough, add sugar to suit your taste. This will make a nice, sticky, chocolate frosting. When cake is all level, you can put, as I do, half English walnuts on top to make it decorative. Then eat—as I do!

KATE SMITH.

twice. After the second playing, I know it.”

Life and career are as simple as that for Kate Smith.

When she first stood in front of a microphone, she accepted the “little box” as a friend. We were astounded to hear this. Our experience among motion-picture players is that when they are introduced to a microphone their knees knock together and their teeth chatter. Kate says:

“No, I never feared the ‘mike’; I saw further than it. I saw thousands of rooms and thousands of people listening to me come over the air to them.”

She “sees” even more listeners today, for her fan mail averages 35,000 letters a week. This outdistances even the great Garbo’s record.

IN the summer of 1930, Miss Smith made her radio début over the Columbia chain. The Columbia executives were searching high and low for some one
to go on at seven P. M. (Eastern Standard Time) in competition with the popular Amos an’ Andy team, which is heard at that hour over the National Broadcasting chain. They found their person in Kate Smith. The “right person” in Kate’s life arranged for her to broadcast, the man who is her manager today, Ted Collins, and who in 1930 was vice president of the Columbia Gramophone Company, for whom Kate made records.

Columbia found successful competition for the Amos an’ Andy team in Kate Smith, but not for long. Commercial advertisers, always on the alert for new and unusual talent, heard her and went a-running to offer her a (Please turn to page 81)

“It’s bad enough not to get everything you want,” says Kate Smith, “without depriving yourself of things you can have.”

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Rudy Vallee, posed especially for New Movie Magazine. Besides appearing in musical comedy, vaudeville, on the radio and—at odd times—leading his dance orchestra on summer roofs, Rudy is studying law. He's preparing for the time—if it ever comes—when his radio popularity wanes.
YOU'VE heard, of course, about the pact Mary Brian and Buddy Rogers had, not to go out with anybody else whenever they both happened to be in the same town. Well, Mary broke it first. Buddy was waiting in line one day at the Mile Sky Chaser in Coney Island when he spied her a few feet ahead of him with Fred Waring, his rival band leader.

"Why, Mary! How could you?" cried Buddy surprised.

"Oh," said Mary, reddening. "Is Brooklyn part of New York?"

And as a matter of fact she still insists it's a different city.

Particular, these Southerners! We thought the Pickens girls were trying to fool us when they said they could not find any hominy grits to suit them in New York and had to have them sent up from Atlanta every week. But that was before we tasted the strange coffee at the Boswell home and heard Connie tell how it came from all the way down home in New Orleans. In fact, she said lots of Southerners bring their own coffee up with them because they can't stand our Yankee brand. And that goes for mint leaves, too. Connie said the girls hadn't been able to find any good mint leaves in all of New York.

The Boswells have moved again, this time to the Eighties way up over New York's Central Park. The lady who subleased the apartment to them left her portrait hanging over the fireplace to reproach them every time they might feel playful and want to repaint the walls the way they did in their last apartment.

Martha said she came to feel so ashamed of having to confess all of the time that she did not go in for sports that she spent the whole summer redeeming herself. She

Buddy Rogers is a swell fellow to work for. He held his band rehearsals on board his yacht until the yacht exploded with Mary Pickford on board.

The boys gathered every morning and rode up the Hudson while they played. The boat was a 38-foot launch and belonged to Lawrence Schwab, who named it "Follow Thru" after the Schwab and Mandel musical success of some seasons ago.

Bing Crosby, Stuart Erwin, Grace Allen and George Burns in "The Big Broadcast," a radio screen opus that Paramount recently completed. Leila Hyams, borrowed from MGM, heads the cast with Stuart Erwin. The Boswell Sisters, Kate Smith, Guy Lombardo and many others are included. Directed by Frank Tuttle, the picture was adapted from the story, "Wild Waves," by William Manley.

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learned how to swim. A man held her up at first, but when they reached deep water he cruelly let go of her and she just struck out on her own. She says it's easy.

With golf her main trouble was the caddy. He watched her with such wide open eyes that she couldn't even touch the ball. So her escort paid the boy and sent him home, after which she made some beautiful drives—so to speak.

Most of this happened up on Justice White's estate near Poughkeepsie where the girls have a standing invitation. Connie had a lot of fun fishing and rowing and Vet, of course, was no novice at any of the sports.

The girls seldom go to night clubs because their mother does not like it. Nor do they serve drinks in their home. Mamma Boswell came up to see them last Christmas and they wouldn't let her go back.

Men are so helpless: Billy Rose, the composer-producer, wanted to call up his wife, Fanny Brice, in Europe the other night but was afraid she'd bawl him out for spending so much money. He is furnishing their new penthouse apartment, and wanted to ask her if linoleum with eighteen-inch black and white squares would be too hard to keep clean.

A good girl: People who watched the roof of the Windsor Hotel in New York too closely were disappointed. They found that June Pursell wears a cream colored bathing suit when she suns herself on the roof.

(RIGHT)
Morton Downey, posing especially for New Movie Magazine, the day before he sailed for his vacation on the Continent.
And was he excited? We'll say so.

Over the bounding main: Kate Smith showed the slim girls a couple of things when she went aquaplaning with Mrs. Guy Lombardo at Long Beach. Kate is still hard to beat in the water, even though her wind isn't what it used to be in the old days back home on the Potomac.

Kate—or Katherine, as her close friends call her—is very much of a home body. She keeps a completely equipped kitchen in her Park Avenue apartment and cooks special meals herself for her intimate friends.

The Swanee Singer has the strangest hobby of any radio star—collecting perfume bottles. She doesn't use perfume herself, but she thinks the bottles have the prettiest shapes and colors. There are three hundred of them now in her bedroom.

(Margaret Livingston (Mrs. Paul Whiteman, now that she’s retired from the screen) put Paul on a special diet and made him stick to it. Here she is shown, in a photograph especially posed for New Movie Magazine, watching over her Whiteman trough to see that Herr Paul doesn’t surreptitiously slip in some fat-makers. Paul’s writing a book on his prize diet.

(Please turn to page 85)
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XTRA!!

WALLACE IRWIN
projects Togo, the Japanese Schoolboy, into his most hectic and hilarious Hollywood adventure

Were Miss Caramel Sweet Kidnapped?

To Editor Tower Magazine, from which I learn the American Language.

DEAREST SIR:

A FEW days of your Miss Caramel Sweet approach very muddy to her husband, Hon. Geo. F. Ogre, Mussolini of Hollywood. She stand there looking proud and hotty. She would of lifted up her eyebrows, but a Beauty Dr. done that already, so she only got 12 hairs to lift.

"Geo!" she holla baffably. But he did not give her any tension. He were in his Thinking Studio, inventing a new seedless firecracker for Hon. Jackie Cooper. "Geo!" she pronounce again with her voice full of eagles.

"Yes, ma'am, my bunny hunch," he dictate sweetishly like Hon. Will H. Haze.

"This are an outrage!" she howell and yell. "I will not N. Dure it longer." She go onwards like that till it sound like Mayor Walker talking politics with Judge Seabury. "Hooey!" she howell. "Baloony sausage!" she yell.

"Gal of my dreams," he revoke with gentle smiling, "what can I do to make you still more happy on this sunkissing day of So. California?"

"You know well & so do I," she correct, "since I come to this Talkative Photograph Headquarters my Art have been steadily slipping backwards like a pair of skates. When you marry me did you not promis to make me famus? So ha!!! My last film 'O Passion, Passion' were a complete failure.

For why? Because my name do not get plastered on front pages of newspapers. Even when I go out with green complexion and blue hair I find all reporters looking at Norma Shearer to find what she do to her fingernails. Poor excuse for a husband that you are! You know what I need?"

"Maybe you need yeast," he dictate.

"I need Publicity!" she yellup.

"You should not come to Hollywood for that," he blurb. "You should be shamed. O fi & tuwt!"

"Don't you fi me any of your tuuts!" she aggrevate. "I demand to get my name on Page One, or I shall move to Poverty Row & starve on 80,000 $ per yr."

Hon. Geo. F. Ogre stood uply and walked in his boots to make his brain go faster.

"Can do it!" he say inside himself, making his teeth look like Napoleon. "Can do it! Dolling by"

(Please turn to page 93)

Miss Caramel Sweet were late, as usually. Therefore I honk-honk "Shut it!" holla Hon. Ogre from window. "Do you want to enruse the police?"

Drawing by HERB ROTH
Then Tom and Gloria stroll through an old English prison near London (above) and after, without a moment's loss of time, they step on the magic carpet and pay an inspection call on a quaint little tavern (below) on the slopes of the Austrian Alps.

Gloria Stuart and Tom Brown start out for a stroll in "New York" at Universal studios. And (below) Tom serves refreshments to her in an Alsatian courtyard.
In the Span of a Few Short Moments

The New Movie Magazine, October, 1932
Stirring up the Wild Animals

By HERB HOWE
Adventurer, Explorer and Big Game Hunter

HOLLYWOOD

The screen is entering upon a new cycle. It promises to be a great season for ape-men, jungle beasts and all wild things. Lupe Velez should come into her own. (This is your astrologer speaking.) Incidentally, if you happen to be a tiger or python I urge you to lose no time in taking a film test. This is your opportunity. The latest screen triumph was scored by a python and tiger, co-starring, in "Bring 'Em Back Alive." All producers are now turning to the animal kingdom for material.

But don't be fooled by that picture called "Animal Kingdom." There are no animals in it, just the usual Hollywood vegetables. I do not mean to infer that the vegetable kingdom will be totally abandoned during this cycle. We all love our old garden favorites too well. But I do say that the beasties of the jungle

Already I have asked for the rôle of the lion. But mustn't tickle, Lupe, or bite ears!

If you catch a stranger eyeing you up and down, don't get haughty and turn away.

will have the vogue for some time yet. However, do not be discouraged if you are not of the snake or cat family. Who knows, you may be an ape-man or ape-lady. That's a question too delicate for anyone to decide for you but yourself.

If you should catch a stranger eyeing you up and down, don't get haughty and turn away. He's probably a producer. They're all out looking for new faces, they say, though their glances may stray somewhat further.

This resurgence of the prospecting fever is due partly to hard times and partly to a recent run of rich finds. The discovery of a prize like Johnny Weismuller was sufficient alone to start a safari. Now every studio is beating the

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Our Hollywood Boulevardier strolls nonchalantly through the Movie jungles

jungles for Tarzans, male and female. To say they are looking for new faces is perhaps a trifle misleading. No one succeeds by face alone these days. Our artistic appreciation has been whetted and we demand our money's worth. Old-fashioned "discoveries" are of the past; this is the cycle of screen uncoveries.

I, PERSONALLY, have always been a primitive. Maybe I was just ahead of the times. Lupe Velez, for instance, has long been my favorite. Now the studios are after her to play a mademoiselle Tarzan. No one could wrestle lions and spank tigers about more effectively than Lupe-Whoopie-hotchacha.

And it certainly would be a break for the beasties to have Lupe to play with. Already I have asked for the rôle of the lion. I feel I could do a lot more with it than the last man did. I mean with Lupe tarzazing. But musn't tickle, Lupe, or bite ears!

APE-BOYS have it on ape-girls in popularity right now. Maybe it's the masculizing influence of the Olympic games and elections. But I think the boys have Al Capone to thank. Gangsters shoved the gold-diggers out of the picture. Cagney and Gable sky-rocketed by slapping the fair sex down.

Surveying the newcomers I find a flock of boy-apes swinging upward: Johnny Weissmuller, George Raft, Paul Muni, Richard Cromwell, James Dunn, Leslie Howard, Eric Linden, Warren William, Tom Brown, Robert Young, Lee Tracy; George Brent, Nils Asther, Gene Raymond, Gary Grant, Joe Mccrea, David Manners, Bruce Cabot.

NOT so many females:

BUT the leadership is female. No man swings as high as Garbo. And Marie Dressler can still out-run the fast-sprinting Cagney. Maybe even out-box him.

WE all know that success in pictures is due to hard work and work alone. Here is my choice of successes and the reason why: Jean Harlow—because she doesn't depend on mere prettiness of face—not by a long-shot! Johnny Weissmuller—because the kiddies are crazee for him and the mammas too.

George Raft—because he is part Italian, has those suggesting eyes and—not that it matters—is a very good actor. (Please turn to page 89)
The Girl Nobody Knows

Hollywood's greatest mystery is
IRENE DUNNE—who is simply herself

There's an old saying that still waters run deep.
And that, perhaps, best describes Irene.

By REGINALD TAVINER

IRENE DUNNE made her first bow on the stage of life exactly at midnight. Perhaps that's why, so far as she is concerned, Hollywood is still much in the dark.

Ordinarily, when a new star flashes across the cinema sky like Irene did in "Cimarron," and then "Back Street," the whole colony knows all about her at least by the next day. But the quiet, enigmatic Miss Dunne has been on the screen for almost three years now, and still Hollywood hasn't been able to figure her out.

On the face of it, there wouldn't seem to be anything so mysterious about such an essentially normal person as Irene. Her biography is simplicity itself, and she appears at first blush to be as typically a homegrown product as sorghum or sarsaparilla. Yet the planets must have had their wires crossed or something, for it was a most complex personality that they ushered into the world at Louisville that night.

What other motion picture star, for instance, would dream of singing over the radio incognito, just to keep in practice? Irene does it often, and so the next time you hear a full mezzo-soprano warbling under a trick name, listen carefully and see if it isn't the same voice you heard in "Back Street." That's just one of Irene's unique ideas.

AS a youngster along the Ohio River, where her father was a steamboat captain and she lived until she was ten years old, Irene was pretty much of a madcap—the exact opposite of what she appears to be now. Then she was a terror to the neighbor boys, her chief delight being to sit on the bank of the old swimming hole so that they couldn't come out until she went home. Incidentally, when she did go home she left their clothes behind her—all tied up in knots. We called it "chewing raw beef," when I was a kid.

Once, when her father was ill and couldn't take his boat on the daily run, she took command and made the trip for him. Whenever she thinks of that episode now it gives her the chills to realize the risks she ran—not on her own account but the boat's—but it still remains the highlight of her life.

It was on that same river that she first became stage-struck. Fate, she believes, must have had a lot to do with that, for it was on the old floating showboats that she saw her first play. And it (Please turn to page 107)

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Playtime with the Stars

Many and varied are the games that attract the stars, after the days work is over

By FLO MARSHALL

FAY WRAY, John Mack Brown, Gloria Swanson, David Manners, Bob Montgomery, Marian Nixon, Constance Bennett, Ann Harding, William Powell, Carole Lombard, Neil Hamilton, the Gleasons, Bert Wheeler and Bob Woolsey, as well as dozens of others, are addicted to games. And many and varied are the ones they play.

"Tables aren't used for service any more, but for games," David Manners exclaimed to me, "and if you get tired of them, you try table tipping. I've never played so many different games in my life as I've played here the past year. If this is the 'wicked Hollywood' one hears about, kindergarten must be a den of iniquity!"

Some of the tables are devoted to games of chance and technical knowledge. Historical and geographical knowledge, quickness of mind and vocabulary all play their part, while other tables are surrounded by players enjoying games of intelligence and logical reasoning difficult enough to crack any brain.

Bob Montgomery is responsible for the braincrackking entertainment. This favorite game of his is called Murder and is anything but easy to play.

He and Betty Montgomery, Eddie and Suzanne Nugent, Chester and Sue Morris, Elliot and Norma Nugent, Dorothy Jordan and Donald Dillaway were playing it like this when I called to Watson for the stepping-stool, and peered through the transom for you, gentle reader.

"How do we play it Bob?" someone was asking.

"I give you the story, circumstances, details and situations of the murder and you solve the mystery by questioning me," Bob explained. "I have to be any character you want to question and I have to tell the truth, unless it is the guilty one, who may lie to save himself. Here is one to try.

"A theatrical troupe was giving a final performance of Uncle Tom's Cabin. In the company were the manager (Little Eva's husband), Little Eva, Sinclair (her brother), Marks, a lawyer, Lesree, Uncle Tom, a stage manager, Topsy and three assorted darkies.

"The company manager then runs off-stage. In the confusion lights go out and on, everybody runs to Uncle Tom's dressing room, where they find him bound to a chair, gagged and just coming out of ether. Mystery—WHO KILLED THE COMPANY MANAGER?"

As Bob finished the questions flew thick and fast.

"Was Eva's brother, Sinclair, aware of any trouble between her and her husband?"

"Why did Sinclair leave the stage?"

"Did Eva have an affair with any other man in the troupe?"

"Where was Uncle Tom during the first curtain call?"

"Where is the gun?"

By working along these lines, the plot was solved. They considered fingerprints, the way people had moved on the stage, who had stood near the exits, what the motive could be and every possible clue. Finally, it was learned that the stage man- (Please turn to page 110)
WHAT'S NEW?

Ronald Colman's next talkie for United Artists, to follow "Cynara," will be an original by Sydney Howard as yet untitled. It is a U-boat yarn in which Colman will play a submarine officer.

Maurice Chevalier's next offering will be an original story by Gouverneur Morris, "Pied Piper of Paris." Chevalier returns from Paris for this in December.

Marlene Dietrich is to appear next in "Deep Night," directed by Josef Von Sternberg.

Eric Von Stroheim returns to directing when he begins "Walking Down Broadway" for Fox with James Dunn, Minna Gombel and Zasu Pitts. This is from an unproduced play by Dawn Powell.

Constance Bennett's next for RKO will be an original written by Adela Rogers St. Johns, who also authored Connie's recent hit, "What Price Hollywood."

Mary Pickford's successful silent film, "Tess of the Storm Country" is to star Janet Gaynor, soon, with Alexander Kirkwood in the lead, directed by Al Santell.

RKO will bring Ernest Hemingway's famous novel, "The Sun Also Rises," to the screen shortly.

"No Man of Her Own," co-starring Clark Gable and Miriam Hopkins has gone into production at Paramount.

Following "Wild Girl," the talkie she is now making, Joan

A scene from "A Farewell to Arms," made by Paramount, with Gary Cooper, Helen Hayes (borrowed from M.G.M.), and Adolphe Menjou as the principals. From the popular novel by Ernest Hemingway. Likely to be outstanding. Originally Claudette Colbert and Frederic March were to have played the two younger roles. Menjou refused Gloria Swanson's offer to be her leading man in her English-made picture, to play in this. Helen Hayes cut short her European vacation not to miss the chance for the part of the girl.

At left: Aline MacMahon, Jack Oakie and Russell Hopton in Universal's "Once in a Lifetime," the New York stage success that satirized the movies so hilariously. Written by Moss Hart and George Kaufman, the play had a long run. When it was sold to Universal for picturization, the news set the whole film colony to speculating on whether it would ever be actually produced. But here it is.

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Bennett will star in "Pier 13" for Fox, direction by Alfred Werker.

M.G.M. has purchased "White Sister," the story that once starred Lillian Gish, for Helen Hayes and as soon as Helen completes "A Farewell to Arms" with Gary Cooper for Paramount, she returns to M.G.M. for this talkie.

"Red Dust," from a play by Wilson Collinson, is to co-star Clark Gable and Jean Harlow in a soon-to-be-produced M.G.M. offering.

Clive Brook goes to Fox to enact the name part in Sir Arthur Conan Doyle’s popular story, "Sherlock Holmes," direction William K. Howard. Later Clive will be starred in Fox's screen version of Noel Coward’s successful stage spectacle, "Cavalcade," directed by Frank Lloyd.

Wallie Beery is scheduled to appear in "Flesh" for M.G.M. The title may be changed.

Katharine Hepburn, Billie Burke and John Barrymore in RKO’s "Bill of Divorcement," from the play by Clemence Dane, being directed by George Cukor. Miss Hepburn, the New York society girl reputed to be worth several millions, plays the role in which Katherine Cornell made her first American stage success. John Barrymore plays the insane husband. Billie Burke comes back to the screen after an absence of ten years.

Edmund Lowe and Irene Ware in a new Fox production, "Chandu, the Magician," adapted from the radio broadcasts written by Harry Earnshaw and Vera Oldham. Bela Lugosi, who was last seen in "White Zombie," is in the cast. Irene Ware is the New York secretary who was acclaimed Miss America at the Galveston beauty contest in 1929. Co-directed by Marcel Varnel and Cameron Menzies, with every promise of being a star thriller.

At left is a scene from M.G.M.’s new picture, "Father and Son," showing Lewis Stone as the father, and Jackie Cooper and Maurice Murphy as his sons. Others in the cast are Lois Wilson and Conrad Nagel. Directed by Charles Reisner, it is the story of how children are affected by modern divorce.
INTEREST is running high in "Madame Butterfly," with Sylvia Sidney and Cary Grant, Paramount's talkie version of the John Luther Long story adapted by Zoe Akins and Harry Hervey.

THERE are whispers from M.G.M. that Jean Harlow, who became one of the screen's most enticing sirens when she covered her platinum locks with a red wig, may undergo still another metamorphosis, when she is assigned the part of the black-eyed, raven-haired Lulu Belle.

BORIS KARLOFF will be the latest to don the drooping whiskers of the sinister Dr. Fu Manchu. "The Mask of Fu Manchu" has been acquired by M.G.M., and the versatile Boris has been borrowed from Universal for the leading role.

At right: Richard Dix and Tom Brown in "Liberty Road," a picture of Southern prison road camps and convict labor. Directed by Rowland Brown, one of the authors of the story. One of RKO's specially exploited productions.

Lew Ayres and Maureen O'Sullivan in Universal's newspaper drama, "Okay, U. S. A.," written by William Anthony McGuire. Walter Catlett plays the rôle of the city editor. It is the story of a newspaper columnist, basically somewhat similar in idea to several pictures that have gone before. Directed by Toy Garnett.

Above: A scene from "Guilty as Hell," from the stage play, "Riddle Me This,"—with Edmund Lowe, Victor McLaglen, Richard Arlen, Adrienne Ames and Noel Francis. An unusually interesting story, in which circumstantial evidence almost sends an innocent man to the electric chair, the audience knowing all the while who the murderer really is. A Paramount release directed by Erle Kenton. Hollywood is watching to see what Lowe and McLaglen do together as a team away from their parent studio, Fox. They'll have to put on top speed to beat some of their former successes.

Above: Showing action from Columbia's latest, "Polo," featuring Jack Holt, Evalyn Knapp, J. Farrell MacDonald, Walter Byron and Hardie Albright. The story is laid against the backgrounds of a Western army post and the swankiest port of Long Island. Admirers of Jack Holt, feminine beauty, and horses will all find gratification in this picture.

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WHAT a party month this was! It was hard to pick out the parties which would be most interesting to tell about.

Ernst Lubitch's party, Harriet Parson's party, Lucille Gleason's tea, Una Merkel's party—and oh, there were simply dozens of beach parties, teas, buffet dinners, garden parties, and a variety of novelties. Think it'll be the novelty parties I'll write about this month, however.


Marguerite Churchill was going back to the New York stage and George decided to give a party in her honor. It started out to be a little, quiet breakfast party for about eighteen.

"Come on out early Sunday. We're going to go for a ride and come back for an outdoor breakfast," said George. "I have a string of eighteen horses that are carbs, and we'll have us a lot of fun!"

That sounded marvelous—but about two days later, George called again and said: "Will Rogers just came back and is all excited about my western party. He insists on having his boys give a roping exhibition, putting on one himself, and sort of making it a big hullabaloo. Marguerite thinks it'd be fun to have a bang-up western party—so instead of our ride and outdoor breakfast we'll have a barbecue lunch and a real hoop-la western party. . . You'll still be comin' along though, won't cha?"

Well, they began arriving about 9 o'clock. Will Rogers came with the stock for the bull-dogging and roping contest, and with his troupe of honest-to-goodness cowboys. Eric Pedley, Gwinn Williams, Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers all came early, too, determined not to miss the start.

So George put them all to work preparing the long tables for the "brunch" guests. . . Marguerite said you couldn't call what they were going to have "breakfast"—still it wasn't lunch; so the only thing to do to be proper was to call it "brunch". So "brunch" it was called for the rest of the day!

Marguerite is always on the watch for a "gag", so the day (Please turn to page 83)

Photo taken especially for New Movie Magazine
George O'Brien and Marguerite Churchill at the cowboy "brunch" George gave in honor of Marguerite. But Will Rogers stole the show.

Parties Galore

First-hand gossip about this festive month of gaiety and revelry among the stars and near-stars in Hollywood and Malibu Beach

By DORIS DENBO

Marion Nixon, the hostess, and Vina Delmar, the writer, guest of honor at Marion's party.
Among the many inconveniences of the early Colonial days were the means of illumination. Whale oil and candles had to be depended upon and while their soft light was very effective it was not sufficient. Great changes in lighting have been effected since those early days and now by merely pressing a button our rooms may be flooded with light.

Wall lights, ceiling lights and lamps of all kinds have been designed to harmonize with the style and decorative scheme of our homes. Therefore, in reproducing our Colonial house we can keep as close as possible to the charm of the old when selecting our lighting fixtures and still have the convenience of the modern.

Each fixture should be chosen particularly for the room in which it is going to be used. We will start with the entrance hall. A ceiling light is necessary here and a reproduction of the old-fashioned hanging lantern would be most effective. The entrance hall in this house is not large, so additional wall lights would not be necessary; however, if you wish, attractive sconces could be used effectively on either side of the door leading into the living room.

In the living room, ceiling lights would be awkward on account of the low-beamed ceiling. The living room is exceptionally large so would require at least five sconces. A pair placed at either end of the room and a single sconce as you enter the room, next to the fireplace. The lighting of the living room to be effective should depend mostly on lamps but it is very convenient to have wall lights that can be switched on easily and quickly immediately upon entering the room.

In the dining room it would be advisable to have both the ceiling light and wall lights. For this room we would suggest six wall lights in addition to a chandelier—since lamps are very seldom used in a dining room these would be our only means of illumination. The dining room is usually a formal type of room, therefore the lighting fixtures selected can be of a finer design and should be polished. We have such a large selection of lovely reproductions, of the old-fashioned lighting fixtures that we can choose a different style for each of the bedrooms. For the master bedroom we would suggest a simply designed pewter candle sconce using a small flame candle bulb and no shade. Two sconces would be sufficient for this room, at either side of the fireplace. A pair of lamps on the dressing table, a lamp on the bedside table and a good reading lamp placed conveniently near an easy-chair will supply ample lighting for the room. In the guest room we could have a less formal type of sconce, such as the reproduction of the old whale lamps with their graceful glass globes mounted on antique pewter or brass. Four sconces can be used in this room. One pair on the long unbroken wall and the other pair placed on the opposite wall on either side of the window. The bedside lamp and dressing-table lamps will supply the rest of the light for this room.

Since we are planning the third upstairs room for a child's room we could use the quaint little, pewter candle-lamp scone perched on a maple bracket. Three of these sconces could be used in this room, one on the long wall and two on the wall opposite.

The large room in the basement can be used to advantage as a recreation or games room. Special attention should be paid to the selection of the lighting fixtures for this room. A large ceiling lamp throwing indirect light is advisable in this type of room so as to give sufficient light for the game tables. A few carefully selected bridge and table lamps placed near the comfortable reading chairs with the large ceiling fixture will provide ample light for this room. The other basement lights in the laundry, storeroom, etc., should be carefully placed so as to be most convenient and useful. Simple, inexpensive fixtures can be selected for this part of the house.

The wiring of the house takes place during the construction and it is wise to watch it carefully so as to be sure that there are sufficient outlets in each room for attaching lamps.
Eyes—Learn from Frances Dee whose lovely eyes are made lovelier with care

1 "First and foremost," says Frances Dee, charming Paramount player, "is the eye cup." Every morning and every night she bathes her eyes to prevent strain and inflammation.

A WOMAN'S tresses may be her glory, but her eyes are the most magnetic, actively alluring charm she may possess!

The "come hither" look in an eye is utterly irresistible if the eye is clear, sparkling, soft and properly made-up. Never before has this fact been so generally acknowledged. Never before have the eyes been so carefully studied and cared for. With eye shadow for milady of the drawing-room, as well as for milady of the stage, came a careful study of eye effects and hundreds of instructions on how to use eye cosmetics.

To bring out the "it" in your eyes so that they may fulfill that old pun, "the look that lies in a woman's eyes—it lies, and lies, and lies"—you must know how to "dress" them.

This may only be accomplished by careful study of your own individual eye needs. If this is done, your eyes may lie as to size, beauty, lure—and meaning. It's all a matter of taking advantage of Mother Nature's gifts, plus the magic tricks of Madame Cosmetique!

We asked Frances Dee to tell us about eye make-up and how to take care of the eyes because she has two of the most voluble, fascinating blue orbs in Hollywood. She knows just how to use 'em when they are finished products of her skill, too, and that's quite an important item in eye "fitness", don't you think?

"FIRST and foremost in eye care," says Frances, "is the eye cup. It is as important to give the eyes their morning and evening bath as it is to wash or cream the face night and morning, or to take the daily bath.

(Please turn to page 95)
---And what the orchestras and radio broadcasters are doing

BY JOHN EDGAR WEIR

EVERYWHERE there are signs that the studios will begin putting music back in the pictures. "Jubilo," the Fox picture starring Will Rogers, and having in the cast El Brendel, Nell O'Day and Dick Powell will be "a Follies" type of picture," according to the studio executives. Fox is also making "Six Hours to Live," with Warner Baxter and featuring John Boles of the golden voice.

Once again Waring's Pennsylvanians come through with a top-notch recording. "I Heard" is the title and, as you perhaps know, it's one of Don Redman's novelty tunes. The boys certainly cut loose and I know you'll get a laugh from the vocal refrains. There is some very good trumpet work, too, and plenty of rhythm. Don't miss this one. The other side, also by Waring's band, is just as good as the first but a different type of tune. "A Picnic For Two" is the title and it's on the sweet style. You should like it. (This is a Victor record.)

Duke Ellington is still with us and here is a tune by him that should hit you just right, "Baby When You Ain't There," and it's played in real Duke Ellington style with plenty of weird minor obligatos. This is a very smooth-running tune, nearly all sax work with only muted brass and plenty of rhythm. Be sure to hear it. The other side, also by the Duke, "Moon Over Dixie," is played a shade faster than the other side and makes an agreeable contrast. (This is a Brunswick record.)

Here's another good one by the Radio Rascals, "Old-Fashioned Love," and no doubt you are familiar with the tune. This record is just right for dancing and has plenty of heavy bass rhythm to help you along. The other side is also by the Radio Rascals—a novelty—the "Song of the Fiddlers," which is very corny but good for a laugh. Dick Robertson sings the vocal refrains. (This is a Victor record.)

Roger Wolfe Kahn gives us his latest effort, "Tell Me Why You Smile, Mona Lisa," the big Continental hit, and I know you'll like the recording. There is a good vocal chorus. The other side, also by the same band, is "There I Go Dreaming Again." A nice tune, too. (This is a Columbia record.)

Now we come to a peach of a vocal by Bing Crosby with Isham Jones' Orchestra, "Sweet Georgia Brown." You are all familiar with the tune and I know you won't be disappointed with this record. It is Crosby at his best and Isham Jones is always good.

"Let's Try Again" is the title of the other side by the same artists. This is a very beautiful tune and affords an agreeable contrast. (This is a Brunswick record.)

Here is one for all the admirers of Fletcher Henderson. "Poor Old Joe" is the title of the tune and it has plenty of snap and rhythm to it—just the thing for dancing. The other side is also by Fletcher Henderson and his boys, "Take Me Away From the River," a slower (Please turn to page 79)
Here are easy-to-make outline designs for your dish towels. Send for this circular.

This circular gives diagram and directions for making a gay teapot holder from calico and seam binding.

Directions for making stencil design to paint on bread box and other kitchen containers.

The smartest new work aprons are made from striped cotton print and they are easy to make with the aid of this circular.

Make cotton bags for your lettuce, celery and other salad greens and decorate them with appropriate designs. Every housewife should have a set.

Add comfort and charm to your kitchen chairs by making checked gingham backs to match the window curtains.

For Your KITCHEN

Everything from dish towels to the ironing board may be given a touch of smartness with the aid of our New Method Circulars

It's easy to keep your ironing-board clean and tidy when you have a special cover like this made from heavy unbleached muslin. Make one for yourself and give one away.

A cretonne bag for your kitchen door provides convenient accommodation for paper, string, scissors and other tools. Send for circular for complete directions and diagram.

Turn to page 103 for directions for obtaining patterns described here.
Jimmie Gleason reads the rules while Lucille makes the pie. Read their inside cooking secrets and you’ll know why they’re happy.

The Gleasons Celebrate

TWO artists in one family—there are really three now, Jimmie and Lucille and young Russell—and no split-ups. That’s the record of the Gleasons who just celebrated their 26th wedding anniversary in Hollywood. They aren’t passing out any advice but the fact that Mrs. Gleason is an artist in the kitchen as well as on the movie lot may have something to do with it and she does let Jimmie run into the kitchen now and then and have a pre-taste.

This is the story of their twenty-sixth wedding anniversary and what they did, as Lucille Gleason herself tells it:

OUR silver wedding anniversary last year, was celebrated with literally hundreds of our friends, and was such a glorious exciting day, friends. It worked out very well. For favors we had cut-out likenesses of Jimmie, Russell and me with our arms around one another holding the handle of little green paper nut cups.

The centerpiece was a huge bowl of gardenias and lilies of the valley, with maidenhair fern. White satin ribbons came from under the bowl of gardenias and led to individual gardenia and lily of the valley corsages for the women, and buttonhole gardenias for the men.

The table was laid with an old Italian lace banquet cloth. Two cream colored cathedral length candles in silver candlesticks gave us our only light.

My menu consisted of:

Clam juice and tomato juice cocktails (Please turn to page 97)
Vary your polish with your costume says world authority on manicure.

VARY your nail tint with your gown — the Beauty Experts say. It's time to stop wrinkling your lovely brows over whether to tint or not to tint your nails. And just put your best thought on which tint to wear with what dress.

If you find that color schemes tax your imagination, nobody cares if you refer to the panel on the left. And once you get going you'll find that this new nail fashion can do a lot for you...

Rose nails worn with your new brown autumn woolens will take you to tea anywhere you say. And Coral nails with a white chiffon frock are guaranteed to bring you a positively confusing number of dance partners!

Anyway, you'll never again wear the same color nails with red, green, blue and pink dresses, will you? You might as well wear the same hat.

And right here is a good place to mention quality as well as color. Cutex has both! It comes in four perfect shades; absolutely won't crack, peel, streak or fade; and keeps its lustre one whole week!

And last, but not least, if you're a neat girl, it has a new bakelite cap with brush attached ... all balanced so it can't touch the table top when you lay it down. That's efficiency for you!

Run around to your nearest dealer today ... for two lovely shades to start with.

The Easy Cutex Manicure...

First, scrub the nails. Then remove the old lifeless cuticle and cleanse beneath the nail tips with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleaner. Wrap fresh, dry cotton on orange stick and run it under nail tips again. Now remove old polish with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover. Finally, brush on one of the lovely shades of Cutex Liquid Polish — the shade that best suits your costume, your personality. You can choose from Natural, Colorless, Rose and Coral. End with a touch of Cutex Nail White—Pencil or Cream—under the nail tips for accent.

Cutex Liquid Polish

May

"My contract has two years to go," says Connie, "and anything may happen in that time."

CONNIE BENNETT is variously reported as having no sense of humor, being up-stage, temperamental and hard to handle, but the directors and camera crew on her sets declare her a good trouper and a good scout... and to prove she has a sense of humor and that it works, listen to this:

She was doing a scene in which she had to run up and down a flight of stairs.

Suddenly, after several rehearsals, the director called, "Hold it! Cameras and recorder reloading."

Connie was completely out of breath and gratefully dropped into the nearest chair, puffing mightily.

"O.K. Cameras and recorder reloaded," called the assistant director. But Connie sang out lustily, "Hold it! Bennett still reloading!" and she puffed a few more minutes before the scene was resumed.

HOLLYWOOD loves to keep the Constance Bennett-Gloria Swan-son feud alive.

The latest story going the rounds is that on a little side street in Culver City, near the studio where the two stars once worked, is a corner grocery store labeled "Bennett's Best Foods." On the opposite corner is a delicatessen defiantly (Please turn to page 76)
"Nerves" were losing her her husband and friends

Until She Found This Drugless Way To Steady Nerves And Restful Sleep

A CHANCE remark—innocently intended.

But to her overwrought nerves it was the last straw!

Once more, in spite of her real self, she flared up. Said things she really didn't mean—things that even the most tolerant of husbands could scarcely forgive or forget.

What made her do it? Nerves—and nerves alone.

Frayed out nerves that nagged at her every hour of the day. Jumpy nerves that robbed her of sleep night after night until she was nearly frantic.

But all that was yesterday. Now she has found a simple, drugless way to overcome nervous irritability and get sound sleep every night. A way that thousands are turning to these days, largely on doctors' advice.

What It Is

Discovered in Switzerland, it is called Ovaltine—a delicious food-drink, taken with warm milk. During the World War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for rebuilding shell-shocked, nerve-shattered soldiers.

For Ovaltine contains—in concentrated form—more than 18 natural food elements.

Notable among these elements is calcium. And it is increasingly realized that a proper calcium metabolism is necessary to avoid nerve irritation.

Phosphorus too, is an essential constituent of brain and nerve cells. Ovaltine supplies this in abundance and in the easily assimilated food form (lecithin). And also contains a high proportion of the anti-neuritic Vitamin B.

Thus when you take Ovaltine, you are taking a balanced combination of vital food elements necessary for building brain, nerve and body cells—and you are taking them in concentrated form.

A cup of Ovaltine at bedtime not only promotes relaxation but acts remarkably to overcome sleeplessness due to irritated nerves.

It helps you fall asleep almost as soon as your head touches the pillow, and sleep all night as soundly as a child.

Start Today

So if you're nervous or run-down—if you have trouble sleeping at night—try Ovaltine. Drink a cup of it with at least one meal each day—another at night just before you go to bed.

Do this faithfully for one week—as a test. Then take stock and see what noticeable improvement has been brought about, even in this short time.

Note how soundly you sleep at night—how much more energy you have—how much better you look and feel and act when nervous irritability has been overcome!

Then you will know, from your own experience, exactly why 20,000 doctors recommend Ovaltine. And you'll realize why millions take it regularly to maintain nerve poise and restore vitality when fatigued.

Start today. Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine now. Or mail the special coupon below for a generous trial supply.

SOUND SLEEP and Quiet Nerves

MAIL FOR A TRIAL SUPPLY OF OVALTINE

OVALTINE

The Swiss Food·Drink

The New Movie Magazine, October, 1932
trays sent to her dressing-room, American cheese is her favorite nibble selection.

THERE'S NEXT MOVE: When her celluloid days are over, Edna Mac Oliver vows she wants to be a detective. She'll probably laugh her victors into a confession — Joel McCrea hankers for a cattle ranch retreat, as do Gary Cooper and Richard Arlen... Ovvi Andre figures she'd like to live in Russia—(of all places)... Helen Twelvetrees turns her eyes to painting and an abode in the High Sierras while Clara Bow plans a vacation to write... Florence Eldridge and her husband, Fredric March, are trying to get together on their future. Fred wants to live in Westport, Conn., and Florence favors Maine, so I suppose they'll compromise and live in Maine.

A WOMAN'S DENIAL: "There ought to be a law," fumes Minna Gombell, vigorously denying the reports that she and David Blew- Irene Rich's ex-heartbeat, are going to yes-it.

HUM, THAT LOUISE: Louise Fazenda celebrated her birthday with a party and a huge cake that exhibited nary a candle. "What?" deplored a friend. "No candles?"

"No," confessed Louise. "I've given up fibbing!"

WE WARN YOU: Practice up on your whispering, hissing and applause. Universal has borrowed Cordelia Parker from Fox to heroine in a serial thriller yclept "Jungle Mystery." Shades of Kathryn Williams! Remember her audacious jungle exploits in the days when she, Pearl White, Grace Cunard, Ruth Roland, Helen Holmes, et al., used to raise hair on the youngsters' heads?

STATE SECRETS: Far be it from us to minimize Tom Mix's bravery in performing daring stunts. But, as a matter of "inside" interest, when Tom jumped Tony through that big glass window in his last "ride-em-cowboy" flicker, both horse and horse leaped through a specially prepared window of sugar crystals. There're tricks to every trade, and sugar crystals is one of the window tricks of the movies.

FATHER TO SON: Like the stage with its Drew-Barrymore family, the movies are raising talent to carry on its famous names. Enrico Caruso, Jr., makes his debut in Universal's talkie, "Airman." Noah Beery, Jr., Wallace Reid, Jr., Franz Schumann-Heink, and Creighton Chaney (Lon's son) are busy carving their names in celluloid. There will be more father-to-son and mother-to-daughter inheritances when the babies of the colony grow up.

The rent, please! Elsie Janis is a landlady among her other accomplishments—if being a landlady is an accomplishment. The Leslie Howard-Elaine O'sullivan-Elvis Presley suite in Beverly Hills, swimming-pool and all, but up to date Elsie hasn't had to roost: "The rent, please!"

Coaching Idea: No, it doesn't hurt her wrist. We mean that tricky wrist watch of wood Sylvia Sydney sports now and then.

IT CAME TRUE: Prophecyed a fortune-teller to Jean Harlow months before Jean promised Paul (M.G.M. executive) to "I do" and "I will": "A dark man is coming into your life. I see a beautiful mansion. Beautiful." Whereupon Jean paid the fortune-teller for these exhilarating prognostications and went her way. That way now leads to the dark-haired man and the beautiful mansion is the $60,000 trailer Paul gave her shimmery blonde for a wedding present. Sunething?

This month we introduce a little Chinese girl to us as a member of our Hollywood Kindergarten. She's Toshia Mori, which sounds somewhat Japonesee to us— but... Oh, well. Discovered working in a Los Angeles store by Director Frank Capra and signed to play "Moh-Li" in Columbia's "The BITTER TEA of General Yen," in which Barbara Stanwyck and Nils Asther have the leads.

TALBOID TIDBITS: Like his yacht owning buddy, Richard Barthelmess, Ronald Colman has finally succumbed to the yacht lure and is now shopping around for a deep sea boat... Gary Cooper's chimpanzee, Tofa, a bit of chimp sized bunk out of the chauffeur's arm and the M.D. came in a rush... "Jiggs," the famous screen canine, has breathed his last and if there be justice Jiggs is now enjoying himself in dog heaven where the bones are many and the romping gay... Social teams: Jimmy Dunn and Maureen O'Sullivan, George O'Brien and Marguerite Churchill. Lew Cody and Merna Kennedy. Estelle Taylor and Jan (violinist) Robini, Billie Dove and David Manners (as we go to press).

THE LAST STRAW: Hollywood Boulevard rose up on energetic tippers to get a good look at the blond (also bland) female liling down the sidewalk attired in an extraordinarily white straw coat. "Who in the world is that in the hay?" fluttered the boulevardiers. "Why, it's Lili Tashman," shrieked a young thing. And bless your heart, it was Lii. However, she knew enough to stay away from horses and the polo field the day she wore her straw coat. The New Movie Magazine, October, 1932

Well, Maybe: Epigrams columnist Jimmie Starr: "Hollywood is where there are plenty of high hats covering low heads where the universal slogan is 'An I for an I!'."

But we still favor that perfectly cynical definition: "Hollywood is a big joke, but it isn't funny!"

HAVE YOU NOTICED? that Constance Bennett is married to Gloria Swanson's ex-husband, the Marquis, and that Connie is now starring in Gloria's pet story, "Rockabye!" Which may signify that star can follow in another star's orbit satisfactorily.

GLAD THAT'S SETTLED: Well, Bert Wheeler and Bob Woolsey are cavorting around in their new funster just as though several months ago they never laid eyes on each other with harsh words because of a contract disagreement. "I love that big bum," Bert growls at Woolsey whereupon Bob hastily cries: "My cutie..."

They did it too: Several hundred newspaper critics were asked to name the thirteen women players who, in their opinion, were the most glamorous in the history of American motion pictures. They selected: Greta Garbo, Mary Pickford, Theda Bara, Constance Bennett, Gloria Swanson, Marion Davies, Barbara LaMarr, Ann Harding, Joan Crawford, Marlene Dietrich, Clara Bow, Dolores Del Rio, and Marie Dressler. What say you to this?

ILLUSTRATED WARNING: Since M.G.M.'s "Tarzan" revived shivers and thrills among the movie citizenry, other studios are up to celluloid their own jungle parade of animals and romance. Here's Paramount yearning for a "panther woman" to play the lead in a picture that name and Columbia on the search for a female "Tar- "panther woman" in the event such ambiguities haven't found yet. Meanwhile, Olga Petrova, once famous as the "panther woman" (remember her in "Panthera"?) arrived from and departed back, hardly noticed in the crowd. Nita Naldi, ex-renowned "leopard lady," is also seen around New York practically unrecognized because of her increased avoirdupois.

TIS UNUSUAL: When one studio leaps a contract player to another, that's mildly interesting news. But when Uncle Sam releases one of Hollywood's most active duty to here in a talkie—well, that's what you call wowing 'em. It is also what the (Please turn to page 72)
FAOEN—In Convenient 10¢ Sizes—Equals $1 to $3 Brands in Quality!

"Everybody seems to have discovered Faoen. I see you have, too."

"Yes, indeed! Now I can buy a complete set of quality beauty aids for what I used to pay for one lipstick."

- Scientific Tests Prove That Faonen Beauty Aids Are Equal in Fineness and Purity

Imagine! Faoen . . . at 10c . . . equal in quality to the costliest beauty aids. Amazing . . . isn't it? Yet TRUE!

Here is the proof. A famous Research Laboratory compared Faonen Beauty Aids with the most expensive brands. They reported: "we have found that every Faoen product tested, is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for $1, $2 and $3."

Remember, too, Faoen is sponsored by Park & Tilford—a quality name for nearly 100 years.

Do you wonder, now, that thousands of women are changing to Faoen Beauty Aids? Try them . . . today! You, too, will discover that Faoen can save you money . . . without sacrificing quality.

Remember, Faoen are the only beauty aids at 10c that give you absolute proof of quality.

Every Faoen product has received the Good Housekeeping Institute seal of approval.

PARK & TILFORD
NEW YORK
PARIS

FAOEN
(FAY-ON)

Beauty Aids

10c each at F. W. Woolworth Co. Stores
CLEANSING CREAM • COLD CREAM • SKIN TONIC • LOTION • FACE POWDER • ROUGES • PERFUMES

The New Movie Magazine, October, 1932
Hollywood Bandwagon

(Continued from page 70)

U. S. A. did for Ben Lyon, who is an officer in the 47th Pursuit Squadron of the 33rd Pursuit Group stationed at Long Beach, California. William Sistrom wanted Ben for the lead in "The Crooked Circle." To get him, Sistrom took Ben to Uncle Sam's; Uncle Sam said all right and granted Ben a special leave of absence. Now that the picture is finished and ready to be released, Ben is practicing warfare with the aviation squadron in which he is an officer.

IF GOES LIKE THIS: The management of a New York picture theatre offered Greta Garbo $50,000 if she would personal appearance for a week. Greta wouldn't. But enterprising young Billy Rose (Fanny Brice's husband) figured there must be a way to wangle the magic name of Garbo into his new musical revue without going direct to Greta. He found the way with Geraldine Dvorak, the girl who for so many years has coloured Greta as her camera "stand in." This will be Geraldine's initial bow in the Big Time and you bet she'll be heralded as the girl who used Garbo's shoes when the cameras weren't grinding. Geraldine, incidentally, is not related to Ann (Mrs. Leslie Fenton) Dvorak. With Ann, the Dvorak is borrowed. Her real moniker is McKim.

IT BEING NONE: ... of our business, we are that intrigued to know that Harpo Marx is insured for $500,000 with each finger of his educated hands insured for a separate sum ... That Ben Turpin still has those crossed eyes of his insured for $100,000 against their becoming uncrossed ... That William Fox, ex-president of Fox Films, carried $6,000,000 in insurance ... That Adolph Zukor, Jesse Lasky, and Joe Schenck are content with $5,000,000 ... That Leo M. T. K's lice trademark, is insured for $1,000,000. ... That John Barrymore tops Leo by one million and that Al Jolson is in insurance step with the roaring trademark. .. And then there's the ransom insurance issued by Lloyd's, the policies going as high as $50,000 with the premium at 1 per cent. Imagine every player and every player's child in Hollywood (certainly those who can afford it) are protected with this form of insurance, but they don't say they are for to breathe such news is to cancel automatically the policy and permit the premium to be pocketed by Lloyd's.

LADY DISCOVERERS: The ladies, bless 'em, have done their bit in spotlight play. Little Miss Lil has the cinematic limelight. There's Lilian (Los Angeles stage performer) Albertson who cast Clark Gable in a play when Clark couldn't get a look-in at the studios. Richard Barthelemy secured his first chance through the efforts of Nazimova. Valentino was discovered by June Mathis, Mistinguet, French musical comedy star, elevated Maurice Chevalier from the ranks. Gilda Gray bolstered up George Brent's winning career when George returned to New York from an engagement with Universal. Gilda knew George had "it." Warners appeared wanting a new contract and now look at the Brent boy.

DID YOU KNOW? ... that Jimmy Dunn and Eddie Foy, Jr., are pals? That they look enough alike to be brothers and they're thicker than two peas in a pod? That at one time, when things were not going so good for him, Jimmy made his home with the Foys and is considered one of the family?

MARITAL NAUTICAL NOTE: Buster Keaton had no sooner bought his new yacht than a sudden whim caused him to present it to his wife, Natalie, as a gift.

Two days later came the separation. "I thought it would be a nice thing to do," Buster said, trying to explain his generosity.

"I don't mind losing my boat but I wish I had my ukulele back. I forgot it and left it aboard."

Have you heard Buster Keaton's parody on, "I'll take the last waltz with Mother, that old sweetheart of mine?"

"I'll take the last sock at father. I don't mind standing in line!"

Photo by William A. Prather

Mayo Methot, long a recognized success on the Broadway stage, who has hortefore ventured only casually into pictures, promises much in Columbia's "Murder of the Night Club Lady." An accomplished actress, with a splendid stage presence, she's now officially launched in the films.

ALWAYS RIGHT: They're laughing in Hollywood about that mistake made by a scribe for a sheet whose boast is that it's always right.

When B. P. Schulberg resigned from Paramount his reporter rushed up to a little, swarthy man in the studio restaurant.

"What have you got to say," he demanded, "about Schulberg's resignation?"

"Why, I don't give a damn," replied the little swarthy man. "Schulberg doesn't mean a thing to me."

The reporter galloped into his office with the breathless information that Emanuel Cohen, Vice President of Paramount, said Schulberg didn't mean a thing to him.

But, the man the reporter thought was Emanuel Cohen was, in fact, Lorenz Hart, a song writer.

When Merryl Le Roy embarked for Hawaii, Hal Wallis and Ginger Rogers were on the dock to see him off.

"If you think it was Hal Wallis who gave Merv that long, good-bye kiss you're crazy."

Just look what the passage of thirty years brings about: In 1962 J. Farrell MacDonald and Bruce Mitchell played on rival foot ball teams, MacDonald for Yale, Mitchell, Navy.

They play the roles of coaches of rival teams in "70,000 Witnesses."

Ina Claire's new straw hat looks like one of Maurice Chevalier's.

AN EASY HONOR: When the West Side Riding and Asthma Club "crowned" Jack Warner as the motion picture producer having the greatest sense of humor they might as well have hit him with a brick.

All Jack has to do now is be funny at the club's weekly meetings.

And anybody who felt like being funny in the presence of Groucho Marx, the club's president, is simply inviting disaster.

A TASHMAN DIFFERENT: Lil Tashman simply will be different.

Last summer she was so sun-tanned she was only half a shade lighter than Douglas Fairbanks.

And were all the other girls green with envy?

This last summer, remembering how attractive Lil was last year, all the other girls set out to become tanned even if they had to use a violet ray lamp.

And Lil crossed them all up by remaining pure white.

JUST STANDING IN: An odd angle of the Hollywood racket is the development of the business of "standing in." This is, take our word for it, a salaried job and those following this type of employment are known as "standing boys and girls."

It is the vision of every movie actor and the dream of every featured player to reach the point where his producer authorizes a "stand-in" or a "double" of similar size and shape. The double wears an exact replica of the clothes of the actor he stands for. He comes to the set a little in advance of his high-salaried likeness and stands, or rather, stands-in, while the cameras are being placed and the lights set. This saves wear and tear on the stars, fallen arches, and general debility.

Since a "standing boy or girl" is a person recorded only by the highest ranking stars, to have this has assumed greater importance than that of a mere convenience. It has almost become an end in itself.

The recent meteoric ascent of a certain actor to stardom was naturally accompanied by this privilege. The new luminaries found a double who parted

Please turn to page 74
Do You Want to Know How I Take Care of BLACK SHOES?

And How I Dye My Summer Shoes Black?

Irene Marchant

It's really very simple, and best of all, it's most inexpensive. The secret is to have plenty of ColorShine on hand.

I Follow This Easy Method

For black shoes I use ColorShine Black Creme (either liquid or tube creme.) It's really very easy. I simply apply it to the shoes and brush it quickly to a bright shine. The results are astonishing. In a jiffy shoes take on a smart new look that all well dressed young women demand. Neutral Creme either liquid or tube keeps tan, brown and colored shoes clean and neat. And Black Dye—what a miracle the way you can immediately transform your summer white or colored shoes into perfectly stunning blacks for fall and winter. For school shoes and when I am in a big hurry, I use ColorShine Black French Dressing. Just apply with dauber and go on. It shines as it dries.

ColorShine is Economical, Too

The best part of all this wonder-working is that ColorShine costs so little. Only 10c in all five and ten cent stores. And you get big, generous bottles and tubes.

I advise every girl who has to watch her pennies (who doesn't these days) to use this easy way of keeping shoes good looking. Just drop into the nearest five-and-ten cent store and ask for ColorShine at the hardware counter. Make sure you get what you ask for, ColorShine. 10c—a little polishing—and all your shoes look like new.

New—ColorShine in Tubes

Now—for those who prefer tubes, ColorShine Black Creme and Neutral Creme is offered in this new big Tube. Squeezes out just like tooth paste. Wonderful results. Quick, clean, easy. 10c at your favorite five and ten cent store.

Black Creme and Neutral Creme now come in tube form.

Black Creme polishes black shoes—Neutral Creme polishes all colors except black or white.

Black Creme
For keeping all black shoes looking like new. Just rub it on and polish.

Black Dye

Black French Dressing
Shines without rubbing. Just the polish for school shoes. Economical, quick.

Neutral Creme
For all colors of leather except black or white. Cleans quickly and imparts a lasting luster.

Chieftain Manufacturing Company . . . Baltimore, Chicago, Dallas

The New Movie Magazine, October, 1932
his black hair the same way, and whose broad shoulders and general characteristics of face and figure completely filled the requirements.

In one way, however, this particular "stand-in" boy differs from his brothers. He always has a friend who walks on the set while the camera men are at their preliminary work, a male friend whose proportions and hair strangely resemble those of the "stand-in" boy. While the boy is striking attitudes for the camera men, they engage in animated conversation, and nobody seems to mind. It's not that he has an assistant or a stooge—his companion is the star himself.

Mirrors of Hollywood: Certain actors in Hollywood feel that Josef von Sternberg is making one big mistake in his direction of Marlene Dietrich. Word has it that the great Von Sternberg has produced a more-than-full-length mirror which is placed off the set behind the camera men. All scenes are so arranged that the beautiful Marlene instead of acting toward the camera lens is in reality playing to her own likeness reflected on the glass. So you see, when Marlene smiles at you in a close-up on the screen, actually at the time the cameras were clicking, she was flirting with herself in the mirror. Consequently, according to critics, la Dietrich is getting over-camera-conscious. They claim that unless Von Sternberg puts an end to the mirror gag, pretty soon it will make only a reflection of the orchidaceous young lady from Germany.

Ayres a Soldier Again: Lew Ayres is going to play the German soldier again! This time it will be in "The Red Knight of Germany." The story is based on Germany's greatest ace of the air, Baron Von Richthofen. Sounds good, doesn't it?

Jig-saw puzzles are the current pastime Hollywood. Book store wire is reviving them at so much per day. You can have a fresh one every night.

Twenty New Ones: Al Jolson learned twenty new songs in four different languages for his newest, "The New Yorker."

Recall the scene in "Red Headed Woman" where one of the characters pointed to a framed picture and said, "Who is that loggerhead?"

The man in the picture was Sam Wood, one of M.G.M.'s directors. Jack Conway, who directed "The Red Headed Woman," must have his little joke.

The End Is Near. . . They have now changed the title of "Indecent" to "Unholy Love."

Well, How Many: "Guilty as Hell" is the 900th feature to be produced at Paramount. . . How many have you seen?

Oh, Mr. Officer: Ann Harding is leading a fast life these days. That is, by motor. She was handed one of those pink tickets in Santa Maria and another in Paso Robles. All in the same day.

Looks like Joel McCrea took all honors for having the season's darkest ten.

When Groucho Marx heard the decision on the Sharkey-Schmeling fight he said: "It's a good thing Gunboat Smith didn't referee the World War."

Extra: Jimmy Durante used to deliver the New York Sun. . . That's where he got that voice of his.

Adrienne Ames has given herself five years in which to succeed in pictures. Let's all keep count.

New Autograph Racket: These Hollywood autograph hunters are getting smarter and smarter all the time. From hanging around restaurants and studios they have taken to meeting all the trains in Pasadena. One autograph hunter said that every player he has ever asked has signed for him except one—the one was Marlene Dietrich.

"I guess she can't write her name in English," said the boy.

Gifts from Ruthie: When she finished her last picture, at Warners-First National, Ruth Chatterton handed out gifts to all the staff, from the highest to the lowest.

Victor McLaglen plays tennis at night and confuses his opponents by casting huge shadows over the court.

Hero Worship: Here's a case of hero worship: Florenz Ziegfeld, the "Hello Everybody" war correspondent, visited Paramount studio recently and had his picture taken with Maurice Chevalier. Later, someone would satisfy Maurice but an autographed copy of this photograph, so Ziegfeld was bounded until tracked down and his signature secured.

The Reason Why: Perhaps you don't know, but the reason for the Olliviers' trip to Europe was not all vacation. Laurence is doing the lead in the Swanson picture. Jill Esmond, his wife, is doing the Paris gown shops. It seems Michael Farmer, Gloria's husband, was not proving quite satisfactory, so they pulled in a new leading man. It was a real break for Laurence, because he has been crying for a trip back to England for some time. Now he gets paid for it.

Here's news—like the baby that bit the dog—an actor said the reason he didn't make a film was probably because the captain of his soul was such a bad actor! Tsk!

Horseback Wit: Thelma Todd and ZaSu Pitts enjoyed the sweet autumn breezes the other day via the bridge paths. ZaSu said she would have just loved the ride if the pedals hadn't been so long. . . Thelma suggested she should have lowered the seat!

Location Comedy: Working on the "After the Rain" set at night in the swamps back of the Fox Hills studio, drastic measures had to be adopted in order to hear Peggy Shannon's lines. The frogs insisted on giving her a most unwelcome orchestral background. Finally, in desperation, a gun was fired—and the little frogs shut up.

Peggy says she thinks it would have been much easier to change the title of the picture to "Croaking in the Rain" and let the frogs be the sound effects . . . !

Lee Tracy, standing near, said, "It would be difficult to do that, for then they'd have to change the script too, and have all the 'dying' done in the realistic..." How do you suppose people get that way?
MOVIE STARS, HOUSEWIVES ALIKE...
MARVEL AT CLOPAY 10¢ WINDOW SHADES

"For 10¢? ... That beautiful window shade?"
... exclaimed
JUNE COLLYER

"You mean to tell me that window shade costs only 10¢?"
... marveled
MAE CLARKE

"10c for that window shade? ... It seems incredible!"
... said
LAURA LA PLANTE

"Only 10c for that window shade? Amazing!"
... said
LILA LEE

"Yes, only 10c for this window shade,"
... we assured
JEAN HARLOW

"10c for that window shade ... why, you must be wrong!"
... said
IRENE RICH

Think of it! Window shades you can use proudly in any room, for 10c each! No wonder movie stars marveled when they saw CLOPAY Shades—and no wonder millions of housewives have eagerly purchased them.

CLOPAY Shades look expensive at your windows—and actually outwear shades costing five to ten times as much. The patented CLOPAY fibre fabric doesn't fade, doesn't "pinhole", doesn't crack, doesn't fray. Made in such a wide range of colors and patterns you can get decorative effects impossible with other shades. New fall patterns are now on display in the stores. Be sure to see them.

At 5c and 10c stores and 5c to $1.00 stores everywhere, 10c each. Attached in a jiffy to your old rollers without tacks or tools. In Canada, 15c.

CLOPAY Bridge Table Covers
The perfect playing surface! Cards can't stick or slide on the creped CLOPAY surface. Tight-fitting elastic corners. No tapes to tie. Three colors—French blue and ecru; apple green and ecru; blues and tangerine. Another good CLOPAY product.

NEW!

CLOPAY Shades mounted on standard wood spring rollers, with wood slat brackets, nails and screw eye. Complete for 20c each.

MANY COLORS
CLOPAY Shades are available in many colors and patterns. Use a variety throughout your home, matching your shades to the decoration of the room.

COLORS AVAILABLE:
Light and Dark Green, Ecru, Baltimore Blue, White, Dark Tan, and four new cretonne patterns in various combinations of green, blue, rose and yellow, on ecru background. New fall patterns now on display. Be sure to see them. You will be delighted with their colorful beauty.

The New Movie Magazine, October, 1932
Constance Bennett Items

(Continued from page 68)

announcing "Swanson's Delicetassen." These two little stores carry on a price war by means of red-lettered placards and manage to keep up quite a spirited rivalry.

The natives say that it was during all the bitter rivalry between their name-sakes that these two little businesses began to cut prices on each other. At first they carried it on in a spirit of fun, but as time has passed they have taken it seriously and are now bitter enemies!

QUITE a stir was caused when the English press began to call Constance Bennett on the telephone to her own home: "We know just when she intended going to England to live. She had denied the rumors emphatically but no one seemed to believe her.

After finishing her picture for Warners and one more for Radio, she and the Marquis will trek to Switzerland for a three-month's rest—if they haven't gone already. Connie plans a gay autumn on the Riviera and then a month in Paris where she keeps an apartment all the year around in readiness for her annual vacation.

Connie has it, here and there, that when her contract is finished with R.-K.-O. she will retire, at least for a while, and live abroad. But Connie is a woman, after all, and apt to change her views whenever dooms, Switzerland, to Cairo, to Shanghai, where it's on account of the view.

Inspiration," Connie was amused and delighted when she saw the substitutions and is now making a collection of fan photographs.

CONNIE tells this one on herself. She had a new burglar alarm installed in her house because a suspicious-looking character had been seen prowling about.

The first night of the installation, Connie forgot to turn the little switch to release the alarm when she opened her bedroom window. A piercing bell instantly clanged through the house.

Connie and the Marquis tried frantically to stop the alarm. It rang for fully fifteen minutes—"loud enough to wake the dead," said Connie . . . but the chauffeur, the gardener and the butler, whom the bell was supposed to send scurrying, never let out a peep!" You see, it managed to still the shrill screams of the bell, a sleepy maid appeared at her door.

Rubbing her eyes, the woman timidly inquired: "Did you ring, madam?"
Which is Your Favorite DRUG STORE?

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<td>4 Remarks about your drug store and it’s place in your family shopping activities.</td>
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Isn't your favorite drug store an interesting place to shop in? Such promises of beauty as those gay colored powder boxes hold for you! Such tantalizing whiffs of fragrance come from the picturesque perfume bottles! A store of real convenience, too, where you can fill a long list of personal and household needs. We'd like to know something about "your" drug store, if you have a particular store you speak of as such. The questions on this page will only take a minute to answer. In return for your courtesy we will send you any three of the practical Tower Beauty Circulars listed here.

- 21-Day Diet
- Beauty Chart
- Care of the Hair
- Facial Chart
- Exercise Chart
- Make-Up Chart

DRUG STORE EDITOR
TOWER MAGAZINES, Inc.
55 Fifth Avenue
New York
America Needs to Laugh

(Continued from page 21)

best, was presented with the coveted
prize. He'd had lots of medals of one kind
and another since that night," he said,
"but that one meant more to me than the
whole kit and boodle of them put
together the old bag I got it in my moth-
er's presence."

Yes, a good boy, but not too good. Usu-
ally on hand for whatever turned up,
and always when they're handed
out free ice cream, free rides on car-
ousals.

He was talking again. "The movies are
the one bright spot in an awful long
day for lots of folks. It's what keeps 'em
going, the thought that after supper
they can close the door and forget
the grind for a few hours. And what
do they want when they get there? They want to forget. They want to laugh."

It was like a bright refrain running
through all he said.

"And it's better for the children, too.
I don't say blood and thunder hurts
them, but they get more fun out of Our
Gang comedies. So do I. I used to
have them run for me after dinner in
the Executive Mansion in Albany. I had
had a projector Bill Fox gave me, and we'd have a show nearly every night. My family loved it."

I, said, "But educational pictures, don't you think—"

He cut me short. "Education's a fine
thing, a very fine thing, but the pictures
they show in schools and in colleges
 teach in many cases better than books
do, but when most people go to a movie
they want to laugh."

There it was again.

BOYS want to see what other boys
are doing. They like to look at stunts they wish they could do them-
 selves but don't. That goes for
grown-ups, too. They like to see Harold
Lloyd wobbling on the edge of a tall
building. That's good acting."

"You ought to know, Governor," I
said, "I heard you're a great mimic your-
self."

"Oh, that," he waved it aside, dis-
missed it, "It comes of the amateur
drama, for I was in it all the time I was
growing up. I always liked acting. I
played plenty of parts in those days."

"What sort of parts?"

"Oh, a little of everything. I played
the lead in a play called "The Con-
 federate Spy." Plenty of shooting in
that. I played "The Mighty Dollar" for
a whole week. I think acting is great
training for a man, gives him self con-
fidence."

"But it's hard work too."

"Perhaps. But those who are in it
forget that part of it and only remem-
ber how much they love it. Our amateur
group was pretty good. The
other churches in New York and New
Jersey were always trying to get us
to come over and give our shows."

"Ah, I'd love to go there."

"Oh, yes. It was all in a good cause.
But funny things happened sometimes."
He leaned back in his chair smiling. "I recall for instance when we had a fellow named Dinny
McMahon. He was supposed to be that
clever Irishman who came to
collect rent from an Irish farmer.

"Dinny had on a brand new uniform
and to say that he liked himself in it
was putting it mildly. Anyway the
Irish farmers in the play were sup-
posed to be down on the floor in the
scramble. They
did, all except Dinny. He was bigger
than the rest and they couldn't knock
him down."

"I played the part of the villain,
 an English lord," as he talked he sprung
to his feet. He began acting it, living
it over again. "One night I made a
quick change and got off the fancy
toaster, indicating English nobility, and
put on old overlavs and joined the hay
gatherers who were to repel the sol-
diers."

"When the time came for the farm-
 ers to set upon the English, I took on
new ending onto the play."

He was smiling at me. "But this
gave off the effect. What else do you
want to know?"

"I want to know, as long as you like
comedies, what special pictures have ap-
ppealed to you."

"I like animal pictures."

Animals. He loves animals. I thought of the famous zoo which he had made himself for the children's benefit (or was it his own?) in Albany.

"You've always loved animals,
haven't you, Governor?"

He nodded. Ever since I was knee-
high. When I was a boy picking up
jobs around the New York wharves the
sailors used to bring in all kinds of pets
from foreign ports. When their money
ran short, and it always did, they'd sell
you a monkey or a parrot or a goat
for "the price of a wake."
I'd buy 'em and take 'em home. The house was al-
ways full of pets."

"But the animal pictures," I per-
sisted, "Don't you think in many cases
they're cruel?"

"Not the kind I mean," he said, "I
mean the funny ones. I saw a great
one once. I'll tell you about it. I had
it run through for me I don't know how
many times. First you see a trail of
lions in a cage in a baggage car. Then you see the porter stretched out in his chair with a sheet over him."

EVEN as he told it, he stretched out,
xuxuriantly, in his desk chair,
closed his eyes, folded his hands across
his chest, bit down hard on his cigar. The
porter groaned. Somehow the lion gets
loose and after crawling through several Pullmans, without disturbing anybody, he comes to where the
porter lies wrapped in his dreams."

"The lion stops, stares, sniffs at the
two big feet sticking out, and pauses to
lick the price of a wake."

Then I don't know how they did it but the porter wakes up, sees the lion and right before your eyes that
gnaws white straw."

He roared with laughter at the memory of it.

"I can see you're a great movie fan," I
said.

"I don't have time to go much with
the exception of the news reel theatres.
I drop in at them sometimes for a half
hour or so."

I SUPPOSE when you went to Hol-
lywood they turned the place upside
don for you."

He shook his head. "I've never been
there. Years ago I went to Los Angeles
and saw a few scenes from a picture
with Ruth Roland playing in it. It was
the only one I ever saw made. I met
Miss Roland, shook hands with her,
watched some scenes being shot. It was
more interesting."

And I told the movie people then what
I'm telling you now even more strongly,
that America needs to laugh. Give us
more wholesome laughs—more wholesome amusement—and we won't have to worry half
so much about our crime statistics."

"And now," I asked him, "I return
to my last question. What do you think
of censorship? Do you think—"

He did not wait for me to finish."
"I think it's altogether the whole
field of individual rights. It's not
in keeping with our ideas of free-
dom—freedom of worship or freedom
of speech. It's all wrong. The American people don't want bad pictures any more than they want bad plays or bad books. The people of this country are fundamentally clean minded. They don't need a political censor to guard their morals."

"But don't you think that with young persons attending the movies some sort of censorship—"

"No." His face was suddenly serious again. "Let the public take care of the movies, and don't pass any more laws in this country restraining and abridging liberty of action or liberty of the press so long as it does not interfere with the rights of others. Will Hays has the right idea for the movies when he says to let the people decide for themselves—that they can be trusted not to support a bad picture. I was opposed to any movie censorship in New York State—and I always have been—and always will be."

"We've got more laws on the statute books now than we could enforce in a thousand years. I was in the Legislature for twelve years and helped pass some of 'em and I know what I'm talking about!"

I thought of another great American who took pains to see that a government of the people, for the people and by the people should not perish from the earth.

I rose and shook hands. "I'm proud to have met you, Governor Smith," I said. And I was.

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**Strike Up the Band**

(Continued from page 64)

I think you'll like it, too. (This is a Brunswick record.)

"My Silent Love" is the next. In my opinion this is one of the outstanding tunes of the current season, and I think it should be popular for a long time. Ruby Newman and his Ritz Carleton Orchestra do the recording honors, and they should meet with your approval as they do with mine. Gordon Graham sings the vocal chorus. The other side is "Am I Wasting My Time," another very beautiful tune. Here is a record good on each side. The vocal refrain is by the Funnyboners. (This is a Victor record.)

The Casa Loma Orchestra is next and this time they play "Happy Go Lucky You" and a very good job, too. There is plenty of rhythm in the tune for dancing and yet it is never too loud as the brass is kept muted throughout. The other side is also by the same band, "All Of A Sudden," and there is no reason why you shouldn't like it. (This is a Brunswick record.)

Here is a waltz played by Wayne King, so you know it's good, "I Love You Truly." Of course, it is Carrie Jacobs Bond's immortal classic. The other side is by Jack Benny, "Just A-Yearning For You." Don't miss this record if you like sweet music. (This is a Victor record.)

---

**How Old is Ann?**

To tell the truth, Ann is 33—but sometimes she feels "not a day over 80!" What's the matter?

Why is she just as tired at 8 A.M. as at midnight? Where's her freshness of spirit? Why is her skin so sallow and blotchy? What's wrong?

Perhaps you have a lot in common with Ann. Perhaps you, too, are overlooking a primary law of health and beauty. She neglects to keep clean internally. Do you? She needs the saline treatment—with Sal Hepatica. Do you?

Unless the digestive tract regularly eliminates its wastes, these ferment, and send poisons through the blood stream.

An ordinary laxative isn't what is needed, but a finely blended saline like Sal Hepatica. For Sal Hepatica not only flushes the poisons and wastes from the digestive tract, but it also cleanses the blood stream. It freshens the whole system. It counteracts acidity.

Sal Hepatica gets at the causes of headache, colds, indigestion, rheumatism. It tones you up to new vitality.

Trust the lovely Continental to keep brilliantly good-looking and fresh! She goes for a holiday at Carlsbad or Aix—and drinks the saline waters. Sal Hepatica offers the same saline benefits. One week with the famous Sal Hepatica saline treatments—at home—and you'll feel as if you had been to a European spa! Try it—beginning today!

**S A L  H E P A T I C A**

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept M-102, 71 West St., New York, N.Y.

Kindly send me the Free Booklet, "The Other Half of Beauty," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

Name_________________________Street_________________________

City_________________________State_________________________

*The New Movie Magazine, October, 1932*
Tom Mix Exposes Malibu Beach

(Continued from page 45)

4:20 P. M.—Minded Miss De Sota's baby while her maid took a nap.

5:00 P. M.—Responded to lost child complaint. Took five of Figueroa's kids and visiting the child. Refused invitation to dinner.

6:00 P. M.—Chased baseball nine from in front of Miss Tashman's. This time she complained of Jimmy Simpson, the scrivener and Johnny LeRoy Johnson—the publicist. Moved them down in front of Herbert Custer's and umpired six innings until Jack Gilbert got back from telephoning his new fiancée.

7:30 P. M.—Called over to Malibu Inn to quiet political argument started by Benny Stoloff and Ralph Ince. Both were wet.

8:00 P. M.—Responded to lost child complaint but found none routs. Called on an' he told the police's five and six more had crawled under Jack Warner's. Distributed to the nexted house.

9:00 P. M.—Refereed night tennis match on Herbert Brenon's lighted court. Collecting two tickets the cents "per racket" for unemloyed (usual charge).

10:00 P. M.—Helped gentleman from Maryland murder his three cases. Not so good considering price. Can do better right here in Malibu. Went left phone number.

11:00 P. M.—Investigated lost dog complaint. Called on Miss Celeste McGuire. Found her Peke chasing rabbits on Malibu ranch. The police's distributed evening papers.

12:00 A. M.—Settled argument between two guests departing from Lew Cody's, as to which was right direction back to Los Angeles. Explained bit of why many still drive north, they would find the southern way more direct.

12:30 A. M.—Called to settle heated family dispute at home of F. Mordaunt de Figueuera. Decided in favor of Mrs. de Figueuera, since the lease is in her name.

1:00 A. M.—Helped to settle sharp debate over three-card draw with deuces wild, at Jack Gilbert's.

2:00 A. M.—Helped party of five find ignition key dropped in sand and started them toward town.

3:00 A. M.—Found wanderer on beach. Asked him to remember his name. Claimed he had visited eight places and had been beaten up and thrown on the reef. Papers in his pocket disclosed he was a supervisor at RKO. Refused help. Later heard loud splash and sound of running feet, but did not investigate.

4:36 A. M.—Made good-night rounds. Put nine to bed. Distributed to the nexted visitors to correct addresses. Relieved by night patrolman at 4:50 A. M. (Signed) A. E. Calvert. Patrolman, Shield Six.

The lady member of the Seaside Patrol, I was told, gives advice on domestic economy, diet an' can prescribe first aid for children an' dogs.

Malibu presents a peculiar angle—it's the only profitable investment ever made by a bunch of motion picture actors relyin' on their own judgement.

The original Malibu leases were such that no one, except a bunch of newly-rich motion picture actors, would ever have signed themselves in the first place. The pioneer residents didn't buy the property; they bought it at a price, payin' $50 per month per lot. At the end of ten years, the property an' all improvements reverted back to the original owner, the Warners. An' unless these terms, the spiffy picture folks rushed in an' built homes costin' $5,000, $10,000 an' even $15,000 on leased lots.

Jack Warner erected one that cost $60,000—generally known as "Warner's Folly"—an' although he has had it almost two years, the Warners have spent less than two weeks in the place.

A few weeks ago, Mrs. May Ringe, who owns the 20,000-acre Malibu ranch, decided to let the Malibu beachers buy the lots outright—an' one of the first to plank down real cash was Jack Warner—paid $36,000. Now that the lots can be bought, the original leases an' improvements are worth morn' the actor paid for the ground lease, which considerin' he never expected to own the house after the deal closed, he clearly ahead of the deal an' clears the actor from the time-honored accusation that he's not a smart business man.

One man made the split there—Frank Fay. He had two fires.

Houses are close together—not more'n five or ten feet apart—an' the walls are so thin that five families can use the same radio, providin' they can agree on a program.

The week-end I was down there, late one night one actor got a phone call from his agent, tellin' him to report at Paramount early next mornin'. He had quite some talk about it. The actor got up early an' went out to his studio at eight, but nine of his neighbors were there ahead of him an' he lost the job.

Durnin' the recent political conventions, a lot was said an' printed about the "forgotten man," but it seemed no one knew just where he lived. But I can tell 'em—he's the privileged guest at Malibu, an' he's there early every Sunday mornin'.

Herbert Brenon an' Buddy de Sylva are tennis sharks, an' seem' as how they couldn't get up before three or four in the afternoon, owin' to the exactin' demands of the composin' an' script business, these two gents had their tennis courts electrified and they played way into the night. If they didn't neighbors did.

One evenin', one of those clever efficiency men from M. G. M. dropped in, an' of an inscrutin' turn of mind, he counted the lights an' figured it out that it cost $8 an hour to keep one of the courts an' tel'd the other crew an' he's "em. Now they got a key in the control switch box an' the neighbors do their playin' in the daytime.

The Mayor, in a young fellar named Art Jones. He runs everything down there—real estate, insurance, the fillin' station, the garage, restaurant, the butcher shop an' the vegetable wagon. He's the authority that rents are higher today in Malibu than they were two years ago, which means that $2,000 is a lot of money these leases-there are at a profit. Still, Mr. Jones might offer "incentives" to tenants who don't increase an' who can pay cash in advance for groceries.

While Mayor Jones won't admit it, it's the divorces that keep Malibu real estate a moving. John Jones' an' his wife, Mary Ann, have a Malibu house an' they separate, as all well-to-do movin' picture players are supposed to do— an' ten cops there on public-ity drag. After the separation, either John or Mary Ann moves out. But does that mean they're a goin' to leave the house? They'm just a movin' gent or lady is a goin' to stay right there to see the new husband or wife with their new places in. That means either a new lease, a rental or mobe a new house with each divorce.

Speakin' of divorces, there's a movement on foot at Malibu to have Milton Golden, a member of the California legislature, offer a bill this fall that would give divorce grantin' powers to Judge John L. Webster, the local justice of the peace down at Los Flores Canyon, three miles away from Malibu. That would simplify matters an' save a lot of 'em from havin' to come into Los Angeles so often. The judge could divorce 'em or 'em, thereby effectin' a great savin' on time, gasoline an' tires, which is worth considerin' in these days of close housekeeping.

Ninety-six out of 100 Malibuers signed the legislative petition. An', incidenital, won't that make a fine threat—"You're a-forcin' me to go down to Judge Webster in the mornin'—'an' that's worth somethin'.

But all in all, it's a fine community an' there's a fine spirit of neighborly accommodation.
I Tried Dieting
(Continued from page 47)
fancy salary. Now Kate goes over the air at eight-thirty (Eastern Standard Time) and the advertising company that engages her pays $15,000 a week to Columbia for the monopoly of fifteen air minutes. Kate gets a staggering share of this sum, and of this she has already carefully put aside sufficient to live without worry and in comfort the rest of her days.

She has one reason to offer for her radio success. She describes herself not merely as a singer but as a "stylist."

"It isn't enough to be just a singer," she points out. "You must be a 'stylist,' an individualist in your method of interpreting songs. A stylist may not have as good a voice or as fine a training as another singer, but she has that 'different something' that the public singles out and wants."

YOU get this "different something" even in Kate Smith's speaking voice. Hers is a warm, friendly, beautiful, big-hearted voice. It reveals the accompanying mood to her words more expressively than do the words themselves. Her large, round face rarely changes its good-natured expression except to wrinkle into a smile. Her voice alone keeps pace with her thoughts and by it you can gauge the subtle nuances of her feelings.

She doesn't know how one can become a stylist. She was born with the gift. Being concerned with everyday life and not with wrangling introspection, Kate Smith shies from an analysis of stylistic singing.

Among her thousands of fan letters are hundreds from wistful radio aspirants. Kate Smith has never helped any one to get a radio hearing. She never will.

"I don't care," she says regretfully. "If I help one, I must help them all, and I simply dare not set a precedent."

She doesn't know how to advise any one to break into the radio profession. She does know there is always a place for good radio artists, those with "voice personalities" who are stylists. One way is to register with the casting agencies of the broadcasting companies. Another, is to visit the many national advertising agencies in New York that handle commercial accounts for the radio. These agencies arrange radio programs and engage the artists. Still another way is to have an agent, precisely as the stage and screen player has. But as to suggesting a short cut to radio fame and fortune, Kate Smith has no answer. Much depends on meeting the "right person"—in other words, on luck.

SHE lives in a homey apartment on Park Avenue and though it is a charming residence it is also a business headquarters of sorts, for Kate Smith has eight people on her payroll—a maid, a cook, two secretaries, a chauffeur, a publicity man, and two accompanists. When she goes on the road to fulfill a vaudeville engagement at $7,000 a week, she engages two more employees—an electrician and a musical director. Her weekly overhead is terrific and her huge salary is not altogether velvet. All kinds of uncommon expenses eat up a tidy percentage of her checks. (Please turn to page 82)

The New Movie Magazine, October, 1932

Chocolate Kre-Mel makes Milk a Delicious Beverage

A HEAPING teaspoonful or more of Chocolate Kre-Mel in a glass of milk (stirred with a spoon or mixed in a shaker) makes milk even more delicious and nutritious.

Kre-Mel itself is a highly nourishing food, rich in Dextrose, the important food element so necessary for the strength and stamina of active bodies.

CHILDREN particularly, "smack their lips" over Kre-Mel and milk—and ask for more. This is welcome news to mothers who usually must coax their youngsters to drink milk.

Quick!

AS a dessert Kre-Mel is quickly prepared and economical too. In about five minutes it is ready to serve—a smooth, rich, delicious pudding the whole family enjoys.

Kre-Mel comes in four popular flavors—Chocolate, Vanillin, Caramel and Coffee.

If you haven't yet enjoyed Kre-Mel dessert, why not ask your grocer for a package or two today—and discover how easily and economically you can serve this wholesome, delicious food-dessert?
I Tried Dieting Once

(Continued from page 81)

She doesn't go out much socially, and when she does she is usually with her manager, Daniel Collins, and his wife. She isn't interested in active social activities. Instead, she likes to devote as much time as possible to swimming and canoeing and other outdoor pursuits. She is a member of a number of social clubs in New York and is on the executive committee of the Women's Auxiliary for the Benefit of the New York World's Fair. She also belongs to the New York Yacht Club and the New York Athletic Club. She is a member of the Women's Auxiliary for the Benefit of the New York World's Fair. She also belongs to the New York Yacht Club and the New York Athletic Club. She is a member of the New York Yacht Club and the New York Athletic Club. She is a member of the New York Yacht Club and the New York Athletic Club. She is a member of the New York Yacht Club and the New York Athletic Club. She is a member of the New York Yacht Club and the New York Athletic Club. She is a member of the New York Yacht Club and the New York Athletic Club.

Keep "regular" with EX-LAX

The Chocolated Laxative

FREE SAMPLE COUPON
EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 700
Time-Life Building, New York, N. Y.

Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name
Address
City State

The New Movie Magazine, October, 1932

JIM TULLY'S "GALLERY OF MEN."

Don't fail to read this second article—after you've read Mr. Tully's "Gallerry of Women" in this issue—in the November issue, on sale October 15th. Another of Mr. Tully's highly emotonal, intimate memoirs.

82
before the party she happened to be passing a florist's shop where they had on display a great horshoe made of artificial flowers, with huge gold letters "SUCCESS" strung across it. In she went and rented the thing, wire easel and all. She arranged that when they delivered the horseshoe the next morning they were to insist on George's signing a receipt which stated they would call for it Monday morning. . . . More of this later.

Ricardo Cortez was helping George greet his—well, it looked like thousands of guests, when we arrived. The Beverly Hill Billies, popular western radio singers, were in full swing, playing and singing "The Strawberry Roan." Everywhere you looked were great cowboy hats, chaps, broad grins and much back-sapping.

It looked like Round-up Day at Pendleton, and through the crowd we spied George, at the mess wagon overseeing the brisking of the steaks, brewing of fragrant coffee, and the stirring of the beans. We soon found out why, for the great "chow" gong rang out, upon which a hearty cheer went up from the guests.

There was a choice of steak or chops—or both—a vegetable salad, hot biscuits, chill beans, corn on the cob, coffee, canned peaches and ice cream and cake.

Suddenly out of the nowhere right beside Georgeloomed the great success horseshoe. George was completely mystified. He looked behind the horse-shoe—and there stood a tiny little man with a broad grin.

George was beginning a touching little speech of appreciation—not knowing yet who sent it—when the little man tapped him on the elbow. He brought out a receipt book for him to sign and announced loudly that he would be sure and return the horseshoe on the morning—and that George was to be careful of it and not mar its beauty. This nipped George's speech of gratitude in the bud . . . He sat down weakly and, holding his hands skyward, said, "I surrender, Pard! Whoever 'done' this, done it right handsome. I'll say that!" Marguerite never let on, and up to the time we left, George hadn't found out who sent him the horseshoe.

After "brunch" everyone went out and hung over a fence and watched the cowboys perform. Elissa Landi was much thrilled over this American exhibition of bravery. To handle a cow with such nonchalance must take practice—much practice," she smiled.

The dark and winsome Maria Alba, Douglas Fairbanks's latest leading lady, Shirley Mason, Maureen O'Sullivan, Greta Nissen and her new husband, Weldon Heyburn, stood in a group and cheered the calves on to victory, audibly grunting when the calves, tripped by the cowboys' ropes, hit the dust.

The polo games were due to start about this time and the crowd began to thin. George told me afterwards that as they were about leaving, around 3:30, a whole crowd of Malibuites arrived, so he got out the calves and went through all the roping and western show again for them—even to the table service. So it was 5:00 when George's brunch party was over. (Please turn to page 84)
"Her great-great-grandmother's? How'd she dare wash it?"

"IVORY SNOW, silly! That's as gentle as the soap you use on your face."

No soap spots to strain cobwebby threads —with IVORY SNOW. Fine, sheer fabrics need delicate handling. If a flake of soap flatters into the mesh, it takes rubbing to rinse it out and if it dries in, it makes a stiff, brittle spot where the threads break easily. That is why Ivory Snow is so safe for washing precious laces, tulle, silk and soft and round, so that it melts even in lukewarm water like snow itself.

Instant suds without using hot water. No danger of plunging your fine things by mistake into too-hot suds when you use Ivory Snow! For with Ivory Snow you can start with safe, lukewarm water. In an instant you’ll get thoroughly dissolved suds that won’t redden your hands ... that will be gentle to fabrics and colors ... that will rinse quickly and clearly away.

PURE as the babies’ bath soap. Ivory Snow is pure Ivory Soap. Where can you find as safe a soap for costly fineries as Ivory, which doctors advise for a baby’s tender skin? Be economical. Get Ivory Snow from your grocer and take care of all your good things with this pure soap. The big box of Ivory Snow costs only 15¢.

Parties Galore

(Continued from page 83)

"LOOK," laughed dainty, sparkling little Marian Nixon, "we certainly seem to be going back to the simple things of life. Every woman here tonight is wearing organdie or crepe prints, THERE’s hardly an evening dress or elaborately designed gown in the lot!" And there wasn’t.

Marian and her popular and charming husband, Eddie Hillman, were giving a party in honor of the petite and interesting Vina Delmar, the author, and her husband, Gene Delmar.

Marian wore a clinging white crepe roma with blue flower design, while Vina Delmar wore a simple, severe lined organdie, crisp and dainty as is Vina herself.

"Did you notice Harold brought his own 15¢ soapboard?" Marian chattered on. "He said he was afraid he’d be too late and that all the boards would be busy. So he brought his own and has announced to everyone he will take on all comers!"

Sure enough there sat Harold Lloyd deeply engrossed in a game of backgammon with Bob Montgomery.

Colleen Moore, fresh and sweet as a sixteen-year-old, in a crisp organdie frock, whisked by in the arms of Russell Gleason, as we stepped onto the slick floor of the Hillman playroom to join the dancers. Such music! A trio of colored entertainers played such hot rhythm your feet actually tickled when they weren’t in action! They were just as good at entertaining as they were at playing blues to dance to—and that is saying a heap!

While dancing we saw Lucille and Jimmy Gleason. Jimmy clowning as usual, and Lucille pretending, in turn, to be patiently enduring. A ripple of laughter follows these two wherever they are seen together.

Billie Dove, exquisite as always and also—as always—surrounded by a bevy of admirers, sauntered to the dance floor. She soon jumped into Stanley Smith’s arms for a dance.

Suddenly the negro trio started up a rumba and Sally Fillers and Sue Morris, Chester Morris’s wife, started dancing. Almost instantly they had the floor and an enthusiastic cheering audience ... and those girls executed that rumba—and what I mean is they did!

After this the swimming pool seemed to call ... Jimmy Dunn, Minna Gombel, Austin Parker, Harold Parsons—and from the shrieks of laughter and spluttering protests many more—plunged in for a swim. ... The water was cold when one first hit it, but a lot of fun later ... What a party!

Everyone always seems to do just what they want to do at Marian’s and Eddie’s parties—which of course is the very nicest way to announce that they are perfect hosts! There is always such a variety of things to do and such a variety of guests to do them.

Vina Delmar is a delightfully interesting and colorful little person, full of surprising statements and standing ready to back them up.

Vina declares she has found Hollywood and its "inmates" quite the jolliest and sincerest little group of hard workers she has ever met. She feels more at home in Hollywood with Hollywood folk than she has ever felt anywhere else in such a short time in her life ... so everyone is happy!
Radio Rambles

(Continued from page 50)

Horses! Autos: Arthur Tracy says he likes horses in the day and automobiles at night. His car is a specially built sixteen cylinder one done in pearl gray. There are only two others like it in the world. Capt. Clyde Pangborn, the round-the-world flyer has one and Johnny Weissmuller, the other. When Amelia Earhart Putnam came back to New York they wanted her to use a car like that in the parade. Arthur lent her his.

He was so proud when he showed it to us that something naturally had to go wrong. It took four of us and two pages of instruction to fix the top.

The Street Singer has always liked horses. He used to crawl out to play with them when he was only two years old. Now he rides almost daily in Central Park and romance follows him even there. Three times this year he saved beautiful riders from runaway horses. They are always beautiful, he philosophizes.

Once in Potomac Park in Washington, however, a beautiful rider almost ruined him. He was walking his horse after a hard ride with his feet hanging out of the stirrups, when this girl approached at a terrific pace behind him. His horse, not wanting to be overtaken, leaped into a canter. Before the startled Arthur could regain his stirrups he saw a hurdle across the road just ahead of him. His horse was making straight for it. Tracy jerked sharply to one side and only by inches did he manage to turn the horse aside and escape the jump which would have thrown him into the rocks along the path.

Hotel clerks know: When Georgie Price and Lorraine Manners were secretly married a year ago and went to Atlantic City for their honeymoon, they tried hard not to appear like newlyweds. Georgie walked up to the hotel desk nonchalantly, looked the clerk in the eye, and signed the register with a firm hand. Nevertheless, when they came upstairs the couple found the clerk had given them the bridal suite.

When he came down George drew the clerk aside and asked: “How did you ever guess we were newlyweds?”

“Well,” said the clerk. “If you were married any length of time your wife would have been carrying half of the baggage.”

They’re happy: Those tuneful Mills lads who were broke a year ago are stung with their new wealth.

First they were wild about Pullman sleepers. It used to fascinate them to see the porter change seats into beds and they sat up most of the night watching the countryside fly by their “bedroom” windows. Then one night they remembered the engineer’s cab and asked to ride up in front with him like Presidents and Princes of Wales do. But only two engineers fell for the idea, which goes to show you that locomotive engineers aren’t radio fans.

When the mid-summer heat made Pullman sleepers too stuffy, the boys bought a huge trailer for their limousine so they could sleep with piles of fresh air while their manager drove them around the country to their vaudeville dates. But they went back to Pullman trains after a few weeks, because every state trooper on the road stopped them, thinking they were bootleggers.

Sitroux Face Tissue absorbs the dirt, salt, and acid mixed cream or cleansing lotion from the face without irritation.

You will enjoy the soft velvet like quality of Sitroux Face Tissue and find it indispensable for many different uses.

Doctors advise the use of Sitroux Face Tissue instead of handkerchiefs when you have a cold. It is sanitary and easily disposable.

F. W. WOOLWORTH CO.

The New Movie Magazine, October, 1932
Awaken the sleeping beauty in your eyes

with the New Maybelline

Deep in your eyes, regardless of their color, shape, or size, is great potential beauty. Dark, long-appearing, luxuriant lashes are needed to bring out this hidden charm—the lure of lovely lashes that may be yours instantly with a few simple brush strokes of the New Maybelline.

Applied with pure water and the dainty Maybelline brush, its magic touch will transform your lashes into the appearance of glossy, dark, curling fringe.

This marvelous preparation gives the very young woman the smart attractiveness she so much desires. And for the woman over thirty-five, it instantly erases at least ten years. Try it!

The New Maybelline eyelash darker is not a dye. It is absolutely harmless, ideally tearproof, and will not smart the eyes. Its constant use keeps the lashes soft and silky and actually tends to stimulate their growth.

Truly, a real treat will be yours when you discover what the New Maybelline can do to awaken the sleeping beauty in your eyes.

Be sure you get the genuine NEW Maybelline. Black or Brown 25d at toilet goods counters.

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

Will Hays and What the Public Wants

(Continued from page 29)

FIRST, they established a Committee on Public Relations. This, as they conceived it, was in close collaboration with the Hays organization and yet stand entirely independent of it. The all-important factor in such a committee, they pointed out, was a leader who leads. After much discussion of candidates, they selected Colonel Jason S. Joy, expert social worker, who had won his title and made his larger reputation with the Red Cross in Europe.

"You appoint him and make him solely responsible to you, and I'll pay his salary," says Hays.

The full story of this committee and of Joy's evolution from a social worker to a strange sort of artistic creator, is so important that it must wait for another installment. While he began with working to improve the demand, he came in the end to be a most benevolent and powerful factor in improving the supply.

Second, they created the germ of that pre-viewing system at Hollywood which is now coming to all among the agencies in Will Hays' hands to fulfilling his original idea of creating a better demand. Passing over early and experimental stages, a committee of social experts has for the past three or four years sat continuously in Hollywood pre-viewing every feature film and pronounced "Hays OK!"

After some fluctuations in membership, it represents today such national organizations as the Boy Scouts, the D. A. R., the Federations of Women's Clubs, the Y. M. C. A. and the Catholic Alumnae. The members, who give most of their time to this work, send to their own organizations a report on every film. This one is all right for adults but unsuitable for children. This one is unobjectionable. This one is excellent from every point of view. This one is a "good family picture." This one cannot be approved on moral grounds; and especially it is not for children.

Sometimes the reports vary. One cannot expect always the same point of view from the Alumnae, for example, and the Daughters of the American Revolution. The surprising thing, however, is not their variance but their general agreement.

These reports go to the Hays office. Repeatedly, the office has relayed back to a producer some objection on the grounds of taste, morality or offense to a large part of our public; and the producer has cut the film greatly before sending it into distribution.

THAT, however, is not the main object. All these organizations have their bulletins or periodicals. More and more as the years went on, they began regularly to publish the detailed reports of their representatives at Hollywood. Much of the religious press, the Christian press, the churchmen, the editors, and the women in the city—these have been interested in these reports of the Committee on Public Relations, and they were interested in the reports of the Committee on Public Relations.

They have had extensive circulation, too, in the daily and weekly newspapers; and in women's magazines.

The practice of morals governs his thinking has now no great excuse for taking his family to a film which is going to shock them. How
Will Hays and
What the Public
Wants

much this has done to "elevate" the
standards of the motion picture is a
question which cannot be answered by
figures and statistics. It must have
had considerable influence.

Furthermore, it has exerted re-
istaint on producers and distributors.
An apologist for the League of Na-
tions said once: "It is not so much what
we have done at Geneva; it is what
might have happened if we hadn't
been there."
The same thing applies to these pre-
view committees in their steady grind-
ing work with the motion picture.
The experiment that failed concerned
the problem of the children. Even
then the production and distribution of
motion pictures was becoming a mass-
business—mass beyond precedent.

Periodical literature has its adult
magazines and its children's magazines;
and nearly every national publishing
house maintains its children's depart-
ment. In an affluent and well regu-
lated home, the child does not have to
read, usually does not want to read, the
same matter as his elders.

But the motion picture business, as
conducted, had never even begun to
make any such discrimination in its
product. The feature film ran through
the whole country in six to twelve
months; and the producer could only
strive to strike an average between the
taste of sophisticated adults and that
of simple-minded children. Why not
set aside at least one performance a
week for the children—with special
fairy tale films, special simple comedies,
a selection of features from the cur-
rent mass product? Saturday morn-
ing, when school is out and baseball
and football games have not yet begun,
seemed the divinely appointed hour.
The "Children's Hour" did not seem to
tell the theatre—no one seems to
know exactly why. The show business
is always a gamble. The play which
the manager and his critics regard as
surefire often dies for lack of public
support in a week; while a despised
thing like "Abie's Irish Rose" runs for
six years. It just didn't happen; that's
all.

By 1924, the Hays organization had
given up that struggle. And still it
would be unfair to say that the venture
failed entirely because it did not go
over on a national scale. For thou-
sands of houses and organizations still
use those programs for special occa-
sions.

And in the meantime, the film, giv-
ing the public what it wanted,
was going through one of its sudden
changes of fashion; which complicated
still further the job of the Hays or-
ganization. During the period of the
war and its aftermath, the "Western"
reigned monarch of the films; Mary
Pickford with her child impersonations,
Charlie Chaplin with his immortal
comedy, were only the brilliant excep-
tions which proved the rule.

By 1922, the Western had begun a
decline which ended by 1924 in a com-
plete flop. Audiences were becoming
interested in modern American life;
(please turn to page 88)

Three Girls competed in this
BEAUTY CONTEST
and she who Won
had a Lovely Skin

If you are a woman, you are in a daily Beauty Contest. You are competing
with every woman in your social set . . . with hundreds who are strangers to
you. But if your skin is lovely, you will win! Let gentle Camay help!

Lather your face well with
Camay and warm water. Then
rinse with cold water. Now your
skin is immaculately fresh—ready
for your other beauty aids.

This is creamy-white Camay, the
Soap of Beautiful Women. Look
for it in the new green and yel-
low, Cellophane-sealed wrapper!

"When she entered the room, she entered one of life's daily
Beauty Contests. The other girls were as smartly dressed.
But her skin was exquisite. She won! The others lost!"

You've often heard it said,"Her face is her fortune." What is true of the wo-
man with beautiful features is equally true of the woman with lovely skin. For if
your skin is fresh and vibrantly alive, you've passed the most important test of beauty.

Then care for your precious skin with Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women.
It's gentle and mild and creamy-white—the safe beauty soap for your complexion.
And here's good news! Camay actually saves you money . . . at least 20% of the
cost of other beauty brands. Do get a dozen cakes of delicate Camay today!
Will Hays and What the Public Wants

(Continued from page 87)

...the producers, having at hand the accurate guide of the box-office returns, took notice at once. There arose a new class of films combining realistic material drawn from our streets and homes, our manse and farms, with romantic and often impossible plots.

Through this era, giving it lurid color, ran the "vamp" film. It was Theda Bara who put that word into the current language; she of the dark sex-attraction, the talent for portraying women who preyed on the emotions of men. Close upon her followed the male vamps, chief among them the adored Rudolph Valentino. But that American life which the silent screen was portraying in its own imperfect and flickery way had entered a period of rapid change. The much advertised younger generation, merely in their teens or in their twenties, had been the picture, had begun to change, according to its own ideas, all preconceived customs, manners, and etiquette of morals. Ladies' legs had emerged both to sight and to mention in the newspapers. A younger generation of writers had begun realistically to portray their pettigrews and hip lights, their joy-rides and hip flasks.

F. Scott Fitzgerald won his spurs with artless studies of their ways and manners. Lesser writers followed his lead; many of them merely with the object of making money by administrating shock. Warner Fabian summed up the movement along with his "Flaming Youth"; he also has his regiment of sensational imitators.

The public wanted this sort of thing; and the screen took notice—all the more inevitably because then as now it adopted most of its themes and plots, ready-made and ready-advertised, from successful novels and plays. Even in those early days Hays did succeed in forestalling the Plaj for moving picture reproduction, of several books which would never have done at all—nor at all!

But many of these works on the lurid younger generation, touched up with motion picture ideas of luxury, did reach the screen. They formed only a small minority of the total production. But humanity, as constituted, notices the exceptions, not the rules. In general, the film was improving technically, was learning how best to get at what it wanted to say, was even growing artistically. That very period witnessed Charlie Chaplin's growth into the esteem of the most critical, the great runs of "The Covered Wagon" and "The Miracle Man."

However, the first serious battle between the forces of commerce and the forces of purity broke over a book quite different in kind and outlook from those jazz tales of the younger generation.

In 1921 Homer Croy published his "West of the Water Tower," which became a best seller. It was intentionally plain and stark story of life in a small Western town, it involved a seduction and an illegitimate child.

Compared to what we have consumed since, that is not very strong meat. But at the time it was a real protest against the conventional morality of the producers and the public who were in flux. Victorianism objected to this work, even as a book.

When in May, 1922, the newspapers announced that Players was the only organization which had brought its film rights for $25,000, one of the organizations which backed the Committee on Public Relations lodged an indignant complaint. Colonel Joy consulted the other organizations. Almost unanimously, they backed the protest. Joy relayed this to Hays and Theda Bara, who was preparing to put the film into production.

Lasky wired from Hollywood that the scenario had eliminated all objectionable features; that the film, as produced, would be full of morality and uplift. The organizations were skeptical; they wanted to see the scenario. If the other producers held it a secret in those days, it was their scripts. Such a request was unprecedented.

Courtland Smith, secretary of the Association, ran out to Hollywood, had a look at it. He wired back agreeing with Lasky. Hays took the California Limited, succeeded in bringing back the script. The members of the Committee on Public Relations looked it over and found it entirely acceptable. But two of the organizations represented continued to object on another and original ground. Wrote the president of one of them (Continued...)

Here's a girl that gets her full share of kisses. Always popular. Always desired. She's a Double Mint girl. That's why, Double Mint gives Nature's Own Sweet Breath, those beautiful teeth, that Pretty Mouth.

-her Charm secret

"TRY a fresh package today. It's real peppermint. You'll like it.

The New Movie Magazine, October, 1932"
Stirring Up the Wild Animals

(Continued from page 55)

Gwili Andre—because her beauty is enhanced by the aura of femininity and hasn't gone in for clown make-up yet.

Paul Muni—not because his delineation of Tony Camonte in "Scarface" is comparable only to the masterpieces of Herr Emil Jannings, but because when he lipped Karen Morley the ladies exclaimed, "Oh, you beast, what's your phone number?"

Louise Closer Hale—because without imitating Garbo she is funnier than any of the girls and because without imitating Marie Dressler she's just about the grandest of all actresses.

* * *

"DIAMOND LIL" Mae West arrived in Hollywood looking thin. She says she never was fat. Those fruity bulges were a lot of padding. Oh, Mae! And we blame the war for disillusioning us!

* * *

How is your fan club getting along? That's nice. Mine, mgawd blew up right in my face. Remember? I elected Lupe Velez my screen Sweetie and Jim Cagney my Screen Pal, whereupon Lupe blew for New York and Jimmy decided to take up medicine—the big pill-roller! So I'm feeling pretty blue. You know, losing your best Pal and Sweetie at the same time! There's a chance that Lupe-whoopee-hotchacha will come back if she can get $10,000 a week, but Jimmy is just plain mean. Doesn't write a line. Not knowing his address I'm enclosing this letter, hoping it reaches him:

DEAR OLD WHAT-A-SOCKER:

Forget the coin, kid; come home. We need you. Streets aren't safe since you left. The dames have got out of hand. You know, no one to smackum into place. Gosh, the world's got enough doctors without you, and anyhow prohibition will soon be over and we won't need prescriptions. But we'll always need you, Jimmy. There ain't nobody like you. These hams, they all act. You never did, Jimmy. You were the real McCoy, everything you did. Am I sore at Warners? Boy, when I hear Chattuh-ton let go her chattuh I want to reach for a grapefruit, yuh know, like the one you handed Blondell in "Public Enemy." Blondell misses you, too. Jimmy. She was pretty sad the first part of "Make Me A Star," but warmed up toward the last.

Gee, Jimmy, Hollywood without you is like Rome without Mussolini. No guts. Men all soft, women all hard. It's a tropical place. And everyone who ever saw "Rain" knows how women get in the tropics. It's the same in Hollywood as in Pango-Pango. A Marine ain't safe straying around unaccompanied. Only the other night I read that one of our femme Tarzans busted into Richard Cromwell's place after midnight. Demanded a kiss. Har! I know what you'd

When you "hate to think about dinner" because you don't know what in the world to have—just turn to this little book. It contains a whole series of dinners as easy to prepare as they are delicious—with recipes for the featured dishes. It's an economical menu book, because it helps you plan your buying for a week at a time and shows you how to make the roast that's left from Sunday's dinner into something entirely different and delicious to surprise the family on Monday night. Send ten cents and we will mail you "44 Easy Economical Dinners" at once. (Canadian orders fifteen cents.)

TOWER BOOKS, Incorporated
55 Fifth Avenue, New York

Sunday is a day of rest
There's plenty time to eat
So you must have some "special things"
And parsley 'round the meat!

— and Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday—but this book has

44 Dinner Ideas

44 EASY ECONOMICAL DINNERS

FOR THE FAMILY
FOR YOUR GUESTS
FOR CHRISTMAS

FOR THANKSGIVING
FOR THE HOLIDAYS

When you "hate to think about dinner" because you don't know what in the world to have—just turn to this little book. It contains a whole series of dinners as easy to prepare as they are delicious—with recipes for the featured dishes. It's an economical menu book, because it helps you plan your buying for a week at a time and shows you how to make the roast that's left from Sunday's dinner into something entirely different and delicious to surprise the family on Monday night. Send ten cents and we will mail you “44 Easy Economical Dinners” at once. (Canadian orders fifteen cents.)

TOWER BOOKS, Incorporated
55 Fifth Avenue, New York

The New Movie Magazine, October, 1932

89
Jackson huzzies. State—making Where discovered Mars—screwed sat France, checked alike, distress. feel waved Outdoor bull letter special samples in ment Powder, are fluten Outdoor OHARP free Now lipstick, decide the the its You're cover the of your coupon below. Please send me samples of the 2 OUTDOOR GIRL face powders and the new Liquidifying Cleansing Cream. 

Enter... RADIANT, YOUTHFUL Beauty

SHARP autumn winds. Cold driving rains... What havoc they play with delicate complexion! Before you know it, your skin grows coarse and weather-beaten. Your face takes on that dull, "ugly duckling" look.

Decide to end all this! You can... With OUTDOOR GIRL Beauty Products and a few moments' daily care, you can keep springtime freshness forever in your face. Under the influence of these marvelous Olive Oil preparations, redness and roughness fade away. Your skin emerges soft, smooth, fine textured.

It's the pure Olive Oil in OUTDOOR GIRL that does the trick. No other creams are made this way... If you are one of the millions of users of OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder, you know how wonderfully beneficial it is... how its Olive Oil base conditions the skin, keeps it clear and supple always.

Now you may enjoy the same advantages in all your cosmetics. At your favorite toilet goods counter, you will find a complete assortment of OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Beauty Products... everything you need, from creams to lipstick, to glorify and protect your complexion.

Large size OUTDOOR GIRL packages are popularly priced at $1.50 to $1.00 in the better drug and department stores. Try one out, too, at 10c each, may be found in the leading chains. If you would like to have free samples of 3 of the most famous OUTDOOR GIRL products, mail the coupon below.

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Stirring Up the Wild Animals

(Continued from page 89)

given her. Blimps for both eyes. Listen, kid, the other day a dame walks into the Brown Derby wearing a bellboy's lid, padded shoulders, corduroy pants and a sneak. She made the boys feel like a lot of huzzers. Fur gossakes, come home, baby. The world doesn't need pills as much as these Hollywood dames need your grapefruit. Come home, old duce, come home. Your old black shirt pal—

Humph.

A YOUTH was arrested on Hollywood boulevard for female impersonation. He was wearing a yacht-cap, turtle-neck sweater, white flannel trousers and brogues.

... Of all the fraudulent titles, "Million Dollar Legs" is probably the worst. Everyone expected Marlene Dietrich. Instead they saw Jack Oakie. Jack is one of my favorite actors but this is not because of his face. On his head he'd like to say that he is not the "Blonde Venus." She really is Marlene.

PAUL MUNI is back in Hollywood making "I'm a Fugitive for War... Prior to "Scarface" he starred in "The Valiant" and "Seven Faces." In the latter he played seven characters. After that Fox let him go. They couldn't find parts for him, they said. Couldn't find enough parts for him to be worth their while. If producers really want to cut expenses I suggest they hire Paul to play all parts in all productions. Thus, at one stroke, they'd cut expenses and improve their product.

REMEMBER beautiful Alice Terry? You'd certainly do if you were white and over twenty. Rudie Valenti made love to her in "The Four Horsemen" and that's how Rudie was sent to the Philippines. In "Scarface" he made the same way. Anybody would be a greater lover around Alice. She's the Ninon de Lenclos of Chicago. Never did a woman have such loyal lovers. That's why Alice doesn't return. The last time she came back so many of them met her she was embarrassed. You see she couldn't remember all their names.

It's the same in France where Alice lives now. Everywhere she goes she's followed by a Foreign Legion. She treats them all alike. Arab, Persian, Huns, Argentinean, Russian, French, English, Egyptian, Turk. She speaks all languages. That is, she can say "I love you" in all. She's married to Rex Ingersoll, you know, and lets him come along. She's old-fashioned that way. Rex adores her and understands why other men do, too. He gave her a magnificent villa on a hill overlooking Nice.

ALICE is immensely rich in her own right. Has a chalet in Switzerland, apartment in Paris and a Moorish palace in Tunis which was bequeathed her by an old sheik in memory of her work in "The Arab" there.

The real reason the Bank of France has so much gold is that Alice deposits there. Showered with jewels, which she deets and never wears, she converts them secretly into gold bars, gives them to France to take care of.

IT was a letter from Alice that in... cided this premise for her legionaire No. 59572. Am I lucky? I'll say! Alice and her court recently visited Barcelona. She attended a bull fight and was chased by a bull. She relates the tale innocently enough, but I suspect her of wearing a red shirt. Still, that wouldn't be necessary. The letter reads:

"I never saw your story about me in New Movie, so I'm still friendly... You would have enjoyed attending the bull-fight with me in Barcelona. The first bull out of the box said, 'Oh, yeah!' and jumped over the fence. You know, the corridor between the arena and the grand stand. Well, I never saw anything so funny and so awful in my life. There were a thousand people in the corridor when the bull leaped in. Where they went I do not know. They disappeared as swiftly as snow in Hollywood. The animal came tearing directly for me, but by the time he arrived I had changed places to four seats behind. A man got in his way and the bull tossed him right into my lap. It was they couldn't get the bull back to the ring. You would have thought the whole thing was put on for my benefit. They said it had never before. When finally they killed the poor thing—it was so brutal—everyone waved handkerchiefs. I thought they wanted to stop the show, so I waved too. Then I discovered that when you wave it is a sign you want the bull's ears and tail cut off. I was so fazed. To think I had been waving frantically for that! It was a special day and they killed eight bulls. I couldn't get out because there were four thousand people between me and the gate. So I sat through it all. I was never so seasick before! Believe me, I checked out of Barcelona the next day and I'm not going back."

MY reckless defense of Cinderella Garbo in a recent issue brought so many floral tributes I feel like a dead gangster. Fortunately, on picking the body, I realize I still have time to reform before the lid is screwed down. Henceforth I shall play heroes to million-dollar maidens in distress. Mrs. Eleanor Miller of Jackson

Remember that you bought this magazine at WOOLWORTHS you will find a new issue at the same place on the 15% of each month.
Stirring Up the Wild Animals

Heights, New York, urges that Miss Garbo be perpetuated in classic stone while she still lives, that "this Goddess Genius may know our gratitude." She suggests "an infinitesimal offering from each of her admirers, a proper bank as depository, a design and location to be chosen..." Mrs. Miller, in addition, encloses a poem inspired by Grusinskaya of "Grand Hotel":

"Whence comes thy power to stir all hearts? Whence thy transcendent charm? In chosen solitude such Truth is born! And with thy fragile woman's form Thy beauteous voice of husky power And eyes of Heaven's calm Such benefice you freely shed on this mad driven world That knows no Truth save yours— the Truth of Beauty."

An infinitesimal offering from each of Garbo's fans should build a monument that would make the pyramids look like gopher mounds.

JUDGING by fan letters Garbo is the one star of universal interest. Ramon Novarro rates second, according to my files. When I write about them I get sweet notes on stylish stationery. So, can you blame me? I'd like to answer all, but now that Congress has voted a three-cent postage rate there isn't much hope. Particularly exhilarating are the letters enclosing quarters for photographs. "If you haven't any of yourself," they say considerately, "send one of Greta or Ramon." The Boulevardier has no photographs of himself because he's a Buddhist and a Buddhist believes that in being photographed you lose a little of your soul. So I've been sending the quarters to Greta and Ramon. If you do not receive photographs in return you will know the Buddhists are right.

ONE DIET FOR ALL

Mother's on a reducing diet; Father has to be careful; Son is trying to build up for the football team and the children must have special dishes. What to do about the family's menu? Our loose leaf circulars will solve the problem for you with a diet planned, with variations—for the whole family. Recipes and special suggestions are included along with a three weeks' menu. Send ten cents to Rita Calhoun, care of the New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

IF YOU'RE WASHING YOUR OWN

(AS MILLIONS ARE TO-DAY)

These magical blue flakes will hustle your clothes from basket to wringer in double-quick time

Are you—like millions of others—balancing the budget by doing your own laundry these days? Then we want to talk to you seriously about your new job.

The professional laundress discovered long ago that the quickest, easiest way to turn out a snow-white wash was simply to let La France do most of the work. And that's what we want you to do.

La France is a laundry aid that is little short of magical! It cuts washing time amazingly, saves energy, and gives you leisure on washday. Easy to use: Just dissolve it, with your regular laundry soap, in hot water—in tub or machine. Then wash the clothes in the usual way.

Quickly, thoroughly—without hard rubbing—La France soaks away every bit of dirt. And it blues and cleans at the same time! Blues perfectly and does away with the labor of lifting clothes in and out of bluing tubs.

In jiffy time, La France will have your clothes on the line—clean, sweet, fresh, snowy-white. La France will not harm your dainty lingerie or delicate colors.

The quick, easy job that La France is doing for hundreds of thousands of other women, it will do for you.

Get it at your grocer's—or use the coupon below. It will bring you a FREE sample of La France and a FREE trial-size package of Satina. Satina, added to boiling starch, keeps the iron from sticking. Makes it glide easily... Here's the coupon!

Your grocer sells La France and Satina. Both are products of General Foods.

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The MAKE-UP BOX

BEAUTY is being put into beauty products more and more. We not only demand that what’s inside the container make us beautiful but that the container itself be good to look at. Aren’t you intrigued by all the new bottles and packages? Because we just can’t tear ourselves away from the counters. Even nail polish now comes in bottles that would do justice to the finest perfume.

One of the well known beauty houses is putting out a three-some set—polish, remover, and cuticle softener in orange and cream marbelized containers set on a black base. Now you won’t have to hunt desperately through your bureau drawers when you are in a rush for a manicure because this set is attractive enough to grace your boudoir table. And another thing—the banana oil odor is absent with a faint perfume fragrance in its stead. The same house has a new sensitive skin cream, very bland and yet most efficient. A small quantity of it can be left on all night even if your skin is the type that doesn’t like kindly to ordinary cream.

A new lipstick from an old firm has just been put on the market. Indelible as always it is of a softer, smoother texture than before and comes in a fascinating silver container—chromium with varicorolored tips to identify the shade. Maybe you have a sentimental feeling for the older containers since they probably were the first you ever used but still you will want to try the new one, it matches up so well with your other modern beauty cases.

Cream rouge in an inexpensive and attractive blue and gold case is now on the market for those who prefer to use their finger tips on their lips. It’s convenient, too, because it may be used for cheek and lip alike, spreads evenly and smoothly and is available in four different color tones.

Did you know that we sell cosmetics to the world: that France and Germany, for instance, are heavy buyers of the preparations of an American house. Maybe you haven’t tried them yourself yet but you’ll want to. Three new products that have been added to the group are of particular interest. There is a liquefying cold cream that comes in generous jars and will dissolve the deposit in the pores without being absorbed by the skin. And there’s a new freshener lotion to remove excess cream, refresh and cool the skin and stimulate circulation. And a powder of the finest screen that will cling for hours. It comes in eggshell, natural, rachel and peach and the box is ivory and gold.

A greatly improved cream depilatory has arrived on the market and at reduced prices. It’s a pleasant creamy white in color—about the shade and consistency of a good cold cream and it leaves no lingering odor on the skin. Mild in its effect on the skin and yet quick in action it’s the solution to an always difficult problem.

If you wish to know the names and prices of the articles described here write to the Beauty Editor, Make-Up Box, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope.

The New Movie Magazine, October, 1932

POSITIVE PROTECTION

No Fear...No Worry

with this new-type sanitary napkin with moisture-proofed back

WOMEN by the thousands are turning to a new-type sanitary pad. A pad that cannot chafe or irritate—that is 3 to 5 times more absorbent than any other kind.

But that’s not all. Veldown, as this amazing new sanitary protection is called, has a unique moisture-proofed back (U.S. Patent No. 1702530). This factor alone is worth everything in peace of mind. It gives perfect assurance that no accident can happen. Protective garments are unnecessary.

New Low Prices

Now the price of Veldown is so low that all can afford it. Millions of women, heretofore, have gladly paid more for Veldown’s safety and peace of mind. Today—new low prices are attracting thrifty women everywhere.

The new chafeless filler is made entirely of soft, fluffy rayon cellulose. There are no harsh, “papery” edges to harden or irritate. So Veldown is far more comfortable than pads made from thin layers of crepe-paper can ever be—and its softness avoids all chance of bulge or faintest outline, even with form-fitting frocks.

Whatever your past preference may be, ask for Veldown at your drug or department store. You’ll never return to less soft, less safe sanitary protection.

Veldown

The Utterly New-Type

SANITARY NAPKIN

with this new-type sanitary napkin with moisture-proofed back

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Were Miss Caramel Sweet Kidnabbed?

(Continued from page 51)

one of my strong swipes of genius I shall make you the Big News of the day. I can accomplish this by hiring a criminal.

"To get me murdered?" she acknowledged baffly.

"To get you kidnabbed," he divulged.

"No!"

"Yes!"

(please tell your printer that they said these words 5 times back and forth.)

"But how will you do this foul deed?" she require.

Hon. Geo. P. Ogre merely crack his fingers at me, where I was standing all that time with 4 buttermilk cocktails; which Hon. Ogre eat for lunch to keep his soul awake.

"Togo," he report with wise eyelids, "how much will take to steal my wife?"

"How much are kidnabbers getting this week?" I ask to know.

"More or less," he says so. "I offer you 98 & expenses for this great theft.

"O, thank you so many!" I corrode.

DON'T do it again," he rap, "Now Miss Caramel Sweet, on with our plot. At 12.66 p.m. tonight Togo will encroach to side of this house in a Tin Elizabeth ottomobile, containing sufficient groceries, lipsticks and 188 stockings to keep you over night. He will grab you to car while you make on (1) wild shreex. Here are a road mapp. Folla the Red Line till you come to the Rocky Mountains above Holly-wood. There you will find a deserted cottage entitled Dew Drop Inwards. Stay there while Togo shall act as your nursemaid.

"& what will you be doing in the meanwhile, if anything?" she negotiate.

"Ah! There are my big flashy idea," he announce, "at 4.88 a.m. I shall arouse, enrush to telephone and holla at all news-print reporters, 'Miss Caramel Sweet have been kidnabbed!!! Police and plenty more!!!!' Then mapp, see what publicity shall be. All newspapers shall rise up and loudspeak with front page expression: Miss Caramel Sweet Kidnabbed O Where Are Famous Atoress ELOPED AWAY To?"

"O my preshuss, preshuss husbund!" decty Miss Caramel Sweet while wept in his arms.

WELL, Mr. Editor, to make a short story long, I spend that day amidst gilty shivers peculiar to criminals. But when night got very black in the face, promptly @ 12.66, I enrush up to side yard in Tin Elizabeth ottomobile, filled with beauty supplies to make that lady happy. But Miss Caramel Sweet were late, as usual. Therefore I honk-honk, "Holla Hon. Ogre from window. "Do you want to enrouse the police?"

Then when it were 1.74 a.m. Miss Caramel Sweet come sneeching out of side door. I grabb. She dictate "Awk!" loudishly. Rapidly I kicked all the gas into the engine and went splunnging out of Hollywood so fastly that mostly I knew we reach the Rocky Mts. And there, by golly, were Dew Drop Inwards, filled with nice furniture.
Were Miss Caramel Sweet Kidnapped?

"Togo," exclam Miss Caramel Sweet, when we got there, "pour me a hot bath, filled with No. 42-Z Violet Kalsomine Salts. Bring me 2 doz. powder puffs, prepare me for my breakfast; ½ boiled egg & a glass of potato-juice with ice. Then telephone to Hollywood that I forgot my Electric Kneek Exilerator."

"But Mrs. Madam," I reject, "there are no telephones in these Rocky Mts."

"Have one connected," she jounce out while slamming door on my face.

By this time I commence to know that should of charged 1½ to kidnap such a lady. Pretty soon, after 4 or 3 hrs of complete bathrub exercises, Miss Caramel Sweet emerge outward to eat that estranged breakfast I fired for her. She set there in her bear feet, wondering how her toes would look if she paint them silver.

"Ho & hum," she none. "Run to the drug store and capture me 2 books by E. Fill up, sir."

"No drugs stores," I pronounce. "What?"

"O, G.," she amputate. "Then turn on the radio and put on Nandy."

"No radio," I smother.

"What do my husband mean by kid-nabbing me to a place where there ain't nothing?" she pognosticate.

"Sweethearted Mrs. Lady," I snarl, "if I was a smart kidnapper I would charge 17½ for you and lose money."

SHE got no wise-smack to answer that, but all day she keep me so busy I feel like I did a day out of the way. from Mexico to Troy, N. Y. When the shades of night were falling fat I commence feeling like I should toplung back to Hollywood and correto to Hon. Geo. F. Ogre, my owner, "Take O take your darnly 9½, in spite of the depression. Take O take your wife and loosen me from slavery!"

But just then something happen! O goshes, how it did!

Up and down the rocks and trees I see a large crowd of mobbed people with lantorns, torchers and flame-lights, looking everywhere with peep-eye expression. Beforely they have not there to grab back Miss Caramel Sweet!

"O lucky duv, where are you at?" I hear 101 voices collapse from grief.

"Come, dolling, we are here. Oodle-doodle, sweetheart. Tweet-tweet-tweet."

I look around through trees and other vegetables and see All Star Cast of Hollywood serching round there with detective expression. I see Hon. Tho. Mix come stampung up on a red headed bungalow. I see Hon. Nor-ma Shearer on a soap-colored thorough-bred. I see Hon. Dug Fairbanks Jr. turnin' handsprings on a red motor-sickle just like Hon. Pa. And behind all I observe Hon. Ed Robinson jerkin' his lips with that crimson expression he learn in Arizona. Goody! Miss Caramel Sweet will now get Publicity, you bet your bootgear.

And more there was coming and yet others. I observe Hon. Chick Sails saying, "This way, ladies," to 12 Blond Beauties of Hollywood. This collection include Hon. Jean Harlow, telling Hon. Joan Blondow how to get a little blonder. Those 2 was so bright on top that they make Ann Dvorach, Greta Nissen & Constance Bennett (30,000$ a week) look like Dolores del Rio. Yet onwards, onwards come that perade of goldly bobs, looking to righthand, looking to lefthin' with pretty music cry. "Do not be afraid, dolling. We shall save you!"

O EXCITEMENTS! Closer and more closely that famus mob approach up to Dew Drop Inwards. With inflamed toes I rush into house and discover Miss Caramel Sweet trying on a new set of eyelashwhis.

"O joyful!" I narrate. "Miss Caramel Sweet, come onwards outwardly. 88 famus Hollywood stars have arrived to reskew you from kidnabbers!"

"Geo. Bernard Pshaw!" she say for mean curse. "Why did they get here before I put on my completion?"

"Wait for nothing or less!" I snagger. "Elope quickly to them and let them save you while 22 reporters write history about you."

Only waiting to put on a pair of fish-colored pajammers, Miss Caramel Sweet somter out the show, where they all stood there looking noble.

"O my dear, dear komraddas in Art," she say for short keynote speech, "how can I thank you Plenty for what you done in arriving here to snatch me from cruel fate?"

Silences by all. Then Hon. Chick Sails come forwards and remove off his street front car hat.

"Lady," he expunge, "would you mine tell us what you talking about?"

"I can only the shell," she corrode. "You know who I are? I am Miss Caramel Sweet."

"Hoo!" require 12 beautiful blonds.

"Miss Caramel Sweet," she deprive.

"The famous star what were kidnabbed."

"Never heard of you," say 88 Hollywood celebratts speaking together like chorus girls.

YOUS mean," she dit, "that you are so old style that you do not know that me, Miss Caramel Sweet, were snatched at middnite from palace home by 14 gun-boys and held for ransom of 100,000,000,000,000.00$ and only saved by fearless bravery of her truahly valet, Hashimura Togyo?"

"You do not know the news?" require Hon. Thos Mix, eating another Arizona cigarette.

Therefore Hon. Mix tuck out of pocket a journalimatic looking newspaper. And there all over Page One, in very swollen print were following awful report:

JACKIE COOPER'S PET RABBIT STOLEN!
CRIMINLLE GANG SIESPECKTED!!!
ALL HOLLYWOOD SEARCHING WOODS!!!

"You mean say," gubble Miss Caramel Sweet, "that there are no stiny mention of my snatch-away from home?"

"Look in Sassenity Column," sniffest Dug Jr while standing on his own head.

"Ah, here i!" holas Hon. Thos Mix. "Sassenity Chitter Chatter. It says, "Mrs. Geo F. Ogre are weak-endings with friends at porch, with jam.""

Hopeing you are the same.

Yours truly,
HASHIMURA TOGO.
Eyes

(Continued from page 63)

"In this way any eye strain, dust, sun strain, or inflammation of the eyes is healed and removed.

"After the eye bath gently pat in under the eyes a good turtle oil or rich tissue-building cream. Massage this oil from the temples to the corner of each side of the nose, and lightly over the lid to the temple again.

"At night leave on some of the tissue or turtle oil. In the morning, after a fresh oil massage, soak a piece of cotton in a good astringent and pat it in around the eye. Then the eye is ready for the finishing make-up touches.

"If you have vivid blue or soft gray blue eyes, a light gray blue eye shadow is right. If you have brown or hazel eyes use a light brown eye shadow.

"Place the ball of the second finger lightly upon the surface of the eye shadow and pat it in evenly over the entire eyelid to the brow. Let it remain a bit deeper in color next to the lash, gradually getting lighter until it disappears at the brow.

"Eye shadow must be used very sparingly in the daytime and powdered over so as to give a soft effect. At night the shadows may be deeper and the eyelid may be left the least bit moist with the oil. A soft green color is effective for blondes at night. A light gray is flattering to light blue eyes.

"After the eye shadow has been carefully applied to give your eyes the proper depth and an attractive setting, it is time to apply the mascara. This may be done best by moistening the brush and brushing the eyelashes up from the eye line to the edge of the lash. First do one eye, then the other, then return to the first lash again, adding more lash cosmetic to the brush. Brush them up again and again until each lash stands out and curves upward, then do the same to the other eye. Never let the mascara look pasty or too heavy for a natural effect.

"If your eyes are inclined to be small, draw the eye shadow out beyond the corner of the eye a bit to a point at the hollow of the temples. Experiment with your eyes until you find the eye line most becoming to your facial contour and eyes.

"The eyebrows must be even, carefully plucked to give a neat, well-groomed appearance, without having an unnatural hair line—or exotic curve . . . Unless one is an exotic and believes such eyebrows may add attractiveness to the face and eye . . . If this is so, go to a reliable beauty expert and let him or her give you the proper line. Do not try to give it to yourself.

"If the brows are too light to be attractive or noticed, pencil-line them so that the penciling cannot be detected.

"My own belief is that only by experimenting and practice and study of this way and that, can one get a true idea of the best way to use eye make-up to the best advantage.'"

"That’s great . . . now how about how to use ‘em,” I enquired of the lively Miss Dee.

"Don’t be silly,” she grinned. “Any woman who would take the trouble and the time to study eye make-up knows how to use them—when she’s found out how to prepare them for action!” . . .

Maybe she’s right, at that!
promoted!

She looked so cross she frightened customers away. She was rude and snappy and always out of patience. All the girls got scolded for her mistakes... And then she found a way to end her indigestion.

You certainly can’t do your best when you are always feeling under par. You can’t look your best either. And yet it may be some slight digestive trouble is the only cause. Beeman’s is often a help in aiding digestion. Dr. Beeman had a great idea when he put pep in gum, and then gave it such a delicious flavor. Chew it frequently.

Especially made to aid digestion

Chew BEEMAN’S PEPSIN GUM

Defending Chatterton
Greenville, S. C.

Just a word regarding the attack made upon that grand little actress who has the ability of a Barrymore, the poise of a Bennett and the sex appeal that no Garbo can ever equal—Ruth Chatterton—by your Box-Office Critic Mrs. Louis Kline in the July issue of New Movie.

In my opinion, the attack was cruel and heartless. She stated that Miss Chatterton over-acted and that she could not equal some of our younger stars. She also remarked that recently during the showing of one of Miss Chatterton’s pictures, the audience tittered throughout. Firmly I have my doubts about this, but even if they did, all I can say for them is that they were a bunch of heathens.

Please put me down as a very strong Chatterton fan. Even if I didn’t care for her I would go to see those that I did care for, and let those that cared for Miss Chatterton go to see her.

B. H. Davis
253 Richardson St.

Miscasting Novarro
Lafayette, Louisiana

The biggest mistake Hollywood directors can make is to miscast an actor. And a terrible mistake was made which I think will injure a great actor. That was, casting Ramon Novarro as Tony Armatto in "Hudde".

We Novarro fans all know that the gallant King Louis of "Forbidden Hours" and the noble "Ben Hur" cannot play the part of a mere football hero, nor can our beautifully mischievous Armande de Treville of "Devil-May-Care" or Lieutenant Willy Kosda of "Daybreak" with that delicious beaming personality play the Italian schoolboy who is snubbed by everybody until he becomes a big shot.

We can no more see the romantic Devil-May-Care Novarro, who captures his beloved and carries her away until he can make her own, carrying an old football until he makes a touch-down, than we can see the stalwart Lewis Stone playing Jackie Cooper's role of "Dink" in "The Champ".

So come now, let's cut out the absurdity. Place Lew Ayres or William Bakewell as the football heroes, and instead of the Singing Quarterback have our mischievously romantic Ramon Novarro, with all of his striking personality, in a role that becomes his glorious type.

Florence Daigle,
509 College Avenue.

Wilson, N. C.

I'm a little girl twelve years old, and am crazy over the movies. But what makes me all bethered is the silly titles they give some pictures. Because some one was smart and changed the name from "I, Jerry, Take Thee, Joan" to "Mercifully We Go to Hell," Mother said I was too young to see folks "go to Hell." So I had to miss my favorite star, Sylvia Sidney. Won't some one please do something about this? Please have more nice-sounding titles, so I can go more often.

Eliza Dickinson,
509 College Avenue.

Hoover and Gable

Sioux City, Iowa.

Clark Gable has nothing to worry about except his wife, himself, and his parts in the movies. On the other hand, look at President Hoover's troubles. Being blamed for the depression alone I should think would make his hair gray! More people are interested in the movies than in politics, thus adding to Clark Gable's reputation. Any one would rather have Mr. Gable's salary than Herbert Hoover's. Now do you see why I'd rather be Clark Gable than President Hoover?

Joe Maron,
613 Center Street.

The New Movie Magazine, October, 1932
served in the living room with mixed hors d'oeuvres.
At the table...
Consomme.
Marinated celery salad.
Double lamb chops—hashed creamed potatoes—mound of green peas surrounded with tiny baby beets.
Hot baby brown muffins.
Cocoanut cream pie.
Nuts and peppermint candies.
The cocktails served in the living room were made by mixing 2/3 clam juice with 1/3 tomato juice, seasoned to taste with lemon, salt, and pepper.
The marinated celery salad:
Cook the celery the day before and chill.
Make the dressing with one cup of oil, 1 teaspoon of sugar, 1/4 teaspoon of salt, juice of one lemon, 3 tablespoons catsup. Add mustard, paprika and pepper to taste.
Babà bran muffins:
1 1/2 cups flour.
3/4 cups bran.
1 cup milk.
4 tablespoons molasses.
3 or 4 teaspoons melted fat.
1 egg.
5 teaspoons baking powder.
1/2 teaspoon of salt.
Mix together dry ingredients. Add molasses, milk, beaten egg, and melted fat. Bake in hot baby muffin pans for 25 minutes.
Cocoanut Cream Pie:
Mix 3/4 cup of sugar with 1/3 cup flour and pinch of salt. Over this pour two cups of scalded milk and stir until thickened, then cool 15 minutes in double boiler.
Now pour part of mixture over two well beaten eggs and return to boiler, stir thoroughly and cook two minutes longer. Let this mixture get cold, then add 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup grated cocoanut, one cup whipped cream.
Pipe this mixture in baked pastry shell and sprinkle with cocoanut.
"This pie actually melts in your mouth and is so rich and tasty that only very small slices should be served per person," says Jimmie Gleason. And Jimmie ought to know after twenty-six years.

TWENTY-ONE DAYS
You can lose a lot in a short time if you follow our 21-day diet. And it's not a starvation diet, either.
Write to Ann Boyd, care of the New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., if you would like a copy. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

IF YOU WANT A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN INSTANTLY

...Enjoy a Fragrant Linit Beauty Bath!
The new Perfumed Linit Beauty Bath brings the fragrance of an old English Garden into your bath—and instantly makes the skin feel soft as velvet.

Merely dissolve a handful or more of the new Perfumed Linit in your bath—bathe in the usual way, using your favorite soap—and then feel your skin. Soft, smooth and delightfully refreshed.

After a Linit Beauty Bath there is left on the skin a fine coating of powder. This invisible "layer" of Linit makes powdering unnecessary, eliminates "shine" from neck and arms and harmlessly absorbs perspiration without clogging the pores.

Millions of women daily enjoy the Linit Beauty Bath. It is surprising that a beauty bath so luxurious, so effective in immediate results should be so inexpensive.

- Linit, unscented, in the familiar blue package is on sale at grocers only. The new Perfumed Linit in the green, cellophane-wrapped package is sold by grocery stores, drug and department stores.

THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

The New Movie Magazine, October, 1932
the Crown Prince of Hollywood

(Continued from page 33)

thron gives way, some day the heir will sit upon it. But being the son or daughter of a famous star is a distinct handicap. Doug, Jr., is one of the few scions of the celebrated who has ever had the experience of seeing his own name in large letters back in Paris beside of the street and his father's name on the other; and, certainly, most of the credit must go to the young man himself.

He is at the top of the ladder today not through influence, but despite influence.

A lot of people probably know him better than I do now, but I'm sure no one has known him much longer or is prouder of him. Though not exactly "in at the birth" I knew his parents before that great event and met Junior (as he was labeled until he lived it down) shortly after.

Naturally, to his parents he was a super-production. To me he was just another baby and, as he grew older, a very spoiled one.

His father, bent on making the child a man at the age of two, would toss him about, tease him and put him through tests like a scale, and, of course, determined to keep him from being a man as long as possible, petted and protected him from practically everything, with the result that at the age of nine he was too plump, too scared of many things and at the time entirely too much inclined to dash through the lobby of the Algonquin Hotel in New York on roller skates!

At just that time Destiny and Fate went into their dance and decided on the Fairbanks' menage as an ideal setting for a new act. I believe now that it was Doug, Jr., "rolling" in and out, over and under the unsuspecting guests of the Algonquin who attracted their attention—Doug, and Destiny, I mean, not the guests.

He got more than their attention, but out of the marital melange that followed the marriage of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., and his wife Beth with Owen Moore and his wife, Mary, which took place at my house in Tarrytown, N. Y., young Doug stepped into life with both feet, kicking his roller skates with other childish enthusiasms on his way out of babylard.

From what he appeared to be the wrecking of two homes and turned out to be remodeling, with improvements, rose the man his father had tried to make him at twenty, ready to take up and fight for the mother who still wanted to have baby him at ten.

I saw him several times between his tenth and twelfth anniversaries and noted with pleasure his growing tendency to stand in front of his adoring mother instead of behind her, which Doug, Jr., was still too plump! Today as I watch the myriad expressions which leap eagerly across the lean oval of his face and try to fathom what really goes on behind the twinking blue eyes I am more convinced than ever that "as a man thinketh, so weighs he." Doug, Jr., will never go wrong again!

During the years when he lost weight and developed muscle, dropped art and developed humor, I glimpsed him only occasionally. I heard that he was going into moving pictures and remember thinking it was a bad age for it—too old for kid stuff and too young for love interest.

Apparent I was right, for the next things I knew on the high top was further educated and prepared. That team, Fate and Destiny, must have had an advance tip on the birth of talking pictures, because the language which our young hero learned automatically while waiting for age now makes him the unique American star making pictures for the French in French and getting away with it!

I talked to his father about him when he was making his second attempt to crash the gates to which he holds a golden key. Senior was determined that Junior should not be an actor, and he was so busy trying so that he couldn't hear Fate and Destiny giving him the well-known razz.

"Elsie," said the King to me, "I'll give him anything he wants. He can choose his own schools. He can travel. He can study art. But I will not lift a hand to help him in our game until he is twenty-one."

Senior made the mistake of lifting his voice when he made the same speech to his son—and the battle was on.

I came back from an engagement in London, straight through to California, to spend the summer of 1927. Among other friends was the dimpled little Doug. He had no idea of the romance and the marvel of fame, but I suppose they're wearing off.

He opened the new season of the Algonquin Hotel in New York with roller skates on.
changed the entire continuity of my swimming-pool sequence. You see, the boys came to my backyard to relax. None of them had to make any fuss over me, such as lighting cigarettes, rustling drinks, giving those so-called swimming lessons, or handing out a line of chatter which is so much a part of modern "Lovefare."

I may add that the gang only met about one day a week and on the other six the gangsters were all busy doing for the current girl friend the things they did not do for me.

Well, we lost Doug, Jr., but he didn't get married until some time later and then to a different fiancée! The gang still met and we watched Doug, Jr., hammering away at the gates of Filmmom which opened a little bit now and then, only to close again with our ex-member well on the outside, discouraged but undaunted!

Senior watched these entrances and exits with interest and I'm sure his emotions were varied. He chuckled at Junior's efforts to thwart him, but he was duly and somewhat secretly proud of the boy's courage; and when his offspring made his debut on the stage of a local theatre in the title role of "Young Woodley," no chest protruded further than Senior's and no one applauded more wholeheartedly the performance which made Junior an overnight sensation. Everyone who was anyone or hoped to become someone was present at the opening and I have never felt more happy vibrations.

People who hadn't spoken to one another for months forgot their grudges and discussed the sex appeal, technique, looks, poise and charm of Young Doug.

After the performance Beth gave a party. All our gang was there, complete with girl friends. Junior was quiet and unaffected by his triumph.

"You were great!" I said.

"Wasn't Dad swell?" he answered.

"He came back after the first act!"

A week later I saw him to say goodbye. We were off to Europe again.

"How does it feel to be the talk of the town?" I asked.

"Say!" he answered, "What do you think? I have a telegram from Joan Crawford. I don't even really know her, but she thinks I'm good! Hey! Hey!"

When I saw him again, they had been married for three months! As far as I can find out she still thinks he is good!

After "Young Woodley" it was easy sailing. Senior was ready to help, but it wasn't necessary. Fate and Destiny smothered their giggles as they took a bow. Their act had gone over with a bang! Joan Crawford was their encore, and in my opinion one of the best numbers in their act. The security and happiness of his home life have had a great deal to do with the consistency of Doug, Jr.'s, performances and the development of his numerous talents. Most of the younger screen players are so busy falling in and out of love or wriggling in and out of contracts that their powers of concentration are apt to center more on kisses and clauses, than on cameras and phrases!

This article so far was written in the

(please turn to page 100)

The Crown Prince of Hollywood


When You Serve One-Course Refreshments

When you just want to serve one course at the party and have it extra-special, extra-good, turn to this compact information, a set of circulars entitled, "Menus for One-Course Refreshments" and learn about new and delectable chocolate muffins, toasted cheese puffs and dozens more. Ten cents for the complete set.

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The Crown Prince of Hollywood
(Continued from page 99)

East where I spent the past winter, I tried to wind the darned thing up, but suddenly realized that if I brought it up to date I would for the first time be writing about something I was not sure of, namely the young man who has been dashing off after success during the past year and whom I have not seen in person. So I asked Ye Editor that the last scene must be laid in Hollywood and started west.

Upon arrival I called up Doug, Jr., and said, "I am not trying to pro- position you, old thing, but I want to see you, not within the royal portals of Pickfair where latterly we have met, not with Joan, but where I can check up on you as I used to do before there was so much to check on."

"Come over to the set," he said, "I’m making a Russian blank blank blank. You’ll love him!"

"Did Mr. Fairbanks leave any word about me?" I asked the pretty girl. She has never been in the outside office, knowing that to get into Heaven one has only to be good and die, but to get into the studios now one has to be great and live through the ordeal.

"Yes, indeed, Miss Janis. You are to drive right in to Stage Number Eight," she handed me a pass and a sweet smile. Knowing the strict rules about outside cars on the lots where I have worked, I was quite surprised by the lad swings some influence.

I bounded into the "presence" and found his Royal Highness not only made up for a prince, but a Russian one! He was rehearsing a scene which, at the sight of me, he left high and dry as a W. C. T. U. officer and ran toward me with open arms. I entered with fearlessly, but imagine my surprise when this gorgeously uniformed, sunburned, obviously important so-and-so with a sugar-bowl haircut turned out to be just my backyard playmate!

"Gee, this is great!" he said. "Come and watch this scene. I’ll drag you through a flock of stage hands, electricians, extras, etc., introducing me en route, and planted me in a chair right underneath the right hip of the director.

At the end of the scene I heard him saying, "How was it? Any suggestions?" I waited for the director to answer and was informed by one of the assistants that Mr. Fairbanks was talking to me! The scene was on K., and I had no suggestions, but I did tell him about one small detail, which I am sure he will ask for. It was that I had been late, and that I was not sure of any—that he is unspoiled, and success has the effect upon him that I have always seen it have on the really great. It makes them want to be greater and makes them work harder to become so.

I had heard many rumors about the home life of Doug, Jr., and Joan. It was on the rocks. She was in love with a great artist and they had been off on a yacht with practically every alluring bit of femininity in Hollywood. I wanted to ask him, but I thought, "If there’s anything to it, he will tell me." So I simply said, "How are you going to spend your vacation?" He had told me it was due when the picture was finished.

"Gee, I don’t know. I’m waiting now to hear whether Metro will let Billy (Joan) have hers now or not. You know it’s rotten." He took a long drag on one of those cigarettes his smiling face advertises. "When she’s free I’m always tied up and vice versa, but if we get a break we’re going to take the trip to Europe we’ve been taking men-

ally ever since we married. Can you imagine the kid that? She has never even been on a big boat," His eyes sparkled and his voice took on that breathless tone of his father’s. "She’ll go nutty over Paris!"

"Which you can show her pretty thoroughly," I said. "I’ll say so," he laughed. "Ready, Doug?" they called and away he went to rehearse another scene. In the midst of it the telephone rang.

"Mr. Irving Thalberg on the phone, Doug!" In case you don’t know, Mr. Thalberg is George Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer himself, though his name is not on the billing.

Senior never made a better jump than the one that landed Junior within a foot of the telephone. There was very little work done from then on. Joan could have her vacation. She must be told at once. Another phone call, gurgles of delight from our end of the line and I imagine shrieks of joy from Joan’s, judging from Junior’s expression. He looked like a cat that had dragged an entire aviary. He forgot his lines. He forgot his props. He murmured something about the S. S. Bremen when he was supposed to praise the beauty of Moscow.

Needless to say I left without asking how he and Joan were getting along. I endeavored to go ahead of the snoppers. I hope nothing interferes with that trip, and I breathe a little prayer that when he shows her Paris, he will tell her all about the same. For in these days there is no greater joy than finding the things we have loved exchanged. But voyage! Doug and Joan, or maybe it’s Darby and Joan. Don’t forget to take her to the markets at dawn. She’ll love them. She knows her "vegetables."

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BEAUTY GOES TO THE HEAD
Your tresses may be long and languorous or short and snappy, but they should be well cared for. It’s all in knowing how, and our pamphlet CARE OF THE HAIR will show you the way. Write to Ann Boyd, care of the New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.
she held up a black satin evening gown which when slipped over her head fairly moulded itself around her figure. The long lines of the skirt were like a sheath—even the bottom of it was devoid of any surplus material, although it was very long and draped in beautiful folds. It left one breathless with admiration. Another, an ivory satin, fitted even more beautifully, if possible. She slipped into a long ermine wrap and the picture was complete, the handsome fur seeming to be the only covering that would be suitable for the gown.

"Furs can always be made over," said Miss Birell. "They are a good investment for an actress, for we must wear our clothes so much and it is tiresome having them always the same. For real beauty, however, I much prefer this short jacket of ermine with the charming leis around the shoulders. It looks lovely with the ivory satin." She tried the shorter wrap.

Colors intrigue Tall Birell, also. "Look at my eyes," said she. "They are sometimes deep blue and at other times they are gray green. One shade of blue makes them much better than any other?" She donned a fascinating coat of blue cloth with a shallow crowned hat that tilted off one side and was dropped down on the other.

"This is French Blue—Old French blue," she explained. "I always have something of this color. Last summer it was merely a sport outfit and because I could not get the proper color in any store, I had a white coat and hat dyed the proper shade."

Such attention to detail! She caught up a lovely street suit made of navy blue cloth with short jacket and a blouse made of printed crepe in green and blue. A soft green beret fitted onto her head as though it had grown there, and the effect was certainly stunning.

"The green makes my eyes so," she explained. "These are the high lights for getting effects; they must be changed to suit each one's needs."

We chatted of sleeves, which she thinks are very flattering to tall girls, too. "A short girl looks better without sleeves—but for me—look at this tea gown of blue. It would be too severe were it not for the interesting long sleeves."

Skirts for street wear she prefers moderately short, and accessories are important but easily obtained. Jewelry is always a doubtful accessory, she feels, and thinks it much better to use too little than to take a chance on having too much.

Summing it up, this young star believes that the really well-dressed woman is she who has the good sense to know her own style and wear the clothes that best suit her.

"There is nothing more devastating than the feeling of self-consciousness with regard to what one wears," she concluded. "That is why it seems to me worth the time and thought required to have a wardrobe in good taste. I exert myself each season to have the clothes I wear really correct—so that I may then forget them when I put them on. The only time a woman should be 'cloth conscious' is when she is dressed unbecomingly!"

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The New Movie Magazine, October, 1932
I Cried Like a Baby

My Hands Were So Red... Rough... and Old Looking

“Cried,” she confided, feeling the coffee pot and finding it pathetically cold, “I came here last night and I haven’t had time to speak with my hostess. . . . What shall we talk about?”

“Oh—” I started to pop one of my questions but the words died on my tongue. Miriam was started again:

“I may as well warn you that I love to talk. I could talk all the time. I just love to shoot off my head—it’s so much fun, don’t you think so—?” We didn’t have a chance to confess our weaknesses for she had taken it at even greater speed: “I think I’ll have a cup of hot coffee. . . . Now, let’s see, what was I talking about?”

T

HIS gave us an opportunity to in-

sert a timid question about Holly-

wood. What did she think about it and the people in it?

“Hollywood is just a human town with all the petty little human problems.” She squirmed in her chair and looked smaller than ever. The stars underneath the glamour, are just housewives and sweethearts and young girls and boys the same as they are anywhere else in the world. Miss Ward in Dallas may go out to buy a lamp-shade for a dollar; Marion Nixon may go out to buy a fifty-dollar lamp-shade. But they’re both just girls out shopping, with probably the same problems in mind.

“In Hollywood my friends come to see me or I go to their homes and we talk about anything we have to talk about. Clothes, or gossip—oh, yes, we gossip. It’s silly to deny it. Everyone gossips everywhere. It can be fun without being malicious. We talk about who’s crazy about who and why and talk about prohibition and the servant problem. I remember Edna Best and Herbert Marshall saying the reason they lived in a hotel was because the servant problem was so difficult in Hollywood.

YOU know, the public builds up a picture in its mind about the movie stars’ being glamorous, and then the public is shock, as if it were something new to it. I remember a short time ago I was driving to Tarrytown, New York, with a friend, and we stopped to go swimming in a pool on someone’s estate. I met the owner, a lovely, elderly man, and his wife and their two sons. We became very friendly and on the way back to New York City from Tarrytown, I stopped again for a swim. There were a number of other guests and I was shocked and embarrassed, hearing how my host had said, ‘Mother and I have been married thirty years,’ and thinking how sweet it was, when I heard my name called.

I stuck my head up over the edge of the pool and there was my host, pointing me out to the guests. ‘Folks,’ he said, his voice husky and low, ‘this is my Hopkins. All my life I wanted to meet an actress. And when I did meet her, she turned out to be just like Mamma.’ He seemed so surprised that I wasn’t full of word and walking around with a mysterious manner and being glamorous all over the place.

“You don’t mind my talking so much?” she asked apologetically, and I immediately rustled my sheaf of questions. But she plunged on. “I’ve been accused of being terribly independent, but, really, it’s just that I believe in being honest and sticking up for my beliefs. When I was a little girl of eight in Georgia—” (Ah, that lovely Georgia accent!)—“I learned to be independent.

“You see, there were only Mother and Grandmother and me in the house. No man in the house at all. I thought of how someone had to carry responsibility and to be me, so I accepted it and learned to depend only on myself.

“Mother was so frail, and so beautiful.” She closed her eyes as if in a reverie. “She used to sit and play the piano and I just adored her. You know,” she snapped out of it, “When I was a little girl I took things more seriously than I do now.

T

HERE was a little boy who moved to our town and I was crazy about him. He was so handsome, and we used to play games and talk together—I was about eleven—and when I gave a birthday party I wanted to invite him. Mother wouldn’t let me, though. She said he wasn’t the sort of child she wanted to play with, and I felt terrible. I felt so terrible I didn’t enjoy the party and all I could do was to think how cruel it was to be separated from the one you love.

“The upshot of that was,” she laughed at herself, thinking back, “that I wrote two poems on the cruelty of separating lovers and they were published in a Georgia paper. I can still feel the embarrassment that covered me when I heard Grandma and Mother laughing about my poems and poking fun at certain lines. That’s the most terrible thing of all to children—ridicule,” she said hopefully, trying to answer the insistent ringing of the telephone.

When she sat down again her face was wistfully in her lap. “What do you know about that?” she said in awe. “A woman whom I know called me up. She wants to know if her daughter may come along to your party. ‘Oh, God!’ I don’t feel like being looked at today!’

It hadn’t occurred to me before but I immediately took a good look at the stranger girl who didn’t enjoy being on exhibit. Blond hair, flouncy and curly as a baby’s. No makeup at all, yet with a creamy, flushed complexion that was perfect. A full, rich mouth, wholesome colored. Light eyebrows somewhat short. Short, light lashes. Blue eyes that in real life are larger than they appear on the screen. Small hands that were never still. Small in stature. Square chin and high forehead—her trademarks—indication to her character.

BEFORE she had a chance to begin talking we burst out triumphantly with a question she could not evade.

“What is your ambition, Miss Hopkins?” in a tone that pretended the question was original and that hid its whiskers, “Now that you are at the peak of—” Oh, why didn’t someone warn us that it would never do to say she was at the top of her profession?

What a Gal!

(Continued from page 35)
Jim Tully's Gallery of Women

"Oh yes," was the instant reply. "Let's hear it," he commanded. The lovely girl sang with feeling the song of their native state. When she had finished, Dresser raised his immense hand.

"Just the two lines over," he said, "they make the birds sing in my heart." He hummed the words. "Through the acamore's the candle lights are gleaming, on the banks of the Wabash, far away."

The girl sang with silver cadence.

"Ah," he sighed. Again his large hands trembled. Then his voice raised. "You can sing." The giant sentimentalist's eyes were wet. He turned his back to the girl, and sat quite still for some time. Suddenly he turned. "Where are you from? What's your name?"

"Indiana. My name's--" It was that of the conductor. "What did your father do?"

"He was a passenger train conductor on the Evansville and Terre Haute Railroad."

The composer of popular songs looked astonished. "And you're his daughter." He whistled for a second. "Life's funny." He gazed at the girl. "He was very kind to me. Now it's my turn." He motioned her toward him. "Your name's Louise Dresser from now on. I'm telephoning the Tribune people that my kid sister's in town, and she's making her debut on the Masonic Temple Roof Sunday night."

It all came to pass.

The sad writer of popular songs lived to see the girl carry his name with glory on the road to fame as one of the leading comedienxes of her day.

FEW women born to wealth have ever succeeded in films. Nearly every actress worthy of the name in Hollywood, has touched the shores of destitution. Betty Compson left her home in Salt Lake City when scarcely out of High School. Stranded in California she took a position as nurse girl, in Oakland. Two years later she came to Hollywood, and became famous with Lon Chaney and Thomas Meighan as one of the stars of "The Miracle Man."

The child for whom she was nurse girl grew to womanhood, and when Betty passed through Oakland last year she was the guest of honor at her debut.

The wheel of fortune had turned. The former nurse girl is now one of the wealthiest women in Hollywood, with a fortune estimated at two million dollars.

They march in and out of the halls of memory, the women of Hollywood, who represent, more often than not, the more daring among their sisterhood. In scrutinizing their lives, I find them each and all supreme individualists. They ask no prop to lean upon. Instead, they face each issue as it appears, and thereby develop initiative, stamina, and the courage to smile, when their hearts are heavy and their purses light.
In the New MOVIE ALBUM

Photos of the STARS, STIRRING SCENES from their FAVORITE FILMS

Do you remember Richard Dix in that great picture, "Cimarron"? Did you see that other famous Richard—Dick Barthelmess—fly in "The Dawn Patrol"? If you saw "Anna Christie," will you ever forget the thrill of hearing Greta Garbo speak? You'll do a lot of remembering as you turn the pages of The New Movie Album. Besides the many unusual photographs, it shows you a dramatic moment in each star's favorite rôle.

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Fame's Apron Strings

(Continued from page 23)

separation. She says she doesn't, and I believe her. It makes me unhappy to do a thing that hurts her, but I foresee that she would eventually be unhappy if I stuck around and lived on her earnings. She would lose respect for me—and how long can a woman love a man she does not respect?

I intend to succeed in the motion-picture business, or return to the New York stage, where I was fairly well established. I am sure I will have better opportunities, now that I am on my own. I honestly think that a principal reason I have not gone ahead has been other men's contempt for my posture.

Being Mr. Peggy Shannon gradually became the nightmare of my life, twenty-four hours daily. Every time I appeared in public with my wife, I sensed eyes boring into me accusingly, and I seemed to hear scornful remarks. Perhaps I imagined things until they became manifest to me. I watched the fading romances of Ann Harding and Harry Bannister, and of Helen and Clark Twelvetrees, her first husband, and she is now living happily with her second. More to the point, I saw my own married life wrecked; I was Mr. Dorothy Lee.

I experienced that "hunted dog" feeling when I was Dorothy's husband. I was often introduced as Mr. Lee. I nearly tore a door from its hinges getting at a new butler who called me—ever so respectfully—Mr. Lee. Despite the fact that I had more money than my wife, I realized that few people knew it, and I was inwardly certain they sneered when they saw us in public. It was a terrible feeling, and my heart goes out to Alan. In separating from his wife, he has done exactly what any decent man would do under the circumstances.

But Alan, my friend, take this advice: Don't seek a divorce. Peggy is a fine, unselshish girl; you would have a difficult time finding her equal. She is crazy about you, and has been for years.

Now that you are on your own, dig in with the old Dixie grit. Show them what you can do.

As for you, Peggy Shannon, if you love Alan (and I am positive that you do), give him full leeway. He is on his own now; don't do anything to block his way. Your earnest efforts to help him are really hindrances, for they only call to mind the fact that he is your husband. I know it will be difficult for you not to try to help him, but you must not butt in, even with the kindest intentions.

It isn't your fault you have been luckier than Alan, and I know you well enough to know you mean it when you tell me you wish he had met up with your good luck, instead of you. So just remember that the best thing you can do is to make him go about this business in his own way. You are helping him, silently, by being his inspiration.

Stick it out, Alan. You'll make good. Stick it out, Peggy. You'll be glad you did.

Stick it out, my friends. You're in love.
was as Magnolia in Ziegfeld's "Showboat" that she scored her first big hit as an actress. Virtually an unknown, she played for seventy consecutive weeks on tour.

How the little girl wandering along the banks of the Ohio River, staring open-mouthed at the tawdry, but to her wonderful, glamour of those showboats, herself realized the ambition they instilled in her at home. In the beginning it was too much even to dream about, and so she decided to become a school teacher. She got her teacher's diploma everything, but then fate stepped in.

READING a newspaper one day, she saw that Ziegfeld was looking for a lead in a musical comedy. It was probably only a publicity story, because Ziegfeld had the lead already picked; but Irene Dunne didn't know anything about publicity stories then, and so she went blithely to the theatre to try out. Ziegfeld had to stand back of the story and give her an impression of how she was to be. Irene, not being very articulate, swallowed hard and then Irene got it. What she did with it the world already knows—but you can't tell Irene there isn't any Santa Claus.

From St. Louis, where her family had lived for generations, Irene moved to St. Louis, where she was educated at a convent. From there went her study at the Chicago Academy of Music. It was here that she almost became a school teacher, had not the newspaper clipping intervened. Her parents, although having no objection to the concert stage, nevertheless were opposed to the theatre; so Irene, to get her chance, had virtually to run away from home to New York.

SHE arrived on Broadway with one suitcase and an overwhelming fear, and she says that her first impulse upon seeing the "big town" was to run right back again. So scared and so unfamiliar was the city was she that she rode one whole day back and forth on the shuttle subway before daring to get off.

Then a taxi-driver took her to a hotel which, as she knows now, was not exactly the right one for a lady traveling alone. All that she found out later. It was in New York that she met and married her dentist husband, Dr. Francis D. Griffith, and that marriage is just another of the things Irene Dunne that Hollywood doesn't understand.

Speaking of the present arrangement between her husband and herself, Irene says that it is ideal. He remains in New York to attend to his practice, going to Hollywood once or twice a year, while she takes him back then between every picture. While she is working, she spends every Wednesday and every Saturday night sitting at home at his request, writing for him to call her up. The call may come at seven in the evening or three the next morning—but it always comes. "I couldn't advise others to try such a long distance marriage," Miss Dunne told me, "but for us it works perfectly. We are three thousand miles apart, it is true, but the big thing is that we each have our careers without interference from the other. My husband can't leave his practice and I can't leave Hollywood, but neither of us has any thought of giving up either the career or each other. Some day we shall again live in our 'honeymoon' apartment, but in the meantime, for us, this is the best possible way."

The apartment of which she spoke was furnished for their marriage, and is occupied every time Irene goes to New York. While she is in Hollywood, however, the doctor lives with his wife's brother at his club. And Irene lives with her mother in her Beverly Hills home.

IRENE DUNNE is perhaps the one person in Hollywood who does exactly as she likes. She is positive in her desires, and carries them out without regard to anything or anybody.

Irene frankly admits that she does not have a terrific "temper," which she has been trying to get under control all her life. This temper, she says, has got her into many a scrape; and in order to curb it she carries everlastingly with her a little book which she calls her "mad book."

The name of it is "Not a Word," and when Irene feels herself about to hit the ceiling, she hurriedly retires to a corner and reads furiously. Often, she says, it works beautifully, the psychology being the same as Napoleon's counting ten. But she couldn't be blamed for an outburst she had, at this time the book didn't work either.

While she was working on her last picture, the assistant director one day gave her an early call for the next morning, and then, when that set was cancelled, forgot to tell her. Consequently, Irene came to the studio and spent two hours on her make-up before she found out that she needn't have come. She says that she not only read her mad book, but counted up to a hundred on that occasion, and when she had done both, found that she was more riled than ever.

No, the assistant director didn't neglect to keep her calls straight after that.

ANOTHER thing that makes Irene inordinately mad, but about which she doesn't seem to be able to do anything, is missing shots at golf. She is proud of being a member of the Hole-in-One Club, sinking her qualifying stroke on the Pebble Beach course at Del Monte; but she's always buying clubs to replace the ones she breaks when things are not so good at Lakeside.

Just now, Irene is in open rebellion. In both "Cimarron" and "Back Street" she portrayed virtuously and the seven ages of woman, and she declares that she is all through growing old before her time. Beautiful old ladies are beautiful, she says, reminding you of your grandmother and everything, but they're still—old. "One more silver thread among the gold," she said, "and I'll be tagged just as inevitably as a second-hand automobile. Instead of having a career, I'll..."
get an honorary membership in the
old ladies' home.

Unlike many actresses who have for-
saken the footlights for the more lucrative
fleshpots of the screen, Irene
doesn't try to ritz Hollywood with her
Broadway superstructure. On the con-
terary, she prefers the screen to the
stage, and expects to stay in pictures
until she retires permanently.

"Here I can do a vastly greater au-
dience," she declares, "to the world, in
fact, instead of to a single house. Be-
sides, each role is different, and con-
stant repetition of even a role like
'Showboat' becomes monotonous to me."

Her dream, eventually, is to live in
a little cottage just outside New
York and presumably raise babies while
her husband pulls teeth.

NEITHER has Irene gone Hollywood.
As a matter of fact, she has done
just the reverse. She lives quietly, with
only a couple of servants and a wine-
barrel for a studio. Ruffy, beside her
mother. She detests openings, and rare-
ly goes to Hollywood parties. She would
much rather jump into her roadster
and drive three or four hundred miles
to a golf course. She is afraid of air-
planes and never travels in them.

She does love the beach, however,
and her love for it once cost the studio
several thousand dollars in suspended
production. She owns no beach cot-
tage, as most of the stars do, and so
she took her nap in the sun. This par-
ticular time she slept too soundly, and
when she woke up she could not move.
Instead of the ocean, she went to a
hospital for sunburn.

NOTWITHSTANDING both her love
for the movies—she is an ardent
picture fan—and her success on the
screen, Irene doesn't really like Holly-
wood. She belongs to no cliques and
speaks no Hollywoodese. And, unfas-
tionable hereabouts, she pulls down the
shades when she switches on the lights.

Hollywood, though it doesn't pretend
to understand her, nevertheless adores
her. But the cinema folk can't be sure
whether she really means the naive
mask she wears, or is merely laughing
behind it. As for Irene, she insists
that she isn't sophisticated enough, and says
that nobody else in Hollywood is, either.

I like to work here," she asserts,"but I like to stay in the East. I can
only stay here so long before I begin
to feel stagnated. Then I've got to go
away until I resume a normal view-
point.

Looking at her, you get very much
the same sort of a sensation that you
get when you look down into a well.
On the surface everything is calm,
placid, unruffled; but down below there
are shadows, with nobody knows just
what underneath. But at the bottom
of the well there is a spring which can-
not be repressed, and you get the feel-
ing, somehow, that Irene is like that.
It was just such a spring which burst
out into that unforgettable perfor-
manoe in "Cimarron."

Hollywood has found that Irene can
do a lot. It has recognized the line
between being an ingenuous and high-hat.
She insists upon being herself, and that
leaves Hollywood gasping. Nobody ever
knows just what is going on behind
those widely-spaced, grayish-brown
eyes of hers, and behind that high,
broad forehead; she is as mysterious
as Chopra and at the same time as
wholesomely refreshing as one of her
own mint juleps. She is entirely dif-
ferent from any one Hollywood has
ever known.

Hollywood is used to big stars who
shoot this way and that on any or no
particular plan. Distinctly and Ne-
grois and Garbo and Bennetts, et al.
But for a girl like Irene Dunne, going
quietly along her own serene way, num-
boring her intimates upon the fingers
of one hand and passing up the giddy,
frivolous social life completely, there
is no precedent at all. No marquises
pay court to her; instead, she sits at
home, alone, and waits for her tele-
phone calls.

Hollywood gives it up.
There's an old saying that still waters
run deep. And that, perhaps, best de-
scribes Irene Dunne.

Hollywood Cook-Coos
(Continued from page 43)

Stanley Rose book shop and bought 350
books just like that.

And it took a year and a half to
collect a $700 laundry bill from a
prominent producer.

Gals who ape Garbo
Sometimes too far go.

Warner Brothers announce they are
guarding secret production
plans which will be sensational and
surprising. Probably going to have the girl
suck Cagney.

When Jean Harlow married Paul
Bern he presented her with a
deal to his $50,000 canyon home.
Bavarian architecture.

He's 42. She's 21.

BERN, born in Germany, is a kindly,
sensitive, intellectual man who
worked up from film laboratories to as-
sist in producer at Metro.

Long ago he won a reputation as a
"father confessor" for troubled movie
stars.

When Jean moved into her new home
she took nearly a truck load of peri-
fumes—almost every known brand, ar-
ranged in specially built boudoir cabi-
nets.

She goes to bed at nine-thirty every
night when she is working—which is
most of the time.

Washes her hair in blueing.

The New Movie Magazine, October, 1932
Hollywood Cook-Coos

Trying to write a novel.

And has already written her epitaph, and handed it on to Homer Cray, Hollywood's official epitaph collector. Here it is:

Of this quiet and peace
I'm very fond;
No more remarks—"She's a Platinum Blond."

AND here's the epitaph Homer got from Mrs. Paul Whiteman (Margaret Livingston):

A Weight Off My Mind.

"EVERYBODY," says Lupe Velez, "Iak to 'ave a pretty gal around."
"Everybody, that is, except anther pretty gal.

There are very few things that are quite so emphatic
As a star in a pose she considers dramatic.

JUST about now, three Chinese girls and thirty-seven men are getting ready to shoot scenes on the top of the world for "Eskimo." They'll be gone a year and a half—working in two hours a day of sunlight. Incidentally, supplies included 20,000 cartons of cigarettes. Van Dyke, the director, attended dental school five days before sailing—so he could learn how to yank teeth.

Be that as it may, fourteen authors jumped to their feet when someone cried, "Author!" at a Hollywood preview.

Very smart—having so many authors. They keep going to see the picture again and again—thus insuring a long run.

But still, it's very clear that most stars ought
Not to be snapped while looking full of thought.

ACCORDING to the Associated Press, a marathon hiccougher received 6,000 letters and telegrams during his illness.

This should be a good publicity gag for a movie star whose fan mail is falling off.

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE
Do You Know Hollywood Like Hollywood Knows You?
1. What gossip writer has his or her key-hole eye insured for fifty grand?
2. Why can Jimmy Durante smoke a cigar while he takes a shower?
3. Who owes so many bills that he is considering a tour of personal appearances?
4. Is Hollywood fuller of unemployed actors than it is of unemployed Hays' codes?
5. What female star has given up being aloof and mysterious because she found it wasn't making anyone mad?

If you can answer each and every question without a moment's hesitation there is no reason to get excited about it.

There was a little girl and she took a little whirl
In a part that the censors thought horrid,
For when she was good, she was very, very good,
But when she was bad she was torrid.

Simile—
Rare as a golden wedding in 'Ollywood.

Notations found on a gossip writer's cuff:
"Clara Bow had to make 115 pounds before they'd start shooting her comeback picture.
Lottie Pickford, on a liquid diet, has lost 22 pounds.
Bill Haines drinks cold pop in a hot bath.
Lionel Barrymore drives an old flower.
Enriro Caruso, Jr., has his first picture chance in "Airmail."
Ray Griffith—remembers his comedies—now owns a drive-in market.
So does Conrad Nagel.
Richard Talmadge and Grover Jones, scenarists, are partners in a flower shop. They have a Rolls-Royce delivery wagon.

The press agent lads we can humbly thank
For ten million pictures of faces quite blank.

ROBERT SHERWOOD, writing on Hollywood in the symposium, "America as Americans See It," for German consumption, says:
"Toilers in the movie vineyards are exceptionally pleasant people—even the prominent ones. They are the best of hosts. . . . They read books, they know what is going on in the world; the great majority take neither themselves nor their work with any great degree of seriousness. They are inclined to be self-consciously diffident rather than bluntly boastful, as their chroniclers so often represent them. The corporate intelligence of Hollywood is not nearly so comical as it is supposed by satirists who have never been there."

And then there's the writer who took along a 1,000-piece jigsaw puzzle when he went to keep an appointment with Irving Thalberg.

Among the things that make life somewhat tougher Are photos of stars who are trying to suffer.

NATURALLY, when Warner Brothers decided to make "Cabin in the Cotton," a story of the old South, they selected a director who was born in the old south—of Europe. So, on the first day, when he called the cast he can be pardoned for his remarks. He told the players that he wanted them to realize that "Cabin in the Cotton" was a story—

"Of the old South, during the Civil War, when the South was fighting the East."

Guided By Doctor’s Advice—Happy Woman LOSES 27 Pounds of FAT

Mrs. Helen Greene of Brooklyn, N. Y., write: "A physician advised my mother to take Kruschen Salts for overweight and I started taking it myself. I weighed 192 and after taking 3 bottles I reduced to 165 and never felt so well. It's a tonic as well as reducer."

A bottle that lasts 4 weeks cost but 85 cents at any drugstore—for REAL results and your health's sake—reject imitations—accept nothing but Kruschen.

Kruschen Salts —It's The Little Daily Dose That Does It—

Write for a copy of "How to Lose Fat without Injuring Health." Dept. K. E. Griffiths Hughes, Inc., Rochester, N. Y.

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.

THE IRVING-VANCE COMPANY Ltd. 335 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

No Joke To Be Deaf

Every Deal Person Knows That

George P. Wat, Inc., Detroit, Michigan

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

It peels off dead skin in fine particles until all defects such as pimples, liver spots, tan and freckles disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. To remove wrinkles quickly dissolve one super Mercolized Starch in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.
Playtime with the Stars
(Continued from page 57)

What makes men fall for BLONDES?

TESTS show that men fall in love with blondes much more easily than with brunettes. However, when blonde hair fades or becomes dull and lifeless, a blonde becomes less attractive, especially if using BLONDEx, amazing special shampoo, the original golden, sparkling radiance of youth is restored and faded blonde hair becomes a shimmering cascade of golden loveliness. No dye, no harmful chemicals—marvelously beneficial to both hair and scalp. Try it today! See the astonishing beauty it will give you in ten minutes! Ask for Blondex at any Drug or Department store.

DON'T let falling hairpins spoil your CHARM

The NEW Sta-Rite Invisible Bobbs are your best "charm insurance"—they won't fall out. They hold the hair firmly, yet since they're colored to match your hair, they remain inconspicuous. Buy them at your favorite store.

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MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home-making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.

THE MENHENITT COMPANY, Limited 226 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

GLASSETTE BIG MONEY MAKER


New Treatment!

Instantly Relieves—Quickly Removes CORNS AND CALLouses

It ends pain instantly! It safely removes the entire corn or callus in 48 hours! This double-action is produced by separate Medicated Dials used in conjunction with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Dogs, cats, snakes, don't use it. Easy, easy to apply. At all drug and shoe stores.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

ager had not lowered the curtain the last time but had slipped into Uncle Tom's dressing room, which was just behind him, grabbed the mask he wore for curtain calls as he removed his makeup during the final call, rushed on the stage and shot the manager.

The motive was a hopeless love for Eva, who spurned him. In a fit of intense jealousy he shot his husband, and there, children, is the mystery solved. Heigh-ho for the intellectual life!

NOT as taxing but great fun is a game introduced to Hollywood by Gloria Swanson. If you have plenty of pencils and paper, the rest is easy—provided your vocabulary is well developed. It is called Classifications, and Fay Wray and John Saunders find it great to entertain their friends.

"You name a five-letter word," Fay explained, "write it down under letter along the edge of your paper. Across the top of the paper you write five classifications. The easiest way is to sit around a table, one person chooses the word and the next five people in turn name the classifications. Your papers now look like this:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>P</th>
<th>S</th>
<th>A</th>
<th>L</th>
<th>C</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Pen</td>
<td>Fork</td>
<td>Pearl</td>
<td>Pea</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

"The game is to fill in the squares with words belonging to the classifications named," Fay went on, "and beginning with the letter before it (see last line in the box) he has and ten minutes to think of the 25 words and a wild scramble it is. High score wins!"

"The scoring is quite tricky," John pointed out. "Each word counts ten if no one else uses it too. If one other player uses it, the word counts nine, if two others use it, count eight, and so on. You put each word score in its square and when all are checked, add them up."

It is a great game, and I left Fay and John down there completely surrounded by dictionaries, encyclopedias, histories of creation, books of synonyms and antonyms and the latest joke books, trying to prove each side of their argument right as to whether the tomato is a fruit or a vegetable!

THE more I investigated this gaming complex, the more I learned about interesting games.

Marian Nixon has a dinner table game called "Who Is It?" This one is excellent to test your historical knowledge.

"We call the same game 'Shedding Light,'" David Manners told me, "and I like it. I am a tall, lanky man of angular build.

"My hair is black and I wear a beard. My eyes are deep-set and dark. I was born in a log cabin and spent every spare moment reading what books I could get. My life was filled with failure, but I became one of the country's most beloved leaders. The future welfare of the country rested upon a decision that cost me mental peace and eventually my life. Some of my speeches are known by everyone and one of the country's most beautiful memorial buildings is erected in my name—who am I?"

That's right, it was Lincoln.

NOT as brain-busting an effort but a barrel of fun is a favorite game of Betty Compson's.

"To play it you write a question on a slip of paper. Any question about anything," she said. "Fold the slip and write on it any number that pops into your head. Slips are then put into a hat, and everybody draws one. According to number, you unfold the paper, read the question aloud and then have to talk for one minute on that subject.

"You'll be surprised to find how much it takes to fill up a minute. Especially when you don't know anything about your subject, or if it is a bit embarrassing," Betty chuckled. "If you fail to do it, you are 'yellow' and the game goes on."

Questions are about anything under the sun. I heard one about the whiffiness of wherefore—well, that tells the story.

Bert Wheeler and Bob Woolsey are just the types for a whispering game—another good dinner table diversion.

You guilty whisperer very quietly to the person next you some remark which is in turn whispered, as though heard, to the person next him at table," Bert Wheeler explained. "Another person whispered to repeats aloud what he thought he heard and the remark is repeated with the original whisper. It is amazing how your original remark will be changed before it goes back."

At a recent dinner party, when the remark "Don't they?" got round to Bertrand he whispered to Bob, "Plea's do!" Well, pandemonium reigned!

GOING out to the Great Glasons—Lucille, James and Russell—for tea, I heard a murmur (like Jimmie's
Playtime with the Stars

bees) of "New York—Knoxville—Edin-

burgh—I challenge—it's a city in Scot-
tland—"

What on earth could this be? "It's a
swell game," Russ assured me. "It's
called 'Cities' and you play it like that.
Starting at the head of the table, a
person names a city, the next person
named another city beginning with the
last letter of the city just named. If
you don't believe there is such a place,
you challenge' and the name has to
tell where the city is.

Well—it is a swell game—travel
broadens one so.

Bill Powell and Carole Lombard, who
are famed for their wit and humor, en-
tertain their friends with a little dif-
ferent kind of game. They get a new
issue of some comic magazine, cut out
the cartoons and number the pictures.
When everyone is seated round the table
and supplied with pencil and paper, the
tables are passed round one at a time.
Each

person can look at each picture only one
minute. Then gets busy and writes a
title for the picture he has looked at.
When all have finished, the pic-
tures are placed face up on the table
and the various titles for them read
aloud. Don't have to read; you have
told how a sense of humor helps at
these times.

"Games? Sure, we play 'em!"
Johnny Jack Brown grinned. "The
very ones we got such a kick out of as
children. We call one 'Hot or Cold.'
A person leaves the room and the rest
of us select something like the Eiffel
Tower or the Graf Zeppelin or some-
thing. Then we yell 'Ready!' and the
one that's it comes back in the room
and tries to guess the object. We give
him ten minutes, and he asks us ques-
tions, to which we only answer Hot or
Cold, as the case may be.

'Member when you played it? It's
still good, brother, and will last a while
yet.

NEIL HAMILTON is, perhaps, the
most intrepid propounnder of riddles
in Hollywood. One of his best games
hasn't any name, unless you might call it
"Fallacies."

"You make up a story in which there
is some error, then ask what is wrong
with it," Neil said. "Here is an ex-
ample."

"A man was digging in his garden
one day. Soon he noticed something
shiny in the earth. It was a curious
old coin with some writing and the
date 400 B.C. engraved upon it. The
man hadn't much money, so he took the
coin to a collector to see if it was valu-
able. The collector offered him $200
for the coin. What's the error or
fallacy in that?"

You thought deeply, but could only
suggest that nobody has $2000! "Do
you give up?" "Uh-huh."

"Well," grinned Neil, it's the date.

Four hundred years before the birth of
Christ they didn't know anything about
Him, so how could they date the coin
that way?"

Much chastened in spirit, you slunk
away from there!

CONSTANCE BENNETT is another
puzzle enthusiast. When her
friends drop in, Connie sets them
to work with puzzles she has cut out
from papers or magazines, and they work
until the wee sma' hours to solve them.
Sometimes they vary the game by cut-
ting out headlines from newspapers and
pastein' them on a sheet of paper to
make up a story. This is another sure
opportunity for the well-known sense
of humor.

Eddie Quillian uses another version
of this game by supplying his guests with
pencils and paper and then command-
ing them to make up a story from song
titles.

Ann Harding tests the brains of her
guests with a spelling game of her
own invention.

"I start by naming a letter—any let-
ter—then the next one at table adds
the next letter, and so on until the word
is complete. If you complete a word of
pieces of letters, it doesn't count. If
you complete a word of more than five
letters, you are penalized. If you com-
plete more than four words of just five
letters, you are out of the game. If
anyone doubts the word you have in
mind, you cannot be challenged and must
tell what the word is. Penalties can be
a gift on the next card or to add to the
fun, and are a test of in-

nuity," Ann explained.

GETTING away from our tables
and right down on the floor, I dis-
covered one of the most unusual and
hilarious games of them all.

Dolores Del Rio, the grave, the
demure, the dignified, is the present
champion. "You put an empty quart
milk bottle on its side on the floor, sit
don it and then try to raise your feet
off the floor without using your
hands for support!" Dolores told me. 

"You cannot imagine just what the
card means until you try it, and if you
want to live a wobbling party, just get out
the old milk bottles and start them
at it!"

Now then, we have exposed the awful
truth. This is Hollywood at its driest
—with its wicked parties—its wild
gaming and its grand sense of humor!
But even that sense of humor doesn't
keep Hollywood from taking seriously
the star-reading and veiierencing done
at the table, holding a deck of cards,
supporting a pair of hands or a crystal
ball by which some gifted friends can
read the sacredly kept secret of your
forty-third cousin's middle name. This
is the greatest gaming table of them
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congregate.

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Nothing ages a man or a woman's face
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Remember— that you bought
this magazine at WOOLWORTHS
You will find a new one at the
same place on the 15th of each month

The New Movie Magazine, October, 1932
The Brown Derby would be the ideal incubator for hatching future stars. Mr. Somборn, the big boss, realizes that. He knows that if he wanted to, he could have as waitresses the most beautiful girls from all over the world. But he doesn’t wish to turn the Derby into a milliner’s with a chorus of waitresses dancing from table to table, from booth to booth, with all their sex appeal turned on full force. From past experience he knows that waitresses last only as long as the first offer of a movie job. And still a better reason, he doesn’t want beautiful waitresses giving competition to beautiful movie stars.

But then, you ask, aren’t waiters—possible leading men, future Clark Gables, new Valentinos, budding Jack Oakies? To which we answer that among the two dozen employed in Number Two, the largest with real picture possibilities. Waiters with regular features, Barrymore profiles and Apollo physiques simply don’t stand a chance of a Job in the Vine Street Derby.

The chef alone, of all the Derby employees, is a picture type—a potential star. And they keep him buried in the kitchen behind a lot of stoves and pots and pans! If a producer or director ever wanders back there, the Derby is going to have to look around for a new chef:

Harry Beckel is his name. He looks more like Leo Carrillo than Leo looks like himself. Black curly hair embraces a well-shaped head—dark, flashing eyes with a bit of the devil in them dominate a strong face, and added to these charms are sparkling teeth and a smile that spells box office.

The Derby brought him to Hollywood from the Ritz Carlton in New York. His salary is about two hundred a week, equaling that of the average Hollywood juvenile. And he gets his eats free and has no worry about options. No wonder he doesn’t aspire to make faces at all. He has a hunch the some enterprising producer will get him yet.

At eleven-thirty the first luncheon customer arrives. It is a stoutish, gaudily dressed woman of about thirty. With her is a little curly-haired girl. And there are more than ten tourists. Every day at the same hour, she arrives with the child, and takes her regular place at one of the tables near the door, from where she can get a good view of the booths when they fill, for only the celebrities seem to occupy the booths.

She has the child all done up in frills, with a touch of paint on her sunken little cheeks and her small, round lips. The little girl seems to be bored with having to come here every day and sit and nod and smile whenever mother says to; for you see, Mother is too busy to get into pictures, and is determined to show off her wares in the movie restaurant. Somehow, one thinks of Stella Dallas and poor little Laurel. Mother figures that the Derby is the finest casting office in town, and mother is not so far from wrong.

Presently the producers, stars, directors, agents and columnists will be arriving in droves and the poor little girl will go through her whole routine all over again.

It is interesting to watch the Brown Derby fill at the noon hour. At about twelve, four or five of the booths are already occupied, and there are a few tourists sitting at the tables in the center, gapping already for glimpses of the great. One can hear voices distinctly. The acoustics are good, and words come clearly through the air. Just the right kind of acoustics for eavesdropping, studio gossip and Hollywood scandal.

One of the lady tourists summons a waiter. Her voice booms.

"Who is that handsome man in the third booth, with just the right tone of curiosity?"

"That’s Harry Bannister," the waiter tells her. "Ann Harding’s ex-husband, you know."

"Oh yes!" the lady tourist beams. "And do you mind telling me who that charming young lady with him can be?"

The waiter looks puzzled. He goes and speaks to another waiter who usually has the lowdown on everybody.

In a moment he returns with the information. I am sure Mr. Bannister and his lovely companion must know they are being talked about, for even a whisper at this hour, wows the acoustics like a zealous lover.

"The charming young lady, Madame, is Miss Nancy Lyons," the waiter informs her.

"Miss Nancy Lyons?" she turns to her friend. "Why, I’ve never even heard of her, have you? She must be a new one."

In another fifteen minutes several more of the booths have filled, and many of the regular tables have been taken by newcomers. The Olympic Games are under way. Many strange and foreign faces are in town. One can almost pick out foreign visitors at the various tables. Their continental accents mingle with the Hollywood lingo. The sound rises. Words becomes blurred—indistinct—faint and far-away. One must strain the ear to catch a phrase.

By one o’clock the sound has risen to a crescendo of a thousand voices all blending into one gigantic voice. A great mumble, like a huge buzz of a jungle of bees, envelops the place. Every one seems to be talking at once. Lips move, eyes strain out of their sockets, necks twist and turn, and waiters rush back and forth from the kitchen with orders, like so many mechanical men. A refined madhouse! An intellectual asylum! A place where vanity and curiosity wed to the tune of a beefsteak!

LATECOMERS continue to arrive.

Nick genially shows them to their places. Douglas Fairbanks arrives with his party. Buzz! Buzz! Buzz! All over the place.

"Don’t Ethel Barrymore look young? Why, my dear, she’s almost sixty!"
A Dizzy Day at the Brown Derby

"Really! I wonder how old she and Chaplin and Doug are all together."

"Well, now you're going into telephone numbers."

The woman with the little girl nudges her.

"Darling, there's Mr. Chaplin. You must go over to his table and tell him you're so happy he has returned to Hollywood."

Gary Cooper enters with the Countess Frasso of Rome! Every one has heard of Gary's friendship with the wealthy Italian countess.

"Gary is being worn to a Frasso," some one wisecracks.

Gary and the Countess join the Fairbanks party. Doug inquires immediately for Toluca, Gary's pet ape, which he brought back from his adventurous trek through darkest Africa. Gary answers that the pet ape is at home nursing a cold.

News of their coming has spread to every booth and table by this time. News spread like wildfire and extraordinary fashion at Number Two. There is a phone connection in every booth. One has only to summon a waiter to have a phone brought to the table and plugged into a socket for a connection with any other booth in the place. The phone connects up with the girl at the switchboard, who, when informed of the number of the booth communication is desired with, simply plugs into the switchboard—and there you are!

Those who don't use the telephone resort to table-jumping. So between the two there is plenty of movement in the Derby.

The newspaper columnists gather here every noon to pick up the gossip. Most of these hot stories that you read over the coffee cups originated in the Derby.

LET'S see—what news can they pick up today. There's Russell Gleason and Marguerite Churchill sitting together at one of the tables, having a warm tête-à-tête absorbed in each other. Russell's ex-flame, Mary Brian, is touring in vaudeville. What's this—a new news?

There's Gilda Gray of the famous shake, talking on the phone to Mr. Ray Goetz, famous Broadway musical comedy producer and ex-husband of Irene Bordoni. They must be telling each other jokes, for Gilda's deep, throaty laugh rings out above all the noise.

In one of the booths Barry Norton, recently returned from a long vacation in the South Seas, is having lunch with Mr. and Mrs. Veeder, and the little red-head have been friends for a long time. From her expression he must be telling her how they make love in Tahiti. But Hollywood knows that Ginger will soon march to the altar with pin-size Mervyn Lephy, the little guy gives her a lot.

And there's Estelle Taylor with the Beery brothers, Noah and Wally. She's safe. They can't engage her to both of them! And if it is he alone. Sue Carol is at home nursing the newly-arrived blessed event!

And speaking of blessed events, beautiful June Collyer has just come in. Even in a city of beautiful women, her fresh, flower-like beauty stands out, and many eyes feast upon her.

"She's going to entertain the stork," one brother producer whispers to the other.

THE platinum Jean Harlow enters to dazzle the tourists in her daring pants. All Hollywood has a new interest in Jean now since her phenomenal success as a red-haired woman. In addition, she has taken the matrimonial plunge with Hollywood's most eligible bachelor and little father con-

fessor, Paul Bern, and the natives are still gasping, for Paul has been immune to the charms of the best of them. There is much talk as to her position on the new M.-G.-M. program since her marriage to the M.-G.-M. executive. Even the stars are hard of hearing. Jean Crawford has a serious rival!

"She's going to do 'Lulu Belle' in a black wig," whispers a screen cutie to her agent.

The agent whispers to the supervisor in the next booth, "Jean Harlow is going to do 'Lulu Belle' in a black wig!" The supervisor throws the news—around—and from then on it travels faster than lightning. And it is the same with any story in the Derby. Something will start at one end as a mere gossipy rumor, and by the time it reaches the other end it has been exaggerated into a headline scandal!

The mother is nudging the little girl again.

"Dear, go over and tell Jean Harlow that she gave a superb performance in 'Red Headed Woman'!" the mother commands.

"But Mother, dear, I haven't even seen 'Red Headed Woman'," the little girl protests.

"Now do as mother says and everything will be fine," the ambitious parent orders.

"Very well, mother," the little girl sighs.

"And remember, dear, use the word 'superb!'" the mother reminds her, and then proudly watches her go.

LUNCHON lasts about two hours. Every one takes his time; half of it is wasted in neck-stretching. If there is any starch in the neck when you come in, there is certainly none left when you leave.

Every one eats his food in leisure— talking, gossiping, looking around. Whispers, side glances, innuendoes, all find paradise together.

Studio sets wait for players to return. Executives casually and noisily discuss studio politics over every new production. It is no unusual thing for a story conference to be held in one of the Derby booths.

Carl Laemmle, Jr., comes here to lunch almost every day. As does Phil Goldstone, King of the Independents. And often enough, Fox's big chief, Winfield Sheehan, and Jack Warner, of Warner Brothers.

People come and people go, constantly, and the chatterer down front sings a song of prosperity, making one wonder where the depression (Please turn to page 114)
A Dizzy Day at the Brown Derby

(Continued from page 113)

... satisfaction was there in going to the Embassy where every one was bored and no one really interested in how one dressed or looked or acted. But those adoring fans! Those appreciative tourists!

As the stars file out one by one, the autograph hounds besiege them.

George Raft, Hollywood's new sensation, having his first taste of popularity and fame, is one of the most obliging of the stars. He autographs for everybody, and gets a great kick out of it. That's because Georgie can remember when no one wanted his autograph. And not so many months ago at that. For three years he has been a regular, daily customer at the Vine Street Derby. During those three years he has waited patiently for a chance to make good. By coming to the Derby every day he made his face familiar to every producer, director and supervisor in Hollywood. When gangster pictures became the vogue, they remembered that face—and now he has made several hits with his performance in "Scarface."

Ginger Rogers, Barry Norton, Lois Wilson, Zasu Pitts, Estelle Taylor, John Murray, Compton, Polly Moran, Lilyan Tashman and Eddie Love all depart at once. Swanky limousines wait at the curb. It has been said that more Rolls-Royces have poured in front of the Brown Derby than at any other place in the world. On a busy afternoon, it does look like an automobile show.

By three o'clock the place is deserted and the dinner crowd comes between six and eight. Nothing very exciting. Most of the celebrities eat dinner at their homes. But toward midnight after shows and previews are out, famous names gather together again in the booths.

On many a midnight Barbara Stanwyck, and Frank Fay are seen here. Also Ann Dvorak and her new husband, Leslie Fenton.

At different booths will be many executives discussing the preview of some new picture—and arguments will be heard on all sides. A very familiar word is "lousy."

And so into the wee small hours of the morning.

W H Y Hollywood's most famous restaurant was named after a hat only known to others. Somehow it is more like a racetrack—a Kentucky derby—but mad, every race to attract, to impress, to win! A place where the winning horses are of the clothes variety, where movie boys are made and broken, where gossip rides the fastest steed, and "attract attention" is the creed; where columnists stir up all the latest scandal and youngappers leave nothing in their tracks.

Here come the famous and the infamous, the meteors of yesterday and the stars of tomorrow, the great and the small, the wise and the foolish—and the army of the disillusioned. Here is the melting pot of hopes, ambitions and dreams of the future. Tomorrow. Every one pushing toward some unknown goal as uncertain as what lies beyond death. Every one desiring to show every one else that he is reaching that goal. Persistently, ruthlessly; with goddess, indefatigable determination, pushing ahead. Only God knows where. Perhaps to oblivion? Which makes me wonder if Wilson Mizner was in the Brown Derby when he coined his now famous line on Hollywood: "The persistence of the uninspired."

The next morning Miss Beach is busy at the switchboard taking the reservations for the lunch hour.

"Good morning. . . . Brown Derby Number Two. . . . Miss Tashman and Frank Fay . . . a booth for six. . . . Thank you . . . Good morning. . . . Brown Derby Number Two. . . ."

The thirty-thirty woman with the little girl will arrive—and by one, the place will be swarming with big stars and little stars, with has-beens and will-bees a la carte. As Wilson Mizner said, "The persistency of the uninspired." Well, anyway, if it's the Brown Derby, it's the best show in town!

Norma Shearer, homeward bound from work in "Smilin' Through," carries a moment to pose for an informal picture for New Movie Magazine.
For all occasions, for every style of hairdressing — in all shades including grey and white

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No wonder Lucky Strike dares to raise this vital question! For Luckies bring you the protection you want...because Luckies' famous purifying process removes certain impurities concealed in every tobacco leaf. Luckies created that process. Only Luckies have it!

So, whether you inhale knowingly or unknowingly, safeguard those delicate membranes!

"It's toasted"
Your Protection—against irritation, against cough

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TUNE IN ON LUCKY STRIKE—60 modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and famous Lucky Strike features, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening over N. B. C. networks.
Is GARBO Broke?
Read the Startling Story of the Films' Highest Salaried Star!

The LOVE LIFE of MICKEY MOUSE
Revealed by J. P. McEVOY

November, 1932
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Tints and Dyes

A hint!—"Undies" will fade from launderings. Keep them from fading by each time adding a little Tintex to the final rinsing water.

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B Tintex Color Remover will safely and speedily take out all trace of color (including black) from any fabric

C Then the article or fabric can be redyed or tinted with Tintex Tints and Dyes in any new shade to suit yourself—either light or dark.

On sale at drug and notion counters everywhere

Tintex
Color Remover
IET her exercise her wits on contract all she wants to! But if she wants to be attractive when she smiles and talks, it would pay her to spend a few seconds a day exercising her gums!

People get a mighty good close-up of your teeth at the bridge table! How about your teeth and gums? If you have flabby, sickly gums—if you have "pink tooth brush"—watch out! Before long, you may be ashamed to smile!

Modern foods are too soft to exercise the gums properly. And when your gums become soft and tender, you're likely to find "pink" on your tooth brush pretty regularly.

Do you realize that "pink tooth brush" robs the teeth of their natural polish—that it opens the way for gum troubles as serious as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and even pyorrhea—that it endangers sound teeth?

Do this: Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste. But each time, rub a little extra Ipana right into those unhealthy gums of yours. The ziratol in Ipana, with the massage, sends fresh blood speeding through the gums, and helps to firm them back to health.

Start in today with this Ipana régime. Your teeth will be so much whiter and brighter! And if you'll keep using Ipana with massage, you won't have to give a thought to "pink tooth brush." You'll be rid of it!

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A GOOD TOOTH PASTE, LIKE A GOOD DENTIST, IS NEVER A LUXURY

The New Movie Magazine, November, 1932
The New Movie

One of the TOWER MAGAZINES

HUGH WEIR, Editorial Director       VERNE PORTER, Executive Editor

Largest Circulation of Any Screen Magazine in the World
On Sale the 15th of Each Month in Woolworth Stores

VOL. VI. No. 5

NOVEMBER, 1932

Cover Design by
McCLELLAND BARCLAY

FEATURES

They called Clara Bow "the bad girl of Hollywood." And many said she could never come back. But she is! Read the startling story of the "It" Girl of Films—as only Jim Tully can write it—in the December New Movie Magazine!

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Are you afraid of the birthdays ahead? The lovely screen stars aren't!

We know the secret of keeping youthful charm, they declare. No doubt, you have often noticed it — wondered what was their secret.

"You must guard complexion beauty above everything else," they explain. "We use Lux Toilet Soap — regularly!"

"I'm 22," says the lovely Mae Clarke, "and not the slightest bit worried about what I will look like ten years from now. Keeping young in spite of birthdays is entirely possible. Lux Toilet Soap is a great youth insurance."

"I'm 27," says fascinating Dorothy Mackaill. "Stars of the stage and screen know that years have very little to do with charm. The important thing is to keep one's complexion youthful. Like hundreds of other stars I use Lux Toilet Soap — it's excellent!"

The stars find that this fragrant white soap leaves their skin soft, fresh, youthfully aglow. It is so gentle, so beautifully white.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, actually 686 use Lux Toilet Soap regularly. For their convenience the great film studios have made it their official soap. You will want to try it!

Mae Clarke, enchanting star: "I give my skin the care that keeps so many stars youthful — Lux Toilet Soap!"

Dorothy Mackaill, charming star: "Years have little to do with charm. I use Lux Toilet Soap!"

Lux Toilet Soap
I WAS paddled to life back in '98 in Racine, Wisconsin, and was the last child born to my parents, which, in itself, was enough to make my two brothers and my sister older than me. An odd family, what? Consequently I was the youngest child and very often left to play alone. This fraternal neglect gave me an early training as a mime, for, when I wanted to play "cowboys and Indians," I not only had to be the "puncher," but the redskin as well.

With this broad training, it is not astonishing that I should have been early recognized as an actor. Going back into my memory—by train this time; last time I went back on a bicycle—I can remember my mother as the first to comment on my thespian ability.

"Fred," she scolded, as she led me by the ear from a room full of shocked guests, "Fred, I simply can't understand what makes you act that way!" A neat compliment.

At another time—I was about ten, I think—I imitated an old gentleman, who looked and walked like Santa Claus, with such success that the neighbors were thrown into gales of laughter, by which the little girl next door was blown far out into Lake Superior, never to be seen or heard of again.

HOWEVER, these little successes failed to turn my head, so, instead of running away with the circus, as the neighbors hoped I would, I did the adventurous thing and went to school.

From grammar school, I went directly to the University of Wisconsin—pausing only for four years at the Racine High School as a propitiatory gesture to the University Dean of Admissions.

My brother, Jack, had been a student at the University before me, and he wrote his fraternity a letter warning them against his little brother, Freddie. But the rushing committee misunderstood him, and I was suddenly initiated into Alpha Delta Phi. Of course, once they had me, they had to do something toward making me a credit (Please turn to page 105)
HELEN HAYES
AND
GARY COOPER
IN
"A FAREWELL TO ARMS"

WITH
ADOLPHE MENJOU

A FRANK BORZAGE PRODUCTION

Adapted to the screen from Ernest Hemingway's Famous Novel by Laurence Stallings (Co-Author of "What Price Glory")

Into the giant tapestry of a world in pain is woven the most tumultuous and passionate romance yet written or screened. The mad mating of souls lost for love's sake, to the thunderous roaring of guns . . .

Paramount Pictures

The New Movie Magazine, November, 1932
Do you realize that when Gary Cooper and Helen Hayes play opposite each other they represent the long and short of the picture industry? Gary stands seventy-four inches, which makes him the tallest male star in the business, while Helen Hayes is just sixty inches, which makes her the smallest feminine star.

HELEN HAYES was the nasty little sister in the play "Clarence" featuring Alfred Lunt—But that was way back.

THE very day Rin-Tin-Tin died, Jackie Cooper’s little dog “Dink” was run over by a hit-and-run driver at one of the Santa Monica Bay beaches.

Jackie was working that day at M-G-M studios and was not told of the tragedy until he arrived home that night.

JOHN DECKER, the artist, has undertaken to paint a group portrait of the Four Mad Marx Brothers.

And that is a career for any man.

In the typical Marx manner, each of the four brothers has agreed to pay Decker a different price.

NOAH BEERY’S voice registers the lowest of basso-profundos and, a thing few of his fans know, the old boy actually can sing.

Read the last minute news and gossip of your favorite stars on and off the set!

Our cameraman was strolling along Hollywood Boulevard the other day when along came Ginger Rogers. The temptation was too much for him, so he snapped this picture. Quite a swanky outfit, huh?

Sally Blane on the set built for "Boys Will Be Boys," improves the shining moment by brushing up on her lines. Sally is Loretta Young’s sister.
Last year it was "The Spirit of Notre Dame"—this fall UNIVERSAL beats this fine gridiron drama with one more thrilling, more human and with more and greater heroes in the cast. Not only the entire ALL AMERICA team of 1931 but a score of other "All Americans" of previous years and THE ALL AMERICA BOARD OF FOOTBALL.

Never before such a cast in such a mile-a-minute football play, The Greatest Gridiron STARS in history! They never played together in college but they give you the greatest football game in history on the screen and you can see and hear it all in closeup at your favorite theatre.

Directed by RUSSELL MACK
Presented by CARL LAEMMLE
Produced by CARL LAEMMLE, JR.

APPROVED BY THE ALL AMERICA BOARD OF FOOTBALL

Universal Pictures

Universal City, California

The New Movie Magazine, November, 1932
DURING the Olympic Games, Douglas Fairbanks gave a party at Pickfair for the foreign correspondents. They came from all over the world and everyone of the sixty apparently was able to find his way without difficulty to the Pickford-Fairbanks residence. But Harry Brand and Russell Phelps, United Artists publicity men, who together have been in Hollywood more years than there are fleas on a dog, got lost. They phoned from the Beverly Hills Hotel and, Tom Geraghty says, Douglas sent the police to escort them to the estate.

MARY PICKFORD had invited ten guests for dinner on a Sunday evening. Douglas, visiting with the Japanese correspondents at the Olympic village, invited sixteen of them to dinner for the same evening and then forgot to say anything about it at home.

Tom Brown, star of "Tom Brown at Culver," is amazed to find he has lost all of seven pounds in a week.

All Hollywood is watching Gloria Stuart, Carl Laemmle Jr.'s latest screen discovery.

The New Movie Magazine, November, 1932
YOU HEARD IT ON THE AIR!!!
YOU READ IT IN ILLUSTRATED MYSTERY MAGAZINE!!!
NOW SEE IT ON THE SCREEN!

KAREN MORLEY
as Jenny Wren, beautiful siren who ruined men.

RICARDO CORTÉZ
as Gery Curtis, prowler in places forbidden.

H. B. WARNER
as Priam Andes, Jenny's sugar daddy No. 1.

PAULINE FREDERICK
as Faith Andes, fighting for her family's honor.

ANITA LOUISE
as Esther Wren, Jenny's innocent, lovely sister.

"SKEETS" GALLAGHER
as Eddie Mack, who loved Jenny and lost... plenty!

And other popular stars including
AILEEN PRINGLE • SAM HARDY
MARY DUNCAN • IVAN SIMPSON
GEO. E. STONE • ROBERT McWAD

The $6000 Prize Radio Mystery Thriller

"THE PHANTOM OF CRESTWOOD"

Millions have been listening breathless to its blood-tingling adventures, broadcast over all America.

Thousands have turned detective to solve its baffling mystery and capture the big cash prizes.

Now see this sensational drama complete... including the startling unknown ending... truly the most exciting climax that ever crashed over a screen production.

"The Phantom of Crestwood" will be shown at leading theatres throughout the United States, beginning October 14th. Don't miss the year's supreme thrill-romance!

Directed by J. Walter Ruben from the Screen Play by Bartlett Cormack. David O. Selznick, Executive Producer, Merian C. Cooper, Associate Producer.

The New Movie Magazine, November, 1932
Dickie Moore's greatest ambition in life is to own a great big yacht. So he has started practicing early. You will see Dickie in Marlene Dietrich's latest picture, "Blonde Venus," Josef Von Sternberg is directing for Paramount.

Maurice is a grand butler but you have never seen a man excited until you have seen Maurice in such a predicament.

But somehow the guests were all fed without having to be taken to a cafeteria.

Of all the extra girls and bit players in Hollywood, Paulette Goddard is attracting the most attention at the moment. Beside being Charlie Chaplin’s companion at various sports and social affairs, she is one of sixteen girls chosen for their beauty for a picture at United Artists Studios.

And she drives to work in a Hispano-Suiza.

The boys are at it again! And it must be a dandy joke, too, for just look at the expressions of Bert Wheeler and Bob Woolsey when our cameraman snapped them.

Ruth Selwyn, a newcomer to the screen, and Hedda Hopper, a favorite of the fans for a number of years, have become the best of pals. They played together last in Buster Keaton’s "Speak Easily."
Girl Swimming Champion Wins Movie Contract—
Will Tommy Meighan Make a Comeback—Who is the Girl With the Million Dollar Legs?

THE boys really should get together.
In one column of a Los Angeles paper appeared the statement that Edmund Lowe played the oboe while another columnist in the same sheet wrote: "They say any player of a reed instrument, particularly the oboe, will in time have his mind affected."

Here is the famous son of a famous father, Rin Tin Tin Jr., who will play the parts that were to have been portrayed by the famous dog star of the movies. He is pictured here above the grave of Rin Tin Tin, whom all Hollywood is mourning.

THE height of something or other is this latest story they are telling about Buster Keaton's marriage.
He bought the yacht for $25,000 and gave it to his wife. Then on the separation and in the property division she was given the yacht worth perhaps $250,000.
While the ink was drying she said to have inquired:
"And where are you going to live, Buster?"
"Well," he said, haltingly, "I thought I might live on the boat."
"I imagine," she is said to have said, "you could buy it back for about $35,000."

Eleanor Holm, who recently won the women's backstroke swimming event in the Olympics, has been persuaded to enter the movies. A suitable play is now being written for her.

Thomas Meighan, famous star of the days before the talkies, is still highly popular if this group of autograph seekers is any indication. He was cornered by the crowd as he stepped from the train at Pasadena station.
HOLLYWOOD MERRY-GO-ROUND

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The New Movie Magazine, November, 1932
are the tallest and the shortest stars in films? ... Green police dogs ... Who is the star with twenty moustaches?

I WOULDN'T have it thrown up to my children that I had ever let a day go by without chronicling a chapter in the life and loves of Estelle.

When Jack Dempsey left for the East to do a lot of personal appearing and a couple of fights it was Estelle who went to the train with him and kissed him good-bye.

"Jack called me up and asked me to go to the train with him," Estelle said, "and I went."

And then she added, gallantly and generously:

"I think he must have been lonely."

AND now let us tell you about the spill Joel McCrea took from the top-deck of his new western hoss. Seems Joel expected his cow horse to be a jumper and attempted to negotiate a fallen log that was just too much. The cow animal stopped and Joel took the hurdle alone (Webster says: to come a cropper, fall, etc.). Nowadays Joel and the horse walk around any obstructions larger than an ant hill.

A WHILE back Miriam Hopkins took a trip East to purchase a Connecticut farm. Well, Miriam returned without making

Maurice is a grand butler but you have a man excited until you have some predicament. But somebody, "wait till I tie this shoelace." But the cameraman didn't wait, as you see.

Gloria Swanson, who is making the picture, "Perfect Understanding," in England, recently returned from France, where they filmed exteriors.

Photographed exclusively for New Movie by Wide World

Here's what happens when a star as popular as Wally Beery tries to take a quiet stroll. Look at the milling crowd asking for autographs.

Thelma Todd, who played the blond siren in "Speak Easily," the Buster Keaton, Jimmy Durante comedy, caught by our cameraman as she left the M-G-M set.
Some New kind of fun FOR THE PARTY?

Horoscopes of course!

YOU can have a wonderful lot of fun with Evangeline Adams’ Twelve Books of Astrology. There’s one for each sign of the Zodiac, so you can read a horoscope for every birthday in the year. Have a set of them handy for your next party and be prepared for much laughter when you discuss the characteristics of your guests.

Besides the fun, there’s much of real interest in these books of astrology. They are written by the world’s foremost astrologist, the woman whose advice is sought by leaders in business, political and social life. When you read the book that contains your own horoscope, you may be amazed at her keen analysis of your character and life.

The price is only ten cents for each book, a dollar and twenty cents for the set. Order by birthdates if you are ordering single copies. Canadian orders, fifteen cents per book.

TOWER BOOKS, Incorporated
55 Fifth Avenue, New York
Nine Radio Pictures starlets, all in a row. This is how they looked when Ernest Westmore lined them up to get their first "make-up" lesson. They are Dorothy Wilson, Phyllis Fraser, Rochelle Hudson, Peg Entwhistle, Harriet Hagman, Eleanor Pose, Julie Hayden, Betty Furness, and Sandra Shaw.

(Below) Maureen O'Sullivan and Jimmy Dunn often go to athletic events together. Jimmy is with Fox. Maureen is an M-G-M player.

her purchase. Seems the only place she wanted was owned by a Pasadena man and he was holding out for too much money.

WHEN Paramount was hunting for the most expressive legs in the country a wire service carried the story. It was read in every hamlet and town. And you should have seen the letters and photographs that deluged the studio for several weeks. There were a million laughs in every mail sack! And some of the pictures showed plenty of legs, too!

EDWARD EVERETT HORTON sort of fooled his guide while on a recent salmon fishing trip with the Mel Browns. Eddie insisted he had never before fished in his life. Came a day as the old sub-title used to say, when he hooked into a quite husky fish and Ed started to reel him in. With the fish halfway to the boat Sir Horton tired and let the fish run out. At this point the guide turned with a delighted expression on his face and exclaimed, "and you told us you didn't know how to play a fish!"

Dolores Del Rio, star of the RKO picture, "Bird of Paradise," rests after a friendly game of tennis, on the high seat usually occupied by the referee.
It seems Ed had done the right thing after all!

**GARY COOPER** has been made an honorary member of The Western Ambulance Corps, an organization of some five hundred men who served with the Ambulance Corps during the war.

**CHARLES BICKFORD** again has the bug to produce and direct his own pictures. Unlike Charles Ray, he doesn't plan to take part in them himself.

**PRESTON FOSTER** has taken some of his savings from behind the brick in the chimney and has purchased a new speed boat. He puts it to bed in Balboa Bay about fifty miles from Los Angeles.

**GEORGE M. COHAN** spends most of his spare time on the curb in front of his dressing room. Says it's as good as any back fence when it comes to gossip.

**HELEN HAYES** has just come out with the statement that she will do only one play a year regardless of what success she may achieve in pictures.

**TOM MIX** has finally figured out one to fool these autograph hounds. Now when Tom is stopped, he just reaches in his pocket and hands the collector a slip of paper with his name already written on it.

**THE West Side Riding and Asthma Club** has temporarily discontinued meetings! President Groucho Marx and Roy have a shortage on gags and says they're up new.

**AL JOLSON** says at one studio they had so many executives they made one a vice president in charge of weekends.

**AND, if you will believe Harry Brand**, while Juan Zabala, the Argentino, was running the Olympic Marathon, his country changed governments four times.

**JOHN BARRYMORE** has the most disreputable pair of trousers. He bought them in Alaska for $2.

(Please turn to page 114)
DOCTOR HABERMeyer of Munich is experimenting on spinal injections and pills which transmit the personality of one person to another.

A wife may soon be able to go to a drug store, get a concentrated Clark Gable powder and slip it in her husband's coffee.

AND a husband can tip the doctor to prescribe a little Fifi Dorsay for his wife three times a day.

Dolores Del Rio, star of the RKO picture, "Bird of Paradise," rests after a friendly game of tennis, on the high seat usually occupied by the referee.
Gwili Andre has all the requirements of the modern screen siren. This Danish beauty is tall, svelte, and mysterious. After her début in "The Roar of the Dragon," RKO gave her the lead in "Secrets of the French Police." John Barrymore has selected her as his next leading lady.
Is GARBO

MARY MARGARET McBRIDE
discloses for the first time the real facts about how much money the world's highest salaried film star has earned and saved

A unknown girl from Sweden went to work on the M-G-M lot in Hollywood seven years ago at a salary of one hundred dollars a week. This year her salary from the same company was six thousand dollars a week—one thousand dollars for every working day. And she has just accepted a new M-G-M contract under which this salary will be more than doubled.

In other words, when Greta Garbo, the girl who started in Hollywood at one hundred dollars a week, goes back to work, she will be making twelve thousand, five hundred dollars each week.

Is Garbo broke?

There have been various rumors alleging that in spite of her tremendous income, she had lost so heavily in unfortunate financial ventures and speculations that much of the sum she had made was swept away. Because of these rumors, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE undertook the mission of obtaining from the most authoritative sources possible the exact facts as to Greta Garbo's financial position today—and is able to present for the first time the truth about the actual money earned by the world's highest-salaried film star—and how much of that money she should now have.

Broke? Not Greta Garbo!

A thrifty Swedish girl is Greta, who learned long ago in the hard school of poverty that when you earn a dollar (or its equivalent in any language), the canny thing to do is anchor half, or even more of it, in some good safe place.

That is what Greta, bolstered by the sage advice of Harry Eddington, her manager and agent, considered by many the shrewdest business man in Hollywood, has done during the seven years since she came to America in search of fame and fortune.

And so today, in spite of panics and bank failures, and contrary to busy rumor, Greta Garbo is a rich woman by the standards of any country.

The glamorous Garbo went on the Metro-Goldwyn payroll as a green, naive unknown at a salary of one hundred dollars a week. This was on September 10, 1925. As motion picture pay went, one hundred dollars was not much, but they didn't know much about Greta in Hollywood then. Or, rather, only one man among them knew about her—Mauritz Stiller, the director.

It was he who really gave Garbo to America, for when he had an offer from Samuel Goldwyn to come to this country, he refused to cross the ocean until his protégée was included in the contract.

One hundred dollars looked big to the Swedish girl then, for she knew no more about Hollywood and its huge pay checks than it knew about her. She learned rapidly, however, so rapidly that after "The Torrent," her first picture, was completed on December 23, 1925, she demanded and received a raise to two hundred and fifty dollars a week. She obtained another small increase after she did "The Temptress," and at the end of "Flesh and the Devil," her first picture with John Gilbert, she was getting five hundred dollars a week and earning every cent of it as a box-office draw.

By that time she had realized her own value, and before anybody knew what was happening, she had staged a strike—terms: more pay or no work. The

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strike went on, too, until early in 1927, when the studio tore up her old contract and made a new one calling for twenty-five hundred dollars every week in the year. In the meantime, Eddington, whom she met through Gilbert, had become her manager.

That contract expired this spring, and according to the best authorities, the star has been paid six thousand dollars a week for some time. Most of this money went into Government bonds and savings banks. The beautiful Garbo is remarkably sagacious about money—she has had to be—and there is no danger of her risking all her eggs in one basket. She was not partial to large checking accounts, for she wanted to see her money working for her and, anyway, in contrast with most motion picture actresses, she needs no very large cash amounts, for she is not a prolific spender.

Her losses in the Kreuger stock we have heard so much about were small—not large—and made no perceptible dent in the fortune, estimated at more than half a million dollars, she has piled up in this country.

And now, at last, Garbo has carried out the threat she has made so often and has gone home. She is coming back in a few months, however, to a new contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, which I am reliably informed calls for the sizable salary of twelve thousand, five hundred a week.

And so the star’s jaunt, in spite of the conclusions jumped at by sensation-seekers, was not caused by a disagreement about money. (Please turn to page 108)
Anna Sten, the young emotional actress from Soviet Russia, has been brought to America by Samuel Goldwyn. Although only twenty-two, she has already achieved sensational success in Russia and Germany, and doubtless her tawny-haired beauty and dramatic ability will win her the same acclaim here.
And then she cried.
How many little stories about the motion picture stars might I finish with those four words?
Perhaps a man should not lend his shoulder and tell, any more than he should kiss and tell. If that be true, then I'm a lousy so-and-so, for I am about to relate the circumstances surrounding various occasions when certain lovely actresses borrowed my shoulder, literally speaking, to cry upon.

And what lovely tears they have been!
Large crystal drops from the almost black eyes of Olive Borden. Streams of them from the soft, brown orbs of Marian Nixon. Angry tears from Constance Bennett, and despondent ones from the eyes of Sue Carol and Lilyan Tashman. When I think of the many times I have seen ladies cry, I wonder that I am not hardened to the scene, and yet when I recall that little blonde the other night—but that is a different tale.

Helen Twelvetrees dropped into my little writing den one day a few years ago, and before she crossed the threshold, I perceived that she was on the point of bosoming secret sorrows. Her pretty lips were pouting (and did they look kissable that way!) and she was fighting gamely to keep her eyes dry. She sat opposite my desk and attempted a smile, but it was a pitiful effort, and a blind man would have known something was wrong. I begged Helen to unburden her soul.

"I'm going back to New York," she said. "Hollywood has been the cause of more unhappiness than I've ever known. When I came here a year ago, I gave up a stage career and staked my future happiness on motion pictures. I was under contract and the world looked rosy. In the year that has passed, I have lost my contract, I am divorced from my husband—everything that I loved is gone. Hollywood doesn't want me; I'm going back to New York; back to my—my mother."

And then she cried. She buried her face in her arms and wept silent tears. Helen cries so pitifully. If she screwed up her face and bayed, one might laugh at her. But she becomes a perfectly helpless little human when she is moved to (Please turn to page 80)
A Day in the Life

What she does, where she goes, and how she does it, portrayed especially

She receives her daily "talent" check, which admits her to the lot.

The wardrobe department, where she must sign for the dresses she will wear.

Some day I'll have a room like this, our little extra girl thinks. Numbers 1, 2, and 3, are where the feminine stars of M-G-M have their dressing rooms. 4, 5, 6, and 7 are male stars' quarters.

Locker room (Left). She discards her own street clothes for "working."

"Make-up." A hairdresser does her hair so it will photograph to the best advantage. An expert heightens the color of lips, eyes and cheeks.
of An Extra Girl
for New Movie Magazine by Mary Carlisle, charming M-G-M featured player

On the set! Jean Hersholt is standing in the background. The picture is "Skyscraper Souls."

ABOVE: Lunch time. Mary dashes off to the studio commissary, with her fellow players.

Left: Entering the sound stage, ready for the director's orders.

RIGHT: The day's work over, Miss Carlisle waits in line for the day's pay.
The famous hobo literary rebel reveals why the names of these men will always remain in his memories of Hollywood.

The men who survive in Hollywood are as varied as rainbow colors. They come from the ends of the earth to knock on the doors of cinema fortune.

There is Wallace Beery, an ex-elephant trainer, the son of a Kansas City policeman, and Eric Von Stroheim, the fly-paper salesman, a one-time lifeguard who did not know how to swim, who first reached Hollywood in a carload of horses, and later, with bullet head, monocle, and strident gesture, impressed his domineering personality upon the cinema city.

Never since the beginning of time have the fortunes of men gone up and down as suddenly as in Hollywood. Good luck and bad is taken with a shrug of the shoulders. No man rejoices in the bad fortune of another, as long experience has taught him that he may be the next upon whom the Goddess of Destiny frowns.

There are those who miss the great opportunity in the very effort of searching for it too intensely. There are others to whom it comes with the suddenness of heat lightning. It dazzles them for a while, changing all their values and leaving them never the same again.

The man in any other community who earns a thousand dollars a week is an extraordinary individual. In Hollywood, so distorted is the value of money, that such a weekly sum is not given passing comment.

It is nothing unusual to hear a director say, "I was just getting started then, making a thousand a week."

A man with an envious heart cannot be happy in Hollywood.

It is a place in which the rules that govern the outside world do not apply. A soldier of fortune like the late William Desmond Taylor or the conspicuous showman, Eric von Stroheim, is apt to flash by an army of plodders in the night.

The aggressive man is no more liable to succeed in films than one with a quiet demeanor.

Alfred Green, the director of Ruth Chatterton in "The Rich Are Always With Us," is one of the softest spoken and gentlest men to be found anywhere. He came to Hollywood years ago from a small town.
Destitute, he became a bottle washer in the cellar of a saloon. With him was an old man who had been a vagabond all his life. Green later became a laborer on a motion-picture set, and after some years worked his way up to an assistant directorship. He held this job six years, during the later part of which he often directed whole scenes for which his director received credit. At last he was made a director. Such stars as George Arliss, Colleen Moore, and many others have achieved great successes under his direction.

The old vagabond who was once a bottle washer with him, no longer labors. He receives a monthly pension from Arthur Green. It is safe to say that Green has not earned less than three thousand dollars a week for the past five years. Green is of Irish-Jewish parentage. He has never spoken a word in anger during his whole life.

LEWIS MILESTONE, the director of “All Quiet on the Western Front,” was a runaway boy from Russia. He sold chromos from door to door upon first coming to America. After many vicissitudes he was given a job sweeping out the cutting room of a motion-picture studio. He observed everything about him and worked hard until he was made an assistant cutter. There (Please turn to page 83)
When Gloria Stuart was an amateur actress with the Community Players of Pasadena, she didn’t dream she would achieve success so quickly. Today she is a featured player at Universal, has played in "The Old Dark House" and "Airmail" and has already acquired many loyal fans.

The New Movie Magazine, November, 1932
The New Movie Magazine, November, 1932

Golden-haired and blue-eyed Jill Esmond made herself a stage star at sixteen.

SMART AS BOND STREET

BY WILBUR MORSE, JR.

SHE makes you think of monocles and absinthe cocktails and a warm afternoon on the Riviera with a group of gay cosmopolites.

She has a husky voice that makes her seem forever intense and eager and a little frightened. . . . She's as continental in her viewpoints as the illustrations of a French weekly and as reserved in her habits as an Episcopal archdeacon.

The Mayfair of Michael Arlen and Noel Coward is in her every speech and gesture . . . and a little something of the green English countryside that is Galsworthy's.

She's as British as Bond Street . . . and as smart. It was almost preordained that her life should be spent in the theater. . . . Her father was H. V. Esmond, well-known author-actor-manager and her mother Eva Moore, a star of the London stage. . . . But it was as a stage director, not as an actress, that she first tasted success. . . . At her boarding school, it was her ingenious imagination which ruled . . . from the wings . . . the sprightly scenes of class plays and pageants.

At fifteen she was such a tomboy her mother sent her to Paris for six months and several layers of that mystic veneer of sophistication they call "finishing" . . . but when she returned to England she was still far enough from being essentially feminine. And her first stage role was one of the lost boys in "Peter Pan."

She never has become essentially feminine in the frilly, pink-ribbed manner that some women wear in their minds as well as on their backs. . . . She hates ultra-feminine women . . . and ultra-masculine men.

But at sixteen she had grown up to her long legs and acquired a crisp, colorful personality that attracted the attention of managers and won her the lead in "Hay Fever," which ran for ten successful months.

"At seventeen, success can be a little too stunning . . . a little too sudden. It tends to halt that eager, earnest march of learning . . . that apprenticeship of hard work all artists must go through." . . . The phrase is hers. . . . The phrase was too. . . . And her next play found her in need of much more rounding out, if her name was to stay in electric lights.

Two years of tireless trouping in the provinces followed. On her return to London in John Drinkwater's "Bird in Hand," her success was assured.

(Please turn to page 91)
After Wynne Gibson's performance in "Lady and Gent," there is no doubt she will become one of our foremost dramatic actresses. Paramount has assigned her an important rôle in "Night After Night," which picture also marks the screen débüt of Mae West, a veteran of the New York stage.
She walks ALONE

An intimate pen-picture of Karen Morley, who is rapidly making a name for herself but who can be happy alone

IT'S a rare trait in a woman. There have been many men, famous and unknown, who have found the lone wolf trail the happiest. But there are few women. This girl with the green-brown eyes and the tawny hair is one of the few.

Karen likes people. Individually and in small groups. Not in crowds. But she doesn't need them. She can be happy alone.

She has always been that way, she told me. Born an only daughter, brought up without many playmates, except casual ones, she learned the art of playing and thinking alone.

Karen, herself, admits that she wasn't what is known as a popular girl in high school or during the two years she spent as a student at the University of California.

"I'm not a good mixer," she explained. "People don't like me at first meeting, as a general rule. I have to know them a long time before they feel any friendship or interest in me, I guess. It isn't because I don't want them to like me. I do. But that geniality or ease or familiarity or whatever it is which makes for easy friendships has been completely left out of my make-up."

This is true of her studio experience as well as of her school days. Karen was one of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's players many months before people began really to know and like her. There is an utterly unconscious barrier of reserve which she builds around herself and through which people hesitate to crash. It is the same quality which Norma Shearer possesses, that friendly aloofness and courtesy which makes any familiarity impossible.

A short time ago, Karen left her home and found herself an apartment where she lives alone with a part-time housekeeper.

"I was perfectly happy at home," she said, talking (Please turn to page 79)

Karen Morley, M-G-M featured player, who is forging rapidly ahead to screen fame.
Hollywood's DECALOGUE

Do You agree with these vital rules for happy marriage given to The New Movie Magazine by famous stars of the films?

ROSA LIND SHAFFER

HOLLYWOOD'S ten rules for being happily married! Yes, there are plenty of happily married couples in Hollywood, and that is more of an achievement than to be happily married most places in the world.

The human problems here are the same, but they are exaggerated and intensified by the life of Hollywood. Here people live in a vast forcing house; careers and successes are made and pass quickly. Life and labor and love in concentrated form, that's Hollywood. More happens in a year than in five years in most places.

In talking of marriage in Hollywood, Conrad Nagel says, "Being married here is not really different from being married in most places, because what a marriage is or is not, is an entirely individual affair depending on the two people who are married.

"I believe that many of the wealthy country club sets in America are really wilder than Hollywood is. Picture folk are just ordinary people; but the public insists on regarding them otherwise, due to the aura of publicity and the parts they play. They are made gods—much too great—to the public.

"The spotlight in Hollywood is so strong that film people must much more than other people be discreet. Small matters are magnified. A divorce in Hollywood is like an oilwell on Signal Hill: it is silhouetted against the world horizon and everybody knows of it."

IN Hollywood's ten rules for married happiness, one finds things included which are important in Hollywood because of the special conditions of living and working and the eminence of the spotlight.

Thirty of the happily married film folk, and also other stars not married, but with pronounced views on the subject, have been consulted to obtain their rules. Here they are!

Above: Clive Brook and his charming wife, Faith Evelyn Brook. Clive believes in the third commandment. At the left: Norma Shearer, M-G-M star, and her producer husband, Irving Thalberg. Norma is all for the fifth commandment.
HOLLYWOOD'S DECALOGUE

I—Thou shalt tell me the truth at all times, and believe in me.

II—Thou shalt not write my name in vain on thy checks.

III—Thou shalt like my friends and I'll put up with thine.

IV—Thou shalt retain thy sense of humor.

V—Thou shalt retain a romantic attitude.

VI—Thou shalt not try to make me over and I'll respect thy silly whims.

VII—Thou shalt not flirt.

VIII—Thou shalt not envy thy neighbor's car, nor his house, nor his wife.

IX—Thou shalt desire the same things from life that I do.

When we "consider the first commandment, 'I am the head man,' and so forth, we have Barbara Stanwyck and Lilyan Tashman proposing this as the first and most important of them all. Perhaps this seems strange, coming from women who are great successes. The fact that they are also successful wives is due to their observance of this first commandment, and their realization of what underlies it.

There is always a difference of opinion about whether a married woman should insist on a career, or not. Happy marriages exist in both camps; but the marriage has to be considered first, where the woman has a career, or the marriage won't last. Lilyan Tashman, often referred to as the example of a successful wife who also has a career, says, "If it ever comes to a choice between Eddie and my career, I'll come first without any question."

Barbara Stanwyck was willing to sacrifice her own film success and go back to New York with Frank Fay to further his career on the stage, where he is the greater celebrity. Barbara wants to be "a good little wife in the good old-fashioned way" and her screen success has left their marriage still happy.

NOBODY less important than Norma Shearer framed the second commandment, "Thou shalt not take My Name in Vain on Thy Checkbook." This rule applies as much to the husbands as to the wives, and to the wives as much as to the husbands. Norma says: "To avoid unhappiness, there must be a perfect adjustment of financial problems. It seems to me that the wise thing to do this is before marriage. Money plays so unnecessarily large a part in modern life, and its problems can cause so much unhappiness. If financial affairs are discussed and adjusted, if two people have a genuinely honest understanding of their joint finances, and the way in which they are going to conduct the 'business side' of their marriage, many unhappinesses can be avoided."

Husbands and wives in Hollywood have much more involved finances to handle (Please turn to page 74)
After a restful and stimulating summer at Malibu Beach, Warner Baxter, ever popular, will appear in "Six Hours to Live," adapted for the screen from the story, "Auf Wiedersehen," the golden-voiced John Boles being featured with him.
No news from Hollywood in years has caused more sorrow than the death of Paul Bern—brilliant, magnetic, poetic Paul—just married to exquisite Jean Harlow. Paul was one of the most loved men in pictures. And he will be one of the most mourned. To Jean in this moment of supreme tragedy goes the profound sympathy of her thousands of friends.
ELSIE JANIS presents the most vivid story you have ever read of her friend of twenty years, Marie Dressler

IT amuses me to hear modern talking-picture enthusiasts say, "I just adore that marvelous Marie Dressler. Where did she come from?"

She didn't come from anywhere, Miss 1932. She was already there, making thousands laugh, when your father was trying to convince your mother that two can live as cheaply as one!

What is Marie Dressler's secret? There is none! The answer is heart!

Elsie Janis says, "What is the secret of Marie Dressler? There is none! The answer is heart!"

(according to Exhibitors' rating), you must think, as you stand in line, "There is more in this than meets the eye!" Admitted that in Marie's case an "elegant sufficiency" does meet both eyes, it is the heart-shaped dynamo within, plus the antennae mind that makes human beings, from sixteen to sixty, say, "I like Clark Gable," or, "I'm crazy about Marlene Dietrich," but, "I love Marie Dressler!"

THE fact that I have known her long does not mean that I know her intimately. I wish I did, but apparently it isn't so easy to do. She has a few pals with whom she plays bridge, dines, laughs, sympathizes, and argues. They are forever quoting her. The world is her friend, but her pals play bridge with her. Perhaps it is the supreme test. I don't know!

Her interest in others is unending. If an "extra" on

This is how Marie looked in the good old days when she was the star of "Tillie's Nightmare." Or do you go back that far?

the set has a pain in the knee or what have you, Marie has had one or is going to have one and has a remedy. If another star or even an executive should admit the same ailment, they would get the same remedy.

People are just people to her, and pay-checks are scraps of paper. I've seen her with Dukes in England, mannequins in Paris, social big shots in New York, stage hands at the studio, children in the street, and stars in Hollywood. I don't remember noticing how she affected any one else. I was too busy marveling at the fact that Marie is always Marie, that surroundings, country, climate, class, or conditions will not alter her greeting to you, as in so many cases where a "Hello darling!" changes with chameleon-like speed to a brisk "How do you do?" according to location and audience.

Marie probably knows more real "swells" than any actress, and when I say knows them, I mean that she calls them by their front names when she is with them as well as when, if ever, she discusses them.

We seldom read that Miss Dressler is entertaining Prince Payno Taxes, or that Lady Bored Withitall is parking her coronet in Miss Dressler's patio during her sojourn in California. But every time I go East or abroad and renew acquaintance with the other world, I am invariably asked what Mary and Doug are doing, if Charlie Chaplin is still working on "that" picture; then the expression and voice are apt to mellow a bit as the Duke, Baroness, banker, politician, or perhaps the bellboy says, "And my friend Marie Dressler, is she well and happy?"

INTEREST in Marie's welfare is a direct reflection of her colossal interest in others. Tell her of some one's bad luck or suffering, and tears dim the twinkle of her ultra expressive eyes. Tell her of some one's "good break" or happiness, and her face lights up like a cathedral altar. When Marie starts out to help any one whom she believes has talent, clear the course! Obstacles and arguments are but molehills on the fairway of achievement. Her drive is powerful and her eye is sure.

Over seventeen years ago, when she was making a silent but hilariously funny film called "Tillie's Punctured Romance," she saw immediately that somewhere between the camera and Sunny California lay a Happy Hunting Ground for people of the theater; and as usual, wanting to share her good fortune with others, began boosting them as potential screen stars. Two young men that she was particularly enthusiastic about were Douglas Fairbanks and Charles Chaplin.

Three years later things had changed. The young men were well up in lights over movie houses, and Marie was down and out of pictures. The public didn't want funny women unless they were pretty and shapely. Mabel Normand, Constance Talmadge, and others joined Doug and Chaplin up there (Please turn to page 104)
DEAREST SIR:
I am not dead yet, so I shall tell you how it happen.
2 days of yore Hon. Geo. F. Ogre, my owner, call me into his Thinking Studio where he set there reading an enlarged piece of paper. At firstly I think it were a Incum Tax, from the way he swore at it. But that paper look pretty bloody, it got so much red ink on its face.
"Togo," he dictate hashly, "fetch me a sponge dipped in iced nux vomica to put on my brain." I fech.
"Thanks frightfully," he grone and mone. "This damly paper," he corrode, "are a Statement of Weekly Salary Expenses for Catamount Pictures, Ink. From now onwards we must save nickels."
"Save the millions," I say-so with Benj. Franklin expression, "and the dimes will save themselves."
"O yay?" he dib. "Here are a list of our employees with pay-day prices of each:
Hon. Marleen Ditterick... $235000000000
Hon. Garba Greto......... slightly more.
Hon. Jas. Cagney......... whatever he gets
Hon. Jo. Von Stemburg... German war reparations every Monday
Hon. Ramon Novarro..... $$$$$$$$$$$$$$$
Hon. Toolu Bunkhead..... Her price goes Up every time she takes a cut.
Hashimura Togo......... 13$ per weekly

Totle ........................ Too much
"Money must be saved," he say-so, "but how shall do it? I are a Genius, are I not? (Answer is Yes). But when Genius think about money it stops doing so. Then what to do?"
"I know!" This from me with brightness. "Hollywood are the Land of Love, are not? O yes. There are more love manufactured here in 20 minutes than Hon. Sheakspere could make in 20 years. Then why you not do this? Go to all them famus actors and actoresses and corrode, 'Hereafterwards you will work for Love only.' How they will adore that!"
"Yes, indeedly!" dibble Hon. Ogre. "The only place to make that speech in Hollywood are inside a armoured car, going 200 miles pr. hr. No, Togo, I got a brite I.D. of my own."

Whoobing and schooching like steam engines full of 18th Amendment, that love-making machinery run right through stage 9 and onwards scratching and biting everything.
Hashimura Togo, our Hollywood Correspondent,
in his latest and most hilarious adventure

"Mention it rapidly," I narrate.
"I will cut down the Meckanikal Staff," he expunge.
"I will sever it in ½,"
"O shux!" I holla. "How can you take a photo
with ½ a cameraman?"
"You know nothing or less about arithmatix," he divulge.
"If a delegate could vote for Al Smith, by golly, then ½ a photographer can take pictures of Norma Shearer, & etc."

I stand ghast for that phenomenal.
"Now listen at me," he say forth, while pulling
on his horse boots, "Togo, I shall begin economy with
you. From today you stop houseworking in my palace and go on my Meckanikal Staff. For 13$ pr weekly
you shall do the work of a 524$ man. What would be
more ideal?"
"To do 13$ work for 524$ would be more ideal," I
note.

"Stop talking like Wall St. and folia me," he snagger,
while walking toward Lott.

Mr. Editor, on that Lott were a large quantity of
swollen Aexecutive Bldgs, filled with officers, making
money to spend on Clark Gable. And benext to
this were a row of artistick coops, distinctually la-
belled Stage 1, Stage 2, Stage 3, & etc. Me and Hon
Ogre encroach inside Stage 13, and there we find all
varieties of love machinery getting ready to do so.
Surrounded by enough actors to burst a First Ntl.
Bank stood Miss Caramel Sweet, saying that maybe
she could not act today because the temperature of
her chawing gum was not right. Behind a great climax
of picture-shooting artillery was the Meckanikal Staff,
eating tobacco, because they got no time for breakfast.
"Meckanikal Staff, line up!" holla Hon. Ogre.
They line. (Please turn to page 107)
Through the revolving doors of the Roosevelt stalks Tragedy and Comedy, high hopes and bitter defeat, dazzling stars and hungry extra girls

By RAMON ROMERO

GOOD morning, Roosevelt Hotel...hold the line...Universal calling you Miss Clarke. Hello, Universal?...go ahead—here’s Mae Clarke. ...“Good morning Miss Clarke...We’ll be ready for your retakes at two o’clock. ...Stage 5...ready to shoot”

“Roosevelt...just a moment please. ...I’ll see if she answers. ...Hello, Miss St. Johns? ...Radio pictures calling. ...Hello Radio. ...Miss St. Johns will call you back in fifteen minutes. ...Good morning. ...Roosevelt...I’m sorry, Nils Asther checked out some time ago. ...Just a moment please. ...I’ll connect you with the clerk for that information. ...Hello...Roosevelt...

Mr. Grauman isn’t in. ...Try the Chinese Theater. ...Good morning. ...Roosevelt...”

“Hello...Roosevelt. ...I’m sorry, I can’t disturb 605 until eleven o’clock. ...Good morning. ...Roosevelt. ...Hold the wire. ...Jim’s Beauty Parlor calling you, Miss Clayton. ...Go ahead...here’s Ethel Clayton...”

“Hello, Miss Clayton, your appointment is O. K. for four o’clock. ...Thank you...”

“Office. ...Good morning Miss Delmar. ...It’s just seven o’clock. ...Yes, Ma’am, you asked me to wake you...”

“...Oh, Miss Delmar, won’t you please autograph my copy of ‘Bad Girl’ when you’re down in the lobby? ...thank you. ...Hello...Roosevelt. ...Miss Mary Nolan? ...Sorry, she doesn’t live here
any more. ... Good morning ... Roosevelt. ...

"Hello. ... Office ... Yes, Miss St. Johns ... I'll get Radio for you in just a minute. ... Good morning ... Roosevelt ... Yes, there will be an Academy meeting tonight at eight. ... Thank you. ... Hello, Radio?

... There you are Miss St. Johns ... go ahead. ... Office... It's seven-n-n-n twenty. ... You're welcome. ..."

"Good morning ... Roosevelt ... Just a minute. ... I'll ring again. ... Hello, 702? ... Mr. Jones wants to know if his wife is still there. ... Hello sorry. 702 doesn't answer. ... Sorry, but 702 does not answer. ... Hello ... Roosevelt ..."

"Office ... It's nine-thirty, Miss Hanson ... No, Tec-Art studios hasn't called yet. ... I'll be glad to take the message. ...

Good morning ... Just a moment. ... Room clerk, manager's office calling."

There you are, Sir ... "Hello, Room clerk? ... Has that little extra girl in 205 paid up this morning? ... You'd better tell her again that we'll have to have the room if the bill isn't settled by noon. ..." "Yes, sir, I'll notify her at once ... " "Hello, operator ... get me 205." "... There you are ..."

The spacious lobby slowly comes to life. ... A mailman enters through the revolving door of the Orange Drive entrance ... and leaves a stack of letters at the desk. ... Business letters, bills, fan mail. ... The clerk begins to sort them.

Most of the activity of the morning is in the concession of the New York stock exchange, just off the lobby, where a group of men, many of them connected with the picture industry, (Please turn to page 111)
Phyllis Fraser, RKO starlet, won a contract for her pep, vivacity, and of course, her beauty. You will see her in lots of pictures soon, if that happy smile means anything.

Irene Ware, Fox Films new find, will have lots of work after her swell job in "Chandu, the Magician," in which Eddie Lowe played the title rôle.

Little Boots Mallory was discovered by Eric Von Stroheim. Watch her emote in "Walking Down Broadway."

Right: Ruthelma Stevens made such a hit in her part as the girl detective in "The Night Club Lady" that Columbia pictures signed her to a long-term contract.
Evelyn Wise has been entered by Warner Brothers-First National, in their talent developing school.

Dorothy Layton, former stage actress, has been signed to a long-term contract by the Hal Roach studios. You will see her in the Charley Chase comedies.

Margaret Lindsay, Universal contract player, is being groomed by that studio, for feature rôles. She was discovered by Carl Laemmle, Jr.
RESOLVED: That those things which are included in the following list shall not appear in pictures produced by members of this association, irrespective of the manner in which they are treated: profanity in even its mildest form, licentious or suggestive nudity, the drug traffic, sex perversion, white slavery, ridicule of the clergy, or wilful offence to any nation, race or creed. A second list of subjects and situations which must be handled with care and with every regard for good taste: the use of the flag, arson, firearms, realistic representation of criminal technique, especially in murder, executions, third degree methods, sympathy for criminals, cruelty, attempted rape, seduction, the institution of marriage, surgical operations, the use of drugs, and excessive and lustful kissing.

By WILL IRWIN

Some people never go to the movies but everybody seems to know what is the matter with them, just the same!

"THE film," Will Hays remarked once, "is everybody's business." His organization keeps a special file for those letters from the public which contain criticism and kicks. Some of the indignant correspondents admit that they never go to see films for fear of shock to the moral or artistic sense. But they know what's the matter with them, just the same!

When, as before related, Hays formed from sixty national organizations a Public Relations Committee, he was using this tendency to advance his cause.

For more than two years, this committee served as his link between public and producers. The busy Colonel Jason S. Joy, acting as its representative with the Hays organization, put all his time into the job. Under him served a compact executive committee of prominent and useful citizens.

Early in the game, they adopted that familiar monogram of "M.P.P.D.A." which, appearing on a film, shows that a member of the Association produced it and that the Association stands behind it.

As things worked out, the watchdog of public morals belonging to any of these organizations sent his kicks, suggestions and criticisms to his own representative on the committee.

It passed thence to Colonel Joy or Mr. Hays, who if the matter seemed sufficiently important, sent it on to the producer. Sometimes, at that early and tentative stage of the game, the producer went temperamentally and Hays merely butted his head against a stone wall.

More often, he made cuts or changed titles to meet the criticism. These, of course, were only half-measures. Many years and much diplomacy must pass into history before men of the Hays organization could sit in the studios eliminating mistakes at their source.

But they were educating the business; that was perhaps the most useful result of these early years. As a preliminary bombardment for more aggressive operations, Hays was hammering certain fundamentals into the instincts of producers, managers and scenario writers.

Two and a half years of this; and then the Public Relations Committee found itself face to face with some fundamental difficulties.

The members of the larger body, and even those of the smaller and tighter executive committee, had assumed responsibility without acquiring authority. As a consequence they were getting into hot water.

A leader of the Boy Scouts, a member of the Catholic Welfare Council or a local secretary of the Y. M. C. A., seeing a film or a detail in a film which he considered offensive, would write to his committee-man.
More than half the time, the honest committeeman could only reply that he had never heard of the film in question; but now, he'd see what could be done. And the kicker would reply in effect "Why haven't you seen it, and why didn't you stop this in the beginning?"

So the members of the Executive Committee, and especially James E. West, chief executive of the Boy Scouts, suggested that change in organization which advanced motion-picture regulation one step further.

Why not, they said, set the responsibility to the public squarely within the Hays organization? Hays was all the more readily persuaded in that such a change fitted his own ultimate plans. So Hays created, under Joy, the Department of Public Relations—staffed with paid help, not volunteers.

From that time, he and Joy accepted all responsibility, dealt directly with all complaints. When he announced this change, Hays had to face considerable aspersion from irreconcilable haters of the motion picture. But that died down; and the new arrangement proved vastly more efficient.

Now the holdouts came in by droves. Today, nearly three hundred clubs, societies and associations are co-operating, if only with hints and suggestions.

Even before the transfer of power, these volunteer aides were helping in another most vital matter. By the very act of joining the Committee, they had put themselves on record as preferring voluntary regulation to political control.

During the fight against state censorships in the legislative sessions of 1922-23, Hays mobilized them as his shock troops. That big (Please turn to page 86)

The First Intimate Series of Revelations Ever Published by any film magazine from the Archives of the Hays' Office
THING-a-ling-a-ling! It was the telephone! I had been waiting weeks for this call. My heart stood still! Would he see me? I would soon learn.

I picked up the receiver. A crisp business-like voice said, "This is Mr. Mickey Mouse's secretary speaking. Mr. Mickey Mouse has consented to see you for a brief interview."

"Where?" I fluttered.

"At Falcon Lair, Tea-time."

There was a decisive click and my heart started beating again. But with such rapture! I was going to see him face to face. I was going to be admitted to that famous love-nest, where Mickey Mouse and his bride, Minnie Mouse, lived together in one of those happy relationships so rare to Hollywood.

Could it last?

Alas! There were rumors! Some whispered that they were about to separate! Others shrugged and said there never had been a marriage! Meanwhile Minnie Mouse continued to shop in smoked glasses, and avoid all interviewers. I was going to learn the truth. The public was entitled to know everything.

I WILL not describe Falcon Lair. All of you, my dear readers, will recall it as the former home of that other great American idol, Rudolph Valentino, and before that the home of probably the first sweetheart of America, Ben Turpin.

We sat in the patio where Mickey Mouse put me completely at my ease, as he sprawled gracefully on the edge of the swimming pool, his tail dangling in the water.

"How does it feel to be the most
famous movie actor in the world?” I asked him. “And is it possible to enjoy fame and love at the same time?”

“I think love is the most beautiful thing in the world,” said Mickey Mouse, simply, “with the possible exception of a ripe old Camembert.” He exchanged a tender glance with Minnie, who sat beside him, dutiful and adoring.

“I wouldn’t get my tail wet again this afternoon, if I were you, Mickey,” she said.

Mickey picked it up and wiped it dry.

“Minnie is so careful of my arthritis,” he said, but one could see he was proud of Minnie’s wifely devotion.

Suddenly a thought came to me. It was electric.

“Did anyone ever tell you that you had a profile like John Barrymore?” I asked to Mickey.

“Well, yes,” he replied after a second’s hesitation. “But I don’t think I should be spoken of in the same breath with that great artist.”

“Tut tut! You are too modest,” I replied, feelingly. “You must admit there are a great many things that you can do that John Barrymore couldn’t approach.”

“I’ve always told Mickey he should play Hamlet,” said Minnie.

“It would be sure to invite comparisons between Barrymore and myself,” said Mickey. “And after all I like Jack too much to make it any more difficult for him than he makes it for himself.”

I thought this an unusually fair attitude to take here in Hollywood, the Heartbreak House of the World.

Then I thought to myself, “I must steel myself for those important questions.”

“Tell me,” I said. “It isn’t idle curiosity, you understand. But you belong to the world and the world wants to know. Are you happy in your love life?”

I stole a glance at Minnie Mouse who was blushing to the very roots of her whiskers.

“Our love life is perfect,” said Mickey Mouse, proudly. “It is like a lark song at dawn.”

“But there has been some talk,” I said.

“I hope you will forgive me. A great many whispers, in fact, to the effect that a certain woman star has come between you and Minnie.”

“Who?” cried Mickey and Minnie together in one shrill voice.

“If I must name names, I must,” I said, “but remember, it goes no further.”

“We promise,” they cried. “Name the woman whose name has been linked with ours in this scandalous mongering.”

I took a deep breath and watched them closely for the effect.

“The name of the woman who has been mentioned in this triangle is Marie Dressler.”

Mickey Mouse colored.

“That was long.”
Laughs that come-

When it was announced that the famous Broadway play, "Once In A Lifetime," burlesquing the movies, was to be filmed by Universal, the news made a sensation. Everybody said that no film company would be daring enough to produce a picture that held Hollywood up to satire. But Universal did it, and has one of the big box-office hits of the year. When you read some of the famous "gag lines" from the picture in these two pages, you will understand the reason why.

HELEN: They'll solve all your troubles. They've got something absolutely new called elocution... it's stupendous!
GLOGAUER: Is that so? Well, I got to do something with our stars... They can't even sing. Maybe electrocution would be good for 'em.

GLOGAUER: They're two of my stars... Phillis Fontaine... $7500 a week she draws down... and in the old days she was worth it! Every time she undressed in a picture it was sure-fire!
MAY: The most beautiful legs in America!
GLOGAUER: But you can't hear 'em! That's just the trouble. You know what I do now? The biggest stage actress in America I am bringing out... from New York. Ten thousand a week I'm paying her! What's her name, anyhow?

The New Movie Magazine, November, 1932
“Once in a Lifetime”

JERRY: Come on, May . . . let's take a bow. MAY: Why? GEORGE: So the manager 'll think we're good.

GLOGAUER: Hello? . . . Who? What kind of a singer? . . . oh . . well . . never mind if she's a grand opera singer . . . would she look good in tights? You don't know? Well, keep on looking!

GEORGE: But what'll I do? I don't know anything about elocution? MAY: You don't know anything about anything, and if what they say about movies is true, you'll go far!

The New Movie Magazine, November, 1932
Through college days

Tall, handsome, athletic Charles Farrell developed from one of Boston University's best athletes to one of the finest romantic actors of the movies

By HENRY M. FINE

THERE are two phrases intensely disliked in Hollywood. One is, "I told you so." Another is, "I knew him when." But there is one Hollywoodian to whom the latter does not apply. That person is Charles Farrell. And the reason is that success has not affected his basic character.

Charles Farrell and I were college mates at Boston University. I knew him when his paramount interest in life was getting the edge on a schoolmate in a boxing bout or making the swimming team; when as head waiter at Ginter's Cafe, where co-eds used to swarm for luncheon, Charlie distributed seats and service with an impartial hand; when being a motion picture star was a dream he never confided even to his most intimate friends.

He's the same Charles Farrell today that he was then. All the likeable qualities are still there. Success hasn't turned his head nor has it given him the slightest trace of megalomania (that's a two-dollar word meaning "swell-headed-ness," just to save you the trouble of looking it up). The star of today is just as human and unspoiled as the undergraduate of yesterday.

Actors, like prophets, are not without honor save in their own country. But Boston University is proud of its celebrated alumnus. And the little town of Onset, Massachusetts, where Dad Farrell had a motion picture theater, and Charlie often took tickets at the door, during his collegiate days, refuses to take a back seat for any town in the Commonwealth as the "home town" of a distinguished son, even though Charlie was born in Walpole, Mass.

I first saw Charlie Farrell on the morning of my second day as a freshman in Boston University's College of Business Administration. He was coming down the main stairway of the building, on his way to another lecture, and talking earnestly to a classmate. I was scanning the passing throng of students, looking for a familiar face in the strange crowd.

Farrell stood out from the others as he caught my eye. Even then he had the face of an artist, the build of a

Charles Farrell, as he is today, and Harry Fine, now a newspaper man, recall college days during Fine's visit to the Fox Films studio. This photo was taken exclusively for New Movie Magazine.

The New Movie Magazine, November, 1932
with Charles Farrell

Greek athlete, and the pigeon-toed springy walk of a Navajo, that still characterizes him. I watched him with interest as he continued down to the basement where the clothes lockers were. Then I found a former prep-school chum, and Farrell was forgotten, as the two of us started off on a tour of the college.

A week later I went out for the boxing team. That was my second meeting with Charlie, for I discovered that he was captain of the team. As I came on the floor, he was "pushing" a senior around the squared circle and "making him like it."

CHARLIE immediately won my vote by his cordial interest in new-comers like myself, and his desire to help them. Not less impressive was his thorough knowledge of just how to go about giving a willing greenhorn pointers in the manly art of self-defense. He would pay close attention to a man's stance, study his style, criticise it constructively, and put on the gloves with him, if he was a beginner, to illustrate the advice he was giving his pupil. Afterward I learned that Farrell had attained his proficiency in handling youngsters as troop leader for a Walpole, Mass., Boy Scout Troop.

Boxing, swimming, football and fencing were Charlie's favorite sports. Outside of these four, he paid little or no attention to athletics. Although brought up in a seaport town and considered an excellent swimmer, Farrell failed to make the University swimming team, despite desperate and repeated efforts on his part.

The fact that the team was forced to practise and workout in the Y. M. C. A. tank, at some distance from the college, at times when Charlie was busy earning the money to put himself through school, undoubtedly had something to do with his failure. But it was a keen disappointment to him that he did not make the team, and to this day there is deep chagrin and regret in Charlie's voice when he refers to it.

Lack of time also undoubtedly prevented him from making B. U.'s varsity eleven. However, Charlie played two seasons' as end and tackle for one of the school's scrub elevens, never getting into a contest with any other school.

His love for this game is evidenced today by the fact that each year he purchases a season ticket for U. S. C.'s contests, although he seldom (Please turn to page 100)
Radio Rambles

Intimate, chatty gossip about the entertainers of the air you hear every day on the great broadcasting chains

"ABOUT the greatest composer of thoroughly simple yet strikingly original and catchy melody is Mr. Vincent Youmans. We underline the "Mister". If you saw him dressed in golf trousers you might mistake him for a high-school boy, though he is in his thirties, and at one time through accumulated royalties of "No, No Nanette," "Tea for Two," "Time on my Hands," "Without a Song" and a dozen other melodies was in the millionaire class. When Vince was married he lived down on the New Jersey shore, near the home of his father who made Youmans hats. He tells the following story which happened when he was working on the score of "Great Day."

LABORING late one night at the piano in the library of his home in Rumson he paused for a moment. As he looked up from the keyboard he thought he saw the velvet portieres move slightly. But, believing it was perhaps a trick his eyes were playing him, he went back to work. Five minutes or so later he reached the end of the phrase and again looked up. Again the folds of the drapery at the end of the living room seemed to shake slightly, so Youmans decided to investigate. Stealthily, he rose from the piano bench and made his way in the direction of the offending portiere,

Photo by Wide World

The old "Maestro," Ben Bernie, and his famous black cigar. Ben is one of the wittiest of the radio "smart crackers."

Tiny Ray Dooley and Smiling Eddie Dowling, stage performers, are lending their talents to the large audience of the loud-speaker.

The New Movie Magazine, November, 1932
You'll soon be thrilling to Ted Husing's (right) graphic accounts of the major football games.

Our alert cameraman snapped this picture of Abe Lyman (below), famous band leader, during his recent personal appearance tour.

until he was upon it. With a sudden lunge and a sharp cry, "I've got you," he threw his arms around it. A woman screamed.

It was the fifty-year-old Finnish cook he had hired for the Summer. However, there she stood. Tears of anger and embarrassment coursing down her face.

"Oh, I am so sorry, Mr. Youmans, so sorry," she reiterated until she had regained enough composure to explain her presence. Then she continued:

"You know, sir, I love music. I come here every night to hear you compose, and stand in the curtain. And now I am so careless. So I cannot come no more."

Naturally, Youmans was so touched by her explanation that, with a gallant gesture, he showed her to the library couch.

"Anytime you wish to listen to me compose," he said, "just come in here and sit down. Come as often as you want, just as long as you don't make any noise."

The Finnish cook beamed and accepted the invitation. Nightly thereafter, she would listen to Youmans at work, without saying a word. Everything was fine as far as Vince was concerned, but from Mrs. Youmans' point of view it was a breach of household discipline. When she spoke to her culinary expert from Finland about the matter, the cook was up in arms. The following day she gave notice and packed her bags.

Before leaving, however, she spoke to Mr. Youmans:

"I told you sir, that I love (Please turn to page 81)"

Lovely Silvia Froos in a pensive mood. She is answering her many "fan" letters.
Here is the radio cast of "The Phantom of Crestwood," the RKO-NBC prize mystery serial. The scenario is by Bartlett Cormack. The serialization, by Frederic Arnold Kummer, appears in the Illustrated Detective Magazine—MYSTERY. First prize, for the best ending, $1500.00. There are ninety-nine other cash awards, totaling $6000. You may be one of the lucky winners.

M. H. AYLESWORTH, President of the National Broadcasting Company and Radio-Keith-Orpheum Corporation, whose new idea for the union of films and radio is attracting the attention of both industries.
Radio Personalities invade the movies; Marlene Dietrich sings four numbers and Al Jolson has five in his newest picture

By JOHN EDGAR WEIR

The Month's Biggest Hits
"THE SHEIK," fox trot, played by Duke Ellington and his orchestra. (Brunswick)
"TIGER RAG," stomp, played by The Washboard Rhythm Kings.
"PLEASE HANDLE WITH CARE," fox trot, played by Isham Jones and his orchestra. (Brunswick)
"IN A SHANTY IN OLD SHANTY TOWN," fox trot, played by Ted Black and his orchestra. (Victor)

THE fall season will be a happy one for lovers of music in the films, for several of the large producing companies are readying pictures that either have a complete musical background, or have a number of smart new songs.

Paramount leads the way with "The Big Broadcast," its drama of radioland and radio stars. Dietrich is singing four numbers in "The Blonde Venus" and Al Jolson, the original songster of the talkies has five in his picture, "The New Yorker."

In "The Big Broadcast" there are two brand new songs never sung before on the screen or the air. Bing Crosby, long a favorite with radio listeners, will sing "Please" and "Here Lies Love." Our early reports from Hollywood lead us to believe that these two numbers will sweep the country. Included in the cast with Crosby are a notable list of radio favorites such as Kate Smith, the Mills Brothers, Vincent Lopez, the Boswells, Cab Calloway, Burns and Allen, and Arthur Tracy, the Street Singer.

In Dietrich's new picture, Marlene will sing four songs. Those of you who thrilled to "Falling in Love Again" which she sang in the "Blue Angel," will eagerly await her newest endeavors.

The songs in Jolson's picture were written by Irving Caesar, who wrote the "Mickey Mouse" number. And, of course, everybody remembers what a sensation Al made with his songs in "The Jazz Singer."

(Please turn to page 90)
Pardon Me—but have you

Our sun-bathing correspondent, Herb Howe, reports the latest news of Hollywood from his roof-garden seclusion—address unknown

Hollywood, Cal:

SUNBATHING on the roof all morning I naturally got to thinking of Greta and wondering how I can do my stuff with her in Sweden. No one else around here excites such interest. I realized this seeing only one airplane in the sky all morning. When Greta is sunbathing in our midst they're busier than bees...

It's all up with us unless Greta is back soon. You know yourself how you skim a page looking for her name. If it isn't there you yawn over to Aunt Het or Skippy. It's getting so writers don't read their own stuff unless Greta is in it. I don't want to get that way. That's why I thought of working up a little public correspondence with her while she was away. You know, the way Bernard Shaw wrote Ellen Terry and John Riddell wrote Mae West. (Or was it Shaw who wrote Mae West?—out here one gets so behind in literary things.) Of course, I knew Greta wouldn't like it. But I thought I could remind her, with a gay chortle, that

Have you seen Weissmuller? When he strolls around town, his shoulders scrape the highest buildings.

RIGHT: Tallo, that Paramount gal from Alabam', has been loaned to M-G-M for the picture, "Tinfoil."
writers must live. On second thought, though, I recall how violently she disagrees on that point.

Greta's manager, Harry Eddington, proved the rescue. He came into Levy's the other night alone. I also was dining _tout seul_, true to Sweden. We got together over coffee, and talked of Greta. I hope we're not cut off the _smörgåsbord_ list for this. He didn't tell me anything I didn't know. And I didn't tell him anything he didn't. Why should I?

John Gilbert introduced Harry to Greta at the time she was on a strike for more kronen from M-G-M. Harry negotiated the happy-days contract for Gilbert under which he is still working at $250,000 per picture. Successful as an intermediary between Miss Garbo and the company,

Harry became prime minister for the queen. Many stars forget their managers after a contract is obtained, and the latter have to sue for their percentage. Miss Garbo seems to have appreciated her manager's services. She's a strange girl.

Greta will always seem eccentric to Hollywood. Here are a few idiosyncrasies:
She's on the set at nine, eager to go, and waits sometimes two hours for the rest of the company to get going.
She gets her script a week before production starts and knows exactly what she is going to do in every scene before the picture commences.
During production she goes to bed at seven, has dinner there, gets up at four or five and hikes.
It is not true that she has refused always to work after five p. m., but she is (Please turn to page 97)
A Youthful Approach
TO THE CLOTHES QUESTION WITH CONSTANCE CUMMINGS

I f you're young and fresh, with curves where curves should be and a wholesome radiance to your face—like Constance Cummings—your clothes problem is so simple you’re likely to miss its solution. Clothes that are young, simple—and inexpensive—are your meat, says Miss Cummings.

"The girl who is simple in her tastes should never go in for the extreme models," she insists. "Anybody in the regular walks of life going the rounds of social activities of the girl in moderate circumstances, may always be dressed in good taste and look smart most inexpensive, if she puts thought and time on her dress problem.

"Today’s fashions are definitely planned for economy in materials, lines and effect. Any girl may be smartly dressed for any occasion if she studies the many available fashion notes, so that she may know what lines are smart, the little touches which give any gown distinction, and the color tones needed in accessories.”

Constance Cummings dresses as every girl of moderate means could dress—and she always looks smart.

"Girls of my type," says Constance, "should never wear exotic, startling costumes. If they wish to look youthful, chic, and wholesomely attractive, they should wear the simplest gowns, coats and hats possible.

"I am going to suggest the fall wardrobe for the average girl taken from my own fall clothes selections. Sports wear for the outdoor type of girl is always a safe form to concentrate upon. Mannish polo coats and plain rolled brimmed hats are an absolute essential to every fall and winter wardrobe. I always have one of these coats and hats for general wear.

"A plain, smartly tailored suit of some sort is equally important for shopping, football games, driving about in your car, etc. My favorite for this winter is a suit of brown wool angora. The skirt has big knife pleats and the waist is of a harmonizing shade of yellow jersey. A suit of this sort may be worn for almost any occasion.

"Next in importance is a knockabout semi-tailored dress, which can be worn on those snappy fall days when it is too warm to wear a coat. I like to select this dress with some very brilliant colorings and the snap of fall. Black shoes and a small hat of black..."
(ABOVE) Another informal frock which Miss Cummings favors is the heavy crêpe above. Made in a light powder blue tone, the unusual short sleeves are puffed and embroidered with small crystal beads.

(RIGHT) For informal evening wear Miss Cummings chooses a semi-tailored gown of black crêpe designed by Jean Carol. The wide stitched belt with its large covered buckle, the tucks and pocket are new notes for evening. The collar is mousseline de soie.

French fur felt was my selection to go with this costume.

"For the girl who cannot have hats for every costume, a soft brown French fur felt, simple and almost mannish in design, is the best selection for her to make. Such a hat is smart with any sort of costume and for any sort of need.

"For that afternoon bridge party, tea, or informal dinner occasion, it is well to select a simple gown with the new, almost tailored mode so popular today. Choose this gown in light colors, not too striking in shade, if one must wear it often or for any great length of time. A jacket effect for this sort of gown adds to its effectiveness, I think. (Please turn to page 103)
NEW PICTURES you

Confidential information on the Fall releases from Hollywood
—important and otherwise—that will soon be in electric lights

THE PHANTOM OF CRESTWOOD"—(RKO)—is the mystery drama recently broadcast over a national hook-up and published in the ILLUSTRATED MYSTERY MAGAZINE, one of the Tower magazines, with prizes of $6,000 awarded for the best ending submitted by fans.

The cast for this story by Bartlett Cormack and J. Walter Ruben is long and impressive. In it are such names as Ricardo Cortez, Karen Morley, Anita Louise, H. E. Warner, Pauline Frederick, Mary Duncan, George E. Stone, Robert McWade, Skeets Gallagher, Aileen Pringle and many others equally popular and important.

RKO is promising big things in this picture. The director and two or three executives are the only ones who know what the true ending is to be. In other words it is to be a surprise package for the fans.

The picture is due for late October or early November release.

"THE SIGN OF THE CROSS"—(Paramount)—The Wilson Barrett play has been adapted for the screen by Waldemar Young and Sidney Buchman and is under


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should see-and why

"THE KID FROM SPAIN"
Renee Whitney, Theresa Conover, and Eddie Cantor in United Artists' "The Kid from Spain." This musical features Eddie in the rôle of a romantic toreador.

"RASPUTIN"
Lionel Barrymore as the mad monk, and Tad Alexander as the little prince in M-G-M's "Rasputin." Ethel Barrymore and John Barrymore, brother and sister to Lionel, have important parts in the picture.

the lavish directorial hand of Cecil B. DeMille.
Fredric March, Claudette Colbert, Elissa Landi and Charles Laughton are in the principal rôles. Elaborate sets are one of the outstanding features of the production. The set for the massacre takes up three large stages. The stadium for the chariot races has been constructed on the back lot. The milk bath for Claudette Colbert required nearly four hundred

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"MERRY-GO-ROUND"
A scene from Universal's "Merry-Go-Round," featuring Sydney Fox and Eric Linden. Tully Marshall, Eric Linden, and Thomas Jackson in this still. Eric was borrowed from RKO to play opposite Sydney Fox in this picture.

"ROCK-A-BYE"
Constant Constance! As a gay woman who secretly hungers for motherhood, but cannot land the man she loves, Constance Bennett gives us fine and touching acting in "Rock-a-bye," a Radio picture. Phillips Holmes is the man.

The Kid From Spain"—(United Artists)—Eddie Cantor supported by Lyda Roberti, Ruth Hall, Robert Young, John Miljan and Sidney Toler.
This picture, directed by Leo McCarey with music and lyrics by Bert Kalmer and Harry Ruby, is a musical comedy with three distinct sequences, any of which should prove outstanding entertainment. The first number takes place on a girls' dormitory set which is one of the most beautiful we have yet seen on any sound
Janet Chandler and George O'Brien in another drama of the pioneer days, "The Golden West." A Fox Films production.

George will be seen in two rôles, in this one. Marion Burns, Irene Ware and Edmund Breese have parts.

stage. The second is the café set in Mexico. They have devoted the better part of two stages to this one set. The third is the bull-fighting arena where one of the most amusing of the three numbers takes place.

Sidney Franklin, the American bull-fighter who was such a hit in Spain, acted as technical adviser for the third number. He is now in Europe to continue meeting the bull in the arena.

This is one of the first big musicals to come from Hollywood for some time.

It will be ready for November release.

RASPUTIN—(MGM)—Co-starring John, Lionel, and Ethel Barrymore.

Under the direction of Charles Brabin, Lionel dons the long beard and black robes of the mad monk. It is a story built around the character of Rasputin, the holy devil, who through superstition ruled Russia through his power over the Czar and Empress. One of the highlights of the Mad Monk's life were the orgies, a national scandal, held in the palace of the Prince.

It will be interesting to see just how far the producers will go in reproducing these events. The story is being done day by day as production progresses. What the final story will be is not yet known, but with the wealth of historical data to work from, it is likely to be a vivid moving story.

Ethel Barrymore is cast in the rôle of the Empress, with John portraying the Grand Duke. In the supporting cast are Ralph Morgan as the Czar and Tad Alexander as the Crown Prince who is cured through a "miracle," a bit of hypnosis on the part of Rasputin.

The three Barrymores in a story concerning so interesting an historical character as Rasputin should be an assurance of good entertainment.

(Please turn to page 112)
Beautiful Hair for Anyone

Tala Birell, Viennese star, tells you how your hair may achieve glory—and her rules are very simple!

Is her hair still "a woman's crowning glory"? Beautiful Tala Birell answers in the affirmative. And inasmuch as Miss Birell comes from Vienna, where for centuries women have been noted for their charm and beauty, her opinion may be worthy of note.

"The color doesn't matter," says the Universal star. "Some white hair is marvelous! And it makes little difference whether the hair is bobbed or long, if the coiffure is becoming."

So if your locks be curly or straight, dark or blonde or platinum, it matters not, for "beautiful hair is the greatest physical adornment a woman can have," according to Tala Birell, "and with proper care, anyone may have attractive tresses."

Perhaps her opinion on the subject has aided this lovely European in making the care of the hair an important issue. Certainly, her own exquisitely coiffed pate is living evidence of her views on the subject and her advice may help other girls to attain the same perfection.

"So many have asked me what I use to make the gloss or shine—no, sheen, they call it—on my hair," says Tala. "They want to know where I buy it," she smiled. "I cannot help them with artificial aids. A healthy scalp will supply a luster and natural oil."

Miss Birell has a reserve that makes quizzing her seem impertinent. Nevertheless, questions tumbled over themselves after these revelations. How often may one safely shampoo the hair without making it too brittle or too dry? What soap is best? Should a rinse of any sort be used? What about brushing the hair? And so on and on. Lastly, what about stringy, unkempt hair that just won't "stay put"?

"What you Americans call 'well groomed'—that is the way to keep the hair. Then there can be no such thing as unmanageable hair. It is very simple. Brush the hair, keep it very, very clean—immaculate—yes? Wash with soap, water, rinse with a little lemon juice, a drop of perfume—that is all."

The formula was too simple. There must be a trick to applying the brush, the soap and water and the perfume. "Indeed, yes. Brush always from the back to the front and then from the front to the back—a hundred times a day. All of my life has this been done. It takes the dust out of the hair and exercises (the word is Tala's) the scalp."

"Once a week, in warm weather, my hair is washed. In cold weather, about every ten days is enough. This does not make the hair dry—because my hairdresser rubs my head with a towel. When it is warm, I sit out in the sunshine to dry my hair. Also, my hairdresser massages my scalp with the tips of her fingers for a long time until it glows. This makes me feel very relaxed. It is wonderful!"

The intriguing Viennese (Please turn to page 103)
RICHARD ARLEN and JOHN DARROW, two of filmdom's most noted gridiron contestants.

Football in the Films!
The Universal Picture "The All American" brings a gallery of gridiron heroes and film stars

FRED LINEHAN, Yale.

(Right) ALBIE BOOTH, one of Yale's greatest, carrying the ball behind the interference of REB RUSSELL, Northwestern U. husky.

FRANK CARIDEO, brilliant Notre Dame back.

"RED" CAGLE, Army.

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At Ginger's party: Eddie Kane, Arthur Pierson, Phyllis Fraser, Stanley Smith, Ginger, Mervyn Leroy, John Gilroy, Russell Hopton, and Al Kvale.

Ginger’s Surprise Party

The Fall season is the signal for many gay affairs; Sunday at Billie Dove’s; the Rumba parties; Carole Lombard entertains for husband Bill Powell, and other Hollywood social events.

GINGER ROGERS, that red-headed bit of pep, was the “victim” of a birthday surprise party that turned out to be one of the merriest affairs of the month.

Ginger and her mother and her cousin, Phyllis Fraser, were having dinner when Alice White bounced in like a breathless little sprite, pretending she’d just dropped by to say “hello.” Alice was very smart in a stunning black silk dress with great puffed sleeves of white organdie, an organdie collar to match, a huge bow of the same material at the neck line, and a small tight-fitting black hat with a swanky veil.

Ginger said later that Alice looked so excited, she began to suspect something.

Almost on Alice’s heels, came Wally Ford, and his wife, and then the secret was out. The Fords brought an old paper shopping bag full of silly toy animals, a couple of dolls and all sorts of odds and ends they had picked up.

And immediately thereafter, came a regular deluge of people, flowers and telegrams. The bewildered Ginger became almost hysterical with excitement. Among the very first arrivals of course, was Mervyn Leroy! Watching Ginger’s delight with everything, he said, “That’s one of Ginger’s greatest charms—her ability to be herself and to get such a whale of a kick out of everything that happens. . . . If she ever gets to Honolulu, she’ll never get over its charm!” Mervyn had not been back long from his first trip to the islands and (Please turn to page 99)

Bill Price, Mervyn Leroy, Ginger, Al Kvale, Phyllis Fraser, Shaw and Lee, Stanley Smith, Eddie Kane, Russell Hopton.

They looked at her hands
...and pictured her scrubbing the floor

Yet now red, rough hands can be made beautifully smooth and white
...in only 3 days!

Her gown was an exclusive model. But her hands were those of a kitchen drudge. They ruined her smartness—her charm—completely.

How often this happens! Yet how foolish—how needless—to let it! Though you do housework, play golf, work in the garden, run a car or a typewriter, your hands can still be satiny-smooth—enchantingly, alluringly soft and lovely. All they need is a little simple care.

Keep a bottle of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream handy. Smooth a little on the hands after they have been in water—and always at night. In three days you will marvel at the difference. Hands once more become delightfully smooth and white. Every trace of roughness and redness goes. You'll be so delighted that you'll decide to use Hinds always to keep your hands looking their prettiest.

Here's the secret of Hinds' "magic"

Hands become coarse and work-worn because the natural, softening, skin-beautifying oils dry out. Hinds restores these precious oils. It is not a thick, gummy, drying jelly but a delicate, chiffon-weight cream that seems to melt right into the pores. Instantly the tense, dry, drawn feeling vanishes. Almost before your eyes you can see roughness and redness begin to fade—new satiny-smoothness appear. Hinds dries naturally. Just a few seconds and it's absorbed, leaving an invisible "second skin" to protect the hands.

Try Hinds FREE. Mail coupon below for a generous 7-day trial bottle of Hinds. See for yourself the amazing results from just a few applications. Use it when you manicure, too. Directions with every bottle.

CLIP AND MAIL COUPON NOW

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Sole Distributors,
Dept. 611, Bloomfield, New Jersey.
Please send me a generous free trial bottle (enough for 18 applications) of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

Name
Address
City State

HINDS honey and almond CREAM

The New Movie Magazine, November, 1932
PEGGY SHANNON has been one of the busiest girls in Hollywood lately. The Thanksgiving season arrived before she felt ready for it. However, she found an easy way out of her menu difficulties and generously passed on her discovery to NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE readers.

"Thanksgiving just couldn’t slip by without my celebrating it with a rousing big dinner with my nearest and dearest," said Peggy. "However, this year it sort of ‘sneaked up’ on me. I have been so very, very busy, but I’m planning Thanksgiving dinner just the same.

"My mother and sister will be with me this year, and I shall invite Jimmie Dunn and his mother, Mr. and Mrs. Blystone, Alan Davis, Wynne Gibson, Madge Evans and Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Tracy, because I consider them my dearest Hollywood friends.

"There is no season of the year when a hostess can make a more attractive table than at Thanksgiving. The autumn shades, the yellows, red and greens, lend themselves so beautifully for a color scheme.

"My table will be set with yellow linen tablecloth, and napkins, and with dishes of pale yellow shade. The centerpiece will be a large horn of plenty, made of autumn leaves in all their gorgeous colorings. In the horn and falling from it onto the table will be seasonal fruits, nuts and candies, gracefully arranged.

"At the four corners of the table, small natural pumpkins will serve as candlesticks, holding large cathedral candles. The favors will be miniature ships patterned after the Mayflower and so made that they are in reality cigarette boxes—and of course, they will be filled with cigarettes.

"All these details were easily thought out while having my hair dressed (Pleased turn to page 93)
"If you don't want to Reduce
don't bother reading this."

SAYS SYLVIA ... the world's foremost
authority on the care of the feminine figure

[Why you must have sugar to lose
weight faster, and more safely]

Out here in Hollywood, I've slapped,
beaten, pounded ... and dieted ... many
an overweight picture star into shape for
the camera. And in New York, many a
stage and social celebrity. I get $100 a
half hour for doing it.

Now these Life Savers folks have asked
me to tell you about my slenderizing
method, because Life Savers are part of
that method. We'll get back to them later
—I want to tell you, in proper order, the
things you've got to do to get rid of those
bulges, bumps and rubber tires. I don't
believe in shilly-shallying. And I'm going
to give you my advice straight from the
shoulder. If you're a sensitive creature
... that's just too bad.

FIRST: Exercise sanely. A two-mile (or
more) walk a day in the open air.

SECOND: No fat, rich foods, gravies or
sauces. And liquor? Don't let me catch
you taking a drop!

THIRD: Here's where you get the sur-
prise of your life. You'll think it's a mis-
print. But it isn't. Get this straight. Don't
starve yourself on sugar!

Eat enough Sugar!

Fats are fuel; sugar is the flame. Sugar
is the one food element that most quickly
and most safely burns away the body fats.
And you'll lose weight faster with the
right sweet at the right time than you
ever could without it.

Case after case of my own verifies these
facts.

What is the right sweet? I give Life Savers
to my clients. I don't let my stams suffer
from the pangs of a normal sweets-hunger.
I satisfy it ... and help them reduce at
the same time.

Why are Life Savers part of my slender-
izing method? Because they are a pur-
poseful candy for reducing. They give you
quickly assimilated sugar energy without
fat-producing bulk. They are hard, so you
let them dissolve on your tongue. One
Life Saver lasts 8 to 10 minutes. And
gives you a lasting gratification of your
normal hunger for sweets. You can slip
one into your mouth whenever and where-
ever you like. And as often as your appre-
tite calls for sugar.

Even the most finicky palate can find a
flavor it likes, because there are many to
choose from. Myself, I like Cryst-O-
ments, the new mouth-cooling, crystal
drops. But you may prefer Pep-O-mint
... Wint-O-green ... Cl-O-ve ... Lic-
Orice ... Cinn-O-mon ... Vi-O-let ... Or
the real fruit-tasting fruit drops ... Lema,
Orange, Lime and Grape.

I like action ... let's get started!

If you mean business ... so do I. But I
want to see evidence of your good faith.
Show me you're in earnest about this
weight-reducing and I'll make you a
grand gift.

I have put down in a brief booklet the
information that I usually get hundreds
of dollars for.

Show me that you are really getting busy
on this reducing program. Buy at least
two packages of genuine Life Savers right
now. Mail me two of the wrappers and
I'll send you this booklet which gives the
net of my slenderizing instructions.

Helen Twelvetrees, RKO Radio Pictures' player

The New Movie Magazine, November, 1932

IF YOU MEAN BUSINESS SEND THIS COUPON; IF YOU DON'T ... Don't!

Certainly I mean business. Here's proof. Attached are wrappers
from two packages of Life Savers. Please mail me your booklet of
diet and exercise instructions. (If you live outside the U. S. A.,
include 10¢ to cover mailing.) This offer expires December 31, 1933.

Name__________________________
Address_______________________
City__________________________State____

All candy products having the distinctive shape of Life Savers are manufactured by Life Savers, Inc.
Make These
CHRISTMAS GIFTS
for Less Than
ONE DOLLAR

Here are presents for every member of the family you can make with the help of our New Method Circulars.


No.169—Half a yard of ribbon makes a smart tobacco pouch.

No.170—A rose-shaped pajama bag for one of your frivolous girl friends.

No.171—The latest style bureau scarf trimmed with seam binding and calico can easily be made with the aid of this circular.

No.172—Learn to make these colorful patch-work table doilies. This circular gives four different designs.

No.173—The new one-piece poncho blouse made from one yard of figured material.

No.174—For the exacting young woman—these slim-waisted silk crépe shorts.

No.175—Make this apron and work bag of Scotch plaid gingham.

Turn to page 102 for directions for obtaining the New Method diagram patterns for the Christmas gifts shown on this page.

The New Movie Magazine, November, 1932
FAOEN—In Convenient 10¢ Sizes—Absolutely Equals $1 to $3 Quality

"I just love all the Faoen Beauty Aids. Take this Faoen Face Powder, for instance. It has exactly the same quality as $1 to $3 powders... and yet it only costs 10¢!"

The ONLY Beauty Aids at 10¢ that give Scientific Proof of Fineness and Purity

No wonder women were skeptical when Park & Tilford first announced Faoen. Beauty Aids in convenient 10c sizes—equal to the costliest brands in fineness and purity—seemed inconceivable!

But scientific tests tell the truth. They reveal the facts! And the facts are these, as reported by a famous Research Laboratory:

"every Faoen product tested, is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for $1, $2 and $3."

In addition, all Faoen Beauty Aids have received the seal of approval of The Good Housekeeping Institute.

If you have not yet tried Faoen Beauty Aids, you owe it to yourself to do so today. You will be amazed at their quality... delighted with the results. And you will gratefully welcome their economy!

10c each

at F.W.Woolworth Co Stores

Beauty Aids

FAOEN

CLEANSING CREAM • COLD CREAM • SKIN TONIC • LOTION • FACE POWDER • ROUGES • PERFUMES

The New Movie Magazine, November, 1932
Heating the Modern House

Rapid progress has been made in heating the home since the time of the early settlers

The large stone, wood-burning fireplace was the only method of heating the home two hundred years ago.

By BETTY LENAHAN

The early American settlers tried to warm their sturdy log cabins with fireplaces—the method they brought to the new country with them. The great stone fireplaces were cheerful to look at but they were not practical, they continually had to be relKindled which was not an easy task in those days before the conveniences of matches. They caused quantities of dust and dirt around the room and most of the heat went up the chimney. This method of heating was prevalent until the latter part of the Eighteenth Century when a tremendous advance was made by Benjamin Franklin with the first American stove—thus was brought about the revolution in heating and the cheerful woodburning fireplaces were no longer a necessity, they were a comfortable luxury.

This first little stove was not pretty and was hard to keep clean but it served its purpose as it warmed the room throughout. The stove like its predecessor, the fireplace, heated by radiation; its warmth did not penetrate walls, so in order to heat the entire house it was necessary to have a stove in each room. In the beginning the stove was placed in the fireplace and connected with the chimney but later it was moved to the center of the room so as to give off heat from all sides.

Gradually, as the years went on, the stove was improved and a new type of heater was evolved, a central heating plant that would heat all the rooms in the house.

Now we have several different types of heating systems which can be adapted to the modern home, the principal ones of which are coal, gas, hot water, steam and oil. It is wise when deciding which method to use to consider it from the angles of economy and practicability of the heating system, and also to take into consideration the size, structure and location of the house. It is best to consult your builder on those points.

The coal burning furnace is gradually being replaced by the more modern systems due to the worry and care it entails. The hot water, steam and gas plants are very prevalent and are quite satisfactory but the new electric oil burning systems are rapidly coming to the fore. With the oil burner you can enjoy real freedom from heating cares and worries if you are sure of two things: that the oil burner you select is of good standard make and that your boiler is suited for oil burning and is adapted to your burner. The oil burner can be adjusted to any degree of temperature you wish and when the heat reaches the desired temperature it automatically shuts off so at all times the entire house remains at a healthful temperature.

You might consider the initial cost of the oil burner high but you will find it to be economical in the long run. The price of oil is about the same as the price of coal, but there is no additional expense of having someone to tend the furnace and empty the ashes. Another distinct advantage of the oil burner is its cleanliness. There is no dust or soot to accumulate and the basement rooms can be made as useful and attractive as any of the upstairs rooms.

When building a house it is wise to install the most modern heating system and equipment. It not only assures your own personal comfort and pleasure but also increases the sale value of your property.

If you are building a new home or intend building one in the near future, or if you would like to change the heating system you already have and would be interested in the details of the different modern heating systems, write to the Tower House Editor in care of this magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

The modern heater takes up very little space in the basement and provides an even, healthful temperature for the whole house.

The New Movie Magazine, November, 1932
"I'm tired of envying other girls the dresses I can't wear."

Get plenty tired of it! Then maybe you'll have the strength of mind to get after those bulges and curves that keep you from looking smart in the fashions your slenderer friends wear so gracefull.

The foolish part about being overweight is that it's so easy to reduce. All you need is a mind made up, common sense and patience. You can't expect to lose all your excess pounds overnight. Take time to it, do it right, and you'll improve your health as well as your figure.

Make up your mind, polish up your patience, and send for "Reducing the Right Way." Thousands of women have sent for it already, as a guide to sensible diet and exercise. You'll be surprised when you see how much and how many of the things you like to eat appear on its menus. There are menus for breakfast, luncheon and dinner for two solid weeks—and two weeks of eating well but sensibly couldn't strain anyone's patience. There are recipes, too, for interesting dishes. And exercises you'll want to make a part of your daily program because they make you feel so well.

Send today for "Reducing the Right Way". It costs just ten cents, postpaid.
When Nature needs Only a gentle NUDGE!

A laxative that gets its results through a violent purging of the intestines is worse than no laxative at all. For that's too big a price to pay for temporary relief from constipation. Such cathartics disturb digestion. They upset the stomach. They shock the nervous system. They are not good for you!

Next to Nature—Ex-Lax

The best laxative is the one that comes closest to Nature's own way of acting. Ex-Lax gently stimulates the bowels to action. It does not impair the normal functions of the intestines. It does not shock the system. It doesn't gripe. It helps Nature to help herself.

No secret about Ex-Lax

Ex-Lax is simply that scientific laxative ingredient—phenolphthalein—of the right quality, in the right proportion, in the right dose—combined with delicious chocolate in the special Ex-Lax way.

That's why Ex-Lax is so gentle, why it is not habit-forming. Ex-Lax checks on every point your doctor looks for in a laxative.

Give Ex-Lax a trial!

There's only one way to know that Ex-Lax is better than any other laxative you may now be using. And that is to find out for yourself! Take one or two before going to bed tonight. Tomorrow you'll know why Ex-Lax is the choice of millions.

In 10c, 25c and 50c sizes. Or return the coupon below for a free sample.

Keep "regular" with EX-LAX
— the safe laxative that tastes like chocolate

Hollywood's Decalogue

(Continued from page 53)

HOLLYWOOD is full of charming roistering mischief makers who "drop in" and stay to meals, disrupt parties, make odd numbers of carefully planned dinner party tables, and generally sow disorder and trouble. The actor is naturally a carefree general soul, loving company and mirth and repartee, and it is a wife of parts who can control such a situation without causing a rupture. A man hates to be considered henpecked, so it is usually up to him to quell this nuisance; and the same goes for the wife who may have gotten into a bridge-playing, gambling, gossiping set who annoy her husband and perhaps make trouble. Hollywood's wife must see eye to eye on this situation.

The fourth commandment, "Thou shalt retain thy sense of humor," is sponsored by Joan Bennett, Jim and Lucille Gleason, and Dolores Del Rio goes as far as to say, "Always keep cheerful." Joan Bennett says:

"I can't imagine what could be more important in a marriage than a sense of humor. Mrs. Gleason says, "I think that a laugh takes the pain out of the bumps that Fate deals us all."

When young people are choosing life partners, they should observe if the other can laugh when situations that arise. If he can't, remember that nice teeth and a good complexion are fine, but that a sweetheart that can't laugh at a laugh will not be able to do any better after marriage.

Hollywood, because of its absorbing devotion to work, and of the ever-present ego of the actor or actress, simply could not exist if it were not for humor. A flood of wisecracks is heard on all sides, and the one who cannot take a situation lightly soon finds himself out of things. It was Frank Fay who made somewhat in this respect (remember, he was posing for photographs in front of his burning Malibu home! Why not? He couldn't save it anyway.)

HOME life in Hollywood needs humor in plenty. If a quarreling husband and wife take themselves seriously, they are both likely to become themselves until they have worked up a situation nothing can bridge. A good laugh, a smile on their lips, shows that things are getting good-natured, can crush a situation at once, and bring the partner back to normalcy, smiling sheepishly.

Warner Baxter thinks this is especially important in marriages when the wife has been, or still is, an actress.

"Feed the old ego," says Warner. "Don't forget the florist's phone number once you've sniffled the orange blossoms. They shouldn't be an anesthetic for romance, they should properly just start it. Bring the wife little surprises; they needn't be expensive. Just something to provide the thrill of unwrapping and to prove you think of her when you are away from home. Make her feel she is still all the charming and desirable as ever. Be interested in her clothes, in the way she does her hair." Norma Shearer says, "Remember the person opposite you. The glaring sunlight of the breakfast table is the same one that looked so romantic the night before. You know it is easy to keep romance in the humid environment of every-day life, if you are willing to make the effort."
Hollywood's Decalogue

Lilyan Tashman considers that the best way for a wife to keep romance in her marriage is always to look her best, down to the most scrupulous daintiness in every detail of her toilette. "Look as young and as smart as possible," says Lilyan. "And never forget to be affectionate. Men hate public displays of affection, but reserve plenty of affectionate demonstrations for your time together at home. Surround yourself with the greatest romantic atmosphere in the world, a beautifully kept and appointed home. Learn to be a gracious and successful hostess. Nothing makes a woman appear so charming as when she is playing the hostess against a background she has planned to express her taste and personality. This can be done according to one's means. Extravagance is not necessary to produce charming effects."

Fredric March, husband of Florence Eldridge, says, "It should not be hard to remember the sweet things that made your courtship a success. You of all people should know best what pleases; and a florist shop can still tell your story prettily."

Clive Brook has some practical advice on keeping that elusive romantic quality in marriage: "Get away together, once a year, from your children, friends, and affairs. Do a bit of honeymooning. Never consent to long separations, for any reasons whatsoever. Save two nights at least, in every week; for a quiet evening at home, alone." Richard Arlen says, "Don't be afraid to be sentimental—and never agree to long separations."

Our sixth commandment, "Thou shalt tell the truth at all times, and believe in me and hold me above suspicion," is the contribution of Irene Dunne, enthusiastically seconded by Joan Bennett. This rule might seem a good rule for any marriage, but in Hollywood it is a necessity, the ironclad protection against blackmailers and others who take an interest in causing trouble. Irene Dunne says, "Be sporting; don't practice small falsehoods—it is so degrading. Dare to tell the truth, whatever it is, for no one was ever injured by it in the long run."

Joan Bennett says, "I have a mania for the truth. It simplifies all human relations. Most of our difficulties come from lack of truth in ourselves or others. A marriage where there is not utter truthfulness would be impossible for me. A doubt or a jealousy is really an insult. In Hollywood, where there are so many petty jealousies, flirtations, and falsehoods, it is doubly valuable."

Carole Lombard says, "Never put on an act to gain some end. Men see through sham and insincerity more quickly than women, and detest it. Fight fair and keep your husband's respect."

It is the older folks, with long and successful experience of marriage, who offer us the seventh commandment: "Don't try to make me over, and I'll put up with your silly whims." Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cawthorne, and the Gleasons, authored this one. Roscoe

(The story continues on page 76)

The New Movie Magazine, November, 1932

One little girl Won a

BEAUTY CONTEST

Four little girls stayed at Home!

Every day you are competing in a Beauty Contest with many other lovely women. You can triumph—attract men's admiration—if your skin is soft and clear and immaculately clean. Let gentle Camay keep your skin exquisite!

Use a generous lather of Camay, a soft cloth and warm water—then rinse with cold water. You'll like Camay from the start. It's so mild and gentle!

Here's Camay—the delicate, creamy-white beauty soap. Now wrapped in green and yellow—with Cellophane jacket.

"He staged a little Beauty Contest of his own, when he mentally reviewed the girls he might invite. And she who won possessed a flawless skin... exquisite as an orchid!"

A Woman is not always the best judge of her own charms. She often places too little value on a perfect skin. Yet others notice your complexion first. If your skin is fresh and clear, you win another of life's daily Beauty Contests.

Keep your precious skin deeply clean with delicate Camay. The Soap of Beautiful Women is pure, refreshing, soft—and leaves your skin immaculate and blooming. And Camay, you know, costs less today than ever before! Never in your lifetime has so fine a soap sold at so low a price.

Camay

The Soap of Beautiful Women

(Cop. 1932, Procter & Gamble Co.)
WOOLENS
fluff up clean in
IVORY SNOW

Use the new quick-dissolving IVORY SNOW when you wash your fine woolens. It is pure Ivory Soap . . . safe for a baby's tender skin . . . safe for all downy and silky fleeces.

DISSOLVES AT A SWISH
IN LUKEWARM WATER

Ivory Snow is not cut into brittle, flat flakes, but blown into soft round particles which melt like snow itself. You don't need to start with hot water and get your hands so hot that they can't tell when the soaps have cooled enough for your woolens. With Ivory Snow you can begin with safe, lukewarm water and instantly get velvety suds.

NO STIFF, DISCOLORED SOAP SPOTS

Ivory Snow dissolves completely. It has no flat particles that can stick to fabrics and cause soap spots. That is why, when you wash your woolens or your silks in Ivory Snow, they look so new — so evenly soft and clear colored.

Use Ivory Snow lavishly — the extra-large package costs only 15¢. And here's a tip — it makes the quickest, thickest, soft-on-your-hands suds for dishes!

ADVICE FROM MAKERS OF
FINE WOOLENS AND SILKS

Ivory Snow is "the ideal soap for woolens" agree the weavers of Biltmore Handwoven Homespuns, the makers of downy Mariposa blankets and the Botany Worsted Mills. "A perfect soap for silks," say Mallinson, Cheney Brothers and TruHu.

99% PURE

Hollywood's
Decalogue
(Continued from page 75)

Ates believes in its all-importance. Younger folks like Norma Shearer and Dolores Del Rio plead for it too.

"Fit your tastes and hobbies into your life together; remain yourself, pursue your hobby, but be considerate and see that it is not overdone by neglecting your partner," says the Cawthornes.

"If he likes tea, and you like coffee for breakfast, for heaven's sake serve them both," says Lucille Gleason. "It's worth the effort even in these small things to keep your individuality and self-respect."

Rocceo Ates says, "Let the man have one definite hobby the wife doesn't share, and be allowed to indulge in it. Let the wife do likewise. Thus they will come back to each other refreshed." Dolores Del Rio says, "Allow and demand freedom of thought; do not probe or cross-question, but let each have a little hallowed world of spirit within. Never pry into each other's business; let all information be voluntarily given."

Winnie Lightner says, for our eighth commandment, "Don't flirt. The air is full of static in Hollywood anyway. Too many beautiful girls, too many googly-eyed husbands. The climate is great for children, but tough enough for marriage."

Carole Lombard says, "Don't flirt — it is shallow and insincere. You may be starting something you can't finish. You may be wounding the one you love most, and no fun is worth that."

Norma Shearer says, "Don't take a chance on losing the confidence of your mate by a silly flirtation."

Consider the suffering of a Hollywood wife if her celebrated husband flirts with some pretty girl. Everybody in town, and it's all over town by breakfast next morning, is feeling sorry for her and telling all her friends about it. Reversing the situation, the male whose mate is flirting gets a pitying look from his pals. Perhaps the saddest sight in the world is a screen sheik who has not made good at home. Valentino failed to hold either of his mates, and others have had the same sad experience. These things may reflect directly on the career of a male star. A flirting wife may make a man lose all his self-confidence.

Irene Dunne says, "Take as literally as your mate demands that stipulation of the marriage contract, 'for-saking all others.' Be brave enough to cast your lot with your mate, entirely, with no reservations, serious or flirtatious."

"False pride is a stumbling block on the road to any happiness in marriage," says Joan Bennett. "Flirtations are frequently, if not always, a means of flattering oneself. That is very insincere."

"Thou shalt not envy thy neighbor's car, nor his house, nor his beach place, nor his diamond bracelets, nor her wardrobe," says our ninth commandment. Much of the trouble between Hollywood husbands and wives is from the old idea of "keeping up with the Joneses." This evil is nowhere more widespread than in Hollywood, where the scramble for prestige is so great that it is no wonder men and women come to look at viewable assets as the most important.
Hollywood's Decalogue

Lilyan Tashman says, "A wife should strive not to be too extravagant nor on the other hand, too parsonious. Extravagance is a sin anywhere in the world, for obvious reasons, and parsimony will shame a man before his friends. Always remembering that good taste must be observed, a couple should live within their fortune, envying nobody and striving to supply through careful management and planning the sort of home and the way of living that is something a man can be proud of."

Ralph Bellamy and his wife, Katherine Willard, say, "Don't be greedy to have too much luxury, either to impress friends or to keep up with friends. There are other things in life."

Greta Garbo is Hollywood's prime example of supreme indifference when it comes to swank and "keeping up with the Joneses," and it'll be a lucky man who gets a jewel like Greta who has a total disregard for appearances. She could marry a carpenter and get along just fine.

"Thou shalt desire the same things from life that I do," is our tenth commandment, contributed by Harold Lloyd and his wife. In other places outside Hollywood, marriage may mean different things to husband and wife. The man may fulfill his ambitions in business and the woman hers in society. In most communities, being married is something that all forces of the community tend to promote and solidify. Forces in Hollywood tend to pull couples apart; work, irregular and predetermined hours, constant proximity to new and beautiful women and fascinating young men, for hours at a time in informal, almost intimate contact while working in a picture; all these pull apart a married couple.

To counteract this, interests must be closely knit. We have discussed liking the same pastimes and people in our article; now we will consider the serious objects of life, the desire to accomplish mutually so definite thing.

This something may be a home; and with Harold Lloyd and his wife, Mildred Davis, it is a home—the old conception of a home. A cheery place with "children's faces looking out, and flowers looking in. We find three children's faces looking out, and plenty of flowers looking in."

Mildred likes to cook, and on the servants' night out, she does cook Harold's supper, with the aid of the two little girls standing on stools and helping. That domestic tone is the deepest thing in life to Lloyd, and all his expensive mansion and gardens are only a reverent frame for that precious dream, a home.

Mildred surrendered her personal ambitions for a career because she finally understood how much the old-fashioned home meant to Harold, and has found his way wiser than hers, for them at least.

There is a large question in this matter of careers for the wives. There are many happy couples on both sides of the argument. The answer is that they have some other ambition in which they both believe; usually retirement, with children later.

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(Continued from page 77)

But Hollywood is strewed with the wrecks of marriages that have gone to wrack on the Scylla and Charybdis of a career or no career for the wife.

It is perfectly true that men who marry actresses are naive enough to expect these glamorous erotic creatures to be transformed into perfect domestic wives and mothers. Sometimes they are, but not enough times to make it worth taking a chance—let alone one.

Only those couples who can entirely agree on the status of children and a home can hope to be happy. If one is dissatisfied, it’s no go. If a husband, Thalberg, and her husband, King Vidor, feel that she is entitled to a career, as well as to children.

Her career, in fact, has flourished more since her motherhood than before, thus upholding the argument that motherhood deepens and broadens a woman’s emotional life and makes her a better actress. She feels her career is her great means of self-expression, and that when she has finished childrearing, she has the children also to provide future interests.

Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg live a similar life, smoothly running home machinery taking all the details from Norma and allowing her to pursue a brilliant career. And Papa Irving, reporting candid pictures, proudly brings the baby to work with him daily in the car, for the airing.

Neil Hamilton believes that for him personally there could not be two careers in the family, He says, “For so many years when I was starting out on a career, hungry and lonely in New York, I used to dream of a home, and what it would mean to have some one who would care about all the silly little things that had happened to me during the day, who would be there by the fireside to listen to me at the end of the day, and give me my wife, my dreams and my hopes.”

“Somehow that dream took such a hold on me, that I do not believe I could be happy any other way, than as I dreamed of being happy.”

“I can’t imagine what it would be like to have to sit and listen to some tired and fretful mother interrupting me and saying, ‘But wait till you hear what happened to ME today,’ and interrupting my egotistical recital. Perhaps I am silly, perhaps I am egotistical, but that’s the way it is. I could never be happy married to a picture star myself. Then, too, I like to feel that I am the breadwinner; this gives me a subtle pride in myself and my accomplishments. It makes me feel that I am a success, and that I am really important to society. If women only knew how that flatters a man, they would not crave so for independence.”

Warner Baxter, whose wife was a star before their marriage, and worked after their marriage, later retiring, is well qualified to say something about this. “Making pictures is much harder for a woman than for a man. Consider the one item of make-up. A man can do his in from half an hour to an hour at the most. A woman must have her hair done; her neck and arms must be made up, as well as her face. With a man, the old face is all that gets attention. A woman is constantly worrying over her weight and figure; a man, within reasonable limits. None of this means any lessening of diets, massages, and exercises. All this wears out a girl, makes her more irascible and temperamental than a man actor. I don’t believe Winifred and I could have gone on indefinitely if she had not pursued her dramatic career. We used to have frequent fusses, both coming home tired out and edgy. Now that never happens; she has retired.”

Dolores Costello has been much flattered with her husband, John Barrymore, takes. “If she wants to work, I’m willing; and if she just wants to stay home and be mamma to the baby, that’s fine, too,” says John. He comes of a celebrated stage family, where both husbands and wives worked, for generations, and the only failures were amongst the professional who did not understand the mad, mad ways of the stage, married into the family.

Marguerite Clark, also of a famous stage family that produced Charlotte Cushman, believes that retirement is in order when an actress marries, “to found a home, and have children; that is the only kind of marriage I believe in. It takes all a woman’s energies. She is not being fair to herself, her husband, children, or career, if she undertakes so many obligations.”

The Edmund Lowes feel both are entitled to a career. Enda is so proud of Lilian’s success, and realizes thoroughly that to insist on her retirement would be to deprive herself of the breath of life. Lilian feels darkly of a family in the future, but at present, her abounding love of life, ambition, and all the business of life make much success, are a hearty draught. Eddie is content to have her that way, at least for the present.

It is amusing to contact the seriousness of thought that all of these interviewed people gave to this matter of marriage in Hollywood, and its problems. It is surprising how the carefree attitude that the world imparts to its ideals. It leaves one with the sobered realization that perhaps nowhere in the world are so many fascinating people hard at work on the biggest piece of fascination in the world, fascinating the life partner, year in, year out, every moment of the day.

How Ted gained
Seven Pounds
in two months
through a delicious new food-drink

The more Ted grew, the more frail and puny he looked. His mother gave him the best of everything—all the food he would eat—and still he didn’t gain. At last she went to see the school nurse.

“Give him Cocomalt,” the nurse advised. “It’s accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association. You see, it’s far more than a milk drinking; it’s a scientific food-drinking, containing food elements every growing child needs.”

So Ted’s mother began giving him Cocomalt, mixed with milk, regularly. In two months he showed a gain of 7 pounds! Now she’ll never leave it out of his diet—he has improved so noticeably in every way.

Prepared according to directions, Cocomalt adds more than 70% nutrient-ful (food-energy) to milk. Contains Vitamin D, enabling the more efficient utilization of the calcium and phosphorus richly furnished by this drink, for the formation of strong bones, sound teeth, sturdy bodies.

High in food-value—low in cost. At all grocers in ½-lb., 1-lb. and 5-lb. family size cans. Or mail coupon and 10c (to cover cost of packing and mailing) for trial can.

Cocomalt is accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association. That is your guarantee of its worthwhileness. Also formed by Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation.

Cocomalt is a scientific food concentrate of selected edibles, barley malt extract, and B vitamins, and strengthened with added sunshine Vitamin D.

E. R. DAVIS CO., Dept. 185, Hoboken, N. J.
Please send me a trial can of Cocomalt. I am enclosing 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing.

Name.
Address.
City.
State.

ADDS 70% MORE NOURISHMENT (FOOD-ENERGY) TO MILK
(Packed according to label directions)

Remember that you bought this magazine at WOOLWORTHS
You will find a new issue at the same place on the 15% of each month.

The New Movie Magazine, November, 1932
about this move, "Too happy, perhaps. At heart I'm probably one of the laziest persons in the world. I don't do anything which I can avoid doing and I was growing more and more dependent upon my mother for little things. I realized that I needed to get away and be forced to rely entirely upon myself. The family understood. I'd probably see more of them than I did when I was right at home. But I'd have the sensation of being completely on my own."

Karen believes that, wherever it is possible, all young people should do this.

"As wise Marie Dressler said once: No young person can amount to anything until he or she tests his or her own abilities and capabilities without any family help or influence." Karen quoted the woman who is the idol and model of all Hollywood's younger generation.

Karen says that she's lazy. She probably is. About everything except her work. Then nothing is too hard, no hours too long, no obstacles too great. But about clothes and social amenities and other things, she does them when the spirit moves her and no other time.

"It would be a form of lying for me to dress up," she laughed. "It's not my nature to be the smart, fashion plate type. I suppose that, too, is just another form of my besetting sin of laziness. At any rate, I'm not yet well enough known to be recognized so I don't feel that I have to worry about the way I look or about disappointing people."

"When I was hunting for an apartment, only two people recognized me and they were two small girls, standing in the lobby of one of the apartment houses. I was really thrilled when they asked me to autograph a book for them."

Karen wears tailored suits as well as sports clothes. But she loves soft, clinging, ultra-feminine evening togs. Her favorite color is a dull, rich green. She wears browns and yellows to match the creamy gold of her skin and the brown of her eyes. She doesn't like to cook or to do domestic things. She never has, even as a school girl. But she never tires of reading. Mostly plays. Her idea of complete happiness is to sit in a theater and watch a good play or an interesting movie. That's the way she spends most of her evenings.

She doesn't take any regular exercise of any kind. She swims a little and goes horseback riding occasionally. That's all. She likes to find queer and unusual places to eat, restaurants that are far away from the beaten path of popularity. The biggest thrill of her life came when she had finished making "Washington Masquerade," when Lionel Barrymore told her that he hoped that she would be in his next picture with him.

She expects and hopes to marry some day and she firmly believes that marriage and a career can go hand-in-hand. But at the present time she isn't thinking of marriage. She is perfectly content to walk alone.

Tackling A JOB That's NEW TO YOU?

These magical blue flakes will have your clothes on the line in double-quick time

These days, millions of women are tackling the job of home laundering. If you, too, are being thrifty by doing your own, you'd like to talk to you about a way to get it done quickly and easily. A way to make sure that you'll have a fresh, snow-white wash every time. Have you ever heard of La France? It's a laundry helper that works like magic. It cuts your washing time amazingly, saves your energy and gives you leisure on washday. Hundreds of thousands of women use La France—wouldn't be without it on Monday.

La France is so simple to use: Just dissolve it, in hot water, in tub or machine. Then wash your clothes in the way you always do, using your regular laundry soap. Quickly, thoroughly—without hard rubbing—La France soaks away all dirt and grease. And it bleaches and cleans at the same time! Does away with the labor of lifting clothes in and out of bluing tubs. Blues perfectly, in hard or soft water, without a streak or spot. In jiffy time, La France will have your clothes washed and out on the line.

You'll be proud of their fresh, snow-white whiteness. And... La France will not harm dainty lingerie or delicate colors.

Give La France a trial next washday. We know you'll be enthusiastic about the help it gives you. Get it at your grocer's—one package is enough for 3 large tubs. If you prefer, use the coupon below. The coupon will bring you a FREE sample of La France and a FREE trial-size package of Satina. Satina, added to boiling starch, makes the iron glide and takes all the "push" out of ironing. A great help on ironing day. Clip the coupon right now!
Weep Some More My Lady!

(Continued from page 22)

and touched one of them, the finger would be blistered. With this thought in mind, I made no effort to stop Miss Bennett's tears, although she was a most appealing figure as she stood there, crying furiously.

OLIVE BORDEN, nestled in the same cozy chair that cuddled Miss Twelvetrees, confided the troubles that had followed her disagreement with Fox studios, on that memorable occasion when she refused to accept a salary of twenty-five dollars a week, and as a consequence found herself jobless. Unable to secure a contract elsewhere, Olive had found it necessary to sell her lovely home in Beverly Hills and she suffered a heartbreaking financial loss on the forced sale. She had discharged her servants, and she was struggling to keep up the payments on the only investment she had been able to retain—a small store-and-office building on the outskirts of Hollywood's business district.

Quite bravely, Olive began the story of her distress. She must have been lonely that day, for people are talkative, and Olive confided countless things that she had never told before. As she enumerated her woes, her bravado gradually melted, until at last she was pathetic. Gone was the rebellious, cock-sure manner that had surrounded her and she became a star. She was again the frightened, touching little girl whom I had known before fame discovered her. Without warning, Olive's last act of courage failed her.

And then she cried. She cried like a little girl who has hurt her finger and is trying not to cry. Through her tears she spoke softly and against her will, Olive smiled. True, it was a weak, pitiable smile, but it proved that even in her utmost misery, she retained a spark of indomitable courage; she wanted me to see that despite all that had befallen her, she still could smile, even through tears.

DON'T ask me who cries the most charmingly, for that is something that even I cannot say. All I know that I turned out to be, will not reveal. Besides, my choice might not be yours. I might like the brave tears of Olive Borden, and you Helen Twelvetrees. The confiding, childlike sobs of Marian Nixon might pierce straight into my heart, while perhaps you would prefer the more sophisticated tears of Constance Bennett.

I only know that had I been fortunate enough to capture and preserve a few of the liquid jewels that escaped the eyes of each lovely lady, I would possess souvenirs prized beyond monetary value. Indeed, I could stuff my hands carelessly, while fond memories traveled back to cherished moments when I offered my shoulders to beautiful, tearful ladies.

ON BEAUTY BENT

And twisted, too, if you want to get the movie star figure. We have special exercise lists that are planned for trimming where trimming is most necessary. Just write to Ann Boyd, core of the NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., tell her your reducing problem and she will give you thousand you the right exercises. Don't forget to enclose a stamped envelope.

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Radio Rambles

(Continued from page 53)

music,” she said. “And I do. I know that I am no longer beautiful, but, when I was a young girl in the old country, I was sweethearts to a great—a very great composer. He gave me many of his original scores which I have in my trunk in New York. I thank you for letting me come to your parlor and listen to you compose. Your music has made me happy, so happy. I must thank you so I give you one of his manuscripts.”

Within the week, Vincent Youmans received a carefully wrapped package. It was, as she had said, an original score with an inscription to her in Finnish signed by her great countryman, the composer Jan Sibelius. And underneath it she had re-inscribed the copy to her former employer.

Which reminds us of Ed Wynne’s character, the Prince, who had a sort of football face. You probably remember now. His features were always in a huddle.

Roxy has recently declared that radio is still in its infancy. One of our readers writes in to say “If this is so then a lot of clients are guilty of cruelty to children.”

Up to the Microphone Rode the 400: In spite of radio’s claim that it draws its talent from all walks of life, few of the socially registered of Manhattan have attempted to crash the gate until recently.

When Jack Denny brought his orchestra to the new Waldorf Astoria, he got a bright idea. Why not give auditions for the 400? He told us that it was in fear and trembling he sent out the call. To his surprise the response was immediate and enthusiastic. Then he was faced with another problem. Suppose they were only pretty good. What could he say without insulting probable patrons. He got over this hurdle by lumping some voices in chorals effects. But even in the group of mass singers none is permitted unless she is in the New York Social Register. Jack Denny says they work harder than most professionals.

The Old Maestro turns the corner! It may surprise you to hear it but Ben Bernie is not losing money on the horses. He estimates he is $15,000 ahead for the season. But he adds, that is nothing. There are some men, he says, who go about the country making $100,000 a year doing nothing but betting on the races. “They lead a jolly life,” Ben thinks.

The Crosbys in the West: Bing Crosby and Dixie Lee lived next to their old friends the Nick (Sue Carol) Stuarts when the Crosbys were in Hollywood for “The Big Broadcast.” When Sue’s baby was about to be born at three one morning, Bing and Dixie took Sue to a hospital and as soon as visitors were allowed, Bing and his guitarist crooned to the little girl.

Bing spent his Hollywood Sundays fishing with Norman Taurog, Richard Arlen, Hoot Gibson and other pals of his former movie days. Whenever any of them would get a bite the others would lay odds that he wouldn’t land the fish. Usually they won. They were all bum anglers.

Life’s Proudest Moment

“No bigger than a minute”—when he arrived . . .

But look at him now! See what the scales are saying! Look at those muscles! Look at that husky framework! Look at the bright-eyed, pink-skinned health of him!

It comes over you both with a great surge of happiness—he’s a perfect specimen, your baby!

Can a baby thrive like that, if his mother’s milk should fail?

Millions of mothers nod a beaming “Yes!” For millions of mothers in America have had proof in their own homes that Eagle Brand builds wonderfully sturdy babies—babies that grow to be men and women of fine physique, outstanding health.

And recently, two famous baby specialists put Eagle Brand to one of the most searching tests that modern science has ever given a baby food. They fed fifty average infants on Eagle Brand* for a period of months, comparing results with other groups of babies similarly fed on other foods. They tested those babies’ progress with the X-ray, with blood counts, with measuring, weighing, every modern check on growing structure, growing strength.

The verdict? Measured by every scientific test, the result was favorable to Eagle Brand. These Eagle Brand babies showed themselves superbly nourished—lacking in nothing that makes for future health and stamina. Eagle Brand* had proved itself equal in every way to the building of 100% babies!

Eagle Brand is second only to mother’s milk in easy digestibility. And Eagle Brand is easily prepared—see directions on the label.

Send for a free copy of “Baby’s Welfare”—an 80-page booklet on baby care. It gives you pictures and histories of a number of Eagle Brand babies. Let us send you a physician a report of the scientific test we have described.

*As with mother’s milk, or any milk diet, the usual supplementary foods were given. These are, of course, orange or tomato juice, and cod-liver oil or other sources of the anti-rachitic Vitamin D.

FREE! BABY BOOKLET

THE BORDEN COMPANY,
DEPT. F-6, BORDEN BLDG.
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NEW YORK, N. Y.

Please send me “Baby’s Welfare” FREE.

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Cleopatra's First Cousin
Shackelford, Mo.
The star I call “Inspiration” is Myrna Loy. She should be Cleopatra's first cousin. She knows HOW TO handle the men, which is what a lot of women wish they knew. But best of all you can't see the wheels go round as she works. The vamps will always have their spokes in the wheel of life.

She stands and walks so prettily. She’s as good as an exercise book to study. Thank goodness, she's not a blonde! There are too many blondes in the Hollywood heaven. I hope Myrna likes her red hair enough never to go “blonde”. An “it” girl comparable to Clara Bow!

Sincerely yours,
Gladys Wiley.

Handsome Is As Handsome Does
Owaha, Nebraska
I had always liked him. But he'd been away so long—that when I saw him again, I simply stared! Chased away when talking pictures arrived, Nils Asher took with him the appreciation of the country.

Here is a man, handsome to a fault, who doesn't rely on sheer looks to put him across—as do so many handsome men, so many beautiful women, of Hollywood. He believes in seeing the scene through—IN ACTING! Now that Nils has learned English, the Yankee lads had better look to their laurels, because this Americanized Continental, with his Continental intrigue and sultriness and dash—is going to go places, pronto. Let's help him, fans!

W. X. Naegle.
3163 Larimore Avenue.

Salt, Pepper, Etc.
Darby, Pennsylvania
Congratulations to that smart little actress, Minna Gombell. She adds the salt and pepper to the pictures in which she is filmed. When Minna is being featured at the local movies, I am sure that I'm in line for admission.

Here's hoping that she will be starred in the near future.
Rose Blum, 230 Mill Street.

What Do You Think?
Chicago, Illinois
Why in heaven's name is Janet Gaynor trying to act sophisticated when she is not the type? I am a Gaynor fan, but I refuse to be one if this goes any further. Janet has won many fans by acting the role of a shy, pouting country girl who was never in a city, or a city girl who is not wild and meets her rich hero. I don't like Janet's new hair-dress: it just doesn't become her. By her refusal to play the star role in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm", she has enabled Marian Nixon to win the hearts of more fans. Doesn't Janet know or realize that there are many who play the sophisticated type, but there is really only one of Janet's type, and that is herself?

Miss Lee Anne Cerone,
857 N. Richmond Street.

Them's Our Sentiments, Too!

Clifton, City, Missouri
Not so many years ago—during the "Sheik" picture craze—one of the daring tribesmen, dressed "a la Gandhi", rode to the front of the scene, and amidst much display of skinny legs, fell from his trusty steed, mortally wounded.

It is a long jump from this "bit" to the suave gentleman of "High Pressure" and "The Jewel Robbery"—but William Powell has bridged the gap. More power to Powell!

Miss Irene Thomas.

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address your communications to A-Dollar-for-Your- Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
Jim Tully’s Gallery of Men  
(Continued from page 27)

followed other years of work before he became an assistant director. He recently directed such stars as Joan Crawford and Matt Moore in “Rain,” and is rated one of the finest directors in the world.

Milestone comes closer to his great countryman, Sergi Eisenstein, in all around artistic ability and mental energy than any other man in Hollywood. His film, “Two Arabian Nights,” was a complete departure from the triangle picture so much in vogue. It brought Louis Wolheim to the forefront of American cinema actors, and proved once for all that a successful film can be made without two adolescent saplings who fan would talk of love.

ERIC VON STROHEIM’S arrival on the cinema scene was one of the most spectacular in Hollywood. A maze of contradictions, he is an interesting, a lovable, and a bewildering personality. Though his directorial work is streaked with almost brutality he is a deeply religious and superstitious man. He goes regularly to church on Sunday, and has the faith of a child that Saint Anthony can find lost things.

At one time he owed for the furniture in his house when he might have been earning a hundred thousand dollars a year by conceding certain points to producers which in the end were not important. That he might have been wrong never occurred to him. He adds to his other confusing qualities a fanatic’s faith in himself.

A man of outstanding ability, he enters a room like no other person. Instead, he “makes an entrance.” Heels clicked together, head thrown back, his neck rigid, his cane held at a certain angle, the one-time lifeguard who could not swim approaches his hosts with the grace of a tiger.

To his friends he is the personification of loyalty. It is safe to say that in all his turbulent and grandiloquent life he has never done a consciously mean thing. To the old women and men who work on his sets he is gentle and considerate. Two of his closest friends are Zasu Pitts and Father O’Donnell, the pastor of a small frame church in Culver City.

ONLY once was the show ever stolen from Von Stroheim. It was at the late Los Angeles appearance of Duse, the celebrated Italian actress. It is an actor’s business to be seen. They generally appear late at all performances. Duse would allow no one to be seated while the curtain was up. I accompanied Chaplin, who, through accident or design, arrived late and was forced to stand during the first act. This had its compensation as he was allowed to find his seat between the acts with the full lights of the theater upon him.

The great Von Stroheim also waited. Each actor tried vainly to find his seat while the crowd cheered. Mr. Chaplin, however, made such a fuss that the crowd’s attention was at last directed to him alone.

The greatest man in his particular line who ever came to Holly—  
(See next page)

“Don’t you hate housework, Helen? It always makes my hands so red and rough!”

“That never bothers me since I’ve been using Pacquin’s Hand Cream. It keeps my hands softer and smoother than anything I’ve ever tried. It seems to get right into the skin, somehow. I think it’s wonderful!”

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Try a bit of Pacquin’s on the palm of your hand. Note how much more supple and smooth your skin feels, without looking or feeling the least bit “greasy.” It’s marvelous, too, for preventing “creepy” elbows and protecting the delicate skin of the neck and arms against the ravages of exposure. Buy a trial jar today!

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Pacquin’s HAND CREAM  
JANE E. CURRAN, INC., 101 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK

The New Movie Magazine, November, 1932
Outdoor is the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production chief, Irving Thalberg. Still in his early thirties, he has been a leading film producer for twelve years. Thalberg's face, with dark dreamy eyes, tremendous apprehension and a trigger quick mind, is shy to the verge of bashfulness. After a dozen years in the business of film-making, Thalberg's acquaintances are thick. Thalberg is still rated as a man of his word. Like all men who are sure of themselves, he neither flinches nor slants. It was of him a ruler known him to laugh heartily. Even his smile is tinged with an aloof sadness. His expression is more spiritual than any of the actors whom he controls. Such high-class directors as Clarence Brown and Sam Wool have told me that they never consulted him on a story but that he gave them something.

As I was employed for three months on "Trader Horn," I had an excellent chance to come in close with him. As a schoolboy might have written the story of that film which the director took to Africa. After many months there, he returned with a long since travelogue. Conferences were held regularly with Thalberg, without whom the film could not have been the success which it was.

The story was entirely reconstructed after the return from Africa. It was Thalberg's inventive mind which made it a financial success. He thinks in terms of the cinema, and unlike many producers, he does not forget the fact that his film must pay dividends. Regardless of the artistic results. His earning power is rated at between ten and fifteen thousand dollars a week. Between a business school and education, he came west a dozen years ago as Carl Laemmle's secretary. He was soon in charge at Universal City. The rest is brilliant film history.

ONE of the most human individuals that ever blazed across the Hollywood cinema horizon was Rudolph Valentino. So great was his lure for the ladies of them in isolated sections would go to see a film in which he appeared, prepared for a long day by taking their lunch along.

Exhibitors, realizing that it was important financially not to have their theaters filled for hours with the same people, would follow each showing of his film with the dreariest comedy they could find. This did not deter the gentle lovers of romance. They merely waited patiently and ate their lunch until the comedy had finished.

At last the exhibitors closed their theaters until the ladies went sadly home to the breakfast dishes.

I was fond of Valentino. He was impulsive, kind, honest, and sincere. Allure for the ladies did not always follow him into real life. He was said to have studied agriculture in Italy. He had an excellent, but not a well-trained mind. He had read a great deal of Italian history. His name was taken from Cesare Borgia, who was the Duke of Valentia. I wrote a story about him several months before he died. The magazine, "Vanity Fair," published it under one. It was the first instance in which this sophisticated journal ever published a story about a man when he was no more.

In real life there was much of what the peasant is supposed to resemble in Valentino. His hands were heavy and powerful, his fingers blunted, his mouth forbidding, his eye slanted, and his manner backward slightly in such a manner as to make his eyes prominent. His broad, high cheek bones, and agility and resiliency of body; his graceful manner of walking, as he had once been a ball-room dancer, and far more than all, that mystery of the camera, which have given of him a ruler of the ladies' land of heart's desire.

He had the luck to appear in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," when the hearts of women were war-born and the world over. Far more majestic men have gone across the screen, but none more romantically regal.

An Italian to the heart's core of him, he was never so happy as when among his countrymen. As among my early wanderings I had lived much among Italians, and had become fond of them, I soon found a warm friend in Valentino.

I recall one night in the Villa Roma, a small Italian restaurant frequented by Grand Opera singers and laborers from Italy, I came across him in a corner booth. He was hunched over the table, his chin cupped in his powerful hands.

"This was, no doubt, thinking of an earlier experience in Hollywood. The story is told that Valentino came to Hollywood from New York as a director's valet. It has a director has long since faded from pictures in Hollywood. But that is no matter. There were, and still are, true to him.

"Died, it may be, of the iron his of the New York City. The director, who was an Irishman, was a great man in the Italian community, and got him in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

When that picture was finished the handsome Italian truly was forever beyond the reach of talent. He was an Irishman's clothes or of living with a Mexican who did not wish him around the house.

As an irony of Hollywood, so fleeting are human emotions, the Mexican was Rudolph Valentino's pall-bearer.

As he sat there the thought came to me how one could be the idol of millions and yet—quite lonely. It was before the old days when it was sinful to drink wine. Before long a group of Italians had joined us. Midnight came, and Johnnie Pucci, the round-faced Italian proprietor, closed the place. It was dawn when we left, and I recall vividly how Valéntino sang the way to Hollywood, "Round here, usually the women wore a little yellow ribbon.

And the mocking bird is singi—"

Au Revoir, forever gone, ruler over the realms of romance! May the weeds never grow crooked on your grave!

CLARK GABLE has been called Valéntino's successor. This is a mistake. No individual, whether he be
Jim Tully's Gallery of Men

Valentino or Gable, ever had a successor. Gable brings a quality to the screen, that may or may not be superior to Valentino's. It is, at least, his own. Their backgrounds are different. Valentino, the romantic Latin, schooled in medieval history, emotional, chivalrous, and volatile; Gable, the country boy from Ohio, the laborer in an Akron rubber factory, the wanderer in stock companies over the nation—each is distinctly different. One woman loves Gable, the other Valentino, which, perhaps explains the reason why so many different types of men are loved by different women.

Clark Gable is of the same American stock as Wallace Beery. The latter is one of the shrewdest men in Hollywood. In films for twenty-two years, he is without a peer as an actor. His rollicking good humor conceals a mind that thinks to the surface of things, without sentimentality or pretense. Trained in a hard school—he is flint-like, determined. A keen diplomat, he early learned the value of a smile. He seldom talks seriously, always preferring to wear the mask of the buffoon. Only once did I ever hear him discuss books. It came apropos of something else. Very simply he said, "I was reading Anatole France last night."

That which he had read was deeply ironical.

In a situation where common sense and tact were needed, I know of no man to whom I would rather listen than Wallace Beery. No man has succeeded more in building a wall about himself. His entire surface is galvanized. If the tale he sad he will stop the toller in the middle and say with a smile, his huge hand held up:

"Don't—you're breaking my heart."

And yet no actor is more kind.

Among the many actors in Hollywood I would consider that Jimmy Cagney had one of the best mentalities. He is down to fundamentals and thinks straight.

Charlie Chaplin has a sense of humor, but is too often more parrot-like than profound. Long considered an intellectual, he seldom reads. His mind is a hurdy-gurdy of impressions, as, like most actors, he feels more than he thinks.

All the vast realms of literature are barely open to Chaplin. Immensely wealthy, his taste in art is primitive, his blending of colors gypsy-like. As he has been rewarded financially far more than the greatest benefactor of mankind, he cannot understand why a great artist in another medium cannot fare as well.

He once expressed the opinion that if it were possible to be a great writer without a great audience,

"What about Whitman and Nietzsche?" I asked.

He did not know.

While I am measuring Chaplin by a high standard, it should not be forgotten that he is superior to the ordinary individual. His sensibilities are acute, his moods as varied as April weather. If in the latter he is a spoiled child in need of self-control, it must be admitted that he has had a great deal of company among men.

(Please turn to page 86)

The New Movie Magazine, November, 1932

do Creators of Fashion sanction Tinted nails or Natural?

All Colors . . . the tint of the nails depends on the color of the gown, says world manicure authority

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EASY CUTEX MANICURE . . . Scrub nails. Remove old cuticle and cleanse nail tips with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser. Remove old polish with Cutex Polish Remover. Brush on the shade of Cutex Liquid Polish that best suits your costume. Then use Cutex Nail White (Pencil or Cream) and finish with Cutex Cuticle Oil or Cream. After every manicure and each night before retiring, massage hands with the new Cutex Hand Cream.

NOVEMBER 1932

The New Movie Magazine, November, 1932

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Cutex Liquid Polish
Jim Tully’s Gallery of Men

(Continued from page 85)

of high talent since the world began. It would help his perspective if but a moment he meditated on the fact that born a hundred years earlier he would possibly have spent his life as an obscure circuses clown. Even at present, without the "pluto" sight still be where he was, a pantomimist on a second-class vaudeville circuit.

MACK SENNETT, the man who brought Chaplin to the front, is of different material. A Canadian-Irishman, whose real name was Michael Sinnot, he has retained his position in the films for more than twenty years. A young blacksmith who later became a member of a chorus in a musical comedy, he at last found his way to fortune in Hollywood.

A master of the ridiculous in films, I once wrote him that "he is capable of turning death into an Irish wake and pouring liquor down the throat of the corpse." Years later, sat behind him at the ringside of a prize fight.

A young Negro had won nine rounds against a stout-hearted white foeman.

Will Hays and the War of the Censors

(Continued from page 45)

battle did not by any means end the war. Censorship bills crop up every year; in the course of a decade, Hays and C. C. Pettitjohn, his general counsel, have dealt with several hundred. They have been taken them all; and they never could have scored this perfect batting average without very active and intelligent aid from the various organizations behind the committee.

Even before the change, the committee, in its own quiet, conservative way, was boosting those films which suited best its ideas of what the motion picture should be.

"Abraham Lincoln" appeared on Broadway for its trial run. Hays went to see it. There were less than a hundred people in the house; as a Broadway feature, it seemed a sad flop. But the tastes of Broadway are not always those of Main Street, and this was exactly the kind of film he was trying to encourage.

Through all the channels of publicity which sixty organizations commanded, went the word, "See Abraham Lincoln!"

In a month, this process transformed what seemed a foredoomed failure into an outstanding success. By similar methods, Hays moved from too early death a series of other films which appeal to the higher instincts—such as "Namok." "We've just pried one little thing into another little thing—like a coral reef," said Hays once. "That was the only way to get results in such a situation."

One of those little things had already began to poke its crest above the waters.

Producers and directors were getting educated. The steady flow of suggestions from the public, transmitted through the Hays office, was attending to that. And almost hesitantly, they had begun to ask advice on minor points.

Then, early in 1926, came an event which the Hays organizations still consider a milestone on the road to satisfactory control. Voluntarily, a producer came and submitted for their advice the problem of a film which did not yet exist, even in scenario.

"Costume stuff" was for the moment in question; Goldwyn was looking into Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" as material for a film. There it was, an American classic; many conservatives still consider it our greatest novel.

But filmed with fidelity to plot and incident, day wins its new garb violate two of those principles which the moral leaders of America had been hammering into the heads of producers and directors for twenty years. Its real central incident is the birth of an illegitimate child.

"The objection to that is obvious. But further, it involves the shame of a color. From time immemorial, the Catholics and Jews had made vociferous objections to plays which cast a dark light upon their priests and rabbis.

Long before the motion picture was born, the show business understood this. But of late, some element had developed the same sentiment regarding its own clergy and was expressing it by complaints to Hays.

What could be done, asked Metro-Goldwyn, to eliminate those objections and still save "The Scarlet Letter" for the film? Hays seized this opportunity to prove a higher use for his organization. He assembled a committee of thirty clergy....
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Follow this Plan—as fully explained in each Vicks package. You won’t have colds half so often—or keep them half so long. Carefully checked clinical tests—and practical use in thousands of homes—prove it. More than half of the costs of colds saved! It is a new experience that Vicks Plan can bring to your home, too.

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**IF A COLD Develops**

To end it Sooner...

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**Will Hays and the War of the Censors**

men representing all faiths. They read the scenario in all its stages, they sat in on the rushes, they previewed the finished picture. Whether the result was such as to make Hawthorne turn in his grave, I do not know, I failed to see the film.

I do know that somehow they shrank the adultery theme to a mere hint. But it was a commercial success; and more importantly it drew bouquets, not brickbats, from the watchdogs of morals.

Metro-Goldwyn had vindicated the wisdom of passing such ticklish questions up the line, and the Hays organization had tightened its usefulness and authority by another notch.

Then Cecil DeMille conceived his idea of a New Testament film on the grand scale—"The King of Kings." Here again was ticklish ground; infinite opportunity for offending religious sentiments and prejudices. DeMille also consulted Hays—and before his ideas had taken form even on paper. By routine, Hays goes to Hollywood three or four times a year. On his next visit he put up at DeMille’s villa while they threshed out the idea—DeMille creatively, Hays critically. It appealed to the religious streak which there is in both men. Returned to New York, Hays summoned his clerical advisers again. Ordained ministers of all faiths read the scenario.

When it reached production, three clergymen—Protestant, Catholic and Jewish—worked with the director at Hollywood, not only criticizing the scenes as they took form on the film, but offering creative suggestions.

After it reached distribution, the Hays organization frankly helped in spreading the news. "The King of Kings" was a furious success, and it knew the troubles of success. Both DeMille and Hays had to defend themselves against the famous plagiarism suit of Valaesa Surrat and her associates over "Mary Magdalen." As Hays put it since, "I was sued on a charge of plagiarizing the New Testament." He had further trouble with one of the advisers, who wanted a share of the receipts.

Indeed, as the years went on the Hays organization came to think of "King of Kings" solely as a season of great trouble. But the episode did mark a long stride toward their ultimate goal—which they almost reached in 1927.

Before I touch on that, I must go back and follow another tangled thread in the history of the Hays Bureau—"Source material."

That is the trade term for the plots, situations and stories upon which the cinema builds its features and its stars. Feature films use up a thousand stories a year; short pictures, several thousand.

This age, like the Athens of St. Paul’s day, demands always something new. Getting source material which at least seems original is a major problem for the picture business.

As the cinema established itself, more and more it drew its plots and stories from two main reservoirs; the creation of its own paid writers at Hollywood and the adaptation of popular plays.

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Will Hays and the War of the Censors

(Continued from page 87)

and novels for use on the screen. The original, unsolicited scenario from an outsider, while it sometimes lands, stands rather a poor chance. And for two main reasons: First, much of this business is showmanship and the lucky playhouse producer comes to Hollywood after a season of helpful preliminary ballyhoo. The other reason is more technical.

Our American copyright laws date from the reign of Queen Anne. In some cases and situations they enforce penalties for infringement as barbarous and archaic as the rack and the stocks. Downright crooks and obscure authors with imagined grievances are forever suing to enforce their “rights” against a popular success.

Of late years, the insincere copyright suit has become the personal devil of the Hollywood writer. Writers, even unpublished scenario from an unknown author, he stands in the same danger.

He prefers “seasoned stuff”—stories which have curtain or first rows of popularity without infringement suits or with the suits settled. Now, as I have said before, fiction and drama were on the loose about 1921 and ran looser and looser for eight or nine years. The New York stage, where most American plays first see the footlights, had lost to the movies those family audiences which used to maintain the innocent, melodramatic dramas. Managers were playing solely to the sophisticates.

The tendency of such a process is always downward. Censors and managers drew their situations broader and nastier, until even the tolerant New York police swept in and closed a Mac Hays show and the District Attorney attacked the artistic but daring “Captive.”

Obviously, that kind of thing could not go into the screen. Fiction presented another problem. One or two publishing houses, exaggerating the new tendency toward frankness, specializing in books “whose only object,” remarked one of the unofficial advisors, “is to thrust the baser instincts.”

But worthier novels, which—as books—any censor would have been a fool to suppress, could not go on to the screen as written.

The human eye is ten times as vivid as the human imagination.

Says Hays, frankly quoting one of his friends: “If at breakfast tomorrow morning you read in the newspaper of a fatal automobile smashup round the corner, you’ll remark that it is too bad, and go serenely to your office. But on your way downtown you happen to see that accident—you’ll probably lose your breakfast.”

Even in the last three years with the motion picture, when the diplomacies of a delicate situation inhibited him from using many of the stories which had endorsed him, Hays found it necessary to forbid the filming of certain books and plays.

Always, he ran against the same obstacle. “It’s a hit,” the producer would say, “and everyone knows that it will make a good picture. If I reject it, someone else will snap it up. Why not let me use it?”

In fact, he got the jealous producers together and secured from them their first agreement on a moral issue.

They were to fight shy of “bad” books and plays. If a producer had such a work submitted to him, and felt obliged to decline it on moral grounds, he was to notify Hays who would pass the word along to the other producers.

From that moment, the work stood virtually blacklisted. Until the original complainant withdrew his objection, no member of the association would accept it.

While this arrangement kept many undesirable plots and situations from the screen, it operated imperfectly. There were even comic incidents; for example the row over Ann Douglas Sedgwick’s “Little French Girl.”

A producer sent word to Hays that he was rejecting that book as most improper. Thereupon, it went automatically on to the “unsuitable” list; the “Little French Girl” was locked out. Another firm, which had its own eye on this book, protested violently.

The Hays office read it, and quite agreed. Investigation followed. It transpired that the producer had never read the book—only a synopsis from his manuscript department.

And the author of this document, feeling that the book lacked zip and sex appeal, had prepared the final passages with hot and scandalous situations out of his own imagination!

The Authors’ League, representing officially or unrecognizable, had never liked this arrangement.

They charged that certain producers were using it solely as a tool for driving harrassed authors. Also, they maintained that many of the undesirable books rested upon quite harmless plots containing moral situations most useful to the cinema.

A little cutting, changing and re-vamping might render them as pure as the driven snow. But the old controversy over “West of the Water Tower” had pointed out one strong objection to such a proceeding.

If an exhibitor should advertise a screen version of “Lulu Belle” for example, the average citizen, knowing the reputation of that play, would expect something that is improper. If, when he went to the show in this mood, and witnessed only a deodorized version, he would feel that both producer and exhibitor had sold him a gold brick. It looked tricky.

Long negotiations followed; and they got rather at the Hays organization, Owen Davis, president of the League and the presidents of those guilds which make up the League, signed a compromise formula which had the binding effect of a solemn treaty.

The author of a book or play which stood on the “unsuitable” list had the privilege of submitting a rewritten synopsis. If that passed the scrutiny of the producer and the Hays organization...
Will Hays and the War of the Censors

... and NOW!

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Maybelline Eyelash Grower
pure and harmless, stimulates the natural growth of the eyelashes and eyebrows. Apply before retiring.

These four excellent Maybelline beauty-aids may be purchased at the leading 10¢ stores. Try them today. You’ll be delighted with the alluring charm of complete eye make-up—and with how much more your eyes will be able to say!

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, NOVEMBER, 1932
Will Hays and the War of the Censors

(Continued from page 89)

templed rape, seduction, the institution of marriage, surgical operations, the use of drugs and "excessive or lustful kissing." The studios call this last category the "Be Careful.'"

This was the first motion picture code. It had behind it no force of national or trade law. But it was a clean-cut expression of trade ethics; which are sometimes more binding than any formal statute.

And it boiled down into tabloid form the experience of America, American tastes, modesties and prejudices which the Public Relations Department had acquired through five years of a quiet, obscure struggle.

The next move, however, gave it almost the force of law. In the following October, Hays gathered representatives of the business in a motion picture conference. They met in New York under the auspices of the Federal Trade Commission. Before they adjourned, they had passed thirty-seven resolutions defining fair and unfair trade practices. Most of these dealt with such topics as bicycling films, fire protection, forcing independent theaters out of business—important to the industry but for the moment no concern of ours.

But article twenty-one embraced the new code and the Trade Commission registered it formally as the expression of the motion picture trade.

Coming home from that visit to Hollywood, Hays emerged from a thoughtful silence to say to Maurice McKenzie, his adjutant and personal aide: "The time is coming when I can put Joy right into the Hollywood studios, talking over the scenarios before they're filmed—nipping trouble in the bud."

McKenzie could only stare at him. In view of the following month's ability to get an agreement on even such a simple, primitive declaration of principles as the code, this seemed like a proposal to fly to the moon.

Music of the Sound Screen

(Continued from page 55)

BUT to get back to the records, we find a revival of an old favorite "The Sheik" by none other than Duke Ellington and his famous Orchestra. The Duke's numbers are always good and this is no exception. The trombone chorus is superb and the way that boy can execute a crime.

The other side is one of the Duke's own numbers, "Blue Ramble," another slow tune which features a lot of weird minor obligations on the way. A real Ellington number. (This is a Brunswick record).

WILL we never hear the end of "Tiger Rag" for here is another recording of that famous old tune. This time the Washboard Rhythm Kings are playing and the way they tear through it is sad. This is only a small combination but they sure can handle their instruments. A good number when you feel depressed. Ghost Howell sings the vocal chorus.

The other side is played for us by Alex Bartha and his orchestra, "Hot Biscuits" but don't let the name fool you for it's nothing more than our old friend, "Farewell Blues." However, the boys do a very good job and we can forgive them for shifting the title a bit. (This is a Victor record).

PLEASE HANDLE WITH CARE' is next and we hear Isham Jones and his orchestra. This outfit is one of the best playing today, and their records are always top-notch. I think the only thing wrong with this is the vocal chorus, which sounds corny to me.

The other side is also by Isham Jones and this time we hear "Strange As It Seems". You'll like it. (This is a Brunswick record).
Music of the Sound Screen

Love With You." The blaring noise you hear half way through the record is only Henry singing so don't get excited about it. (This is a Victor record).

HERE'S that good vocal record I always try to get in each review. It's the Boswell Sisters again and they are singing, "Hand Me Down My Walking Cane," that old-time favorite. It's hardly necessary to tell you this is good, for I have yet to hear a poor record by this trio. The Dorsey brothers furnish the instrumental background.

The other side is also by the Boswell sisters, who sing "Doggone I've Done It" and every bit as good as the preceding side. (This is a Brunswick record).

Smart as Bond Street

(Continued from page 29)

IT was in "Bird in Hand" that she met her husband, Laurence Olivier. They played the romantic leads and the tenderness they injected into each love scene was tinged with reality . . .

Two bishops married them . . . on her mother's lawn . . . and the wedding was as illustrious as a lord's.

Then both of them ventured into pictures for the first time . . . Laurence with UFA, in Germany . . . and our heroine with B. I. P., the English Company. A short time later, they joined Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence in bringing the former's "Private Lives" to a delighted New York audience.

It was during the run of this play that Olivier was offered a screen test by RKO-Radio Pictures . . . He asked his wife to play a scene with him before the camera. They did it so well that both were signed to long term contracts.

Her first picture was "Once a Lady," with Ruth Chatterton, closely followed by "Ladies of the Jury," "State's Attorney" and "Is My Face Red!"

She prefers furs to jewelry . . . poker to bridge. She hates shopping and would rather putter around an automobile engine than sew on a button.

She rides like an Italian cavalry officer and can swim a mile in not many more minutes than an Olympic athlete.

She favors pajamas over fluffy dresses . . . is partial to tailored clothes . . . and dislikes sweet perfumes.

She likes ultra modern music . . . French plays and caricatures . . . and is one of Hollywood's most rabid movie fans.

She's five feet three inches tall . . . weighs 105 pounds . . . and has golden hair and blue eyes.

Her name is Jill Esmond and you'll be seeing a lot of her. RKO thinks she's quite "topping."

The New Movie Magazine, November, 1932
THE MAKE-UP BOX

ELECTED
The Girl With GLORIOUS HAIR!

She's always a sure winner—the choice at all "parties"—the girl with soft, lustrous, beautifully-waved hair! Admiration, popularity, the devotion of men—are hers by acclamation.

Glorious Hair! What is its secret—how is it attained? Thousands upon thousands of girls, everywhere, joyfully answer: "Sta-Bac Curl Set." With this famous preparation, you, too, can quickly give yourself a smart, "beauty shoppe" wave set, right in your own boudoir.

Sta-Bac Curl Set is different. It is thicker (double strength), hence easier to apply. It dries more quickly. It is scientifically created to hold the waves longer. And it positively leaves none of those objectionable white flakes. American girls and women are so enthusiastic about its beautifying results that they bought over 6 million bottles of Sta-Bac in the past 12 months alone! Why don't you try a bottle—this week?

VI-JON LABORATORIES, ST. LOUIS

Sta-Bac Curl Set

ACCENT the eyes if you would be in tune with the 1932 tempo. The eyes are receiving more beauty aids and more makeup than ever before. And, if you've noticed, eye makeup is seeing daylight at a great rate. If you believe, as many do, that the eyelid and the position of the brow are of utmost importance to beauty you, too, have been experimenting with eyebrow lines, pencils and dyes, with eyeshadows and anti-wrinkle creams. If you've neglected your eyelashes with all this, here's a new item that will help you out—an eyelash grower that will tend to make your lashes sweep down more luxuriantly. It comes colorless for night-time applications or in black or brown so that it may be applied as a cosmetic for public appearances.

THERE'S another eyelash aid on the market, too, featured as an eyelash beautifier with a vaseline base, which, you are assured will not burn or cake. It's one item in a long list newly presented by a manufacturer of a famous cold cream soap. In addition to the regular line of creams and make-up aids being presented, a new mask made of strawberry juice, among other ingredients, has been put on the market. The mask, which is a strawberry pink in color, of course, may either be peeled off after it has hardened or removed with cold water.

YOU'LL be interested in the comprehensive chart one beauty house has prepared showing what products are needed for each type of skin, including the corrective treatments as well as the protective creams and lotions and make-up suggestions. They are also featuring an aromatic lipstick which has no cap to remove or lose. A small knob at the back of the stick is pressed upward and the little "door" at the top opens. When the knob is lowered the door shuts tightly. A red knob identifies the indelible type lipstick and a black knob the semi-indelible. It is now available in five different and delightful shades.

LACK of starch is the big talking point for a new sheer textured powder that boasts an almond base that is thought to be particularly kind to the skin. It's a new powder from a well-known house and comes in their seven shades from ivory to mauve. It's best feature is that it gives your skin a smooth look without that powdery appearance which one tries to avoid.

IF you insist on using your favorite towels for removing cold cream from your face it must be that you haven't heard about the new face cloths, built on the principle of a Turkish towel, only thinner, of course. We didn't stop to count the number in a package but it's large. You can also use the cloths for applying lotions and cream rouge. They may be thrown away, although of course they could be laundered if you felt that way about it. They come in cellophane wrapped packages and can be pulled out from either end.

TWO new eye-shadows join the recent chiffon powder brought out by a well-known beauty house. One is a dull violet shade which is particularly good for dark opaque eyelids and shades brown or blue eyes equally well. The other is a soft green shade which is suggested particularly for gray or green eyes and for blue eyes with certain color schemes. They are much less bright than the ordinary run of shadows and if you are a little hesitant about using any, try these. They come in quaint ivory boxes.

If you wish to know the names and prices of the articles described here write to the Beauty Editor, Make-Up Box, Tower Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope.

A new way of removing creams from skin's complexion—complexion cloths, thin, but absorbent, that may be discarded.

The New Movie Magazine, November, 1932
Peggy Shannon's Thanksgiving Dinner

(Continued from page 68)

before going on the set—but the matter of menu was quite different! "Karl Maier, chef of the Cafe de Paris, at the Fox studio, is so talented in culinary lines, and is such a grand scout, that he asked me to give me some Thanksgiving dinner menus from which I might select one.

"Just for fun, he made a menu for almost every type of need and for every sort of appetite! I thought they were such helpful and suggestive menus that housewives and women everywhere would like to know about them, so I received his permission to give them and some of his recipes to New Movie Magazine readers.

"For my purpose I selected Menu Number One. It seemed to me this was the best balanced dinner with all the Thanksgiving specialities, so necessary, yet not too elaborate for the comfort of my guests when they arise from the table... Of course it wouldn't be right to be quite comfortable after a Thanksgiving dinner, would it?"

Thanksgiving Menu
Number One

Casaba Melon Balls in Pineapple Syrup
Ripe and Green Olives Celery
Pickled Peaches
Scalloped Oysters in Ramekins
Roast Turkey Chestnut Stuffing
Giblet Gravy
Fluffy Mashed Potatoes
Baked Des Moines Squash
Mince Pie with Cheese
Pumpkin Pie with Whipped Cream and Pecans
Coffee
Nuts Raisins Mints

Chestnut Stuffing Recipe
6 tablespoons fat
1 cup chopped chestnuts
1 teaspoon parsley
2 teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon sage
3 cups breadcrumbs (2 day-old bread)
Heat fat, add chestnuts, sauté five minutes. Add breadcrumbs, parsley, and spices—mix well... If too dry add more milk or water.

Thanksgiving Menu
Number Two

(For an evening buffet).
Molded Salmon with Cucumber Sauce
Chicken Croquettes with Peas
Assorted Brown and White Bread Sandwiches
Reception Rolls Olives Salted Nuts
Cream Puffs with Cream Filling
White Cake with Soft Fluffy Frosting
Molded Ice Cream
Punch
Coffee

RECIPEs
Molded Salmon with Cucumber Sauce
Soak one half tablespoon gelatine in
2 tablespoons cold water; dissolve over hot water and add slowly to three-fourths cup mayonnaise dressing and (Please turn to page 94)

SOUR STOMACH

Get rid of all that sourness and gas. End that bilious headache or any sluggishness caused by too much acid. Put the stomach and bowels in good order. Sweeten the whole system with Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. Be sure it is this bottle, with the familiar blue wrapper that tells you it is genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. The substitutes are not the same, and do not get the same results.

ALSO IN TABLET FORM:
Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets are now on sale at drug stores everywhere. Each tiny tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.
Here is a new discovery in ink-making by the Parker Pen Co., world's leading fountain pen makers. It cost them $80,000 to create - costs you only 15c or 25c to buy. Its name is Quink, meaning quick-starting, quick-drying ink. For it dries 31% faster than other inks on paper, yet does not dry in your pen.

But don't forget - Quink is made two ways: 1) Washable, 2) Permanent. So to get the kind that water and laundry soap will wash right out of silk, wool, linen, cotton - any fabric - be sure to specify WASHABLE Quink.

All Quink contains a secret, harmless solvent that dissolves sediment left in your pen by other inks. This keeps steel pens in order - keeps fountain pens from clogging. You never have to shake, scratch, or fuss with a pen to get it to write. Your pen becomes a self-cleaner. A marvel, isn't it?

Parker developed Quink to guard their wonderful Duofold Pens from being charged with poor service due to faults in inks.

But look out - careful tests prove that some so-called WASHABLE inks leave a stain. Not so with Quink - not a trace. So be sure to memorize the name, and don't risk substitutes. Any dealer can supply Parker Quink. Specify the kind - Washable or Permanent.

Then fill your pen and see it work like a charm. And spill Washable Quink on hands and fabrics, and see how it washes out completely. You'll never again expose fine things to ruin by old-style inks. The Parker Pen Company, Dept. 30, Janesville, Wisconsin.

Peggy Shannon's Thanksgiving Dinner

(Continued from page 93)

beaten thoroughly. Separate 1 cup cooked or canned salmon in flakes and add enough kind together. But in individual molds or one large mold. Chill, remove from molds and cover completely with dressing. Garnish with green pepper or sprigs of tiny fancy shapes. Add enough jellied chicken bouillon just before it thickens to hold decorations in place. Cover with bouquet till baked glazed. Chill and serve on lettuce with cucumber dressing.

Cucumber Dressing

Add 1 finely cut cucumber to sour cream dressing.

Reception Rolls

½ cup milk
2 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon salt
1 egg
2 tablespoons lukewarm water
2 cups flour
1 egg
2 tablespoons melted shortening
Grated rind 1 lemon
Salad milk with sugar and salt.

When lukewarm add yeast cake dissolved in lukewarm water, and ¼ cup flour. Cover and let rise, then add shortening, egg, well-beaten, lemon rind and remaining 1¼ cups flour.

Mix thoroughly let rise again, and roll to ⅛ inch thickness. Shape with small cutter ⅛ inches diameter; place close together in greased pan; let rise again, and bake in a hot oven for 15 minutes, decreasing heat as rolls brown.

Thanksgiving Menu

Number Three

Vegetarian Thanksgiving Dinner

Mock Duck
Brown Sauce
Stuffed Potatoes
Minced Carrots
Cranberry Jelly
Cabbage and Raisin Salad
Boiled Dressing
Toasted Bran-Raisin Rolls
Butter
Mince Roly-Poly
Lemon Sauce
Cereal Coffee

RECIPES

Mock Duck

2 cans Protose
1 lb. cottage cheese
1 tablespoon minced onion
1 minced clove garlic
2 eggs
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon Savita or Vegex
4 tablespoons olive or vegetable oil
Mix the Protose, cottage cheese, minced garlic and seasoning with the slightly beaten eggs. Fry the minced onion until light brown in the olive oil; add the Savita or Vegex. Now take half of your first mixture and flatten it in an oblong shape on the board. On top of this place your savory stuffing; then the other half of the Protose mixture and pinch the edges together so that the stuffed meat is covered, and shape the entire mass into the shape of a duck. Place in a baking pan and baste all over with the Savita-olive oil sauce. Cover with whole-wheat bread crumbs. Bake in moderate oven till brown.

Savory Stuffing

1 pint stale bread crumbs
1 tablespoon minced onions
4 tablespoons melted butter
1 egg
1 ½ teaspoons sage
1 teaspoon salt Paprika
Melt the butter in a pan and saute the minced onion slightly. Combine all the ingredients and mix thoroughly.

Mince Roly-Poly

Prepare a whole wheat baking-powder biscuit mixture and roll it in an oblong sheet half an inch thick. Over the dough spread a generous layer of fruit mince meat. Beginning at the side, roll like a jelly roll. Moisten the edge of the dough and seal tightly. The roll may be steamed for one hour or baked in a moderate oven. Because mince meat is an unusually rich filling, biscuit dough makes a better product than a pastry mixture.

Thanksgiving Dinner Menu Number Four

(Repression Thanksgiving Dinner)

Chilled Tomato Juice
Roast Spars Ribs
Sweet Potato Stuffing
Buttered Peas
Whole Wheat Rolls
Spiced Cranberry Sauce
Harvest Salad
Cheese Sticks
New England Pandowdy with Cream

RECIPES

Sweet Potato Stuffing

2 cups mashed sweet potatoes
1 tablespoon minced onion
1 cup boiled rice
1 tablespoon minced celery
3 tablespoons melted butter
Salt and pepper

Mix the ingredients thoroughly. Remove the surplus fat from a strip of spare ribs and break them through the center. Spread the mixture on the inside or the bony side of the ribs. Fold on the broken line and place in a roaster or covered baking pan with the heavy meat side on top. Dredge with salt, pepper and flour. Cover the bottom of the pan with rolling water and cook in a moderate oven.

Harvest Salad

1 pint finely chopped raw carrot
1 cup celery, sliced thin
1 green pepper, shredded
Salt and pepper

Mix the ingredients with mayonnaise dressing. Arrange in lettuce cups and sprinkle with chopped nuts. Hickory nuts are good with this.

New England Pandowdy

Line a shallow oblong pan with baking-powder biscuit dough, rolled ¼ inch thick. Fill with thinly sliced tart apples. Add brown sugar, bits of butter, and nutmeg. Moisten the edges of the dough and cover with the dough rolled thin, pressing the edges together. Cut in two or three openings on the top and bake in a hot oven for 15 minutes. Remove from oven and sprinkle with shaved maple or brown sugar. When cool cut out in three pieces of equal size and place one on top of the other like a layer cake. Serve with cream; garnish with red jelly.
SMALL town police, in many places along the way, adopt a tolerant attitude. Wanderers are permitted to sleep in public buildings and are often given breakfast, and then told to scram. Texas is said to be the toughest state to go through—long stretches and food spots overtaxed by the demands of destitute hitch hikers. And there is always the desert—a vast moat, hot and heartless, between Hollywood and the rest of the world.

GIRLS from distant lands fared better in Hollywood during the late Summer. Two hundred girl athletes, who competed in the Olympic games, received film tests in the Fox lot. Some of them may be called back for parts or for voice tests in the near future.

A HOLLYWOOD extra girl has gone to court demanding $5,000 from a director to repay her for “shock and nervousness” suffered from a kiss taken without her consent.

How about the shock suffered by the director on discovering a gal so easily shocked?

IF she got that much reaction from the kiss she oughta pay the director $5,000.

GLORIA SWANSON says the average woman spends one-sixth of her life shopping.

IT’S worse than that. The average woman spends five-sixths of her husband’s life shopping.

Simile—
Eager as a Hollywood minister to officiate at a star’s wedding.

AND there are some actresses who can use too much make-up and still not have enough.

DEATHLESS words from the Immortals—
“Never before has a girl had so much opportunity to know men from so many angles.”—Peggy Hopkins Joyce.

“FILM executives do not interfere with the creative effort of their workers.”—This from Joe Brandt, film executive.

BE that as it may, too many censors want motion pictures to tell the truth the way they think the public might just as well see it.

NEWS of the Chevalier-Vallee divorce action climaxed six months of wild gossip in Hollywood—gossip that menaced Chevalier’s career. Old timers contend that America’s national sport is building up a movie star to adoration, and then kicking him to oblivion with unfavorable publicity. It is to America what bull-fighting is to Spain. But Chevalier’s wife, Yvonne Vallee, played her role with admirable grace and wit. Despite divorce announcement, she went to their villa and supervised arrangements for Chevalier’s comfort—she engaged servants and saw that the foods and the wines he likes were on hand. News of

(Continued from page 18)
Movie Cook-Coos

(Continued from page 95)

this gesture surprised Hollywood and the general public. Then Mrs. Chevalier had herself quoted to the effect that she loved her man too much to deny him divorce—and that their philosophy of love and life recognized the dangers of marriage to lasting love. "I have but one thought," she said. "His happiness."

The world will hardly respect the Chevaliers less for such frank intelligence.

WHEN Herb Nacio Brown, song writer, went to Reno to sit for a divorce, he got to fooling around. With a piano. And wrote "Paradise." It has made him $97,000 up to now.

YOU'D think that after a movie star pays alimony to five or six women he'd begin to learn something about the laws of cause and affection.

ANOTHER short story from the classified ads in the jolly old Hollywood Citizen—


EXCERPT from Hollywood divorce court testimony—

"He tore my evening gown completely off in the presence of 20 persons, at least ten of whom I had never met before."

THE gal certainly knows her Emily Post.

AND when mixing with authors and actors, a person doesn't know whether it's the literary atmosphere or merely something wrong with the gin.

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS?

Test Your Knowledge! Don't Be One of Those Strong, Silent Goofs! Have a Lot of Useless Information on the Tip of Your Tongue! (Note—If you don't know all the answers, you'll find them on next column.)

1. Pola Negri never signs her name with a pen, but always uses a brush. Why?
2. After all, aren't the married couples of Hollywood just the same as married couples elsewhere?

IT cost producers $3000 an hour overhead in waste time because a leading man sulked all day—so they want to deduct it from his salary. Next time, when an actor sulks, they can snap him out of it in ten seconds. Just give him a beret and a hand mirror.

AND Soosie, our dizzy stenographer, rattles off this one—

Like Strawberry pop
In golden chalices
Are the flat films shown
In movie palaces

And she adds that "a man is as weak as his strongest inclination."

RUDD VALLEE has nine radios in his Beverly Hills mansion. They play one at a time or all at once. And it ain't gonna be Bing Crosby.

PARAMOUNT will try to skyrocket Mary Boland, the comedienne. They hope she'll be their Marie Dressler.

"POPULARITY in pictures doesn't always make a fool of a man," says chatter writer.

But it often makes a blonde who does.

AND then there's the cluck whose idea of being vital, ruthless and dominating is to rest an elbow on both arms of his seat when he goes to a picture show.

CHAW MANK, the demon film fan from Staunton, Illinois, is busier than a peeping Tom at a nudist picnic. He has issued a new six-page edition of the "Clara Bow Club Book," and declares himself President, Secretary, Editor and Treasurer of the Clara Bow Fan Club. And he announces that the prize offered for getting the most new members during the past two months was won by Chaw Mank, of Staunton, Illinois. The prizes for sending him the most stamps went to First Vice Presidents A. Hill and M. B. Butler. Congratulations, Mr. Hill and Mr. Butler! It shows what study and hard work will do. Furthermore, Chaw is expanding. He has organized the Albert Conti Friendship Club and the Peggy Shannon Friendship Club. All the members have to do is kick in with two bits to Chaw (foreign, 50 cents) and promise to go see all the pictures in which the patron saints appear, and promise to "boost, not knock." Of course the "Pen Pal" division of the Chaw Mank enterprises is a side issue. It is designed to encourage film fans to correspond with each other and build up beautiful friendships. When Chaw isn't busy opening film mail, he plays the organ in the Labor Temple Movie Theater. Besides having handkerchiefs, neckties, etc., sent to him by movie actors, Chaw has a reading lamp from Estelle Taylor, a bronze plaque from Ruth Roland, a riding whip from Ken Maynard and a pair of Olive Borden's old shoes. It would be nice if Chaw could get Cecil De Mille to send him an old bathtub stopper.

AND then there's the producer who thinks Des Pasos is two dollars in Spanish, and Sandburg is a spinach settlement.

WALL STREET financier, criticizing film production costs, says the producers have not yet learned that "money may go further than Hollywood realizes."

And come back slower.

Answers to the questions on first column:

1. Because shredded wheat biscuits are too expensive.
2. A good way to mend oilcloth is to place a strip of adhesive tape underneath the cut and press the oilcloth down on it.

This BEVERAGE SET may be seen at Smart Fall Parties

REED'S SILKLYK CREPE PAPER

Makes the loveliest party costumes, hats, flowers, favors and decorations. It comes in scores of colorings. The roll, 10c.

WRITE Reed's Party Hostess

225 Fifth Ave., New York, for help with your party. Enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope for reply.

C. A. REED CO.

Williamsport, Pa.
The Love Life of Mickey Mouse

(Continued from page 47)

ago," he said, "Long before I met Minnie. Now we are just friends. Minnie knows all about it.
Minnie nodded bravely but I could see it was a painful subject.
"Then I must ask you another question," I turned to Minnie Mouse. "Your public wants to know if you are expecting an addition to the family."
A look of great happiness overspread Minnie's delicate features.
"Thanks for reminding me," she cried, and she rose hastily and skipped into the house.

"Minnie has had something on her mind all day," explained Mickey, "And evidently you've reminded her what it was."
"So you are expecting an addition to the family," I cried.
Mickey looked at his watch.
"At four-thirty," he said, "But I don't remember whether it's daylight saving or standard."

Suddenly we heard a chorus of happy little squeaks. Looking up we saw Minnie Mouse leaping into the patio, followed by eighteen of the cutest little baby mice you ever saw.
Mickey Mouse rose and put his arm around Minnie Mouse proudly.
"Go and tell the world you've seen one happy Hollywood home," he said, "Let these little darlings be my answer to that vile gossip. Tell me, if you can, why I should ever think of trading Minnie Mouse for Marie Dressler.
As I drove away I looked back and saw a lovely domestic picture that I will always carry with me. Mickey Mouse and Minnie Mouse and their eighteen little mice sitting on the edge of the swimming pool with their tails dangling blissfully in the water.
"What price arthritis now?" I said to those cynical Beverly Hills. But answer came there none.

Pardon Me—but Have You Heard?

(Continued from page 57)

exhausted by that time and feels that further effort is futile.
Of rugged stature yet she has not great vitality and suffers from insomnia and nervous exhaustion.
She's coming back—is perhaps back when this appears—President Hoover hopes so, because it would be embarrassing to have columnists starving all over the White House lawns on the eve of election.

The title "No Bed of Her Own," a Paramount picture, has been changed to "No Man of Her Own." Oh these Hollywood synonyms!

TALLULAH will not star in "No Man of Her Own" for Paramount. They're sending her over to M-G-M, for the feminine lead in "Tinfoil." I'll bet that Tailo's role will be a coronet corona.

( Please turn to page 98)

The New Movie Magazine, November, 1932
By the way, have you seen Johnny Weissmuller? I saw Johnny on the Boul' the other afternoon. No one seemed to recognize him. He had his clothes on. Clothes served Johnny as dark glasses do other stars. Even those who might recognize his face couldn’t see that high. Johnny is a skyscraper. When he strolls the Boul’ his shoulders scrape the buildings on both sides. Yet he is so slim-hipped that traffic can move all around him under the shadow of those shoulders.

Johnny was a mere world’s champion swimmer until he did “Tarzan.” Now it looks as though he were a confirmed actor. His wife is divorcing him. Anyhow that’s the rumor—and that’s always the ordinary to stardom.

In the Brown Derby the other evening I congratulated host Wilson Mizner on his story “Winner Takes All” starring Cagney.

“There wasn’t anything to the story,” he said. “It’s been put over the past week, I suppose. Jimmy gave the greatest performance I’ve ever seen on the screen . . . never let down a second to show you he was acting. You know how they do—lapse into the Park Avenue accent to let you know the tough stuff is all art with them . . .”

Mizner’s remark brings up pertinent lines from a letter I received from Kathryn B. Shover of Pittsburgh. She says:

“As you once remarked, these feminine hopefuls loving their lines have me catching my thumbs too. Culture has come to Hollywood in a big way. Even their tough roles are done with a sort of Lady Vere de Vere out on a bit of a slumming party air.”

Speaking of Hollywood culture, I heard an English noble lady remark that she had to watch her Language in our salons. And they say Ethel Barrymore was gently corrected at Pickfair when she talked of “the bosses” and the picture “business.” We say “executives” and the picture “industry,” you know.

It should be a lot of fun casting people for their animal likenesses in “The Island of Lost Souls.” Ramon Novarro and I used to play the game in Rome when he was Ben Hur-ing over there. We animalized all our friends. A certain director was a fox, an actress we both adored was a divine cow, a jovial comedian was a happy pig. Just good-natured fun, you know. That is, it was until after a third helping of asti spumante. I said he was a squire. He promptly retorted, “You’re a wolf.”

“Eat!” I snarled back at him. “Puma!” he sneezed.

I didn’t know what a puma was but I didn’t like the sound of it, so stalked out of the Castello dei Caesari in what I thought was a leonine manner.

Funny, all men want to be lions and women tigers. We resent any other animal comparison. On the other hand, I never was so flattered as when a friend remarked that my police dog Cellini had a personality like mine. It was quite flattering. No human being could ever be half so charming as Cellini.

The late Rin-tin-tin was to my eyes the living definition of nobility. When I think of his beautiful life of devotion I feel that only dogs deserve heaven.

I regret criticizing Joan Crawford professionally when I recall how instantly she and Cellini became friends. Joan came to inspect my house in Beverly Hills, which I had put up for sale. Her interest was mild until she entered the sun room. Cellini was lounging there. “Oh!” exclaimed Joan. “Oh!” barked Cellini. Instantly they were in close embrace. That was a moment when I’d like to have been cast as a dog.

P. S. Cellini sold her the house.

Ever since seeing that remarkable picture I’ve been having Strange Interludes. I mean thinking things while saying something else. Here are some of the dark revelations:

I didn’t go Garbo until “As You Desire Me.”

James Cagney is the only star who has attracted me regularly in some time.

Marlene Dietrich enchants me as the essence of femininity, much as Corinne Griffith did.

Pola Negri is the most interesting character I’ve known during my time in Hollywood.

Paul Muni impresses me as the greatest actor since the dawn of Emil Jannings.

I always want to see more of ZaSu Pitts yet realize she probably would be monotonous.

I never tire of gazing upon the tranquillo loveliness of Joan Bennett.

Richard Cromwell seems to me the most likable and talented youth from the screen.

Louise Closser Hale is my idea of a grand actress.

I can’t bring myself to see kiddie actors.

I find myself preferring the News Reel theaters to all others in New York City.

Mussolini will always bring me into a theater though I’d never make a fascist.

Warner Oland in person suggests one of those genial great princes of the Renaissance.

Claudette Colbert proves my contention that the French girl can be the most charming of all earth’s creatures.

I’ve never been upstaged by a picture star, or I’m too dumb to know it if I have been.

Among the most interesting interviews I’ve ever had distinctly recall: Anna May Wong, Pola Negri, Nazimova, Rudolph Valentino, Ramon Novarro, Mabel Normand, Bull Montana and especially Stepin Fetchit.

Wally Beery was the only player in “Grand Hotel” who satisfied my conception from the novel.
he was still raging about everything there. This Mervyn LeRoy romance 
with Ginger seems to be the real thing — 
and it would not greatly surprise 
anyone if the wedding bells rang soon 
and if Honolulu would be the honey-
moon heaven for a new LeRoy romance.

GUESTS at the Rogers home usu-
ally do just exactly what they 
would like to do. Both Ginger and 
her mother make everyone feel com-
pletely at home. So, this night, as 
usual, there was one group in the play-
room playing Keno, another group al-
ways to be found at the piano in the 
living room, and others solving cross-
word puzzles.

Just then, Mrs. Rogers suggested we 
all assemble for the birthday cake.

Mervyn had the boys stationed by 
the candelabra at corners of the room. 
Each had his orders and as Ginger 
blew out her cake candles, every candle 
in the dining room was extinguished 
simultaneously, and the room left in 
complete darkness.

Ginger screamed, “I didn’t do that! 
. . . Why, I couldn’t have done that!” 
Mervyn insisted that she had—and had 
Ginger almost believing him.

After supper, everyone went into the 
living room and sang and danced the 
rest of the evening. All declared it 
was one of the happiest surprise birth-
day parties of the season. Ginger said 
it was the very happiest birthday she 
had ever spent!

BILLIE DOVE has the nicest Sundays 
at her beach house! She is a very 
sincere and genuine person, as well as 
one of Hollywood’s most beautiful 
women. She has a legion of friends.

Billie stays later in the season at 
Malibu than any other summer resi-
dent. She had a beach party early in 
this month, which she stated was a 
“farewell to summer” party.

Billie had invented a beach game 
which is the most exciting, hysterical 
affair in the world. She instructs 
everyone to stand in a circle. Each 
has some sort of ball given him.

One may have a medicine ball, an-
other right next to him, a golf ball, 
or a lemon, an orange, a puff ball, 
baseball, football, or any kind of round, 
ball-like object.

At a given signal, everyone throws 
his ball to the person on his right, 
and they move as fast as possible. The 
idea of the game is supposed to be 
a matter of calculation. If you drop 
the ball that is thrown to you, you are 
out of the game—just try and catch a 
golf ball, after you’ve had your arms 
about a huge beach ball.

That’s the real way to play it, but 
no one ever gets “eliminated” from 
Billie’s games, and the game usually 
ends with everyone on all fours, crawl-
ing about after the ball they’ve dropped.

Everyone at Billie’s wears bright-
colored shorts, bathing suits, pajamas, 
or anything that they are most com-
fortable in, for she is that kind of a 
hostess.

There are dart games of every sort, 
but anagrams were the most popular 
this day, with Billie the champion and 
Gene Raymond a close second.
Corns

Through College Days with Charles Farrell

(Continued from page 51)

gets time to witness the games.
Fencing he took up because of his personal interest in it. He never com-
peted for a place on the B. U. fencing team. He was always more expert with
a saber than with the rapier, though no mean swordsman with the lighter

POSSESSING many of the elements
of popularity, Farrell was always too
quiet and retiring ever to have been a
leader of the girls, and in college he
struggled to put himself through college,
with no financial assistance from his
family, engaged most of his spare time
and energy.
His days were busy ones. As soon as
the last morning lecture was over, Carl-
diee made half a dozen appointments,
Logan to street to Ginter's Cafe, to
pre-
side over the restaurant during the
noon hour. The place was invariably
invaded by homeless women shop-
pers and voluble co-eds. Charlie was
kept on his toes for a couple of hours
handling this group of hungry women
and girls that, after considerable
manner smoothed out numerous delays
and irritations, and brought customers
back to Ginter's without quite know-
ing why they came again. Donna's
youngness than one debutante or co-ed came back
to have another look at the handsome,
stalwart captain of waiters, and enjoy
his brief smile as he guided them to a
seat.
To Charlie, they were all just so many
patrons. Love was not one of his extra-
curricular activities, nor did he ever
show, during his college course, that he
was particularly susceptible to feminine
charms. One or twice he was sus-
ppected of "rushing" one of the ritzier
co-eds, who found Charlie's springy,
athletic figure more than a compensa-
tion for the fact that he was one of the
working students. But nothing ever
came of these excursions into romance.
No one could ever accuse Charlie of go-
ing around "knock off" girls. His reply
was "sighing like a furnace, with a woeful
ballad made to his mistress' eyebrow!"
Whatever Charlie may have thought
about girls, he did probably did the same amount of
thinking any normal college boy does on
the subject—it is my personal opinion
that none of them ever disturbed his
equilibrium for more than five minutes.
His mind was too seriously occupied
with the major aim of his life to bar-

A REAL love match! He couldn't help falling
in love with her. Such thrilling golden hair
would captivate any man! Her secret? . .
Blondex, the powder shampoo for blondes only.
Light hair need become old, faded, stringy.
If you use Blondex regularly. Brings back deep,
natural golden color—vivid sparkle—carefree
softness. Not a dye. Contains no injurious chemi-
cals. No fuss—to bother to use. Blondex bub-
bles instantly into a rich, frothy, searching foam
that reaches down to the hair roots. For blonde
hair beauty can't resist—start using Blondex
today. At all drug and department stores.

Another useful ingredient than buzzing waiters in a restaur-

DURING his second vacation, Charlie
took an opportunity that was
offered him to try his hand at selling
real estate. He was successful enough
at it, and found it so much more con-
genial than buzzing waiters in a restaur-

Always reticent about advertising his
ambitions, Charlie was particu-
larly secretive about any predilection he
may have had for the stage or screen.
It is on record that once he remarked to
a small girl that he intended going to
Hollywood some day to try his luck as an
actor.
The remark was made in a careless,
offhand way, and he probably did be
sure whether it was an idle collegiate quip
or whether it was to be taken seriously.
His audience, however, greeted the
statement with a chorus of hoots and
jeers.
Charlie laughed the matter off, but
that was the last time he ever referred
to Hollywood or actors while he was in
college.
Beyond attending the annual show
put on by the University, he displayed
no interest in the dramatic association
and never offered himself even as a
"super" in the production.
A shrewd observer, however, might
have detected the latent dramatic abil-
ity in Charles Farrell after listening to
the speech he made on the steps of the
Student Union one day he was intro-

By now, Mr. Glass has the credit
of having written the book that
made the movie "Dinner at Eight"

It was a warm October afternoon.
Charlie was given freedom of the
Public Library steps and commanded by
his tormentors, to inform the world
at large, and Boston's passing pedes-
triants in particular, why "an egg was
round instead of square."

The New Movie Magazine, November, 1932
Through College Days with Charles Farrell

Obediently young Farrell began his oration. A crowd of students and townsfolk presently assembled in such numbers as nearly to stop traffic completely in Copley Square. His collegiate listeners favored each sentence with howls, jeers, catcalls and "Bronx cheers." But Charlie was not to be discouraged or deterred.

His talk was so earnest and his gestures so emphatic that one kindly old lady, dressed in antique black, wanted to know if "that dear little boy" (the dear little boy stood over six feet) wasn't in danger of suffering a sunstroke.

Several almost hysterical classmates came out of their convulsions sufficiently to assure her that only people with brains were susceptible to sunstroke and consequently the object of her fears was perfectly safe.

Finally a couple of good-natured cops stopped the ardent orator and Boston resumed its normal daily occupations.

WHEN it came Charlie's turn to initiate some of his successors, he displayed an astonishing ingenuity in devising means for tormenting them.

In one case, he forced a "pledgee" to remove everything but his B. V. D.'s while perched on a tree in front of the College of Business Administration. Another lad had to pace the sidewalk in front of one of Boston's leading theaters, an alarm clock pinned to his chest and a toy cap-pistol over his shoulder, sonorously informing the world at thirty-second intervals that "all was well."

A third candidate was ordered to propose to a strange girl on the steps of the Brunswick Hotel, directly across the street from the college. The girl was so startled by the suddenness and fervor of the proposal that she almost accepted. It was days before the panic-stricken freshman enjoyed a normal temperature again.

Farrell's ability as a boxer was one of the outstanding facts about him during his university career. His classmates still remember him as a scrappy fast and clever enough to lick one of today's outstanding professional athletes—Mickey Cochrane, at present ace catcher for the Philadelphia Athletics.

The affair took place during one of the inter-class boxing tournaments, and winning the bout gave Charlie the school championship. Cochrane's pride was mortified by the defeat, and he would hardly talk to Farrell for the remainder of their college course.

Several years later, when Charlie was making a personal appearance in a Philadelphia theater, Cochrane showed that he had forgotten the affair by inviting the film star to visit him at the Athletics' ball park. Cochrane challenged Charlie to a "return match," but Charlie good-humoredly declined. Instead, he invited Mickey to make a personal appearance with him that night on the stage of the theater. The two have been cordial friends ever since.

In spite of his earnestness and studiousness, Charlie had a mischievous (Please turn to page 102)

SITROUX Face Tissue absorbs the dirt, removes the cream or cleansing lotion from the face without irritation. You will enjoy the soft velvet like quality of Sitroux Face Tissue and find it indispensable for many different uses. Doctors advise the use of Sitroux Face Tissue instead of handkerchiefs when you have a cold. It is sanitary and easily disposable.

SITROUX FACIAL CREAM REMOVER

90 SHEETS FOR 10¢

sold by
F. W. WOOLWORTH CO.

... and HOW THEY STARTED on the ROAD to FAME

The New Movie Album doesn’t stop with giving you stunning photographs of your favorite stars. It adds for good measure accurate life sketches, telling how they found their way to fame—with dramatic shots from their early film hits. Send ten cents for your copy of The New Movie Album.
Blue Songs changed to LOVE SONGS!

If you own chappy, red hands—no one ever asks permission to hold them. How different with white hands, soft, smooth hands!

Put your hands in Frostilla Lotion's soothing care. This famous skin protector dries quickly, isn't sticky. It costs so little, does so much! Massage in a few drops night, morning and after hands are wet...watch coarse hands become soft hands...hear blue songs change to love songs!

*Don't be "switched" when you ask for Frostilla, 35c, 50c, $1 sizes at drugstores, 10c bottle at 5 & 10c stores. (Harry F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., N.Y., C., Sales Reps.)

FROSTILLA LOTION
for chapped, dry skin

TONIGHT
WHITENS
While You Sleep
Freckles, Blackheads, Blotches Vanish too!

Oh what a difference a lovely white skin makes! You can have it. No matter how dark your skin now, no matter how many other creams have failed, this famous Golden Peacock Bleach Cream will lighten it one shade a night...or your money back! Gentlest, faintest of all Bleaches that work. Perfected by 30 great specialists...absolutely guaranteed. More economical, because it acts so fast...you use so little. Try Golden Peacock Bleach Cream tonight. At all drug stores and toilet goods counters.

Through College Days with Charles Farrell
(Continued from page 101)

streak in his make-up that often got him into hot water with his professors. Once, his feminine skill was indirectly responsible for getting him into—and then getting him out of—a situation that was caused by his spiritedness. During a lecture in psychology, one of Charlie's whispered witticisms threw the class into an up-roar.

The instructor was one recognized as one of the most brilliant and unconventional lecturers in his field. He immediately stopped at the interruption, and, without looking at Charlie, announced that if the disturber had the courage to make himself known, he would "punch him in the nose."

A deathlike silence fell over the room. The blood drained from Farrell's face. But he made no move to take up the instructor's challenge. The prof waited a few moments, and then resumed his lecture.

Since the professor was known to be a good amateur boxer, who enjoyed participating in as well as watching the impromptu bouts held at the Boston University, not a few members of the class concluded among themselves that Charlie was "yellow"—though they were careful not to express this opinion to his face.

Two days later, Farrell was boxing a fraternity brother at the University, when the prof, walked in and seated himself in the front row. Without appearing to see him, Charlie maneuvered his opponent to a spot directly in front of the mentor, jabbed him in the face and finally, with a quick blow, sent him backward into the prof's lap. Finally the professor got up and left.

The next day, when Charlie entered his class, the prof. greeted him with a cordial "Hello, Charlie." No other reference was ever made to what had happened, but everyone knew that it was the professor's way of closing the incident.

Today the professor and Charles Farrell are close friends and a regular correspondent even forth the distance between them. One incident, a few years later, shows the affectionate regard the older man had for the younger.

When Charlie made his first personal appearance in Boston after the sweeping success of "Seventh Heaven," the professor sent word to the theater that if Farrell failed to appear at his class he would never forgive him.

The star's stage appearances coincided so closely with the schedule of the prof's classes that he found he could only dash up to the college for a few minutes, and would have to arrive late. Without returning a direct answer to his former professor's invitation, Farrell walked over to the classroom.

As he entered the building, Charlie found himself actually shaking with a nervousness he had never known in all his experience as an actor. Mustered up his courage, however, he opened the door of prof's classroom and quietly poked his head into the room. From that point the two men exchanged a great many words about the young star's being able to stay and the professor insisted upon knowing when and where they could meet that evening.

A fraternity brother of Charlie's told him what happened after he left. For several minutes, the professor remained seated at his desk, his eyes fastened upon the text-book that lay open before him. Finally, in an audible tone he murmured, "my boy" and abruptly resumed his lecture.

When Charlie left Boston University during his junior year to travel as an advance man and business manager for Little Billie, the midget, his departure caused no comment outside his small circle of personal friends. His new vocation was only new to him. His experience assisting his father in the management of the little motion picture theater, however, had given him some familiarity with the work his new duties required of him.

For some time even Farrell's friends heard nothing of him. Then, one day, the Boston University News got out a special edition to announce the sensational fact, with appropriate headlines, that a popular University student had been cast by a big Hollywood studio for the leading role opposite Esther Ralston in "Old Ironsides."

Even then, Charlie's classmates could not believe that he was really an actor. Reasoning the mystery among themselves, they came to the conclusion that he must have been picked for the part because of his ability to handle boats.

Many of his schoolfellows recollected, with considerable pride, that during his sophomore year, Charlie's expert seamanship had saved a party of them from perishing on a small fishing boat they had chartered for a cruise was caught off Nahant in a storm.

Boston University revised its opinions of Charlie Farrell as an actor, however, when "Old Ironsides" was shown at the Tremont Theater in Boston. The entire front of the orchestra floor was cleared out by former classmates.

The high point of the performance arrived as Charlie Farrell took Esther Ralston in his arms for the final fade-out. The house was breathlessly still. Suddenly a voice from the orchestra exclaimed, in a penetrating baritone that could be heard all over the theater: "The lucky so-and-so mugging a gorgeous dame like that. And it wasn't so long ago he was slinging hash at Walton's."

MAKE THESE CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR LESS THAN ONE DOLLAR

To obtain circulars described on page 70, write to Miss Frances Cowles, in care of The New Movie Magazine, enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars, or fifteen cents for all eight. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers beside the description.

The New Movie Magazine, November, 1932
Beautiful Hair for Anyone

(Continued from page 64)

girl would have closed the discussion here, but there were many unanswered questions. The water and soap for the shampoo—what methods of applying these?

"Nina—my hairdresser can show you." There was no trick. Nina Roberts stated that she melted castile soap or used any one of several non-alkaline soaps, rubbed a thick lather into the scalp and then rinsed the hair, using only soft, tepid water.

"Three times, Nina, you make lather and rinse," prompted Miss Birell. "Then a little lemon juice in warm water is dashed over the hair. Another rinse of perfumed water. Then we dry it and wet it for a water wave."

There was a trick! The hair was dried first carefully in the sun. Then—water waved! The depths had been sounded at last and the mystery solved. Does it make any real difference in the appearance of the finished coiffure? Tala Birell thinks that it does. However, she admits that her hair not naturally curly—slightly—she might get tired of waiting for her hair to dry twice. But—

"Water dries very rapidly. My hair does not require a protective for the wave. That is what takes so long under a drier. What Nina does is dry my hair first slowly in the sunshine and air. Then, it is wet again and with her fingers, she places the small waves—far, far apart, and then I sit in under the drier and in fifteen minutes I may go with it so!" She turned for inspection. The sun caught the strands of it and they glistened gloriously. She was ready to leave.

"You mentioned using olive oil, sometimes," we called after her.

"Oh—when the hair gets a little dry sometimes. Then Nina takes a little warm olive oil and rubs it into the scalp an hour before the shampoo. If it seems very, very dry—she puts a very, very little bit on after the shampoo. Try it if you have trouble with dry scalp," she said, pulling a tiny curl out from under the brim of her hat as she prepared to go.

A Youthful Approach

(Continued from page 59)

"Every girl should have one black every-service dress, in her Fall wardrobe. On this I would have my organ- dle touch and the so smart tailored lines which are being used this Fall.

"Harmonious colors, schemes conservative, and lines, are the things to watch in your Fall wardrobe. For the girl who cannot afford great variety in her wardrobe never, never, be happier in the importance of accessories. Often you can make the same dress look utterly different by changing costumes, jewelry, gloves, hats, bags, etc. It's the little touches that create the final effect. If you cannot buy many different gloves, purses, etc., buy only black or white or plain neutral shades that will harmonize with every need.
in the cinema strata and Marie went back to the theater. Else Janis was gregariously overpowering. Marie (finally) crashed the Golden Gates of the new amusement world, only to slip quietly back into her own groove. She was nothing funny enough another funny enough to be nice, nor sharply enough—in fact I have sel-

dom seen anything worse on the screen, and that is one “metier” where we can see ourselves others' witty. In the memory the experience comes under the heading of “embarrassing moments.”

Shortly before she took the stage for the screen, only to meet her-

selves coming back, she was interviewed by a very young, very ambitious and equally pretty reporter for one of the daily papers. Marie sensed the un-

usual in this girl, she peered right through the deep blue windows which are said to expose the soul, and liked what she saw. She not only gave the girl any and all information that she wanted, but as it was cold and pour-

ing rain outside, Marie insisted upon her taking a fur coat which, despite the fact that it went around the young lady twins, was a godsend.

I do not use the expression lightly, for no matter what one believes in or who we think handles the destiny de-

partment, it is a heart warming to learn that the same produces. Marie herself, a lady who staggered under the weight of Marie's fur coat and marveled at the generosity of its owner, should have written in the other two years such rôles as Marty in “Anna Christie,” M'n in “Ain and Bill,” and "Emma" with a very personal side with Marie Dresler the biggest fem-

nine drawing card in talking pictures. That is what Frances Marion has done!

TAKES 14 INCHES OFF HIPS, WAIST and BUST

"I weighed 255, my bust was 52, waist 46, hips 54. After taking Kruischen I now weigh 160.

my bust is 38, waist 32, hips 40. I feel better and brighter." Write Mrs. Thas, Croupe.

KRUSCHEN SALTS

"It's the Little Daily Dose That Does It!"

Write for a copy of “How to Lose Fat Without Injuring Health.” E. Griffiths Hughes, Inc., Dept. K, Rochester, N. Y.

Magnificent Marie

(Continued from page 35)

Safely, Quickly, Easily

Many women who reduce fat find themselves left wrinkled and haggard looking—their health injured.

But not so if you reduce by taking a half teaspoonful of Kruischen Salts in hot water every morning. Kruischen is the SAFE, healthy way to lose burdensome fat—ask your own doctor if this isn't so!

Unhealthy fat rapidly vanishes—from the first bottle you feel stronger, healthier, younger. Many folks hsten results by going lighter on potatoes, pastries and fatty meats.

A bottle that lasts 4 weeks costs but 85c at any drugstore—make sure you get Kruischen.

14 INCHES OFF HIPS, WAIST and BUST

"I weighed 255, my bust was 52, waist 46, hips 54. After taking Kruischen I now weigh 160.

my bust is 38, waist 32, hips 40. I feel better and brighter." Write Mrs. Thas, Croupe.

KRUSCHEN SALTS

"It's the Little Daily Dose That Does It!"

Write for a copy of “How to Lose Fat Without Injuring Health.” E. Griffiths Hughes, Inc., Dept. K, Rochester, N. Y.

LOOK FOR THE SHOE LACES

That are Checker Wrapped

All Styles
Black, White, Tan and Brown

EMPOLWORTH'S
They're Built to Wear
There's
Longer Wear in Every Pair

Victory Ties Are Part of the Laces—They Can't Come Off

INTERNATIONAL BRAID CO
PROVIDENCE

They might have done in that rôle.

From personal experience I know that when Marie arrived on the Broadway I thought she was wonderful, but I became more and more enthua-
sistic when she gave up doing imita-

tion and admiration when it looked as if she might step on my toes as a mimic, but when she decided to go in for serious and received a much more ardent devotee to her art!

In a recent poll to decide who was the biggest star of the last season, Marie Dressler was sixteen points ahead of any one else in the final returns. How nice! And how much easier for the lovely ladies of the screen to doff their crowns and be wholeheartedly glad. The Queen re-

mains uncrowned and none of them are trying to become the Dowager Empress.

A PROPOS of royalty I want to go to a party at Pickfair last week. Mary and Doug entertained for the visiting Olympic nabobs. Two hundred and fifty dined, and after dinner were shown Doug's latest—Robinson Crusoe. It was beautifully done and I was, as well, impressed by the bevy of beauty and brains that a Hollywood gathering is. Mary herself, a perfect combination of the two quali-

ties, Constance Bennett, Helen Hayes, Ethel Barrymore, Myrl Tashman, Dolores Del Rio, Kay Francis, Kay Johnston, Amelia Earhart, Claire Windsor, and so on into the blue book of Hollywood. The whole system is still much used in the drawing rooms of Cinemalnd!

The party was officially dry, a brave attempt to prove to the strangers that there is one spot where our laws are obeyed, but hearing peals of laughter from the floor above I suspected a little "easy" going in progress. Leaving me to discuss the Olympiad with one of its sponsors, my young man went a-snooping. He returned with the glads and a unique actor like Stuart Erwin, draws part like Merton of the Movie."

I can imagine at least a half dozen budding comedians thinking of what
Magnificent Marie

SEATING two hundred and fifty people is a big job, but doing it with place cards is a De Mille production, so when we went in to dinner there was a bit of a stage wait. Marie and I were wandering about in a date, when Mary spotted us.

"Can't you find your place, Marie?" she called.

"Don't worry about me, darling," the Empress sang out. "If there is one thing I do know it is my place. Any nice gutter will do!"

I watched her through dinner, though we were at different tables. Surrounding her were a bank president (and of a bank that has not failed), a motion picture magnate, a distinguished Argentine speaking only Spanish and French, but apparently understanding Marie's gestures, also Frances Marion. After dinner, Marie stopped to give me a little hug and whisper, "I'm going to slip away."

"It's only ten-thirty," I said hanging on to her.

"Yes, but I got up against the doctor's orders to come. I've been feeling low for some time. Good night sweet, come and see me soon. You haven't seen my new house." Smack! a hearty kiss, she was gone and with her something inexplicable. When she leaves one feels terribly alone! What greater reward could any one ask?

If some one said to me, "Of all the honors that might be heaped upon you, which would you choose?" I would say without hesitancy, "Let me be missed when I move on. Let others be more successful, make more money, win more decorations, and write more phrases on the pages of history, but I want to be missed!" Marie did not replace any one and no one will replace her.

Here's to Empress Marie, long may she reign!

My Life Story

(Continued from page 6)

to the Alpha Dels.

"What can you do?" asked the house president in a tone that warned me that, at least, I'd better be able to play the saxophone.

"I... I can act," I managed to gulp.

"Good. Sign up for freshman track."

"But I said act."

"Oh, act. Well, join the dramatic club. Report for track, too. And you may as well compete for the football manhoodship."

That gave me practically nothing to do until my Junior year when the United States entered the war, and I decided to enlist.

"What would you like to be?" the recruiting officer bawled at me.

"A captain," I confessed.

"No, no. What branch of the service do you want to join?"

"The navy."

"We have a sailor."

"Then I'll take the infantry."

"Too late—someone just took the infantry. I'll put you in the field artillery."

"But I don't want to be in the field."

LOTIRIS

for

FEMININE DAINTINESS

A powder deodorant for dusting on Sanitary Napkins and an Antiseptic for Feminine Hygiene. Your Doctor will tell you there is no reason in the world why you should use harsh chemicals, and every reason why you should not. LOTIRIS is a scientifically prepared powder for the Sanitary Napkin and Feminine Hygiene.

LOTIRIS

SOLD BY F.W. WOOLWORTH CO.

Favorit Recipes of the Movie Stars

Yes, the stars have many practical ideas on the everyday subject of food. You'll know it when you read about their "favorite" dishes in this cook book of recipes suggested by famous stars. You'll like the recipes, and like the photographs on every page—interesting pictures taken in the stars' own homes. Send ten cents for "Favorite Recipes of the Movie Stars."

TOWER BOOKS, Incorporated, 55 Fifth Ave., New York
artillery," I managed to gulp. "You should have spoken sooner. You're already in it."

He was right, as it turned out. But the outfit trained with never got to France. We didn't travel far before we got the horses packed, somebody in Washington heard about it. "Hurry up and sign the armistice," word went out. "March is about to get a trip to Europe."

That did the trick, and before you could tell a joke—or even a turkey—they had called the whole thing off.

My fraternity brothers must have noticed my disappointment, because, when I got back to the university, they made things up by electing me president of the senior class, football manager, and an Iron Cross man. They even fixed it for me to be graduated, Class of '20.

Diploma-ed, I went to New York City to work as a student clerk in the National City Bank, but, after I'd been there awhile, I began to look around me. "What will this banking get you?" I asked myself, one day. "Look at Morgan. Who ever heard of him? No. I continued, still talking to myself as if I were an old hermit, or something. "No, Fredric, banking is not for you. Turn to your first love. Be an actor!"

NEED I tell you of my early struggles? Need I tell you of the Brooklyn boarding house, and the months spent posing for commercial advertising? It was a happy day for me when the late David Belasco gave me a part in "Debureau."

From then on I worked pretty steadily. Then, back in '26, I went to Elitch's Gardens, in Denver, to play leads in summer stock. I arrived in Denver in a blue funk, and went directly to the theater to rehearse. There, I met Florence Eldridge and immediately traded in the blue funk for a red exclamation point. Here, I knew, was my soul mate; here was beauty; here was Love; hear no evil; speak not evil; act differently.

The March motto in marriage has ever been, "Papa, uber alles," which means, "Remember the two bears." So our marriage has always serene. Only once has Florence gloered. That was when I was rehearsing for the part of Tony Cavendish in the Los Angeles production of "The Royal Family," and trying to pattern the character after John Barrymore, whom it is alleged to have been written around. I strove to dress like and be Barrymore—until Florence very deftly pointed out that it was I, and not John, that she had married, and, for heaven's sake, desist. She had me there.

BUT there were almost two years between the day we were married and "The Royal Fandango," or whatever I said that play was. Part of those two years was spent on a tour of one-night stands Florence and I made for the Theatre Guild. When that was over, we decided to do something different.

"Let's do something different," I suggested.

"What, for instance?"

"Go touring."

"That would be different," Florence admitted.

So we went auto-touring into New Mexico and Arizona. Some people claim they had a swell time, but I don't know—you can see pretty far on a clear day in the Old Southwest.

Eventually we creaked back to Denver where I'd been engaged for another season at Elitch's, but we hadn't been there long when I got a wire from Los Angeles.

"They want you in Los Angeles," said Florence when she'd opened it for me.

"Let them extradite," I defended.

"It's not the police who want you, darling. A producer wants you for the lead in 'The Royal Family.'"

"And I'd have to play the part of an actor?"

"Yes."

"I won't do it. It's bad enough to have to be an actor, without having to act an actor, too. Besides, I want to be a sailor!"

"Why haven't I heard about this sailor business before?" Florence quizzed me, using a hand-painted quizzer she had just taped together.

"Because I just decided. Everyone has a suppressed desire, and that's mine—I picked it out of the fifty prize winner for 1928."

BUT I did come to Los Angeles. Shortly after, "The Royal Family" opened. Opening night, I had a visitor to my dressing room after the performance.

"Mr. Barrymore is here to see you, Mr. March," the call boy tossed off.

I looked around for something to toss off, myself. Not finding anything, I seized my trousers and headed for the exit. "See if you can stall him off while I make my getaway," I implored.

"Av, he ain't sore," the boy soothed. "He thinks you imitated him pretty swell."

Mr. Barrymore was very nice to me. So were all the other people, mostly producers and agents. One day a man I didn't know just sort of grew up in my dressing room.

"I'm Al Rosen," he said. "I'm an artist's representative."

"I don't want any etchings," I said with great sales resistance. "I have an etching in the family."

"It's not that kind of artist I represent," Al assured me. "I'm an agent. I want to be your manager."

So, all of a sudden, I had a manager who wanted to put me in the talkies which were then in their infancy and had to be changed at least three times a day. Al came in to see me, the day after I'd taken my first screen test.

"I've signed you for a role," he grinned.

"Good," I came right back at him. "Now, see if you can sign me for some coffee, and I'll invite you to breakfast."

But, instead of coffee, he signed me with Paramount on a long-term contract—and there you are!

And here I am. Aren't we all? Anyhow, that, my son, is practically my life story.
Bursting Hon. Depression
(Continued from page 39)

“You are all fired, thus ending the depression,” he collapsed. “From now onward all talkative photos in Hollywood will be looked by one (1) person, no other help required.”

“Reasun for this radical change are because of my wunnerful invention, the Fordson Tractor Chatterbox 3 in 1 Emotion Picture Taker. This remarkabilious contraption are run by a Muddle T motor on wheels which will follow actors around, taking their arms, legs, voices, sexa-peeol and whatever they got. It run on 2 gears, fast and slow. It are so simpal a child can work it. Therefore I interduece to you Hashimura Togo, who will do so.”

This make Hon. Meckanikal Staff so exciting that one electrocutioner, who was up on the ceiling, fixing it, exiden-tally drop a monkey wrench the size of a gorilla. It only hit my head slightly, and I was sorry for that poor man.

So now with prides in his wrist and elbows Hon. Ogare push forth something square on wheels. It look deliciously like a baby buggy for a hippopote-mouse. Inside that box were 202 kinds of cocktail shakers, thimbles, fish-horns and all dictionaries, all filled with electricity. Also it got a seat like a otto-mobile and a wheel for steers.

“This machinery,” lecture Hon. Ogare, “require no brain to work it, Togo, you will please set on the seat and I will tell you how. Actors, please get on stage, ready to be shot in Scene 88. All ready, if ever?”

Miss Caramel Sweet hand her gum to 2nd Vice Pres of Catamptick Pictures, and start forthly, followed by Robt. Mungumery and Sir Wallace Beer. They enuroid to central middle of a corner of a room and stood there, looking like they were going to make love or something even worse.

“Now, Togo.” renig Hon. Ogare, “when I say Start you put the Ford-son Chatterbox in operation merely by pushing buttons 4, 9 and 18, jerking knobs 5 & 8, elevating the patent sprinkler and turning Crank 7 twice from left to right. Are not that easy to remember? Then when I holla Close Up, you bring Hon. Car forward swithly 14 feet, unploying same method used in working a sewing machinge. Keep on until I begin to curse you. Then back up. You unstand perfecfly. All right and Oh Kay.”

Mr. Editor, perhaps some day you will know how it feel to be awfully powerful. That was me, you bet your boatware, setting up on that sound and action snoving machinge, awaiting to get ready & all those Meckanikal Staff looking at me jalous like 22 mice attempting to snatch chicken bones from a wildish lion. Setting there, I think prices. 135 per weekly grow up to be a Rockfellor some day. Look at Silvia Sidney, how she commence kind of small, and now can play “Merry We Go To”! Anything can happen in Hollywood...


Therefore I push a lot of numbers, jerk several more, lift sprinkler, turn crank. At once all actors on Stage 13 commence talking at Fordson Chatter-box.

(Please turn to page 108)

Glowing Glory FOR YOUR HAIR

Lovely hair is colorful hair...

Natural, youthful, glowing with tone color. Give it a soft sheen of color glamour, without dying or bleaching, by using Colorosine in your shampoo wash. It's just harmless vegetable compound. 12 shades to choose from. You'll find it amazingly attractive, giving your hair enchanting charm and loveliness. 2 rinses in every 10c package... try it today!

The NESTLE LE MUR CO., New York

Nestle Super Set... a greaseless finger waving lotion, free from sediment, for longer, lasting waves of new allure.

Nestle Hot Oil Shampoo... free from soap or alkali... the preferred method for revitalizing and cleansing the hair.

Small sizes at all 5c and 10c stores. Large sizes at your beauty parlor, drug store or department store.

10c

44 EASY ECONOMICAL DINNERS Saves Time

How much time do you spend in planning tempting dinners that do not make too much of a raid on the table budget? This booklet does all the planning for you. Turn its pages and find just the dinner that suits your mood or the occasion.

Send for it—the price is only ten cents.

Tower Books, Incorporated
55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
WHEN HE ASKED FOR HER HAND he meant exactly that

Her hands had fascinated him. They were so supple...so satiny...so expressive of her feminine daintiness that, manlike, he wanted to possess them exclusively...call them his.

And Willa...wise girl...didn’t explain that THINC HAND CREAM was really the magic match maker. She didn’t tell Jack that a little THINC smoothed on the hands each night gave them their soft, white loveliness.

It isn’t the lines in the palm of your hands that tell your fortune. It’s their alluring texture...and any woman who uses THINC HAND CREAM is very likely to be lucky.

But...try it for yourself...and see. If your favorite dealer hasn’t been supplied with THINC, just clip and mail the coupon.

THINC hand creme
FROM 10c TO ONE DOLLAR
THINC PRODUCTS, INC. Dept. G-1
41 East 52nd Street, New York City
1 envelope 10 cents for a Ten Treatment package of THINC HAND CREAM.

Name
Address
Town
Note

NEW Phantom Red Lipstick
BLEND WITH ALL COMPLEMENTS
Permanent all Day

EXACTLY the same quality as the famous $1.00 Phantom Red Lipstick—except in size. Try Phantom Red Lipstick and DISCOVER the real beauty of natural color and all-day permanence. Vanity Sizes at most F. W. Woolworth Stores.

Phantom Red LIPSTICK

Bursting Hon. Depression

(Continued from page 107)

"Gal, you ain’t never gonna git away with this here now sin,” rone Hon. Sir Wallace Beery.

"Ah, my luva, save me, save me!" screech Miss Caramel Sweet.

"Doling, do you see mah, luv mah?" none Hon. Robt Mungummery.

"Sweethef, I luv, luv you, LOVE YOU!!" jounce back Miss Caramel. "OAW, right now!!" hon. Ogre.

"Togo, start Hon. Tractor forward!!"

With feeling of intense duty I push on machinery, kick gas. With one awfully fierce rebound...Ferdinand Chatterbox enrush toward stage. But when he get there he could not stop it, these Enuff ‘scrable hon. Ogre. But Hon. Tractor do not think that. Just like warfare he walk up on stage, which actors holla baffably and jump sidewise. While I could not find button to stop it, I see Miss Caramel Sweet hang herself up on a picture frame While Hon. Mungummery croll under 2 mothers. But Hon. Chatterbox go right through wall and out on Lott while I hit buttons and pushed knobs with all my thumbs and toes.

Wheezing and schooching like steam engines full of 18th Amendment, that love-making machinery run right into Stage 2, while Hon. Caramel, Hattie Chatterton, Grand Damm of Hollywood, escape out by crolling up a chimbley and lepping into a pam tree.

Still onwards I go scratching along road, biting whatever I struck. Sometimes it were only a chicken. Sometimes a Stundad Oi Truck. I try everything to get him to stop, then of suddenly...I see an intense silver handle, which I pull out with all my stern muscle. And what was that I hear?

"Doling, do you luv mah, luv me?" ask Hon. Tractor with Robt Mungummery voice.

"Sweethef, I luv, I luv you, LOVE YOU!!!" it holla back with Caramel Sweet voice.

O goshes! Like 100 mule-power I go spuncing along State Hiway, knockin’ down telephone poles. Every time that day I ride over a police it dictate sweetly, “I luv you, I luv you!” For in that excitement it were letting out that play it just awfully cost the woman’s life...stink stummick!!

So onwards we go, singing about Love and killing people. At lastly we come to Beverley Hills, and there in a yard I see Hon. Will Rogers, famous cowcatcher, writing dirty crux about the Republican party, to be printed in Dem papers. He were so busy chewin’ pencils that he did not see me till I had ran over him twice. Then with that quick-eye nerve he learned what was going on with the bulls in the State of Yokahama, he snatch up the ribbon from his typewriter, made 4 very Western swirls around his head and lasse’s my running-away Chatterbox so nice that it fell right on its nose, still making cookoo sounds about, "Miss Caramel, I luv you!"

When Hon. Rogers pick me up and hand me back a lot of my teeth he listen some more, then require, what “For what you got, you yelling Love and deshorrying as it goes?”

“A Peace Conference, maybey,” I explode, feeling unfit to be printed in the paper.

Hoping you are the same Yours truly
Hashimura Togo.

Is Garbo Broke?

(Continued from page 21)

She went home to rest, just a working girl on vacation, and when her holiday ends, she will come back to her job. But the world was not natural for the girl who was the most natural thing in the world for Miss Garbo to go home in the interim between winding up the obligations of an old agreement with her studio and taking on the duties of a new one, there was an additional and weightier reason for her journey at this time.

For some months, although letters from across the water were cautiously worded for fear of alarming her unduly, Greta has been worried about her mother’s health. That worry alone was enough to send this devoted daughter hurrying across the ocean as fast as a high-powered liner could carry her. You see, she has known two heart-breaking bereavements in the death of her father and her sister.

Originally there were five Gustafsons (Greta became Garbo merely for the sake of brevity and euphony)—father, mother, two daughters and a son. The father died before Greta finished primary school. There was no money so the older girl, Alva, and the boy, Sven, were placed at once.

Their little sister, eager to do her part to lighten the family burdens, insisted upon leaving school and finding work, too, though they begged her not to do so. They wanted to keep her in school for the next year. But the girl was able to persuade her mother that the extra income was needed.

Garbo’s mother, a talented actress, and her sister, Alva, have long been known in Sweden. The father was a prominent bank director. The mother, afraid that her daughter’s choice in husband would make a bad impression on the family, had sent her daughter to New York a year ago to try her fortune. Greta had been primarily interested in music, and had studied in Europe to make herself more charming. But when the opportunity came to become an actress, she accepted it.

The young woman’s work in the United States has been fairly successful, but she has not become a star. She has been type-cast as the Russian girl, and this has limited her opportunities. But when she returned to Sweden, she found that her mother had sold the house, and that her brother was now living with her. She had to make her own living, and so she decided to try her fortune in Hollywood.

There was great rejoicing in the household when the older girl got a chance to attend the Royal Dramatic Academy and the four Gustafsons celebrated every small success of the girl in her early stage work. When finally there came an offer,
Is Garbo Broke?

through Mauritz Stiller, for Greta to go to America, they were sad, yet thrilled. America seemed very far away, but that must not be allowed to stand in the way. They sorrowed because they must give her up but they felt it was her great chance.

They were right, as the world now knows, for Greta Garbo has had not one failure in all her American career. She shy, plainly-dressed Swedish girl came, saw and conquered, learning the English language and the technique of the screen with a rapidity that amazed veterans. More important, audiences took her to their hearts—she became a box office draw overnight.

Then just as she was beginning to taste the triumphs of which she had dreamed, sorrow invaded her life for the second time. She was in the midst of making "The Temptress" when word came that her sister had died of anemia.

It was all the greater blow because Greta had planned and hoped that some day the adored Alva might join her in America and perhaps act with her in an American-made picture as she had once done in a Swedish film.

Greta was denied even the small consolation at this time of instantly rushing home to her mother and brother. There was work ahead that she was contracted to do and she must stay. She felt the separation from her loved ones even more keenly after Alva's death and they missed her doubly now. Besides, the mother was constantly uneasy about her younger daughter. She expressed more than once a fear that Greta would diet and break down her health.

When new pictures of her daughter arrived, she scanned them anxiously and felt worried, because to her nearly eye, the girl looked too thin. It was true that at sixteen, Greta had the sturdy, solid outlines of the typical Swedish girl, and that in America, she had grown almost ethereal.

Three years passed before the star found it possible to go home. She sailed then, to be met in Sweden by a welcome so tumultuous that the police had to be called to protect her from the enthusiasm of her well-wishers to many of whom she was already a legendary figure.

That homecoming was a happy one, but it lacked some of the elements that made the more recent one so momentous. The Swedish people have always loved and been proud of their ambitious countrywoman but the intelligentsia at first were cautious, even a little suspicious. They had an idea that the future about Garbo was the result of wild American advertising.

Satirical poems and cartoons expressing this doubt appeared from time to time in the more aristocratic and conservative papers.

To them was still the little girl from the south side whose head would undoubtedly be turned by all the fuss and nonsense.

This time, though, it was very different. When the Swedish S. S. Gripsholm drifted into the dock at Gothen- burg with Greta standing, starry-eyed on the top-most deck, cameramen and reporters from all over Europe were waiting, and promptly in the expectant group were journalists representing Stockholm's most staid and highbrow press.

Moreover, such sheets opened their column, too. (Please turn to page 110)
Is Garbo Broke?
(Continued from page 109)

The Swedish attitude toward Miss Garbo and her career is well illustrated by the story of Einar Widbeck, the Swedish photo editor who in 1908 did a story on Garbo while she was working in her first little-girl job.

When the Garbo picture, "The Rise and Fall of Susan Lenox," opened at the Majestic Theatre in London, officials of the theater took a leaf from the book of their American cousins and decided upon what they thought would be a wonderful publicity stunt. They cabled Einar and invited him to fly over at their expense to be present at the opening. The theater had made Garbo aware that the star wouldn't have minded if he had gone. She is not in the least ashamed of the early poverty which caused her to take a perfectly respectable job in a perfectly respectable barber shop.

And whatever else it is, the source of her fame is not high- hattedness. Garbo is friendliness itself to those she likes and she likes many people of all classes and kinds—but unusually, that only when she has made their acquaintance of her own volition.

Not long ago, while riding in the park—this was in California—she engaged a Swedish-cavalryman, hailed them and rode along for a while talking amiably.

Returning from that other visit to Sweden, among other things, was a friendship with the wife of the Swedish aviator, Einar Lundborg. The last of the New York people which when she has made their acquaintance of her own volition.

I knew a woman who was once the star's next door neighbor in California. "Although I have seen Miss Garbo run and hide behind a tree when a group of strangers approached, in our infrequent encounters I found her to be friendly and charming," this woman told me. "As a matter of fact, one or two of them had been turned to other things and let her enjoy her holiday in peace."

It was well known that she was staying in the Province of Warland, home of the writer, Selma Lagerlof, with her friend, Mimi Pollack, a Swedish actress who was a fellow student at the Royal Theater Academy in Stockholm, but the sightseers kept away. Meantime, Mimi's husky husband constituted himself Garbo's bodyguard to make sure that her seclusion should not be invaded.

This brings us by a simple and natural route—an explanation of Greta Louvisa Gustafsson that apparently has never occurred to any except the Swedish mind. Americans somehow get the idea of Garbo for privacy entirely unique. They cannot ever believe in it—suspect her of posing, of trying a new publicity stunt.

"The Socialistic paper which gave only a stick or two of type in an aside in a story of the marriage of the king's grandson, ran a lay-out of pictures for whom the story, column story about Greta on the front page.

One of the most dignified sheets said her fame had been long a subject of discussion, or of Cleopatra, Queen Elizabeth of England and Madame Pompadour.

When she was ready to land, the actress was still in such a joyous mood that after she had kissed her brother and inquired about her mother and henchmen—"is he being rascally?"—she broke her invariable rule and granted an interview to the press. Sitting in the grand salon of the Grip- holo, a gray beret topping her long blond bob and a gray cape thrown about her shoulders, she faced the palpitating reporters, her blue eyes half- amused, her voice deathly serious.

"This is terrible," were her first words as she glanced expressively at the array of cameras. That brought to the spell and she was deluged with questions in several languages. Why had she come to Sweden? Was she going back to America or was she going to play in Germany? In London? Was she going to buy the beautiful summer estate of Ivar Kreuger which includes four islands in the Stockholm archipelago? She has come home to rest, Miss Garbo answered firmly to the first question, adding, "that is, if there is rest for a woman."

To most of the other queries, she vouchsafed only a cryptic "perhaps" or "I don't know."

She waxed wistfully eloquent, however, when one reporter asked if she did not dislike publicity, impertinent cameras and persistent reporters.

"I should think so," she said emphatically. Then she went on to relate that the dark glasses and the cape over her head in which she was reported to have worn a few days before her interviews with the same gentlemen that have made me make misstatements about the essence of my art, analysis of Garbo and my early life. The truth is that I have never written a word for any publication, although many words have appeared under my name."

Later, she motored away from Goth- enburg in a sports roadster driven by her brother, and her vacation was declared officially begun. And such is the understanding and sympathy of the Swedish people for one who comes to their country seeking privacy that the Swedish people turned to other things and let her enjoy her holiday in peace.

As a matter of fact, one or two of them had been turned to other things and let her enjoy her holiday in peace.

In her own country, I imagine, Garbo does not feel strange, even in a crowd. Her people understand as we per- mit, as they shall. But we feel a sense of part ownership, for, in return for the pleasure she has given us, we have made her what she is today—a rich and successful woman.
Hollywood's Grand Hotel
(Continued from page 41)
sit in chairs, watching the play of numbers on the big blackboard. The floor indicators above the elevator doors begin to dance up and down with the growing activity. An indicator pauses at the figure—one; and an elevator deposits its conglomerate of movie celebrities, business executives, a Hollywood extra girl... and several stray tourists with wandering eyes.

The little extra girl goes direct to the clerk's desk—and with indignation, demands to speak to the enemy is denied telephone service. The clerk, with a note of sarcasm in his voice, reminds her that it is the manager's orders to lock 205 unless the bill is paid by noon. She isn't so indignant now. She says she'll have the money—somewhere. And ends up by hanging on the nickel from the clerk so that she may make a phone call. From one of the private telephone-booths she calls "Central Casting" and when they answer, merely gives her name. No, there isn't anything for her today.

During a busy day dozens of motion-picture stars appear on the mezzanine. One finds all sorts of activities here. A dentist's office, a theatrical agency, an art gallery, a bank, a club, a newspaper office, a motion picture library, a pub, the offices of the hotel executive, and the official rooms of Hollywood's famous Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

Let's look into each one of these places and see what is going on.

In Leo Morrison's office we find Violet Heming, Leo Carillo and John Wayne waiting to see their manager. In the private office Mr. Morrison is talking to Chic Sale. From behind the most stunning modern desk in Hollywood he manages the professional destinies of many of the cinema city's headliners, Frank Fay, Mae Clarke and George Brent are others guided by his decision. Another little extra girl from the lobby comes up and makes another attempt to see Mr. Morrison. The secretary curtly tells her that Mr. Morrison doesn't handle extras—only established players.

The extra girl insists that she must see him. The secretary, to get rid of her, promises to see what she can do, and asks her to call again tomorrow. Of course tomorrow the answer will be the same.

During the day, working the desks and rooms are not in use for the business of the organization they are profitably turned into a rehearsal hall for outgoing vaudeville acts. Fifi Dorsay, Dorothy Mackaill and Reoce Armbuck all went into training here for their road tours.

At the other end of the mezzanine hall, close to the executive offices, Miss Florence Kelley has her desk. She is the "Plaumchens" of Hollywood's Grand Hotel. Her signature has appeared on many contracts and important documents, involving millions of dollars, that probably make the man most notable in Hollywood.

What she knows about the secrets of the town where the talkies are made could fill a book the size of Wister's dictionary. Many people...

(See page 112)
SON AND STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL LETTERS ARE DICTATED TO HER; THE CONTENTS OF WHICH SHE WOULD NOT REVEAL FOR ALL OF HOLLYWOOD'S GOLD. AND YET, SOMETIME IN THE FAR DISTANT FUTURE SHE PLANS TO WRITE A SENSATIONAL ACCOUNT OF HER EXPERIENCES IN HOLLYWOOD'S Grande HOTEL; A BOOK LIKE VICKI BAUM'S—ONLY IT WILL BE TRUE; EVERY WORD OF IT, EVERY DRAMA AND COMEDY, IN WHICH SHE HAS PLAYED SUCH A SMALL PART, WILL FIND PEACE AT LAST ON THE PRINTED PAGE.

HIGH NOON. AND THE LOBBY BUZZES WITH ACTIVITY. THE PLACE SWARM WITH HOLLYWOOD'S ELITE. A WELL-KNOWN Screen star is throwing a farewell party for herself in the Florentine room. THE FOLLOWING MORNING SHE IS OFF FOR EUROPE. ALMOST EVERYONE OF PROMINENCE, WHO IS NOT WORKING THAT AFTERNOON, HAS BEEN INVITED.

UNA MERCHEL OF THE FAMOUS SOUTHERN ACCENT ENTERS THE LOBBY LOOKING FOR HER FRIENDS. HER EYES STRAY TO THE LAST LIGHT UPON THE LADY SHE IS SEEKING. TOGETHER, SHE AND THE FAN MAGAZINE WRITER RETREAT TO THE MEZZANINE, WHERE IT IS QUIETER AND ONE CAN TELL THE STORY OF HER LOVE LIFE WITHOUT DANGER OF EAVESDROPPING.

NILS ASTHER STRIDES IN THROUGH THE REVOLVING DOORS. HE GOES TO THE DESK TO PICK UP HIS MAIL.

THE BLOSSOM ROOM FESTIVITIES BEGIN FOR THE EVENING. HENRY HALSEY'S ORCHESTRA IS TUNING UP. THE TABLES ARE BEGINNING TO FILLL JUSTINE JOHNSTONE, WHO USED TO BE DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS' LEADING LADY, IS GOING TO DANCE IN A FEW MOMENTS WITH HER PARTNER. LAURA LA PLANTE AND HER HUSBAND, BILL SIETER, ARRIVE WITH A PARTY OF FRIENDS. HELEN TWELVE TREES AND HER HUSBAND ARE SHOWN TO A RESERVED TABLE. THE HARRY CAREY'S COME DOWN TO A LATE DINNER.

FATIGUED TO THE POINT OF SCREAMING THE LITTLE EXTRA GIRL IS ONCE MORE IN THE TELEPHONE BOOTH, TRYING TO REACH THE SUPERVISOR AT HIS APARTMENT. THIS TIME SHE HAS BORROWED A NICKEL FROM ONE OF THE ELEVATOR BOYS. THROUGH THE GLASS WINDOW OF THE TELEPHONE BOOTH SHE SLEPT DISCOVERS THE SUPERVISOR ESCORTING A BRUNETTE ACTRESS FROM THE NEW YORK STAGE, INTO THE HOTEL LOBBY. THEY ARE BOTH STARRING IN A PLAY AND FROM ALL APPEARANCES HEADED FOR THE BLOSSOM ROOM. THE LITTLE EXTRA GIRL PUTS THE RECEIVER BACK ON THE HOOK AS SHE LIGHTS BACK HER TEARS. A WELL- DRESSED, MIDDLE-AGED MAN IN THE NEXT BOOTH DISCOVERS HER DESPONDENCY AND QUESTIONS HER. SHE TELLS HIM THAT THE ONLY THING THE MATTER WITH HER IS THAT SHE IS HUNGRY. HE INVITES HER UP TO ROOM 909, PROMISING TO HAVE ALL THE FOOD SHE CAN EAT INSIDE OF FIFTEEN MINUTES. SHE SAYS SHE'LL MEET HIM THERE.

THE CLOCHES CHIMES IN THE LOBBY ARE SINGING THEIR SONG OF JUST ANOTHER MIDNIGHT. THE TELEPHONE WIRES BEGIN TO GLOW. 

"GOOD EVENING... ROOSEVELT...

Hold the line please. I'LL HAVE MISS LA PLANTE PART IN THE BLOSSOM ROOM.

HELLO... OFFICE... SIX BOTTLES OF GINGER ALE TO 813... YES, SIR... RIGHT AWAY... GOOD EVENING... ROOSEVELT.

DO YOU THINK THERE IS ANYONE IN 702... I'LL TRY... HELLO... MR. JONES? THAT PARTY IS CALLING AGAIN... HE WANTS TO TALK TO HIS WIFE. I'M SORRY SIR, BUT NO ONE ANSWERS IN 702... JUST A MOMENT PLEASE... I'LL RING AGAIN.

HELLO... MR. JONES YOU'LL BETTER TELL TO THIS MAN. HE SAYS HE'S COMING OVER WITH A GUN... HELLO... I'M SORRY 702 STILL DOESN'T ANSWER... MR. JONES LEFT WORD AT THE DESK HE WAS GOING TO ATTEND THE ACADEMY'S MEETING ON HOLLYWOOD MORALS... THE SAME TO YOU SIR... IT'S NOT ENOUGH FOR ME RIGHT HERE. DON'T RING 900 AGAIN TONIGHT... YES SIR... GOOD EVENING... ROOSEVELT..."
New Pictures You Should See—and Why

lesque, in which George M. Cohan re- turns to the screen after an absence of more than sixteen years. It was in 1916 when he appeared in three of his own plays which were produced in ten weeks' time. It was then he contracted "kleig eyes" which have to some extent, troubled him ever since.

Under the direction of Norman Taurog, Cohan has in his support, Claudette Colbert and the well-known scene stealer, Jimmy Durante.


Stanwyck and Asther are supported by Lucien Littlefield, Gavin Gordon and Helen Jerome Eddy, under the direction of Frank Capra.

"HAT CHECK GIRL"—(Fox)—Is from the novel by Rian James and under the direction of Sidney Lanfield.

Ben Lyon and Sally Eilers are in the principal roles with Ginger Rogers, Arthur Pierson and Monroe Owsley in their support.

It's the story of a hat check girl, Sally Eilers, fighting for the life of her wealthy boy-friend, Ben Lyon, who has been falsely charged with murder.

"THE ALL AMERICAN"—(Universal)—This is the first time an All America Team has been anything but a group of pictures on the front page of your sports section.

All Americans of the past two seasons have been gathered together, twenty-three in all, and are under the direction of Russell Mack, the man who directed "The Spirit of Notre Dame."

Dieg Arlen and Andy Devine have the principal roles. Devine is the boy who got his first real break in the Notre Dame picture.

The exteriors are all being made at the Loyola University field not far from the studio.

"THE HONEST FINDER"—(Paramount)—Ernst Lubitsch is directing a cast headed by Miriam Hopkins, Kay Francis, Herbert Marshall, Charlie Ruggles and Edward Everett Horton.

It's a crook picture with Marshall and Hopkins playing the meanie crooks who cannot resist picking up trinkets belonging to other people.

The picture will boast a very elaborate Venetian hotel set with a Venice canal at the Front door.

"I AM A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN GANG"—(Warner Brothers)—Mervyn LeRoy is directing this picture based on a novel by Robert E. Burns.

Paul Muni, who gave such a splendid performance in "Scarface," is supported by Helen Vinson, Preston Foster and Sally Blane.

The story concerns an innocent man who is sentenced to several years' hard labor on a chain gang and how he is ultimately saved on humans in general as a result.
AND don't ever let Walter Morosco he can't take off his shirt without removing his coat. He can!

AMONG other things you should know is the fact that Karen Morley never wears hats except in motion pictures.

HARPO MARX has purchased that dog he was dog-catching in "Horse Feathers."

THE new addition to the Norman Taurog family is named Patricia Ann, and saving surely they would call the baby Skippy.

DID you ever know that Cecil De Mille, as vice-president of a Los Angeles bank, is the only motion picture person ever to sign United States currency?

THEY had an awful time making June Clyde sit still while a bee crawled over her face. The scene was essential to the plot and had to be done. June says she still feels goose flesh when she as much as thinks of it—and do you blame her?

WE are told that Tom Brown's favorite indoor sport is fudge-making. You may send that to Mr. Ripley, if you wish.

PAT O'BRIEN is just Irish enough to be bull-headed now and then. He recently refused to have a double do some wing-walking for him during the filming of an aerial thriller. When he came down, his director told him it was one of the most hazardous stunts he had ever seen an actor do, of his own free will, and then remarked that Pat's face seemed a bit pale. "It must be the paint off the fuselage," explained Pat, helpfully.

THAT Duesenberg of Gary Cooper's is painted a boudoir yellow and blue. And all the Kings' horses and all the Kings' men can't make Gary change the color of that flaming chariot.

JOEL McCREA, has gone western in a big way. He has acquired a cow pony with all the trappings. It's enough to make any caballero green with envy.

RECENTLY, both Aileen Pringle and Barbara Stanwyck, celebrated their birthdays on the set at the studio. Which is something the production crew always enjoys. Cake and everything!

RICHARD DIX on the Radio lot, thought there was something wrong with his eyes or his mind—and he couldn't decide which! Right by his dressing room window went a livid green police dog! "I believe it or not!—I was GREEN!" said Dix, with a grin.

He rushed from his dressing room determined to either seek a doctor or vent her sulking senses—and sure enough, calmly trotting down the lot, was the green police dog!

Later he found out this was a prehistoric wolf or something used in Radio's thriller picture, "Kong."

BEBE DANIELS is having a hectic time trying to change her hair with every role.

She fought savagely to keep her own brunette tresses for "The Silver Dollar," but lost! She had to be a blonde—and that was that!

Now, for "The Radio Girl," she is permitted to wear her own colored hair.

"They seem to think it is quite as easy to change the color of your hair as it is to change your clothes," said Bebe in disgust.

TALKING to the pug-nosed, freckle-faced Ray Cooke who has been playing in the "Torchy" comedies for two years, he told me Norma Shearer, Billie Dove, Jacqueline Logan, Dorothy Mackaill and Clara Bow once played leads in the "Torchy" comedies.

C. C. Burr has made these "Torchy" comedies for seventeen consecutive years. Johnny Hines started his picture career playing "Torchy" and is still at it.

JOHN BOLES and Irene Dunne both studied under the same voice teacher in Hollywood.

They did not discover this fact until they played together in "Back Street," when they both sang in the foreign version. The English version had no songs.

BEAU wood is a hearty boy, and it is probably because he was born in a small town in Missouri.

Those who know Beau have never been disillusioned by him. His is an enviable personality. He is an entirely unadulterated American boy, and in all his work he has brought to it the fresh breath of freedom which is peculiar to western plains.

CHARLES BICKFORD is appearing in Hollywood these days with a broad, happy grin. He has played his first purely romantic role in "Vanity Street" for Columbia.

"And what do you think?" chortles Charlie. "I was the peacemaker. They were fighting all around me—and I was the one to say, 'Naughty!' . . . Can you believe it? It's the very first time Hollywood has given me a chance to appear in a picture as purely romantic-interest!"

Watch his smoke, girls, this man Bickford has what it takes!

MARGARET BOWEN is a laughing girl. She is very serious about her work, but she has a sense of humor, and she is interested in the dramatic side of her profession.

MARGARET BOWEN is a laughing girl. She is very serious about her work, but she has a sense of humor, and she is interested in the dramatic side of her profession.

JACK OAKIE says if making-up is the best fun to be had when in love, the average modern miss should be in show business. And she knows better than to let any man say that with her face!

But Jack Oakie has a heart of gold, and he is one of the few men in show business who know how to make the girl feel pretty, whether she's pretty or not.

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Jack Oakie has a heart of gold, and he is one of the few men in show business who know how to make the girl feel pretty, whether she's pretty or not.

The New Movie Magazine, November, 1932
Will you make us a Map of your shopping center?

You buy this Tower Magazine in a Woolworth store which is a near neighbor of the department stores, the grocery, drug, hardware and specialty stores—right on your regular shopping route.

Advertisers in Tower Magazines like to know about Tower readers—where they live, where they shop, the things they want to buy. They know Tower readers are customers of the retail stores in any shopping community of importance.

In connection with a study we are making, will you draw us a map of your shopping center—the district where most of your buying is done? It need not be a professional draughtsman's map. It can be as large or as small as you wish, so long as it shows the number, the names and locations and relative sizes of the stores in which you shop. If your map is judged best from your town, we will make you a gift of a beautiful Parco Pen and Pencil Set (Made by Parker Pen Co.). Read details to the right.

Send your map to shopping editor

TOWER MAGAZINES, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York
CAMELS
are always
FRESH!

SWITCH to Camels and learn the mildness of a fresh, cool-burning cigarette. A blend of choice Turkish and mellow, sun-ripened Domestic tobaccos, Camels are never parched or toasted. That's why we say smoke them for one day, then leave them—if you can.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Smoke a FRESH cigarette

Don't remove the Camel Humidor Pack—it is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs.
Buy Camels by the carton for home or office. The Humidor Pack keeps Camels fresh.

© 1932, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
ELSIE JANIS tells the remarkable story of "MADONNA FACE" who made a Million Dollars in Hollywood ... and never starred in a picture.

JIM TULLY announces the return of CLARA BOW.
The eyes of the motion picture world turned to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer after the marvels of "Grand Hotel" were revealed to audiences. What next from this amazing producing company? Here is the answer! The most spectacular entertainment of our entire career! The last royal scandal of the present generation against a background of screen wonders never before attempted. And starring for the first time together in films the three Barrymores!
WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

Hours on Creams and Powders
Not a Minute for her Gums
and she has "pink tooth brush"!

SHE'LL try any cream or powder once—no matter how expensive! Her dressing table is crowded with costly jars and bottles. Anything and everything for her face! But not a second for her smile.

A lovely smile—a smile that reveals sparkling, white, sound teeth—is one of the greatest allures a woman can have! But beautiful, healthy teeth are dependent on firm, healthy gums.

Ever notice a trace of "pink" on your tooth brush? It means your gums are soft and touchy. They're bleeding! Ever since you were in the cradle, you've eaten soft, creamy foods. Your gums have never gotten stimulation. With every year they have become more inactive and more tender. Even now you may have "pink tooth brush."

But do you realize that "pink tooth brush" makes your teeth dead-looking? Do you know that it may lead to gingivitis, Vincent's disease or the serious but infrequent pyorrhea? Do you know that it may endanger the soundness of good teeth? If you don't do something about "pink tooth brush"—and that, soon—some day you're going to be afraid to smile!

Clean your teeth with Ipana. But every time, put a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and rub it right into those tender gums of yours! The ziratol in Ipana tones the gums, firms them back to healthy hardness.

Once your gums are firm again, your teeth will have the sparkle they used to have. Continue to use Ipana with massage—and you can forget "pink tooth brush."

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. Y-122
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

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

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The New Movie Magazine, December, 1932
The New Movie
THE NATIONAL DIGEST OF THE BEST TALKING PICTURES

One of the TOWER MAGAZINES

HUGH WEIR, Editor, Director VERNE PORTER, Executive Editor

Largest Circulation of Any Screen Magazine in the World
On Sale the 10th of Each Month in Woolworth Stores

VOL. VI. No. 6 December, 1932

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Read the romantic story of Colleen Moore and her sensational comeback. Poverty could not defeat her. Fortune could not spoil her. Will this girl who has been away from pictures for three years repeat the successes that made her famous? Watch for the story in the January New Movie Magazine, on sale the 10th of December.
Once in a Lifetime
A laugh-time like this!

Great Mirth-provoking Comedy that has been produced in many years

Poking fun at Hollywood
Laughing at producer, player, director

"A blue-ribbon show. All of us laughed long and loud at the joshing which Hollywood apparently deserves ... See 'Once In a Lifetime' and die — laughing."
Walter Winchell, N. Y. Mirror

See it and forget your troubles!

The Cast of Comedians: Jack Oakie • Sidney Fox • Aline MacMahon • Russell Hopton • Louise Fazenda • Gregory Ratoff • Zasu Pitts • Onslow Stevens • Jobyna Howland • Claudia Morgan • Gregory Gaye • Mona Maris • Carol Trevis • Deacon McDaniel

Directed by the ironical Russell Mack

Universal Pictures

The New Movie Magazine, December, 1932
Tala Birell, beautiful Viennese screen importation, who makes her American début with Universal, keeps in condition with 15 minutes of rope skipping every morning.

By

SUE LENOX

Tala Birell

Speaks for Herself

There is something strangely reminiscent of Garbo in this magnetic lady from Vienna!

"WHY is it, if we come from Germany, from Sweden, or from Vienna, have an accent, and are signed by a big American company, that the American press immediately says, "Ah, another Garbo"?

"It is terrible! She is too great to be compared with any one—and an imitation never has a chance to be compared to the original! It is most difficult to be termed a 'Garbo'!"

This outburst came from the calm and beautiful Tala Birell, Universal's Gar—but there I go!...

You know there is something strangely reminiscent of Garbo in this magnetic lady from Vienna! She has the same broad shoulders, the same slow smile, the same arching brow of worldliness, the same "why are people so fauney" look as Garbo, but the likeness ends there—or does it?

She delights in simple things, interesting people, loves roller coasters, midway amusements—and walking!

"People in Vienna do not care so much for cars, money, big homes, expensive things. They like to ride in street cars, they find fellow passengers interesting to study, they like to move among people, they find life viewed from a street-car window more fun to watch (Please turn to page 85)
GET plenty tired of it! Then maybe you'll have the strength of mind to get after those bulges and curves that keep you from looking smart in the fashions your slenderer friends wear so gracefully.

The foolish part about being overweight is that it's so easy to reduce. All you need is a mind made up, common sense and patience. You can't expect to lose all your excess pounds overnight. Take time to it, do it right, and you'll improve your health as well as your figure.

Make up your mind, polish up your patience, and send for "Reducing the Right Way." Thousands of women have sent for it already, as a guide to sensible diet and exercise. You'll be surprised when you see how much and how many of the things you like to eat appear on its menus. There are menus for breakfast, luncheon and dinner for two solid weeks—and two weeks of eating well but sensibly couldn't strain anyone's patience. There are recipes, too, for interesting dishes. And exercises you'll want to make a part of your daily program because they make you feel so well.

Send today for "Reducing the Right Way". It costs just ten cents, postpaid.
Hollywood

The New Movie Magazine presents a gallery of Hollywood youngsters. Which of them do you recommend for stardom?

(LEFT)
Shirley Grey, in Columbia's new picture of youth, "Virtue."

Toshia Mori, beautiful 19-year-old Japanese girl, who has been signed by Columbia, to a long-term contract, as the result of her sensational work in "The Bitter Tea of General Yen."

Little Betty Grable, who played the ingenue in the Wheeler and Woolsey picture, "Hold 'Em, Jail," is another RKO recruit who may become a star over night.
Charming Martha Sleeper, M-G-M featured player, gets up early to see what Santa Claus has left in that big box for her.

Right: Eleanor Post, newest RKO contract find, is being "groomed" for feature rôles.
It is whispered that Hollywood's favorite civil war reached a new high spot recently. The famous Swanson-Bennett feud at the moment appears to be going to La Swan-son. Gloria, the great, owned "Rock-a-Bye" so Connie wanted it. She got it, and now she wonders whether she ever really wanted it. A well-known movie writer fashioned a new story and Connie went to work with Phillips Holmes as the leading man. George Fitzmaurice directed and when he called quits, Dave Selznick threw the whole job out, gave Connie Joel McCrea, Radio's new star, instead of Holmes and gave the job over to George Cukor who started off by re-writing the story. Mr. Cukor knows his direction, however, and Connie may get the last laugh in the end.

Joel McCrea turned down the rôle now played by Charles Farrell in "Tess of the Storm Country" because the script called for him to be rescued from drowning by tiny Janet Gaynor. Joel thought that after "The

Toshi Mori, beautiful 19-year-old Japanese girl, who has been signed by Columbia, to a long-term contract, as the result of her sensational work in "The Bitter Tea of General Yen."

You've all seen Jean Harlow, but here you see her in a new rôle with none other than Clark Gable, the great lover of the films, in her new M-G-M picture, "Red Dust."

Bird of Paradise." this was too much to ask even in the name of Art. Incidentally, it is pretty generally admitted that none of the leading men was particularly anxious to play with Janet in this show. Her rôle was a wee bit too fat.

RADIO is making "Phantom Fame" with Lupe Velez and Lee Tracy and it is a story based on the crazy stunts pulled by Harry Reichenbach, late publicity wizard, in his efforts to attract

A department of last minute news and gossip of your favorite stars on and off the set.
MARLENE DIETRICH
as the "Blonde Venus!"
Dietrich the glamorous — Exotic beauty of "Morocco" — Tragic heroine of "Dishonored" — Lovely derelict of "Shanghai Express" — Now more entrancing — more gloriously luscious — as a girl who played with love. Only Dietrich can give such beauty, such dignity, such allure to the scarlet letter!

MARLENE DIETRICH
in "BLONDE VENUS"
with HERBERT MARSHALL
CARY GRANT · DICKIE MOORE
Directed by JOSEPH VON STERNBERG

Paramount Pictures
PARAMOUNT PICTURES CORPORATION, ADOLEZUKOR
PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK

The New Movie Magazine, December, 1932
Hollywood Bandwagon

Above: Marlene Dietrich, glamorous as ever, poses in a costume she wore during the filming of "Blonde Venus."

Right: Fightin' Jim Cagney, who fought his way out of a contract with Warner Brothers, and then fought his way back in again. His next picture is tentatively titled "Bad Boy."

Attention to pictures. It seems that one of the late Harry's greatest stunts called for a young lady to walk down Fifth Avenue in the nearly all-together and a troup came to New York to make the shots. No one in New York seems to have known about it.

Anyway, the troup went on location one fine morning and chose a spot on Fifth Avenue directly opposite a well-known restaurant. The cab pulled to the curb and the two girls inside started to take off their clothes. An old lady at the window of the restaurant noticed and told the management who called the police and long before the cameras could start grinding two radio police cars were on the job.

It was fifteen minutes before the mess could be straightened out, with the two girls shivering in their undies on the side-walk... a stunt that the old time movie publicity man would have loved... and not a soul knew about it and not a line broke in the paper.

Incidentally, after it was all straightened out, the cops stayed to help.

London society is still gasping over the gown worn by Joan Crawford at a party given in her honor by Heather Thatcher, the English film actress who wears a monocle. Joan arrived looking simply deevine in a blue creation of "angel-skin" which clung to her svelte figure, revealing not so much as an ounce of excess weight! It takes a gal like Joan to wear such things and look well in them. The party was given at the Cafe de Paris in London's Mayfair. Many celebrities including Gloria Swanson, Noel Coward and Genevieve Tobin were also there, with Doug, Jr., of course.

Gone is the stylish monocle that Lilian Bond used to wear, and right glad we are, too. Even blasé Hollywood breathed a sigh of relief at the disappearance of "the extra eye."
Sheila Terry, a new Warner Brothers-First National player, is rapidly gaining screen success. Warners are building her for featured roles.

Sixteen charming maids, nearly all about sixteen years of age, will greet your eyes in the new Cantor musical picture, "The Kid from Spain." Eddie's leading lady is Lyda Roberti.

Jackie Coogan has been appointed cheer leader at the college where he is a freshman and Virginia Lee Corbin has become the mother of a seven-pound boy! We must be getting old, Maggie. Seems like yesterday when both were kid stars and now they're quite grown-up. On the day we read that Jackie Cooper has been married to his second wife and that Mitzi Green has become the mother of triplets, we'll be forced to admit that old age is creeping up on us.

Both Ann Harding and Richard Dix are hoping that their co-starring picture "The Conquerors" turns out well. Ann's recent pictures have been disappointing and she needs a good show more than any other big star on the screen. Dix's last two haven't been up to the standard set by "Cimarron" and "The Lost Squadron". Advance news on the picture have it stacking up as one of the year's biggest. Anyhow, the whole of RKO is praying.

During the filming of "Rasputin," John Barrymore's uniform was so tight that for three days he had to stand around the set, as his pants just didn't permit any sitting down.

Fans of the fiery little Mexican may be surprised to know that Lupe Velez is not a brunette as she appears to be but a really legitimate red-head. She's in "Phantom Fame" now with Lee Tracy.
Joyzelle, a newcomer to the screen, was picked by Paramount for the part of Ancaria in Cecil deMille's "The Sign of the Cross."

One of the first posed portraits of Eleanor Holm, who was given a contract by Warner Brothers immediately after her triumphs at the Olympics.

BORIS KARLOFF, leading mystery menace of the screen, has what is known as a political background. He has seven brothers and every one of them holds a political position in the British Government. Mr. Karloff should be eminently well suited to the motion picture business.

"RED DUST" the Harlow-Gable temperature-teaser ran into censor trouble during production. The script called for a parrot that could talk and the one supplied cussed more than he talked. M-G-M hired a trainer to stand in the shrubbery behind the parrot and tap him on the head with a switch when he started a sentence that was on the prohibited list.

THE news has just leaked out of an ill-advised "practical joke" that added a temporary nervous collapse to Eleanor Boardman's marital worries.

It all happened several weeks ago when Eleanor and her husband, King Vidor, were discussing their separation. Both attended a Hollywood party one evening but Eleanor decided to go home alone.

A would-be wag thought it would be amusing to stage a phony hold-up of Miss Boardman's car. He did it. And Eleanor, whose nerves were worn thin by her domestic troubles, was so frightened that she collapsed and has been under a doctor's care for the succeeding weeks.

Ruth Roland, famous in the days of one-reel thrillers, and charming as ever, poses for the New Movie Magazine cameraman with Lew Ayres, Universal Pictures star, and Lew's wife, the lovely Lola Lane.
What do they eat in Hollywood?

They like good substantial home-cooked food in Hollywood, when they're not on a diet for the shadow screen's sake. We found that out when we went gunning for the favorite recipes of famous stars. They are all here in this one little book—Hollywood dishes you can easily make in your own kitchen. Send 10¢ for "Favorite Recipes of the Movie Stars." It's illustrated with pictures of your favorites, taken in their own homes. (Canadian orders, 15¢.)
Ring out, ye Christmas bells! Sing on, ye carolers! And Colleen Moore joins in the spirit of the season. This will be a happy Christmas for Colleen, for she has signed a long-term contract with M-G-M after a three years' absence from the screen.

GIRLS, stop looking at your own profile. It may be worth your while to study the screen possibilities of tabby or Fido, instead. Looks like the animals are making out better than many of the so-called humans, these days.

Pete, the dog star of the "Our Gang" comedies earns $500 per week for his owner, Harry Lucaney. Queenie, who played the important role of "Chita" in "Tarzan" is busier than most actresses in Hollywood, and higher paid. In fact, Johnny Weismuller claims that Queenie made more money than he did! Doesn't sound possible but it's true. That's Hollywood for you.

Irving Pichel says an actor is often without thrill to his own family. "My boys have only seen me on the screen once in their lives, and this is what happened," he grinned.

"Their mother took them to see one of my very first picture roles. A minute after I had appeared on the screen, one boy suggested, "Well, we've seen Dad now, mother! May we go?"

HERE'S a brain tickler! When you see an average length feature picture, you actually see 160,000 separate photographs, each perfect in itself. To appreciate what this means try counting from 1 to 160,000 as rapidly as possible. If you spent 1 1/2 hours a day at this counting, it would take you seven days to finish. If you simply can't believe me—try it!

Gary Cooper just couldn't decide whether to take chipped beef or a strawberry omelet at the Brown Derby —so he ordered and ate 'em both. A sure answer to such a problem, Gary.

Lovely Carole Lombard, who is Bill Powell's wife, has been loaned by Paramount to Columbia Pictures to play in the production, "Virtue."
Jack Oakie tells the story that when Gary Cooper was in Africa, he was feasted by a native chief and when the meat course appeared, Gary asked, "Is this gnu meat?"—The chief answered courteously—"No, but it's just as good as gnu!"—Gary laughingly denied the story, so Jack said—Well, it's still a good story.

Radio Pictures have been making "Kong" for more than two years and they are extremely anxious that no publicity leaks out until the picture is completed. All of the scenes have been taken behind closed doors and every actor in the cast has been sworn to absolute secrecy.

Of course, there are plenty of rumors, chief among which is the one about the pre-historic ape more than twenty feet tall around whom the story is supposed to be built. It is pretty certain to be a big thriller. Edgar Wallace wrote the story, the last manuscript before his untimely death.

DID YOU KNOW

That a producing company is making a series of bridge short features with a well-publicized bridge expert and that same expert is giving them plenty of trouble.

That Katherine Hepburn, who leaped to fame in "The Bill of Divorcement," was actually scared of publicity when she came back to New York and insisted that she would wait until she was a success before there would be any pictures taken.

(Please turn to page 108)
They Met...They Looked...They Loved!

The high-speed romance of a modern boy and girl. They meet in the glare and blare of The Great White Way. They look. They love. They suffer. They struggle. And finally find happiness.

A swell cast...including the ever popular James Dunn and Boots Mallory—(You'll agree with us that here's a great "bet" when you've seen her.)

James Dunn
Boots Mallory
ZaSu Pitts
Mina Gombell
Terrance Ray
Directed by Erich von Stroheim
A FOX PICTURE
The loveliness that Mother Nature has given to Lupe Velez has been caught by the camera in this excellent portrait by Clarence Sinclair Bull. Lupe plays the primitive girl in M-G-M’s "Kongo," and RKO has given her a leading rôle in "Phantom Fame."
ELSIE JANIS reveals one of the most surprising success dramas of the motion pictures.

IF tomorrow I could exchange places with any woman, I would not want to be Glamorous Greta Garbo, Fearless Amelia Earhart, Beautiful Marlene Dietrich, Productive Mary Roberts Rinehart, or even much-married Peggy Joyce.

Ah, no! There is nothing modest about my ambitions. I could choose to be a combination of all five and step into the shoes of Frances Marion, which I have already tried on, having been a friend of seventeen years standing, sitting or even lying down, for some of the happiest moments of my life have been sprawled across the foot of her bed, listening to one of the many original scenarios which have made her the most consistently successful screen "scribe" of the day!

Not only does she possess beauty, brains, humour, understanding and a talent for every day in the week, but she receives as much money for said week as many of your favorite stars do and more than most of them.

Of course she should be done away with, but I want her to finish a swell story she is doing for Mary Pickford, so I'll just give you a few more reasons for wanting to exchange places with her before choking her.
—The girl who made a million dollars in Hollywood and never starred in a picture

I hate to mention again that I came out to California to star in several motion pictures in 1915, but I've suddenly realized why I did it. Obviously I was not meant to become a film favorite and though I wrote the four scenarios in which I appeared and disappeared, none of the current stars begged me to give up my career in the theater to write stories for them. But Destiny was in action, forging the first link of a chain of circumstances by planting Frances Marion as one of several school girls in my first picture, "The Caprices of Kitty."

The scene was a school room where I, just a bit too cutely as I remember, imitated the teacher, and my "schoolmates," at the rate of seven dollars a day, were consumed with laughter at my antics! Madonna-faced Frances sat right in front of me and her laughter, then as now, was more from the teeth than the eye. She was probably thinking what a rotten scenario it was, and I was definitely thinking, "This girl is no ordinary extra!" The scene was finished and I was patted on the back. "Big shots" from the theater could do no wrong in those days. Hence the barrage of "duds!"

Two days later I was asked to give an interview to the studio press agent. I put on my most expensively embroidered kimono and reclined in star-like fashion upon my chily chintzed couch in my specially built dressing room, with my name on the door. There was a knock on same and in walked Madonna Face! When that picture was finished she took time off from some story she was writing to help edit and cut the film.

I was right-about her not being just an "extra," but she needed that extra seven-fifty, and certainly her face was a treat for any camera, not to mention the man behind the camera, who happened to be George Hill. He fell in love with her then, I believe, and she is one of those once loved, never forgotten people. She married George Hill some fourteen years later, and proceeded to contribute a great deal to his career as a director by writing "The Big House" and several other pictures which he directed.

She builds men as she builds stories, but unlike most women "architects," she does not wait for applause. George and Frances were divorced after two years of successful construction. Today their respective beach houses are side by side and they are good friends!

George Hill was not her (Please turn to page 86)

It was a happy day for Frances when she received the award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for the best screen story of the year, "The Big House." Jack Cunningham made the presentation.
Irene Dunne, who gave such vivid characterizations in elderly rôles in "Cimarron" and in "Back Street," will have a chance to be her own glamorous self in her new RKO picture, "Man and Wife." Irene will sing a little too, in forthcoming pictures.
If you thrilled to Lew Ayres' characterization of the columnist in Universal's "Okay America," you will be interested to see him in a totally different rôle as a prisoner in "Out on Parole," another story prison life.
Is the career of the "IT" girl from Brooklyn to be climaxd with another success in her return to films in the new Fox picture, "Call Her Savage"? Study the two pictures of Clara to-day—and Clara as you used to know her.
CLARA BOW

She has been heard to say in Hollywood, sometimes plaintively, at others belligerently, "I never want to come to town again."

Her childhood on the sidewalks of Brooklyn has left her with a dread of large cities. Her ambition is to live on a hundred thousand acres, with mountains as fences and the cloudless sky as a roof. It looks now as if she will gratify that ambition.

She has found but boredom in the adoration of millions. Gifted with something akin, at times, to great emotion on the screen, Clara Bow is a superior screen actress.

A hoyden at heart, she lacks the poise and the tremendous restraint of her brilliant little Brooklyn neighbor, Barbara Stanwyck.

Carrying always within her the seed of high talent, which threatened, but never quite germinated into supreme greatness, she is once again back from the edge of oblivion, under the shrewd eye of Winfield Sheehan, the man who stands behind the big guns of the Fox Film Company.

That after the first Fox film, of her comeback, "Call Her Savage," she will take her place as the most popular actress in the world is the prediction of many notable critics.

In that I agree. What her faults are, I do not now remember. They are all forgotten in the fact that she is a direct and honest, if somewhat irresponsible girl.

A girl who sought love, even in headlines, there are many friends who say that she now has too much of it. For, if there is one woman in the world who will admit that a husband can be too attentive, she may possibly concede that Clara Bow's husband, Rex Bell, is that man.

But, of course, a man on a Nevada ranch, looking at the western ends of many thousands of cattle going east, cannot be blamed for being overly attentive to a damsel like Clara Bow. This error, if error it be, has been committed by men who had much more to do.

At the top of her fame, Clara Bow received far more letters than any woman on earth. Five thousand a week, they came from the far corners of the world.

English, Scotch, and French, she was born in a poor section of Brooklyn, from which she meandered, over a rocky and troubled road, to the Valley of the Screen Immortals.

Her father was a day laborer, her mother, a woman who died mad. Her childhood was turbulent and full of pain. Like many proud people, she fought sorrow with belligerence instead of calm.

Not beautiful in the strict sense, she is yet vivacious and charming. These attributes border on beauty—for Clara. She also possesses that quality, as yet unexplained by science—of "tak- (Please turn to page 90)
Dancing Away the Night

Ramon Romero invites you to a tour of the night clubs of Hollywood, where the stars and directors make gay.

TUNE in on the night life of Hollywood! The ether is full of merry tunes. Wine, women and song are always in the air. Let the radio dial be your magic carpet. It will take you places; gay places, where the stars dance away the night, where the music suits the mood; wild and tantalizing, or sweet and lovely; where laughter is contagious and the night ever young!

A turn of the magic dial brings the Cocoanut Grove to the fireside; another turn, The Grotesque—still another; The Roosevelt Patio Roof. Then there is B. B. B.'s Cellar, The


Listen, my children, and you shall hear the midnight revels of Hollywood cheer!

Here's KFI. Listen to that low-down rhythm from Phil Harris' orchestra at the Cocoanut Grove in The Hotel Ambassador. And can Phil Harris sing low-down blues? You ain't heard nothing yet! Wait a moment. Here comes Xavier Cugat and his tango boys. He's introducing himself now. He says, "Dis is Xavier Cugat tawkin' to you"... and in a moment the accordians, the violins, the guitars, the trumpet, the banjos and the bajos unite in rhythm to a melody that stirs the blood and brings out the Latin in the best of us. And soon, Phil Harris is back at the microphone introducing the celebrities.

Let's turn down to KFWB, the Warner Brothers' station. Here's Jimmy Grier on the air! And that's Gogo DeLys singing; a little bit of heaven straight from the Los Angeles Biltmore. Sounds inviting. Wonder who's there tonight!

Lovely Bebe Daniels and Ricardo Cortez dance at The Roosevelt Hotel Roof.

The long picture across both pages shows the interior of Sebastian's Cotton Club, where the jungle rhythms of the colored orkestra attract many celebrities.

A little further down the dial—KHKJ. Now we're on the Roosevelt Patio Roof, listening to Tom Coakley and his boys. Out there in the open; stars dancing under stars—and Christmas coming on. Ain't California grand!

And now KNX for Stark's Bohemian Club. If only we had television we could see Buddy Fisher waving his baton merrily, merrily, while his boys play "I'm Blase" as only they can play it. And those dancing beauties! Ah, for television!

Let's try KTM. Oh, boy!—listen to that noise from the Harlem section! Real African rhythm.
from The Cotton Club in Culver City, right under the nose of the Pathe studios and only a stone's throw from the Metro-Goldwyn stages. Have you ever heard Duke Ellington's orchestra? Or Cab Calloway from The Cotton Club in Harlem? Well, put the two together and mix well—and you have Les Hita! Can Les make music for those high-brown girls to shake to?

From KECA come the sweet strains of Jay Whidden's orchestra. A mere turn of a radio dial has taken us out of an African jungle into a Victor Herbert paradise; a dream made up of musical notes as tender as a new-born dawn and as beautiful as sunrise over the Pacific. All the way from The Carleton in London, Whidden has come, to play at The Miramar Hotel in Santa Monica, where Greta Garbo lived when she first came to Hollywood. If Garbo could hear this lovely music she'd move right back, I'll wager.

We could go on turning the dial all night with happy results. Now we have the Paris Inn, with its singing waiters; The Frolics with its spectacular floor show; the Air Port Gardens and its merry mob! Life seems a mad, gay song. Tangoes and torch songs blend like cream and coffee—Jazz embraces dreamy minors like a passionate lover in a Zola novel—African rhythm takes away the wings from all God's Chillun—and life goes on! Torches! Tangoes! Waltzes! Jazz! A merry, mad conglomeration—a melting pot of joy—a musical cross-word (Please turn to page 74)
SOME twenty years ago, a group of gentlemen stood talking on a street corner in Montgomery, Alabama. In the group was the venerable Thomas G. Jones, then governor. Around the corner came a little girl, some eight or ten years of age, who threw her schoolbooks down on the ground and started to turn “cartwheels” down the sidewalk. The governor called to her to stop, but she paid no attention, until she had reached the end of the block, then quietly came back to get her books.

The governor, a stern old military man, father of fourteen children, and used to obedience, thundered at her, pounding the walk with his cane.

“Why didn’t you stop?”

Looking up at him with clear eyes, unafraid, she said, “Grandfather wouldn’t let me stop.”

“Wouldn’t let you stop—why, he wasn’t even here!” roared the governor.

“No,” the child gravely replied, “he’s in Washington, but he

In her newest picture, "Faithless," for which Paramount loaned her to M-G-M to star with Robert Montgomery, Tallulah believes she has found the rôle that will enable her to fulfill her ambition as a screen star.
always told me that when I started a thing I had to finish it, so I had to go on to the end of the block."

"Who is your grandfather, child," asked the governor, suppressing a chuckle.

"I don't reckon you know him, sir," she replied. "He's Senator Bankhead, and he lives in Washington most of the time."

It happened that the governor was well acquainted with the senator and they had many laughs over the story.

INDEE, the husky-voiced, svelte "la Bankhead" of today, ranked as one of the smoothest, most finished actresses on the screen or stage, was a prankish youngster, if all the anecdotes told about her are to be believed. The circus which influenced the cartwheel episode doubtless was responsible for the "flivver episode" of her childhood, which anecdote relates in this wise:

At a time when automobiles were almost curiosities in the smaller towns of the country, one of the first cars in Jasper, Alabama, Tallulah's childhood home, was a Ford owned by her uncle, John H. Bankhead, United States Senator. Tallulah could not wait to ride in it. Being unable to gain permission from her uncle or aunt or grandparents, she decided to take matters in her own hands. Awaiting a day when all the elders had gone to Birmingham for the day, and accompanied by her sister, Eugenia, she went to her uncle's home and there induced her young cousin to make Frank, a young negro, drive them around the town in the new car, with the top down.

Imagine the amusement of the townspeople of Jasper when the Bankhead's new Ford came chugging through the streets, with the three little girls on the back seat playing they were trapeze performers under the direction of Tallulah! It was only when an older colored servant discovered that the children were out with the car that she put a sudden and drastic stop to the joy ride!

The most revealing story you have read of Tallulah Bankhead who had a will of her own, and how it aided her in her climb to stardom

The New Movie Magazine, December, 1932

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DO YOU WANT TO BE A STAR?

Then Check Yourself Against These Requirements:

FOR GIRLS:

1. Are you five feet, three to five feet, five?
2. Do you weigh 115 or less?
3. Are your features in harmony?
4. Are both sides of your face photographically perfect?
5. Are your feet and hands small and well shaped?
6. Are you well educated?
7. Are you experienced in stage work?
8. Have you a good speaking voice?
9. Are your eyes dark and widely set?
10. Are your eyes a pale blue? They will not photograph.
11. Is your face oval shaped?
12. Is yours an extraordinary beauty and personality?

By HESTER ROBISON

YOU don't mind, do you, if we tell you the most accurate, direct and simplest way to get into the movies? Of course, if you're honestly not interested in seeing your face on the screen or hearing your voice from the silver sheet—then our advice is to stop at the first line and read no further. For we have gone to the trouble—only it was more pleasure than trouble—of gleaning authentic information from three of the best known star scouts in the industry. We'll take them in the order in which we got them and let you make your choice—for each scout has his own method and his own requirements:

Suppose you wanted to join the Fox Films roster and vie for honors with Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell, Sally Eilers and James Dunn. The man to see is Josef Pincus—and a more gimlet-eyed gentleman is hard to meet. Mr. Pincus has been buying talent for Fox for these many years, and there isn't a possibility that is overlooked.

He and his numerous assistants find the stage the main source of supply because, as Mr. Pincus states, "the talkies make it essential for all aspirants to have histrionic ability and a screen personality which includes beauty. But beauty is not the main essential as it was in the silent days."

"We cover all shows on the stage. We see all floor shows in night clubs," says Mr. Pincus. "We cover all musical shows although singing and dancing are not essential. Our work," he says with a deep sigh, "never stops. We go out of town and watch all stock companies. We preview shows before they arrive in New York. We watch rehearsals at any time during the day or night. The competition for new talent is so keen that we have to find it ahead of the other fellow."

"Take the case of Elissa Landi. Though she was unknown to the American public when she first appeared on Broadway—on the opening night of her first play she was besieged with offers from movie companies. Scouts had spotted her during rehearsals."

"We attend all style shows," says Mr. Pincus, grimacing slightly, "but we get few results. You see, a good model for clothes is between five feet, seven, and five feet, ten. That is too tall for a girl who wants to go into pictures. A majority of the leading men are seldom over six feet tall. And the majority," as if imparting a secret, "are under that."

"In my opinion the girl over five feet, five, is too tall. Yet there are a few exceptions on the screen; Garbo, and Kay Francis. But they have outstanding personalities."

"Practically every agency dealing with models sends us applicants. And almost every week brings numerous artists' models, sent by artists who think they would be perfect for movies. Norma Shearer and Helen Twelvetrees were models for artists. So was Gwili Andre. She got her start as a photographer's model. (Please turn to page 88)
THE TRAIL OF TRAGEDY
That Haunted PAUL BERN

By JAMES A. DANIELS

Did Paul Bern, movie executive and bridegroom of Jean Harlow, kill himself to save his platinum blonde bride from the malignant fate that pursued so many of the men and women he had befriended or loved?

If so, does it make clear the meaning of the first part of his suicide note? Just before he fired the fatal shot he penned: "Dearest Dear: This is the only way to make good the frightful wrong I have done you."

Did Bern believe that this "frightful wrong" lay in exposing his bride to the strange curse that seemed to go hand in hand with his devotion or friendship?

Few men had as many apparent reasons for wanting to live. A lovely and famous wife, professional success, money—what more could anyone ask of life?

Bern had an army of friends and no enemies at the time of his death. Newspapers, in reporting his tragic end, described him as "the father-
Hollywood called Paul the "Father Confessor"—he was the soul of generosity—yet those he befriended from his great heart met tragedy...
By HERB HOWE

THE BOULEVARDIER

Turns Bull-Fighter—and Other Things

Ensenada, Mexico:

Originally, a pirate's cove, this place has appropriately become a Hollywood playground.

It was christened Ensenada de Todos Santos—Bay of All Saints—but now is called simply Ensenada, or the Bay, which is perhaps just as well, in view of developments. Only the islands which loat at the mouth of the harbor are called Todos Santos—All Saints. They are inhabited exclusively by birds and seals.

Last Summer, we Hollywood folk tanned our fashionable hides at Santa Barbara. With the waft of Winter, we are nuding on these warmer shores.

"The best substitute for the South Seas," said Frederick O'Brien, author of "White Shadows in the South Seas."

"Three hours by motor car from San Diego, Ensenada has an ocean beach finer than any other on the Pacific Coast," he said. "A magnificent concha of glittering silver sand, seven miles in curve, unmarked by man."

Since Mr. O'Brien wrote those lines, there have been plenty of markings. You can hardly comb the beach for bodies. Still, if you don't mind walking a mile or two up the beach, it is possible to get an all-over tan, like

It was here that the modest Dolores was first persuaded to be photographed in a bathing suit.

DRAWINGS BY
CHAMBERLAIN
breakfast room with delicately grilled windows gazing seaward, flower-scrolled patios where you may lunch in bathing suit to the lascivious Marimba, a labyrinth of corridors and turret stairs illumined by the murals of Martinez.

As you come around the turn in the bay and behold this dazzling structure roofed in rose with Moorish domes and towers and palmy terraces enthroned on a wild, naked beach, against a background of raw brown mountains, the effect is that of a shimmering mirage.

This is not a solitary rave. Bing Crosby on beholding the place when he came here for deep-sea fishing, just naturally burst into "Paradise," and all the lady fishes went for him hook, line and sinker.

ENSENADA is still going for hermiting. It's not as accessible as the other Hollywood resorts—Palm Springs, Del Monte, Santa Barbara, Agua Caliente, Laguna, Arrowhead. The sixty-five mile border is picturesque, but twisty and unpaved. One should come by plane or yacht. This appeals to the exclusives, such as Garbo and Barrymore and Boulevardier. Yet, many are willing to motor for the sake of the pleasures denied them under the stars and stripes.

The Mexican bell-boys, (Please turn to page 68)
Little Orphan Annie as portrayed by that adorable little mimic, Mitzi Green, in the RKO picture being made from Harold Gray's syndicated comic strip. Mitzi is supported by a grown-up cast which includes such names as Eric Linden, Montague Love, and Edgar Kennedy. Little Buster Phelps also has a part.
The FOURTH Mrs. Gilbert

By ELEANOR PACKER

New Movie Magazine tells for the first time the romantic story of Virginia Bruce, her sudden rise to screen fame and her marriage to the first lover of films.

Our photographer snapped this picture of Virginia Bruce on John Gilbert's tennis court just before their marriage.

ONE day a new name flashed across the front pages of all the country's newspapers. Virginia Bruce. She was young and blonde. Beautiful. In fact, so lovely that she had been called one of the three most beautiful girls in the world. A Ziegfeld showgirl. A motion-picture actress. The fiancée of John Gilbert.

That was what had caused the name of Virginia Bruce, the name and her pictures, to be printed in the papers, the announcement of her engagement to one of the best known men in the world. John Gilbert.

But Hollywood and New York had known Virginia and had liked her, admiring the courage and ambition with which she was making a way for herself in the theatrical world, long before the news of her approaching marriage to Gilbert. Eventually she would have found her way into the consciousness of the public because of her own sheer (Please turn to page 72)
At top: Richard Barthelmess and Lillian Gish in Griffith's "Way Down East." Above: Lillian Gish as she appears today, spending most of her time in Broadway stage plays but playing in stock this last Summer. Below: Richard Barthelmess, still a tremendously popular screen star.

Above: William Collier, Sr., and "Buster" Collier in a scene from the stage play, "Never Say Die." William Collier, Sr., is living in Hollywood and occasionally plays in pictures, while "Buster," his son (left) is now a well-known screen star.

Photo by Ferenc The New Movie Magazine, December, 1932
What They're Doing Now

The first of a series concerning the stars of yesterday—and what is happening to them today

Alison Skipworth, famous stage actress, in the old days when she was a great success, and (at right) as she is today. Her last picture was "Night After Night."

Louise Closser Hale, actress, authoress and war correspondent, about the time she was a great success in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." At right, as she is today, under contract to M-G-M.

Violet Heming as a girl, when she first went on the stage. At right, as she is today, just now enjoying continued success both on the stage and on the screen.
Cousin Nogi visits the Japanese Schoolboy and interviews Doug and Mary with unexpectedly disastrous results

YESTDY a.m. (Pacific Cost Time) this Cousin Nogi emerge into backdoor of that palace where I still work for Hon. Geo. F. Ogre, Mussolini of the Silver Screem. This depraved Cousin of Japanese origin stand there with suitcase full of shirts & sox he borra from me in 1912.

“What you want here, if anything?” I asked to know. “Jobb,” he narrate.


“And what are you now, if anything?” Nogi require.

“I are a dishwasher,” I say with pride all over my soapy elbows. “I arrive here a poor boy, harly knowing where my nex meel would come from. My rise
"Does Sin Pay... or Anything?"

BY WALLACE IRWIN

were so sudden I am confused. Yes, Nogi, you are wise to come here. Wisedum runs in the Family. If you stik around 100 yrs maybe I can find you jobb as a Xtra.

"What are Xtra?" he ask to know.

"A Xtra are one more than are necessary," I say it. "He are a spare part in the Love Machinery. Some day maybe the Engineer who run the works here will stop & corrode to his 2nd Meckanick, 'Hay, Bill, hand me a couple of kisses. These is all wore out.' Then it will be your turn. Oh, golly!"

"I never expect to make money being a Kiss," decry Cousin Nogi.

"Pussibly not. Pussibly not," I reject. "But a Xtra must took what he gets. How would you like to be some kind of a anniible? Hon. Marx Bros are rehusing a tragedy called "Horsefeathers." It are so full of zoo I feel sure they could find room for you in some smallish part, like a trained duck or self-starting ale-gaitor."

"I think," say Nogi with pathos in his ears, "that I should prefer to be some kind of star."

"O goody!" I report. "How would you love to make some money in Sin?"

"Sin?" he snagger.

"Sin," I ollicute distinctually.

"Oh, not to do!" he remorse. "When I were a babyish child, age 4, in Japan, I promus my Grandmother, Mrs. O-Nooki-san, never, never would I have nothing to do with Sin. 'Nogi,' she say-so on her knee, 'shoot, rob bank, commit pujjery, steal."

Drawing by HERB ROTH

What should come up but a actoress on a solid gold bisickle with diamond petals. "Who that?" require Cousin Nogi.

"Hon. Jone Crawford," I say it.

The New Movie Magazine, December, 1932
WILL HAYS tells of

The miracle of the talking picture had arrived. And with it came a host of new troubles for the Hays office. The old regulations were ineffective, new ones must be made.

By the end of 1927, when Will Hays had sat as regulator of the American Motion picture business for five years, he was also sitting pretty. The Motion Picture Producers' and Distributors' Association had gone over the top on every sector. Five years of hard, continuous, complex work had tightened up the whole sprawling, suddenly grown business.

Mostly of its own momentum, but partly because it was no longer just blundering toward its aims, it had become (according to the manner in which you juggled the figures) our third, fourth or fifth American industry.

Distribution, once very loose, had grown tight and businesslike. The arbitration plan, created to prevent the constant, irritating, expensive suits between distributors and exhibitors, was working like well-oiled machinery.

The kinks in production at Hollywood were straightening themselves out. Every month, thanks partly to lubricant furnished by the Hays organization, the machinery was working more and more smoothly.

WILL HAYS SAYS:

But the weeds grow—it is necessary to hoe the corn. Creating films is an art and by that token rules can never govern it perfectly. Neither self-regulation nor state censorship can beat bad taste. The fault, if fault there be, comes down, as all art does, to the matter of taste, to the old Cockney maxim—"hit's not wot you sye, hit's the bloomin' wye you sye it."

And in the aspect of the business which I have followed exclusively so far—its relation to public tastes and public morals—he had worked himself into a position where the nominal authority which the producers gave him in 1922 had become something like real authority. They had just signed the code—The "Don'ts" and "Be Carefuls"—and agreed to abide by it.

They were using the Public Relations Department as guide, counselor and friend. In one year, they had passed, up nearly four hundred problems, in advance of production, for criticism and advice. The wiser producers could now come down hard upon any associate who smirched the business with actual smut or with matter offensive to sectional, religious and social sentiment.

He had an arrangement for keeping "objectionable" books and plays from the screen; had seen it used, indeed, in more than three hundred instances. But "The weeds grow; it is necessary to hoe the corn"—this is one of Hays' favorite maxims. Creating film is an art; and by that token, rules...
The Great Upheaval

By WILL IRWIN

can never govern it perfectly. Neither self-regulation nor state censorship can beat bad taste. Films which conformed to the rules and which yet violated their spirit had gone to distribution in spite of the Hays organization.

And it is noticeable that in his annual report of 1927, Hays, having reached a position where he could do a little admonishing, varied his typical method of paternal suasion by speaking out in meeting.

"There is a tendency among our members," he said, "to lessen the use of the formula. There is a slight tendency to yield to the argument of influences within our companies that quick profits are possible by the treatment of objectionable themes. The directors know these instances.

"You know them too, and I know them. And I will say to you now, gentlemen, in all seriousness, that if you allow this to be continued by the directors of your pictures, or if those responsible for the purchase of the plays are allowed to make these mistakes, and the impression goes out (based on any facts) that we are slipping backward, there is no one can guarantee you against the most disastrous results. This is not a question of morals; it is a question of business, "There is so much at stake—that I propose to take no chances."

But this tendency, after all, was only a faint cloud. Voluntary regulation had proved a furious success. Even among the most Puritanical of film-haters, only a few talked any more about political censorship.

And then, the talkies came tooting and bellowing over the horizon. They added a new dimension to the motion picture, and brought a flock of new troubles to Hays and his organization.

The business had heard them coming a year or so before; and conservatives among the producers had consoled themselves with two ideas.

First, probably the public, educated for the past fifteen years to absorb its pleasure through the eye, wouldn't take to this new form. Second, the thing wasn't practical.

Films, after they go through their first run, begin to tear. A torn silent film was no great matter. The operator simply cut out the tattered passage; and the spectator hardly noticed the faint flash or the too-abrupt movement which signalled the change.

But cut a spoken film, and you might take out that sentence which told the whole story. It simply couldn't be done!

So spoke the conservatives; as always speak the conservatives when a new thing appears.

(Please turn to page 99)

George Arliss, whose picture, "Disraeli," produced by Warners-First National, proved that the talkie had come to stay.

Victor McLaglen, and Lily Damita in a still from "The Cock-Eyed World," the hilarious Fox picture that proved the inadequacy of the old regulations.

The New Movie Magazine, December, 1932
All the mystery and the spell of the Far East is caught in this striking photograph of Myrna Loy, M-G-M player. Cast as "Fah So Loo," daughter of Fu Manchu, she gives a sterling performance in "The Mask of Fu Manchu" which M-G-M is making from the mystery thriller by Sax Rohmer. Boris Karloff, borrowed from Universal, plays the title rôle.
THEY call 'em swordfish widows—the wives and sweethearts in Hollywood whose men go out to sea and forget to come back for days and days. A man who goes through the exciting experience of battling a three-hundred-pound Broadbill or Marlin swordfish with reel and rod in the warm Pacific waters is likely to forget everything else in his mania for big-game fishing. There are dozens of men in Hollywood whose present purpose in life is to hunt swordfish. When Bing Crosby recently disappeared, he was finally located fishing off Mexico, where he was content to stay the rest of his life.

Men go out for weeks patiently roaming the Pacific ocean, waiting for the giant Marlin to put on a show that lasts for hours, and in which the fencing fish rises full length out of the water, and literally dances in mid-air with rage, making strange music with his great fins, and gives an exhibition of grace and courage that is unforgettable. At least, that's what Hollywood husbands tell their wives after staying away so long.

There are two kinds of wives in Hollywood—those who expect too much of marriage and those who expect too much of Reno.

When Will Rogers is late to the studio, he merely explains that he was up all night with a sick horse.

Tom Mix says his horse can do everything but talk.

"And I hope he never does," says Tom, "because then I'd have to shoot him."

Tom, by the way, is going back to the circus. He leaves Hollywood in February. His new wife is a circus performer and she is homesick for the sawdust.

"One motion-picture producer," says a magazine article, "roamed the streets hardly knowing (Please turn to page 84)"

Illustrations by the Author
Radio Rambles

At last authors of reputation are being recruited by radio clients. That the majority of the writing names have proved their mettle on the air has given the sponsor renewed courage to sign up such big-time newspaper men as Heywood Broun and Edwin C. Hill, and such writing names as Albert Payson Terhune, John Erskine, Sax Rohmer and Lowell Thomas for personal appearances on the ether.

Now at last one radio client has gone the whole way, and is presenting an original radio series by the beloved dean of American letters—Booth Tarkington. himself.

And one of the big radio hits of months is Elaine Sterne Carrington's Sunday night series, over NBC, "Red Adams."

How The Leasebreakers Functioned

A NOther gentleman from the Hoosier state—Aurora, Indiana, to be exact—now directing his pen at the loudspeakers is the sartorially and linguistically gifted Edwin C. Hill. His news broadcasts over CBS have created a sensation among radio listeners.

For years Mr. Hill has been a towering figure in journalism. Not so much because he has covered everything from a magistrate's court to the World War, nor because he was one of the brightest stars in the old days of the New York Sun, but primarily since he was a charter member of a society known as "The Leasebreakers."

We are told that in many cases Mr. Hill was an innocent bystander in the pranks of this organization, which included in its membership Frank Ward O'Malley, now residing on the Riviera, and Tom J. Geraghty of Hollywood.

As Tom Geraghty explained it to us, the purpose of this small but energetic group, representing the cream of the Fourth Estate, was to assist friends unable to meet the monthly requirements of the avaricious landlord.

This they accomplished, in most instances, by staging a violent all-night demonstration in the apartment of the lessee, at the conclusion of which he would invariably be invited by his landlord to leave at once.

So great was the success of "The Leasebreakers" that soon they had exhausted the entire field of friends in rental difficulties. It seemed to them a crying pity that such an eminently successful and established technic should go to waste, so the society set out in search of virgin fields to conquer.

For reasons which the members do not attempt to explain, their interest was suddenly captured by a somewhat stodgy and serious-minded playwright of their acquaintance.

One night the entire organization of Leasebreakers visited him quite unexpectedly in his apartment. The shouting, noise and laughter which continued far into the night met with the customary reception by the landlord on the following day, and the innocent dramatist was asked forthwith to move.

His next stopping place was a quiet family hotel near Central Park West. Upon discovering the playwright's new abode the Leasebreakers met quickly and decided on a new course of action. They telephoned a brewery in the man's name and ordered five kegs of beer sent to his room. That afternoon the truck drove up and the driver proceeded to roll the five barrels, through the lobby of the family hotel and up to the unwitting playwright's room. The management protested.

"Sorry, sir, but it's orders," the truckman insisted.

Again the solemn playwright was requested to depart at once.

After this experience it was some time before the

The Boswell sisters in their home.

Ethelynd Holt, steno in "Meyer the Buyer," WABC.
Her dog is the wire-haired terrier, "Skippy."

The New Movie Magazine, December, 1932
The newsiest, most intimate radio gossip department today—which takes you behind the scenes of the great broadcasting chains

Leasebreakers again found their play-writing friend. This time they tracked him to an eighth floor room in an even more respectable and ultra-conservative family hostel.

A hurried conclave of the Leasebreakers was immediately called. This resulted in the following advertisement inserted that day in all the morning papers:

"WANTED—300 day laborers, easy hours, light work. Pay $25 a day. Bring picks, shovels, and lunch baskets. Report lobby Park Hotel—7-9 A. M. Ask for Mr. Blank, Room 817."

By 8 o'clock the next morning the customarily sedate lobby of the small hotel was bedlam itself.

High pay and light work had attracted almost every laboring man in New York City—or so it looked.

The place was in an uproar. At the behest of the management and a number of telephone calls in broken English, the gist of which he could not comprehend, the innocent man descended to the lobby. He took one look at the situation—and then he understood. Without pausing an instant or swerving one second from his course he headed rapidly through the foyer and out the front door.

For once in his life, he thought to himself, he would get out before he was kicked out.

Is he a real hero type?
Lanny Ross is singing himself in "Captain Henry's Show Boat," and doing it very well.

Charles Winninger (formerly of Ziegfeld's "Show Boat" fame) is performing in "Captain Henry's Show Boat."

Our own Stoopnagle and Budd

They say at N. B. C. that the stag line on Thursday evenings, which forms around 9 p. m. (Show Boat Program—good 'til the last note) is getting out of all proportion to the size of the audience room. The reason is a sweet old-fashioned girl in an old-fashioned frock, with a dash of pantalette showing beneath full ruffled skirts. She is Mabel (Please turn to page 102)
Hollywood Loves a PARTY

EVERY so often Carl Laemmle, Jr. gives a party and he seems to get a bigger kick out of seeing his guests have a big time than having one himself.

When we reached Dias Doradas, the Spanish mansion in Beverly Hills which he shares with his father, it already had the appearance of a big fair.

Out on his dance pavilion in the patio were two collegiate orchestras playing constant hot music. Japanese lanterns added to the festive appearance of the beautifully landscaped grounds adjoining the patio.

Inside were tables of backgammon, bridge, cut-out puzzle-solving, and groups of just gossipers. It looked as if all Hollywood and its brother, sister, mother, father and all their relations were among those present.

Such a roar of chatter, laughter, merriment and confused milling about, at first made us dizzy. But we soon found ourselves, too, in the high mood of the night.

A night at Dias Doradas with Carl Laemmle, Jr.; the Fred March’s “Gay Nineties” party; with Mary and Doug at Pickfair; the birthday party for Johnny Mack Brown; and a buffet supper with the Barney Glazers.
All the guests came in costume to the Fred March's "Gay Nineties" party. Above are Fred March, Edith Wilkerson, Norma Shearer and Marie Hammons. At the right you see Charles MacArthur, Mary Pickford and Frances Dee. Mary, in smart cycling togs, rode in to the party with Joel McCrea on a "bicycle built for two."

The genial little executive stood at the landing at the main entrance and greeted his guests. He watched to see that everything was going as it should. His famous smile—the Laemmle smile—and cordial welcome seemed to be everywhere.

It was quite informal and one of those typical Hollywood parties where everyone wore what he pleased, said what he pleased and did what he pleased.

Tom Mix was in a corner in his colorful western dress togs, talking to an interested group of people. Later, I found out Tom was telling everyone he was going to take his own western show on the road as soon as his contract was up at Universal.

"I'll never stop appearing before the public," said Tom. "Guess I couldn't get along without putting on a show somewhere. 'Spect I'll die in harness all right."

... And Tom will do just that!

Tom's very attractive young wife seemed constantly at his side. There is real companionship here. I don't believe even Hollywood can ruin this marriage.

Beautiful little June Clyde looked slim and lovely in a plain black dress of the new high front neckline and no-back mode. June and Thornton Freeland, her charming young husband, are another couple who are determined not to let Hollywood spoil their romance. Two years after their wedding they are still honeymooning.

June was tearing around at the Laemmle party in her own vivacious way. She is often told she bears a striking resemblance to (Please turn to page 92)
REUNION IN HOLLYWOOD

John, Ethel, and Lionel Barrymore, snapped at a family party. The famous trio are appearing together for the first time on the screen in M-G-M's "Rasputin."
Music of the Sound Screen

Connie Bennett, Lupe Velez, Bebe Daniels and others will sing in forthcoming pictures

By JOHN EDGAR WEIR

HOLLYWOOD is going musical again. Soon you will hear your favorite actors and actresses singing the love songs and the hot tunes of the day.

RKO pictures, under the leadership of David O. Selznick, leads the way with "A Bill of Divorcement," "Phantom Fame," and "Rock-a-Bye." Selznick believes that music can help dialogue as well as action in motion pictures.

In "Rock-a-Bye" the glamorous Connie sings Nacio Herb Brown's latest number, written specially for her, "Sleep, My Sweet." Remember how she sang in "What Price Hollywood"?

Warner Brothers in their new picture, "Forty-second Street," will have Jimmy Grier, famous on the coast for his delightful band, as an integral part of the picture. And in "Radio Girl" in which they will star Bebe Daniels, music will play an important part. Bebe, by the way, was one of the first of the stars to sing in pictures. That was in "Rio Rita."

Paramount has just released generally "The Big Broadcast" in which many radio favorites were featured, and with Ernst Lubitsch and Rouben Mamoulian in directorial shoes, you may be sure of new singing and musical pictures from that company.

Fox pictures have renewed their contract with Elissa Landi, talented English girl star, and since Elissa has a lovely voice, you may see her in a singing role soon. And, of course, the golden-voiced John Boles, of "Desert Song" fame, will in all probability get another singing part soon.

Lawrence Tibbett, M-G-M's superb baritone, has returned from Europe after a several weeks singing tour, and has gone direct (Please turn to page 89)

THE MONTH'S BIGGEST HITS

"I CAN'T BELIEVE ITS TRUE," fox trot—played by Bert Lown and his orchestra. (Victor)

"I'LL NEVER BE THE SAME," fox trot—played by Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. (Brunswick)

"LET'S HAVE A PARTY," fox trot—played by Joe Haynes and his orchestra. (Victor)

"OLD YAZOO," vocal—sung by the Boswell Sisters. (Brunswick)
Hitch Your FASHIONS to a STAR

THERE'S a movie star type for every good little girl—so don't go reaching for the moon in the shape of Constance Bennett when you can shine to better advantage in an Ann Harding rôle.

That's the advice of Josette de Lima, fashion creator for Radio Pictures. Josette herself is as attractive a type as any of the film actresses she dresses and you can be sure she doesn't let her own clothes step out of character.

Madame de Lima, who is hardly old enough to rate such a foreboding title, has a background of designing that includes study with the great Parisian masters of design, a position as director of the theatrical department at a smart Fifth Avenue store and her own “Chez Josette French Shoppe” in the same atelier.

Radio Pictures brought her to Hollywood to create atmospheric wardrobes for their stars and players. And now she reads the scripts of their forthcoming productions as they are finished and creates the costumes that help create the characters in the screen story.

“A woman can change her entire personality with clothes if she wishes,” says Madame de Lima. “Even colors may give her definite moods and personalities.”

“In 'Thirteen Women' Myrna Loy had to be extremely wicked, almost inhuman in the final scenes.

(Below) Katherine Hepburn accents the brisk modern maiden who knows what she wants and goes after it in this strikingly simple organdie gown with its ultra-smart disc sleeves.
Josette de Lima, Radio Pictures designer advises you to dress to complement your personality, studying a screen star who, you are positive, is your type.

I designed an exotic, tight-fitting gown, out of a horrible green shade of satin for her to wear in these scenes.

"She told me afterward that the minute she stepped into that gown and looked at herself she felt cruel, brutal, capable of almost any infamous deed. 'You will never know how that gown helped me feel the spirit of that terrible woman I was portraying,' she said.

"In my present work I am dealing in characters created by the imagination, but which must be brought into actual life on the screen by clever actresses. Therefore I have been called upon to dress almost every type of woman.

The New Movie Magazine, December, 1932
The glamorous Gwili Andre adds to her mysterious charm by donning an exotic costume of black satin trimmed with silver fox. The feather toque is in keeping with the ensemble.

(Above) The glamorous Gwili Andre adds to her mysterious charm by donning an exotic costume of black satin trimmed with silver fox. The feather toque is in keeping with the ensemble.

(Above left) Irene Dunne wears a striking evening gown of white crêpe beaded in gold and crystal. It breaks into fullness above the knees and has a smart low back.

(Below left) Sandra Shaw, who hails from New York's smart set, wears a severe black and white chiffon semi-dinner dress model with a coronet coiffure and double pearl earrings.
"I have dressed the smart, aggressive, ultra-modern, sophisticated young girl of today; the soft, feminine young woman of purity and appeal; women hardened by life and an exciting past; wicked women; women of mystery and allure; women who are strenuously endeavoring to keep their youth and beauty—in fact, every type of woman has passed through my hands. I have made it a point in my work at the studio to aid andabet those who portray these characters on the screen by an atmosphere-creating wardrobe for the picture.

"For the girl in the everyday walk of life I cannot impress upon her sufficiently the absolute necessity of studying her own type. It is a big mistake for a girl to try and create for herself a type which is opposed to her natural character. For instance, the Clara Bow girl should never copy a Garbo! The result would be an incongruous, laughable effect... And yet, there are girls who do just that—wear their hair like Garbo, slouch like Garbo, look bored and indifferent as Garbo—when inwardly they are not like Garbo at all.

"Acting takes years of experience and training. The average girl only makes herself ridiculous when she tries to act her way through life. Every girl has within her being a definite personality and type of her own.

"If you wish to bring out your own personality and learn how to dress for it, study a screen personality that you are positive is your own type!

"The Constance Bennett type is smart, poised, sophisticated and self-confident. If you are this type your clothes must be rich, luxurious, feminine and clinging, and always just a shade daring. No mannish tweeds or homespuns for you. The woolens used for sports clothes, tailleurs and wraps should be of soft fabrics and the lines distinctly feminine. Pastel colorings in evening gowns are not for this girl. The mystery of jet black, glamorous white satins, beautiful through design and materials rather (Please turn to page 79)"

(Above) Simple and graceful is the white crêpe evening gown worn by Ann Harding. Touches of red in clips at belt and neck, along with the wrap of red velvet, add warm color touches. The wrap is cut with very full sleeves and has a softly draped crossed closing.

(Right) Rich sable and yellow satin are combined in the smart evening gown worn by Jill Esmond in "It's My Face Red." The gown is molded to the figure, cut very long and worn with a tiny jacket with fur collar and edgings as well as full short sleeves.

The New Movie Magazine, December, 1932
Christmas with the

CHRISTMAS is, always has been, and always will be essentially devoted to the young folks. Also, it is a time of good food, happiness and family reunions.

Hollywood youngsters, like the rest of the youth of the world, have their favorite ways of spending Christmas, and their own special dishes for this day of days.

Eric Linden, the strutting, thrill-eating young star, thinks Christmas isn't Christmas without snow.

"To wake up Christmas morning and look out of the window to see a world of riotous color, a warm, vivid landscape with green trees, flowers, grass and all the what-have-you's of Summer and Spring—just isn't Christmas to me," he said with a laugh.

Favorite ways of spending Christmas and special dishes of the film town's younger set

Anita Louise likes to cook her Christmas dinner and eat it, too—before it's cooked even. The blonde Radio Pictures player has two Christmas specialties—cranberry sauce and Christmas candy.

Getting ready for a Christmas party on the lot, Mary Mason, Dorothy Wilson and Phyllis Fraser, three Radio Pictures starlets, practice with a real honest-to-goodness turkey.
Young Stars

“Since I’ve been in California I go up into the high mountains every year where I’ll be sure to have a white Christmas. . . . ‘Favorite Christmas dinners?’ . . . Sure, I have—and believe me I’m careful to pick a place that serves a regular turkey dinner if I can’t be home. And there’s only one turkey dressing I want on Christmas! That’s the one mother has made ever since I can remember.

“Last Christmas I took all the ingredients for this dressing along and insisted the chef use her recipe in at least one turkey for me! This didn’t make much of a hit with the chef—but boy, did the guests like it! 

“Nother thing, I must see the turkey taken from the oven—or one of my biggest Christmas thrills is gone! Try this dressing next Christmas and I’ll bet you’ll never eat any other kind as long as you live!”

(Please turn to page 97)

Irene Ware, young Fox Film player, practices up on making Christmas orange juice for that special exclusive Christmas breakfast party she’s going to give. Christmas orange juice is something like, we’d say, after reading her recipe.

Richard Cromwell and his mother personally pick their Christmas turkey and watch it grow. Dick can cook Oriental stuffing from his mother’s recipe and thinks her Christmas menu the best in the world. It’ll be just a small family dinner at the Cromwell’s December twenty-fifth.
Jean Harlow and Clark Gable in a scene from "Red Dust," which M-G-M is about ready to release. This is the picture that Jean heroically went on to make after tragedy had entered her life.

In "Too Busy to Work," Will Rogers does some very effective acting. He is aided in several scenes by the charming Marian Nixon, as shown in this still from the picture.

"THE CONQUERORS"—(RKO)—The tide of American Empire flows again. Though not in any way similar, "The Conquerors" is bound to be compared with "Cimarron" and of the two stories, this Dix-Ann Harding super-special is the better adapted to the screen.

It is American history told through the development of a tiny mid-western bank, a bank that was born in the sorrow and smoke that followed the flaming guns of the famous Slade brothers, most callous of all western bad men.

Through the pioneering years that brought railroads, vast wheat-fields, cattle barons, and boundless national wealth, Dix and Ann Harding, lovelier in the picture than ever before, represent the average American man and woman. Their happiness is their country. Their sorrows strike a sympathetic note in the hearts of all who see them.

The story comes far closer to you than "Cimarron" did. Where that mighty Edna Ferber story awed and amazed you, this one tugs at something deep inside and makes you sorry and proud in a strange and troublesome mixture. Guy Kibbee and Edna May Oliver make you laugh and cry at will and the powerful dramatic ability of the two stars takes you out of the fuss and worry of today's depression.
back to the time when history was being made ... and Americans were forthright and proud and confident.

There are thrills in "The Conquerors" that you will not see or hear again. You will hear President Wilson's voice re-recorded as he makes his famous speech at the end of the World War. You will see and hear the now-forgotten Wall Street panic of the early eighteen-seventies. You will see and hear lots of things to be proud about that I, in common with most of us, had almost forgotten.

William Wellman, who directed "Wings," was en-

The suave and capable Warren William gives a bang-up performance in Warners "The Match King," the picture based on the life of Ivar Kreuger. Lili Damita, Juliette Compton and Glenda Farrell are included in the cast.

McLaglen is back again in a better-than-ever picture. Not as a Captain Flagg, but as a big-time racketeer who gets mixed up in the football business.

trusted with the direction of "The Conquerors."

This is the picture that may open the world's largest theater, in the nearly completed Radio City.

"Red Dust"—(M-G-M)—When Jean Harlow started Hollywood with her sparkling performance in "Red-Headed Woman," the M-G-M studio started a frantic search for further equally emotional material. "Red Dust" was the result and Miss Harlow drew the co-starring rôle with Clark Gable. It looks like a winner.

It is by far the best rôle that Jean Harlow has had and should establish her among the top few

"The Conquerors" is the title of Richard Dix and Ann Harding's latest picture. They are ably supported by Edna May Oliver and Julie Haydon. You will be surprised at the resemblance of Julie to the lovely Ann.

The New Movie Magazine, December, 1932
Petite Janet Gaynor in a scene from "Tess of the Storm Country," her next Fox picture. Janet is ably supported by a cast including Evalyn Knapp and Dudley Digges. And, of course, Janet's co-star is the handsome Charles Farrell.

of her kind. It's just raw, red passion in the jungles of Indo-China, rawer and redder in the stage version than seemed necessary. Thanks to the direction of Victor Fleming the story moves swiftly and with conviction. Tully Marshall and Mary Astor, playing her first rôle since the birth of her baby, are excellent in important parts. Gene Raymond was borrowed from Paramount for a rôle in this picture.

Put this on your list of shows to be seen.

"TOO BUSY TO WORK"—(Fox)—They have taken Will Rogers out of stories of mythical kingdoms and rather foolish millionaires and have made him an American. The homespun Rogers humour cloaks this simple story with much dignity and charm. In his other pictures he has always been

Sherlock Holmes lives again in a newer and more rapidly moving age. Clive Brook, who plays the title rôle, is supported by such players as Alan Mowbray, Ernest Torrence, Claude King and Stanley Fields.
They Call It Sport," the new title for the picture announced as "Sport Page," is the latest vehicle for the manly Joel McCrea. William Gargan, Marian Marsh, Skeets Gallagher and Walter Catlett are included in the cast of this picture.

Will Rogers, he may be still, but you forget about it until the end of the picture and just watch a lovable old knight of the road stumble and fuss his way along until he has fixed everything up the way it should be.

"Too Busy to Work" is the type of rôle that Will Rogers needs. He loses none of the charm and wit of his other pictures and he acquires a heart interest and homely sympathy that, for this onlooker anyway, increased his entertainment value immeasurably.

Charles Laughton, whom you saw with Tallulah Bankhead in "Devil and the Deep," was loaned by Paramount for "Payment Deferred," which M-G-M is making. He is playing the same rôle in this picture that he played on the stage in New York. The girl is Maureen O'Sullivan.

Marian Nixon, who besides looking very cute does some fine acting and helps Mr. Rogers to play some of the most effective scenes of his screen career. He has a smile or two, a possible tear and several hearty laughs for all who see this picture.

It ought to make a hit with the whole family.

"TWENTY THOUSAND YEARS IN SING SING"—
(First National)—For those who, like your reviewer, failed to see a motion-picture story in the book by Warden Lawes of Sing Sing, let me advise you that the two stories are quite different. While much of the movie detail is obviously based on the highlights of Warden Lawes' book, the main story of the film concerns a too wise-cracking Broadway racketeer played by Spencer Tracy. It is just as well, for while we
One of the first stills from Joe E. Brown’s newest picture, “You Said a Mouthful.” Joe is aided by Sheila Terry, shown here, Ginger Rogers and a bevy of Warner Brothers good-looking youngsters.

Wally Ford was borrowed from M-G-M for “Central Park,” which features Joan Blondell, whom Warners are building for stardom, Guy Kibbee and Henry B. Walthall.

The lovely Gwili Andre, Radio Pictures Danish beauty, plays the feminine lead in “Secrets of the French Police,” a drama of international intrigue. Frank Morgan, star of the Broadway stage production, “Topaz,” plays the French detective. Gwili will probably be Radio Pictures next feminine star.

“THEY CALL IT SPORT”—(Radio)—This is the show heard about under the title “Sport Page,” which, in my opinion, fitted the picture much better than the present one.

Joel McCrea, whose physique was half of the entertainment value of “The Bird of Paradise,” once more gets an opportunity to show the best pair of shoulders in Hollywood. It is a low-down on the sporting world through the eyes of a sports editor played by William Gargan, who, incidentally, stacks up as being about the best new bet in Hollywood at the moment.

The story is a good old-fashioned triangle with a snappier Marian Marsh than you have met in the past breaking up the Dartmouth friendship of McCrea and Gargan. While it is working out you get an interesting

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"The Monkey's Paw," an RKO picture, deals with the history of a remarkable relic in its native India. Nina Quartero, shown in the still above, gives a remarkably fine performance.

Miriam Jordan, the English girl who is making a success in American pictures, and Warner Baxter, in a scene from the Fox Picture, "Six Hours to Live," Miriam and Warner give sterling performances and are ably abetted by John Boles.

Leo Carrillo and Vivienne Osborne have roles in this first picture by a new producing company, Jefferson Pictures, Inc. Included also in the cast are Una Merkel and Tom Moore.

insight on bike-racing, wrestling, boxing and a couple of minor sporting sidelines.

"Skeets" Gallagher and Walter Catlett complete the cast. Dudley Murphy directed.

Good, clean action and those who care anything for sports will enjoy its authenticity. It should please the whole family.

"RACKETY RAX"—(Fox)—"Rackety Rax" started out as the best semi-serious yarn ever written about football. Fox gave it to Victor McLaglen, under the direction of Alfred Werker, and most of the laughs are still there.

The picture makes no pretense to be anything but the wildest of farce-comedy but the football stuff under the direction of Alonzo Stagg and Howard Jones is as good as anything that the screen has seen.

McLaglen is swell as the big-time racketeer who is in "everything there's dough in." So is Greta Nissen as his blonde sweetie. It's a crazy story of a racketeer who wants to get into football and has to buy a college to do it. The result should be pleasing if you like to laugh.

You won't waste an evening seeing this one.

(Please turn to page 106)
MODERN women have the courage of their convictions, and right or wrong, they are apt to follow out those convictions.

But modern women are not so apt to discard an opportunity for personal fame and fortune—for a mere husband! However, that’s just what Edna Best, wife of Herbert Marshall, did little more than a year ago.

She was appearing on the stage in “Melo,” when Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer’s Broadway scouts decided she was just the type for the leading rôle opposite John Gilbert in “West of Broadway.”

As is the way of picture folks, they had her signed and delivered to a Hollywood contract before the bewildered English girl knew quite what it was all about.

They never gave her an opportunity to realize through their sales talk that she would have to leave her husband and come all the way across the continent for a rather indefinite time.

For five years Edna Best and Herbert Marshall have accomplished the almost impossible in this age of cynicism and selfish marital relationship.

All during this time they have been almost constantly together and have remained understanding pals and devoted companions—barring, of course, the healthy storms that clear the air for every companionship of long standing.

But Edna came out to California resolved to follow out her part of the bargain, regardless. However, devoted letters from New York and strange, self-concentrated Hollywood, threw her into a panic of loneliness and longing for the forceful and comforting presence and companionship of her husband.

In a couple of weeks she told Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer executives it was no go! She told them she was sure they could find a much better, more (Please turn to page 105)
PRESENTS for the Younger

Boys and Girls

Here are safe and sane presents for the youngest generation. You can make them with the aid of our New Method Circulars

Del75—Diagram patterns are given here for the doll’s wardrobe—five smart garments and a pair of slippers.

Del76—A three-piece knitted play suit for the Christmas doll may be made with this circular.

Del77—Make the amusing duck below from scraps of calico and gingham in your piece box.

Del78—For the boys or tomboys make these bags filled with bran or beans.

Del79—No harm can come to baby when she plays with this rag doll stuffed with soft cotton.

Del80—Turkish toweling and a bit of ribbon are easily transformed into this intriguing round-faced doll.

Del81—A large scrap book is used as the framework of a furnished house for the paper doll family.

Del82—Pasteboard and cretonne and a little patience are all you need for this tiny furniture.

Turn to page 85 for directions for obtaining patterns described here.
JOAN BLONDELL, that delightful, effervescent blonde, has most original and interesting ideas on beauty and the care of the skin. Certainly she has that youthful pep and radiant beauty which we should all love to have!

She believes beauty is more than skin deep; that bodily health and wholesome thinking give the right foundation for a beautiful face—and yes, a beautiful complexion.

She believes character is expressed in the face and, if a strong, healthy, optimistic character is cultivated, it makes the problem of even skin beauty a simple matter!

Here are some of her secrets of youthful charm and beauty in her own words:

"Being the blonde type causes me to be doubly careful about my complexion," says Joan. "A brunette should have a clear skin and take care of her complexion, of course, but every tell-tale mark does not show on her face, as it does on the face of a blonde.

"The very first essential is health and cleanliness of skin. The face must be kept clean with packs, good old-fashioned soap and water, and with cleansing cream.

"If one uses a good complexion soap and warm water before starting to apply make-up, I believe there is no better way to cleanse the face. However, if creams have been used for cleansing for long, it will take a while for the face to become accustomed to soap and water.

"A good oily cleansing cream, the instantly melting kind, should be used, too, for a very dry skin in a dry climate.

"Diet is an inestimable aid in preserving and creating a good complexion. Plenty of lettuce, raw carrots, spinach, fresh fruits, and not too much sugar, sweets or starches, will keep the blood fresh and the skin clear.

"With the constant use of (Please turn to page 83)
Because of the tremendous interest shown by our readers in the development of our little Colonial house we have reproduced it in miniature and have completely furnished and decorated each room in the truly Colonial manner and as economically as possible. The large living room of the house is illustrated here, showing in detail how we went about decorating and furnishing it.

The deep fireplace at one end of the room is faced in brick and is topped by a simple narrow shelf. The walls are lined with knotty pine boarding. Stretched across the ceiling are huge pine beams. The space over the wood closet next to the fireplace was utilized to advantage with a built-in book case. The iron hinges and bolts on the doors are typically Colonial. The wall sconces are interesting, simple candle lights backed by fluted pewter shields. The floor of the room is completely covered with rust broadloom carpeting.

The furniture is copied from actual pieces, each piece carefully selected because of its correctness and moderate price.

Grouped around the fireplace are the comfortable Lawson sofa, upholstered in a blue-green linen frieze, and a maple butterfly end table placed at one end of the sofa. In front of the sofa is a quaint cobbler's bench which is used as a coffee table. At the opposite side of the fireplace is a low fireside chair of maple and figured chintz with a rust background. This chair has a tiny footstool to match. Placed conveniently near is a small candle lamp table. In the background is a charming reproduction of a Dutch Colonial cupboard the shelves of which contain (Please turn to page 76)

Models by Herman C. Knebel

Every detail has been carefully thought out in reproducing the living room of our little Colonial house.

It is simple, charming and authentic

By BETTY LENAHAAN

The New Movie Magazine, December, 1932
The Boulevardier Turns Bull-Fighter

(Continued from page 35)

suggesting robins in their red-breasted coats, have a bell system to announce the type of cars arriving.

If it is a Ford or Chevrolet, they ring once; for the Buick and cars of that order, they ring twice; de luxe cars, call for three pressures.

If I ever drive down in my Rolls, I shall expect the band to strike up.

T he Plaza Ensenada Hotel scorns the common sports of American places, such as golf and tennis and polo. It features those which you cannot enjoy abroad. For the past two weeks, I've been catching up on my beach-combing and bull-fighting.

The Plaza de Toros is in back of the hotel. There is a bull-fight every Sunday. Anyone may enter as a torero. An Italian count was in charge of the bull pen last Sunday, and I recognized my writer among the bull-fighters; also the troubadour who sings to a guitar in a gentle voice each evening at the bars.

After the first combat, I decided to enter the ring. The first bull was shy and blinked dazedly at the crowd and the band. When he recognized few movie stars, in the grandstand, he nearly fainted with embarrassment and rushed back to the pen.

The second bull wasn't interested in anybody. He seemed to be amnestic and suffering with world-weariness. He just yawned at the prancing toreros. Instead of becoming indignant when a red blanket was brandished, he looked as though he would like to curl up in it. By that time, I was feeling the same way and so ambled back to the rear for a tanning siesta.

I know I'm going to like bull-fighting: it's so restful.

Dolores Del Rio shrieked into the harbor with a party. Dolores owes a lot to Ensenada. Rather, America does. It was here that the modest Dolores was first persuaded to be photographed in a bathing suit. If you saw her in "The Bird of Paradise," you will appreciate Ensenada's contribution to art.

H ollywood is a gilded cage from which the birds fly the minute they've made a picture. Dick Barthelmess going bound to China or Russia or Greenland.

Will Rogers flies off in all directions. Dietrich has a contract that gives her six months in Europe. Garbo has arranged for similar vacations. Warner Oland goes to his farm in Massachusetts or to Europe.

Raymond Hatton and Wally Beery lam for the High Sierras. Janet Gaynor has a house in Honolulu. Doug Fairbanks can't stay home long enough to make a picture any more; he takes a car, "a long and shots en route. He's even got quiet Harold Lloyd to vagabonding with him.

Yet Hollywood is the cynosure of the world, the paradise of earthly Mahomet. Perhaps that's the trouble. Food's too rich. You get fed up on it.

P eter, the hermit, used to be the hermit in Hollywood; now he has so many rivals he is bitter. Garbo, the hermit, has put him quite out of the picture, unable to recluses.

When Ronald Colman finishes work he evaporates. Ramon Novarro disap-

ears in San Francisco. Even Joel McCrea—current queens' favorite—grows a beard, cooks his own coffee and sleeps in a tent up the beach alone.

I'm not one to speak sarcastically of this Getting Away From It All. For years I've been circling around Hollywood like a crow, swooping down, then taking off to beach or crag.

Pola Negri said, "Hollywood is bluff, bluff, all bluff." It seems even actors get tired sometimes of pretending. So you can judge how tired the rest of us must get pretending to be interested in the pretending.

The most satisfying way to account for this Hollywood truancy would be to ascribe it to the divine restlessness of genius. Each, interviewed personally, would probably agree to that.

At the same time each would speak of the pretense, the lack of sincerity, the hypocritical back-slapping—on the part of themselves.

Those who are not actors will tell you that all actors are insufferable bores. Those who are actors will privately agree that this is true—with notable exception. I don't agree with either. At any rate I would add an "s" to exception. Ramon Novarro is the best one-man show I know and never a bore.

Warner Oland, who never acts off-screen, is the most charming, regaling of lunatics, with never a display of egotism. Everyone who travels with Doug Fairbanks has a great time and hangs with him for years. Harold Lloyd is so self-effacing as a host that my old army pal, Joe Reddy, the Lloyd publicity man, orders Harold around to pour drinks . . . Harold himself never drinking.

T rue the same society is a bore. So is it most places. And you miss the permanent friendship of other towns. Everyone in Hollywood is transient. There's a complete revolution every few years. But there's a point never touched upon in explaining Hollywood's restlessness.

The climate. It's sultry, enervating, tedious, a reclaimed desert that would be ideal for lizards. Understand, I'm not reflecting on the habits of lizards. My acquiescence is to it. But these gringoers who have taken possession won't let you.

You must work. And because politics there is an interesting, social duties are part of the work. Somerset Maugham once asked me how anyone could work in this semi-tropical atmosphere.

I referred him to his work in the South Seas. He said he didn't work then but made notes and did his writing when he returned to Paris. Anyhow, he said, one did not have conventional obligations in South Sea Islands—no dressing no premiers to attend, nothing much to do but fan the body by day and dispose of it as one pleased in the semi-darkness.

Having spoken thus of the Hollywood climate I expect to become a permanent hermit—with best wishes of the Chamber of Commerce.

W e're fed up on Easterners coming to Hollywood telling us we don't know what the depression is. At first we took this as a compliment to our acting. You know how we laugh clown laugh though the heart is broken.

But we soon realized we were too good. These big barnstormers from the East were grabbing all the sympathy. "Ladies, they screamed. "We've lost everything and yet we laugh!" Whereupon they gave an imitation of laughter that on sound film would register as the most amusing scene he.

Eastern papers have been filled with sob stories about brave New Yorkers who, unable to open their houses at Palm Beach this winter, have bravely gone to Majorca to loaf. Chicagoans are just as drippy. All their papers wept for the paper sales daily who lost everything and are now courageously living abroad on eighteen thousand a year.

The New Movie Magazine, December, 1932
Red, rough hands made smooth and lovely... in 3 days
Painful chapping instantly relieved

...in 3 days
Painful chapping instantly relieved

Stunning at a distance. But when they saw her hands—what a shock! So red, so rough and cracked they made her look like a scrubwoman dressed up!

How could she be so careless! Just a few minutes would have saved her. A few minutes spent in smoothing on a dainty, gossamer-fine, hand cream that quickly softens ugly, red roughness to smooth, porcelain-white loveliness. Wonderful for chapping—instantly draws out smarting, stinging soreness. Thousands of housewives, business women, sportswomen—active, outdoor-loving youngsters, too—keep hands soft and smooth with Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

When you do housework, your hands are in and out of water continually—often hot water containing harsh, alkali cleaners. This constant wetting, especially in winter, dries out the natural beauty oils in the skin. Hinds puts back these precious oils—quickly restores youthful softness and smoothness.

Try Hinds—note its chiffon texture
Smooth on a few drops of this delicate cream. And smarting stops, dryness goes—roughness softens. For three days continue to use Hinds regularly, especially at night. On the third day hands should be soft, white, satin-smooth—not a hint of housework.

Hinds is a joy to use. A chiffon-weight cream—not a weak, thinned-out lotion or a thick, gummy jelly. Beware of these imitations which may contain excessive drying substances that also dry the hands! Hinds soothes and heals, leaves an invisible “second skin” that acts as a constant protection.

FREE a 7-day trial bottle
Send for this generous trial bottle. Make a thoroughtest of it. Watch hands grow gloriously soft and white. See how quickly chapping heals. Continue to use Hinds regularly to keep this new beauty. Fill out coupon now.

HINDS HONEY & ALMOND CREAM
Lehn & Fink, Inc., Sole Distributors, Dept. 612, Bloomfield, New Jersey.
Please send me a generous FREE trial bottle (enough for 18 applications) of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

Name___________________________
Address________________________
City__________________State_______

FREE a 7-day trial bottle
Send for this generous trial bottle. Make a thoroughtest of it. Watch hands grow gloriously soft and white. See how quickly chapping heals. Continue to use Hinds regularly to keep this new beauty. Fill out coupon now.
friends about her, would delight in wading in this spring.

TALLULAH BANKHEAD, destined to be more widely famous than any of her forebears, is the offspring of an illustrious line. Tallulah, the Bankhead, has long been identified with political power in Alabama, where her grandfather, the late Senator John W. Bankhead, served for many years as United States Senator. He is nationally known as "the father of good roads in Alabama," being the author of Federal legislation that gave government aid to the states in highway construction. Her father is, and has been for a number of years, representative in Congress from the Tenth District of Alabama, the Hon. W. B. Bankhead, of Jasper, Alabama; while his brother, the Hon. John Hollis Bankhead, is now serving his first term as United States Senator from Alabama, following in the footsteps of his famous father.

On her mother's side of the family; she is descended from the Garths of Virginia; her forefathers have established the famous ancestral estate "Birdwood," one of the most beautiful in the Old Dominion. It was on account of this connection, it is said, that Lady Astor regarded Tallulah, while in England, as a fellow-Virginian, and took her to her heart when she first visited London as an actress.

Tallulah Bankhead was born January 31, 1902, at Huntsville, Alabama, the daughter of W. B. Bankhead, then a practicing lawyer, and Adelaide Sledge Bankhead. Her mother, incidentally, was considered one of the most beautiful girls in the entire Tennessee Valley, and Tallulah was, for the original of her picture, a beautiful woman. It is from her that Tallulah inherits much of her beauty, although there is something in her appearance that resembles her father, who was and is a handsome man.

When she was but three weeks old, however, and the family was taken in charge by her grandfather, the old Senator, and his wife, for whom she had been named. Throughout his life, Tallulah had a close and affectionate feeling for her grandfather. When he was seventy-five years old, he had performed a series of statesmanly acts that brought him fame.

During her childhood, when any of the other grandchildren in the big family connection, got into any sort of childish escapade which necessitated a "conference" with "Granddaddy," they always tried to get Tallulah to intercede for them—and if she did, she usually managed to get their sentence abated. Later, when she got her first chance to enter the theatrical profession as a girl of fifteen, and the whole family of aunts and uncles were aghast at the thought of a Bankhead going on the stage, it was "Granddaddy" who made the pictures and final arbiter in all family councils, stood out and won out for Tallulah. Only her mother was permitted to take the first screen test.

TALLULAH, according to her father, "was always a mimic, precocious and spritely," and from earliest childhood displayed a theatrical tendency, delighting in doing recitations and taking parts in little plays at school. Her first public appearance, so far as is known, was at a "stunt party" given at home of her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas M. Owen, in Montgomery, Alabama, when she was only a small child. She was awarded, in the first prize by the judges for an original and impromptu "take-off" of her school teacher. Incidentally, Orville and Wilbur Wright, of airplane fame, were guests at this party, being in Montgomery demonstrating one of their early planes at the time.

Her childhood was pretty much the same as that of other children. She attended primary and elementary school in Montgomery and Jasper, Alabama, dividing her time with her grandmother at Jasper and her aunt, Mrs. Owen, in Montgomery. Then came high school in Washington, and later the "finishing" process at Fairmount Seminary, also in Washington.

While Tallulah had always loved things theatrical, her first chance came, as did that of so many other screen stars, through a moving picture magazine's contest. Her parents, however, perhaps came about more through the merest chance than did those of others.

Along in 1918, a moving picture magazine put on an "Opportunity Campaign" to pick twelve young men and women from photos for a screen tryout in New York. Tallulah was one of the pictures in a spirit of fun, sent in a picture of the child, then fifteen years old. It arrived at the school on the last batch of mail, the photo was thrown in with a big batch of others, the letter to one side. When the thousands of photographs had been culled, this was among the ones selected. Then, to the dismay of the publishers, it was discovered that there was nothing on the picture to identify the young lady, and the letter could not be found! Out of this it was finally decided that it would not be fair to discard this photo, which was strongly favored by the contest judges, and select another, so in the next issue of the magazine the pictures of the winners were run, together with a story telling about the "unknown girl". It was asked that if she saw the issue of the magazine, or if anyone knew her, she write it, that she come forward and make herself known immediately.

Shortly afterward, Tallulah, stopping at a Washington newsstand and casually glancing through the movie magazine, suddenly stopped, dazed and unbelieving, as her own image stared at her from one of the pages, under the caption, "Who Is She?" She ran all the pictures for newsstand to her grandmother's apartment, quite a bit distant, and excitedly broke the news to her equally amazed family. Mean time, she had been attracted by the opportunity offered, to be the original of the picture, and it finally resulted in an offer from the photographer who made it to settle the matter.

Then it was that the family council met, and they talked in which Tallulah's grandfather overrode the objections of the other members of the family, and she was permitted to take the test.

A RECENT issue of a popular magazine contained a splendid picture of Tallulah Alabama, and with it, this glaring error in the caption: "Never before on the screen, her first picture was made. Tallulah Bankhead's first professional appearances were made, not on the legitimate stage, but in the old silent movies! She made several pictures for Goldwyn, playing opposite the lovable and popular Tom Moore, away back in 1918-19. It was an interesting coincidence, too, that she should make this magazine, in the same group of pictures, also had one of Miss Rachel Crothers, who gave Tallulah her first stage chance.

Although she made good in those early movies, she always dreamed of the time when she might have a chance at the legitimate stage. Finally that chance came—a pretty one, it is true, for a teen-age girl with no stage training or experience—but she took it, and won! Constance Binney took a vacation and left vacant the leading role in "39 East" which she had created. Although some forty young actresses applied for the part, Rachel Crothers, the author, was attracted to the young Alabaman, seeming to sense an unusual talent in her, and she was selected for the rôle.

SHE, of course, joined the Actors' Equity, and when the strike was called for the first time in "39 East," she walked out with the rest. She took a job with a stock company playing in Somerville, Alabama, for only two weeks the manager of the company offered her the leading rôle. However, she refused to put the other actress out of work, and she afterward returned to New York to take the lead in a new play then in rehearsal. (Please turn to page 72)

The New Movie Magazine, December, 1932
"I'm fighting this Nonsense about Sweets"

SAYS SYLVIA
Hollywood's famous slenderizing authority

Why LIFE SAVERS help you grow thin ... and stay thin!

Not long ago I got fighting mad. A woman came to me to take off some of the "lard" she was toting around. I got $100 a half hour for that. And I've got so many picture, stage and social celebrities to take care of, I'm pretty pressed for time.

She started to take up a lot of it arguing with me . . . imagine that! . . . when I told her she had to eat enough sugar to reduce. Another victim of that old nonsense that you have to starve yourself on sugar when you are reducing. Did I burn up?

I told you I got $100 a half hour. Well, I'm going to tell you what I do to earn it. Give you the main points in my advice:

FIRST: Exercise sanely, preferably a two or three mile walk a day in the open air.

SECOND: Cut out heavy, fat foods, gravies, rich sauces and liquor, absolutely!

THIRD: (And this is vital!) Eat enough sugar! No, that's not a misprint. I mean it exactly . . . don't starve yourself on sweets. That's the old idea. Forget it.

Don't starve yourself on sugar. It's the one food element that burns up the body fats. The fire of burning sugar in your system "melts away" the excess pounds. Fat is like fuel; sugar like flame.

The right sweet at the right time is as important as exercise, or anything else I've told you to do. Life Savers are a purposeful candy for my slenderizing program. I give them because they provide the quickly assimilated sugar energy you need, without any fat-forming extra bulk.

They are hard, so you let them dissolve on your tongue. Each Life Saver lasts 8 to 10 minutes. So I'm not just giving you a temporary taste pleasure but a lasting gratification of your craving for sugar.

I like action . . . let's get started!

If you mean business . . . so do I. If you don't, don't mail this coupon. But I want to see evidence of your good faith.

If you'll show me that you are really in earnest about this weight-reducing question, I'll make you a grand gift. I have put down in a brief booklet the information that I usually get hundreds of dollars for. This booklet is not for sale. If I sold it I'd ask a pretty stiff price for it.

But if you'll show me that you are really getting busy on this reducing program, by sending me two Life Savers wrappers, I'll send you, with my compliments, this little book which really gives the net of my most important slenderizing instructions.

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IF YOU MEAN BUSINESS SEND THIS COUPON:  

Name ___________________________  

Address ________________________

City ____________________________ State ______

All candy products having the distinctive shape of Life Savers are manufactured by Life Savers, Inc.

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The New Movie Magazine, December, 1932
That Gal From Alamb!

(Continued from page 70)

Woods took her over to see Sam Harris who offered her the lead in a new comedy playing opposite one of the leading stars. She was in her late teens at that time. Later, it was decided that another woman was needed for the part, and again she found herself out of a job.

With the old determination and courage still undaunted, she wrote her grueling letter to the secretary. She had several other offers. The old senator, though, was not exactly satisfied with the situation, and sent his private secretary to New York to do a little investigating. He wrote back to his employer:

"Dear Senator:

"Tellulah is not discouraged. She'll stick till she freezes over, if you will pardon my language. I strongly advise you to let nature take its course."

"Humbly,"

About this time the aunt who was living with her as her chaperon wrote that Tellulah was studying French, as she wanted to be "an intellectual artist" rather than play the violin and piano for the present, to avoid being a nuisance practicing in the hotel.

With a strong British strain in the family, it was natural that Tellulah had heard and read much of the old relatives in Ireland, Wales and Scotland, and had formed a warm spot in her heart for Britain. So when a friend in London wrote her that Sir Gerald Innes, her father was sitting on his new play, "The Dancers," soon, with a rôle in it that would fit her like a glove, she determined to go to England. Although still in her teens, and not too well known in this country, she caught the first ship for England, and within a dozen days was under contract for the part of "Maxine" in "The Dancers"—in which she scored a tremendous success, and was instantly taken to the hearts of British theater-goers.

Her success on the English stage is told in another issue of this magazine more than a brief mention. She starred in fifteen plays in all, including, besides "The Dancers," "They Knew What They Wanted," "Cardboard Lover," "The Garden of Eden," "Conchita," "The Green Hat," "The Lady of the Camellias," and others. In its issue of December 15th, the Sphere noted English publication, published a consensus of opinion of its readers on the leading women in England, and Tellulah Bankhead's name stood third on the list, being preceded only by Her Majesty, Queen Mary, and Lady Astor! In 1928 Vanity Fair proposed her for the Hall of Fame—and when she left London to return to America and the "talkies," she was being paid the highest salary in the history of the British stage!

The Fourth Mrs. Gilbert

(Continued from page 57)

efforts and work. The engagement merely served to hasten the thing.

I was a difficult matter to interview Virginia that day when I found her in the living room of the little home which she shared with her mother and father and younger brother. She didn't want to talk about herself. She was too full of her new engagement and plans for her marriage and thoughts of Jack.

"I can't believe it's all true," she smiled, looking very young and very lovely in a pair of blue flannel slacks and a soft white sweater, "It's all happened so suddenly. I had been out here in California for ten months this time without being given a single worth-while part in any picture. Then, suddenly, all in the same week, I was cast for the leading female rôle in the new Gilbert picture and—I met Jack."

THREE years ago Virginia Bruce came to Hollywood from Fargo, North Dakota. Her name was Virginia Briggs and she came to Hollywood to try to find a place in the movies. Just one of dozens of girls who hope and dream and plan for the day when they may be moving across the screen famous and wealthy.

Her mother was with her, the father and brother having stayed in Fargo while Virginia went adventuring. She saw what all newcomers discover, a line of closed studio doors. It was all disappointing and she was terribly homesick for Fargo.

Then she met Florenz Ziegfeld, who was looking for beauty to take back to Broadway to be glorified in his new musical comedy, "Smiles." He saw Virginia and offered her a place as a show girl in the company.

As luck would have it, one of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer officials happened to notice the tall, slim blond girl who moved across the stage so gracefully and wore her show girl clothes so beautifully. She was called for a test and signed a contract, bringing her back to Hollywood.

"I really didn't want to come back," she admitted. "I was crazy about New York and Hollywood had certainly not been a very friendly place during my stay there. But everyone told me it was a chance I shouldn't miss. So I packed my trunks and started for California. Just suppose I hadn't done it."

"Her deep, long-lashed, blue eyes grew wide with the thoughts of the awfulness of what she would have missed, especially meeting Jack."

"Then they called me to make a test for the part of the girl in the new John Gilbert picture. They were testing lots of girls and, having been disappointed in many that I didn't let myself get excited about it. Several days after the test was made, the casting office called me to come down to the Gilbert bungalow for a conference with the director and Jack. They told me that my test had been the best of all which had been made."

"I'll never forget that afternoon."

You have heard about dreamy eyes. Well, you should have seen Virginia's as she talked about meeting Jack. "Mr. Bell, the man who had made my test, introduced me to Jack. We had a long talk about the part and about the picture and then he told me that it had been decided that I was to play the rôle. You can imagine how I felt. It's impossible for me to describe it."

WHEN the business conference was over and details such as costumes and rehearsals and that sort of thing had been arranged, Jack walked with the excited girl to the door and invited her to play tennis with him. She had another engagement. So he asked her to come to the tennis courts at his home for a game the next day.

"I don't remember what I said. I was too excited to know what I was saying," Virginia laughed. "I suppose I acted like a perfect goof. And that evening when a box of long, long-stemmed roses arrived, I was still goofier."

THREE weeks later John and Virginia were engaged and the girl had been changed overnight from a little, unknown young woman to the fiancée of one of the most popular men on the screen. It is all rather breath-taking.

"We have the biggest plans as yet," she answered when I asked her about the future. "Everything is sort of unsettled, that is, the future. I don't know what I want to do about going on with my work. Sometimes I think that I want to keep it up, that Jack and I will be even more energetic that we will be happier if I'm busy and working and interested in the same things in which he is. At other times I feel that I want to give it up, all my ambitions, and settle down to being just Mrs. John Gilbert."

When we started the picture I was terribly self-conscious about working with him, I was afraid that I wouldn't do as well as he had hoped. I was nervous and excited. But both Jack and Mr. Bell had been wonderful, helping me and encouraging me. Jack thinks that I should go ahead. He believes that this is in the future. He wants me to try, at least, so that I'll never regret having given up a possible career for domesticity. Perhaps he's right. I don't know."

She is really and sincerely bewildered and so anxious to do the right thing to bring happiness for herself and for the man she loves. After all, she's only twenty-one and life is a perplexing medley of problems to be solved and decisions to be made, none of which is easy to know her level best, to think clearly and wisely in the midst of all the excitement of her first real love affair.
Cuts Costs of Colds More than Half!

Every individual — every family — is interested now in ways to economize. Especially in cutting off expenses that are needless—that bring neither comfort, nor pleasure. Savings that give you more time and money for the things you want and need—in return for things that rob you of both. Here, at last, is a way for you to do just that.

Last winter — in a nation-wide clinic in schools, colleges and homes—the new Vicks Colds-Control Plan cut the number and duration of colds in half! — reduced the costs of colds more than half! The satisfaction of hundreds of thousands of enthusiastic users — all over the country — confirms these tests.

To follow Vicks Plan this winter — as fully explained in each Vicks Package — can help you save your part of the country's billion-dollar-a-year colds bill — in time and money alone!

BRIEFLY, HOW VICKS PLAN WORKS

At that first feeling of stuffiness or nasal irritation — Nature's usual signal that a cold is coming on — use Vicks Nose Drops at once! They soothe irritation and aid Nature's functions inthrowing off the infection that threatens. They prevent development of many colds.

If a cold has developed, Vicks VapoRub is the proved dependable treatment. Just rubbed on throat and chest at bedtime, its double action — continuing throughout the night — brings quicker relief. Use of the Nose Drops during the day adds to comfort — helps shorten the cold.

[FOR BETTER CONTROL OF Colds]

The New Movie Magazine, December, 1932
Dancing Away the Night

(Continued from page 27)

puzzle of Hollywood’s night life!

“We can’t just sit here and listen to all of this,” says my young friend.

“Now the ears hear the eye would see,”

“Where shall we go?” I asked, counting my change.

“Everywhere!” he announces. “Let’s do the town! We’re going to watch Hollywood dance away the night.”

SEVERAL jumps up from the boulevard, straight down Wilshire, towards Los Angeles, is the star studded Ave tonight, with its royal entrance to an elevator that deposits cargo of fame into The Coconut Grove.

The place is a sea of famous faces—and there’s Libby Tashman dancing divinely with Eddie Lowe. Conchita Montenegro lingers languidly in the arms of one of the Fox studio execs, dancing as if on cloud nine. Ah, Conchita! And now that lovely vixen, Joan Marsh, dances by with Warners’ new sensation, Dick Powell, the donor from Pittsburgh; and Fifi Dorsay, sitting at a nearby table, calls out, “Come clean, Dick—what is zis—a new romance? There’s Dick on the ex-shell—dances away. There’s Billie Dove smiling sweetly at David Manners as they dance the light fantastic.

No sooner does Bill Harris and his boys finish a group of melodies and retire for a brief recess, than Xavier Cugat and his caballeros, make an appearance. At eight o’clock on the sea, followed by a series of tangoes such as one might hear in the cafes of Buenavista or Rio de Janeiro.

The Coconut Grove has become known to the radio world as the cradle of crooners. Here Bing Crosby, Harry Barris and Deirdre Novis were heard before they became international personalities, their voices broadcast over a network of radio stations, reaching the ears of millions of three continents.

Three years ago Bing Crosby was one of the three Ambassador Rhythm Boys. Tonight he comes as a guest with his partner, Dickie Lee, and his friend, Nick Stuart and Sue Carol, a great radio star, a Paramount satel- lite, and star of “The Big Broadcast,” with a weekly income that is staggering. Still cycons insist dreams don’t come true.

Bon mots flit back and forth across the tables with the rapidity of ping-pong balls—parlor with their va- cuity, too, but repartee is sharp, clear as the chatter of the bubbleless ice in the crystal glasses. Still there is an innuendo, an undertone of gossip. Someone observes that Lilian Tash- nun’s clothes are becoming as extreme as Jutta Gouda’s—and that Jack Oakie has discarded sweat shirt for a formal collar and cuffs, and he is through the air, bouncing from table to table, as if they were made of rub- ber, only to find their way into print later in the columnists.

“Doesn’t anything ever happen here?” my young novelist friend wants to know.

“Just the opposite,” I ask.

“Oh, a murder or a scandal—or at least a fight.”

There’s plenty of drama and comedy here. I informed him. “If you’ll only take the trouble to look for it. Of course,” I warn, “it’s all very subtle. Nobody pretends to pay much attention to what’s going on—but if you could hear the whispering—that would be another story!”

“So Hollywood is just a Strange Interlude!” he sighs, exasperated. “Well,” he pleads, “can you point out a little of the intrigue to a pal who is desper-}

ately in need of a plot for a novel of the wicked night life of the cinema gods and goddesses?”

“Well, we’ll start with the next table,” and so saying I let my eyes shift in its direction. “There’s a cheating husband. Three years ago his wife was a big star and he was just an extra. She got him advanced to playing leads opposite her—and as you know, he became a big star himself. She gave up her career to become dom-esticated. Now she’s grown plump and too domesticated, and he’s telling sweet nothings to a dizzy blonde.”

“Then why in the name of Zeus doesn’t she come over and make a scene, catch him in the act, accuse him and throw ice water in the face of the dizzy blonde? Oh, doesn’t anything physical, active, concrete, ever happen here—something one can see with the naked eye?” he wails.

“When you’ve been in Hollywood long enough,” I explain, “you’ll learn that Hollywood lives in a glass house, and so doesn’t throw stones. The eyes of the world are on this place. No one can afford to exploit their grievances openly. Those days are gone forever, as the Hays office will tell you.”

I point out to him a popular freelance juvenile who always comes to the Grove in the company of a hand- some young man. Twenty or so years his senior, whom he invariably introduces as his aunt; but everyone knows that she’s keeping him. He comes to the Grove to be seen by pro- ducers and she foots the bills. He gets a job and she gets a taste of renewed youth and the satisfaction of sponsor- ing his career. But my young novelist friend is unimpressed. He says it’s an everyday occurrence elsewhere. Can’t I show him something really different? ”

MAYBE we’d better go on to The Biltmore,” I suggest. “Something exciting may be happening there.”

He gives me a Missouri look—and we’re off!

This is where The Mayfair Club holds its elegant parties and Hollywood’s four hundred learn the art of snubbing. However, on nights when the May- fair isn’t holding court, almost anyone with the proper amount of cash might gain admittance; even a magazine writer and a novel search for an orgy.

The Biltmore Garden room must have been crowded in the spirit of dignity. At first you feel as if you were intruding on royalty—but after a while you get to longing for a coronet of your own, and before the evening is over you have an idea that you are King. People have gone to asylums for less.

But there are a lot of Kings and Queens upon—Royalty straight from Hollywood, with the family crest written all over their faces. There’s a table that recently ac- quired a husband, a young Italian stock broker from the East. And there’s Mary Brian, just back from a vaude- ville tour, doing with John Grier’s music with young Russell Gleason. What? Is this romance on again?

There’s a dignified rumor about that Charlie Chaplin is expected at any mo- ment with Hollywood’s new platinum blonde, Paulette Goddard, who gets less than a hundred dollars a week as one of the girls in Eddie Cantor’s “Kid From Spain,” and yet rides to work in an Hispana-Suiza.

The young novelist’s patience is gone again. He wants to scam. He says he hasn’t even an opening para- graph for his Hollywood book that is to end all Hollywood books.

AND so to The Paris Inn! Well, if it weren’t for atmosphere, here it is! Right in the heart of Los Angeles’ lower depths, it is hidden in shadows, just on the tail-end of Chinatown; near enough Main Street to catch the flick- ering lights from the glittering signs of a seemingly endless procession of pawnbrokers and cheap movie theatres that run all night to Jimmy Grier Life. Candles burn out of old whiskey

(St. John to page 76)
10¢ for FAOEN—In Convenient Sizes—buys PROVEN $1 to $3 Quality!

"I used to think I had to pay big prices for quality beauty aids. But that was before I learned about Faonen!"

Equal to Costly Brands in Fineness and Purity
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Would you pay $1 to $3 for quality Beauty Aids if you could buy them in convenient sizes for 10c? Of course you wouldn't—nor any other woman. That is why as soon as women learn the facts they change to Faonen Beauty Aids. And the facts are these—proven by this report from a famous Research Laboratory:

"Every Faonen product tested, is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for $1, $2 and $3."

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Now that you know—buy Faonen Beauty Aids today. Their quality will protect your beauty—their economy will protect your purse!

10c each
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CLEANSING CREAM • COLD CREAM • SKIN TONIC • LOTION • FACE POWDER • ROUGES • PERFUMES

The New Movie Magazine, December, 1932
Dancing Away the Night
(Continued from page 74)

A Room in the traditional Manner
(Continued from page 67)

bottlers, and the waiters who serve you also sing you songs—not just popular numbers but opera arias, as do the bus-boys, who all think they are Carusos.
The orchestra whoops it up. The crowded floor of dancers through half-closed eyes look like a circus of contor- tionists. Gilda Grey never shook a meaner hip.
There’s Eric Linden sitting in a rear booth with Molly O’Day and a party of friends. Eric has lived in Paris—and this seems to be bringing back mem- ories, for his eyes were reminiscing.
My kill-joy friend wants to be going again. He says this isn’t Hollywood. It’s just a fake imitation of a “quickie” producer’s idea of Paree. And so, it’s back to dear old Hollywood and The Roosevelt Patio Roof.
Tom Cockley’s orchestra sits under a gay canopy that looks like one of those many-colored umbrellas that dec- orate the beaches of Southern France. Gaily lighted lanterns dance over the tables—and a genteel crowd dances while stars shine down upon the scene. Tonight Nancy Carroll is here with her husband. Marian Marsh is dance- ing with her brother, Eddie Morgan; and Corinne Griffith and Walter Moros- co are also on the dance floor. If I Liedecky is trying to teach a mysteri- ous blonde a tango step, but the music doesn’t seem to be just right for tango- ing. Someone please page Cugat.
A half hour here is long enough to prove to my restless accomplish-in- pleasure that the pleasure is all there. So we’re off for Culver City where The Follies Garden and The Cotton Club are the Siamese twins of joy.
The Cotton Club is Bow’s fa- vorite place of amusement. She and Rex Bell are regular customers. The Follies Garden, next to The Coc- canoe Gove, is probably the most popular rendezvous of the movie stars. Enough gilt-edge names come here every night to make a half dozen “Grand Hotel” skits. There’s Estelle Taylor and Lyle Talbot, who looks a little like Jack Dempsey; Jimmy Dunn, George Raft, Wynne Gibson and Cary Grant, Lila Lee and George Hill, Laura LaPlante and husband, Bill Selser. One of our married couples,” my friend complains. “Oh, this is my idea of unendurable pain.”
“Well, there’s still The Bohemian Club,” he says. “And may- be B. B.’s Cellar will interest you.”
So at the strike of midnight we’re in The Bohemian Club, where we find a well-known female impersonator occu- pying the stage, bedecked in furs and feathers that smell of the mothballs.
However, this fantastic night club seems to rev with intrigue. The wait- ers seem to give high signs—and the customers seem to mutter passwords—and mysterious doors open and close. One wonders what there is upstairs.
“Probably the Ladies’ Aid Society giving a midnight tea,” the disheart- ened novelist murmurs in disgust.
We get to B. B.’s Cellar just in time to watch the beginning of a revue, and still my author pal is not satisfied. He grumbles that next time he has an evening off and is looking for an excit- ing night he is going to date up Betty Boop or Mickey Mouse.
As a last resort I suggest the Air Port Gardens out in Glendale near the air field. Maybe there’ll be a plane landing for some poor something real exciting does happen.
At two o’clock in the morning I leave him to his fate at the Air Port Gardens. I’m tired, and I’m going home. Nothing seems to be happening here. This is the place where a lot of departures parties are given. But no one seems to be going away tonight. Last time I was out here Kent Doug- lass, was frantically catching a mid- night plane to New York to see some- thing exciting does happen.
At last I get home and wearily turn on the radio for a goodnight lullaby—but over the air comes the call . . . CALLING ALL CARS . . . CALLING ALL CARS . A young man has stolen a car from In front of the Air Port Gar- dens and is headed in the direction of IOWA!!
And then came the dawn—darn it!
Some New kind of fun
FOR THE PARTY?

Horoscopes of course!

YOU can have a wonderful lot of fun with Evangeline Adams' Twelve Books of Astrology. There's one for each sign of the Zodiac, so you can read a horoscope for every birthday in the year. Have a set of them handy for your next party and be prepared for much laughter when you discuss the characteristics of your guests.

Besides the fun, there's much of real interest in these books of astrology. They are written by the world's foremost astrologist, the woman whose advice is sought by leaders in business, political and social life. When you read the book that contains your own horoscope, you may be amazed at her keen analysis of your character and life.

The price is only ten cents for each book, a dollar and twenty cents for the set. Order by birthdates if you are ordering single copies. Canadian orders, fifteen cents per book.

TOWER BOOKS, Incorporated
55 Fifth Avenue, New York
In case you've wondered just what was the perfect Christmas gift, cease immediately. It's been discovered and decided upon for all. Cosmetics, of course. Not a jar of cold cream done up in tissue paper and holly but a complete treatment set—a joy to the heart of any woman—a new compact, for day or for evening, her favorite perfume, lipstick or bath set.

The perfume of the North American lily-of-the-valley in a new blend. It's a light and lasting blend which seems to catch the true spirit of this continent's spring flower rather than the European variety more often used. An elusive fragrance to capture in a bottle, it is light and delicate in color as well as fragrance. It is recommended as a daytime perfume for the woman who prefers a light to an exotic flavor. You may buy it separate or in combination with a purse size refillable flask of French crystal, encased in a suede jacket.

The same house is offering some other gift combinations of interest. A buffet and gold manicure chest, with all the necessary equipment; a quad-ruple vanity in black enamel with chrome trim, containing loose powder, dry rouge, cream rouge and eye shadow; a home beauty treatment and a bath ensemble that is recommended as a gift to men as well as women.

A new double compact, flat and oblong with a polished gold case.

A compact for evening done in black, white and silver and a new automatic lipstick.

A NEW experiment in packaging for an old perfume house has resulted in a charming new line of bottles and boxes containing the same perfumes at a lowered price. The new flacons in ounce, half-ounce and quarter-ounce sizes are of crystal with simple yet smart lines. They are encased in individual boxes of gold and ivory glauchet paper. These new editions of well-known and popular fragrances should make charming Christmas gifts.

A company which specializes in manicure materials is bringing out a new club kit which includes a complete set of manicure preparations in a compact leather case with a patented slide fastener. It may be tucked in suitcase or overnight bag. One feature of it is a new finger rest, a great aid to women who apply their own polish. In addition a new make-up set is being offered, packed in a chromium metal box.

The December Make-Up Box circular also describes other cosmetics and combinations that would make appropriate Christmas gifts.

For evening, what could be more appropriate than a compact of black, white and silver in a smart design? This new compact is built on the same lines as the daytime blue-toned case now used by so many women. And comes, of course, in the same sizes. In addition this house is putting forward an automatic lipstick in line with the trends. It comes in colors chosen on the common-sense basis of their ability to blend with complexion tones. The stick works from the cap, which slides down the side and cannot be lost since it is never allowed to separate itself from the case. Travel kits, week-end kits and many other special combinations of products are offered for Christmas giving.

Quick "Facial"

Whenever you want to look your very best, try a fresh stick of Wrigley's delicious Double Mint. Chew it on one side and then on the other for 30 counts, swinging the head in rhythm. Watch new loveliness come to your eyes, your lips and to your whole face.

THE FINEST GUM IN THE FINEST PACKAGE
Hitch Your Fashions

to a Star

(Continued from page 55)

than trimming, are the right evening attire for the Constance Bennett type. If you are the Ann Harding girl, the purely womanly type, you must always wear simple clothes—clothes designed to express good taste, conservation, sincerity and simplicity. Your costumes and your manner must lack artificiality. You must cultivate charm, a quiet poise and a sense of humor.

This girl can wear clothes that savor of last moment Parisian dictates, or those that hint at the days of our grandmothers, equally well, provided there is nothing self-conscious or simpering about either.

"Daintiness and smartness key-note the Irene Dunne type. Here is a woman who is distinctly the every-day girl. To create a clothes personality for this woman she must change the way her hair is dressed very often, her style of dressing—everything but her personality. She must never get into a rut of looking the same. But throughout her changes she must never forget that softly feminine contours are her only possibility.

"Katherine Hepburn is the crisp, aggressive modern young woman who knows definitely what she wants, and how to get it! This girl should dress in clothes of simple line but with something ultra and daring about them. She may well wear the newest and smartest mode, with the most daring new flare of the moment. She has a reckless, self-confident surety.

"This girl is a bit more daring type than the Jill Esmond débutante type, who may well wear daring clothes, but not the ultra. The Jill Esmond girl may follow the latest trends in a modified form. She is modern, sure of herself, and a thinker too, but has a certain breeding which does not permit her to overdo the daring.

"If you have the ethereal beauty of Gwili Andre, you may wear almost anything within reason. This sort of girl is willowy, with a beautiful, languid tranquility of countenance, fits into any personality. She may dress for mystery in clinging black, with soft fur trim and old headdress, and the next evening be seen in a plain black dress with a sport jacket effect and loosely dressed hair, with absolutely no effort to be mysterious.

"Sandra Shaw is the intelligent type. She has distinction and a quiet, impressive dignity which must be catered to and emphasized in her clothes. This type should wear rather severe, extremely smart clothes. She should wear striking black and white tailored suits. She should sacrifice softness for smartness to be distinctive.

"Every girl in the world should study first her type, her character and her general make-up, until she has surely typed herself. Then, she should go about accepting that type in her clothes. If a girl feels she has absolutely no 'type,' then she should experiment until she feels sure of herself in certain clothes and in a certain 'character' and gradually she will develop a definite personality and can dress the part!

"Lastly—do not 'smother' your own personality by dressing for a clashing type. Compliment your personality."

Yesterday

No fun
No sparkle
So little joy!

But Today—

she’s found

Gaiety again

Did you drag around all day yesterday feeling irritable, half-sick, grumpy and unhappy? Do you have a nasty little cold—a dull headache? How do your eyes look—dull? And your complexion—is it as fresh and clear as a young girl's—or blemished and dead-looking?

Has anybody ever told you what a doctor told the girl above—that women (especially women) must be very, very careful to keep internally clean? And that there's nothing like Sal Hepatica for this purpose?

What is Sal Hepatica? Sal Hepatica is a saline. It is the American equivalent of the saline health waters which lovely European women drink at the great spas like Wiesbaden and Aix and Carlsbad! There they regain their health and vigor.

Why does Sal Hepatica make you feel splendid—energetic, happy, YOUNG? Why does Sal Hepatica bring back sparkle to your eyes and freshness to your skin? How can Sal Hepatica get at the causes of colds, headache, upset stomach, rheumatism?

Sal Hepatica first flushes the wastes and poisons from your digestive tract. But because it is a saline—not just a common laxative—Sal Hepatica clears the poisons from your system. It clears away the poisons even from your blood stream! Take it regularly. It's very healthy for you!

Today—get a bottle of Sal Hepatica at your nearest drug store. Take the saline treatment for one week—and see how much better you feel and how much better you look! Just try it, won't you?

Sal Hepatica

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. M-122, 71 West Street, New York, N.Y.
Kindly send me the free booklet, "The Other Half of Beauty," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

Name ____________________________
Street ____________________________
City ________ State ________

The New Movie Magazine, December, 1932 79
You Can Change DARK Colors to LIGHT Colors

— Easy as A-B-C with Tintex Color Remover

Supposing you have a dark dress (or any other dark-colored article) and are pining for a lighter-colored one . . . .

Tintex Color Remover will safely and speedily take out all trace of color (including black) from any fabric . . . .

Then the article or fabric can be redyed or tinted with Tintex Tints and Dyes in any new shade to suit yourself — either light or dark.

On sale at drug stores and nation counters everywhere

Tintex COLOR REMOVER

You Can Change DARK Colors to LIGHT Colors

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On sale at drug stores and nation counters everywhere

Tintex COLOR REMOVER

BOX OFFICE CRITICS

Eddie Cantor, King of Wit

Lafayette, Louisiana

Eddie Cantor in "Palmy Days," a never-to-be-forgotten picture, divorced from our minds, for the duration of his performance, at least, the worries and needless fear that the depression has produced. He gave us courage, the courage to laugh—and to "laugh out loud" in a most trying time.

Not unlike other plays and sketches by this "King of Wit and Humor," Eddie has proved himself a great druggist, having filled with perfection the prescription of Al Smith—the "Happy Warrior" who, in the October issue of The New Movie, advocates "America Needs to Laugh."

R. Bill Williamson, P. O. Box 374.

Take a Bow, Aline!

Baltimore, Maryland

I shall be eternally grateful to moving pictures for having made me acquainted with Aline MacMahon, to my mind the most colorful and talented actress among the newcomers to the screen. In that splendid picture,

Then the article or fabric can be redyed or tinted with Tintex Tints and Dyes in any new shade to suit yourself — either light or dark.

On sale at drug stores and nation counters everywhere

Tintex COLOR REMOVER

"Five Star Final," she was the most convincing person in the cast, and I left the theater with the feeling that I had met and grown to know the woman, instead of merely having seen the reflected shadow of herself. In her later pictures, I have liked her even better, and have come to appreciate her keen sense of humor, which allows her to deliver comedy lines more effectively than any other screen actor, man or woman.

I am sure that she could act heavy dramatic roles as well as she does light comedy, for she is possessed of great emotional powers. She is delightfully human and has a world of understanding. For I am one sincerely glad that a person of Miss MacMahon's abilities has come to the screen at last.

Robert J. Bernard, 4210 Woodlea Avenue.

She Likes 'Em Creepy!

Chicago, Illinois

I just saw "Doctor X," and that's the reason for the shakes. It goes all the boo-films ever made one better — even better than "Dracula," "White Zombie," and others I've seen.

If Hollywood doesn't stop scaring us all to death, the future film audiences will be strapped in straitjackets soon. But who doesn't appreciate a spooky thrill? No matter how it scares you, you like it.

Give us more goy-man pictures, producers, and we'll spend all our money to go and get a good scare. The more I see the more I want!

Esther Anderson, 3201 S. Wells Street.

The Only Fault

New York City

The art of the motion picture is perfectly exemplified in the Chevalier-MacDonald musical fantasy, "Love Me Tonight."

It is a model for perfect pictures, and one that might well be studied by lesser directors than the deft Rouben Mamoulian, and by lesser players than the gay Maurice and the charming Jeanette.

"Love Me Tonight" has everything — a Cinderella story to satisfy our romantic arts—a musical score that will fascinate the most critical fan—enough naughty comedy to tease the mind—and even a tear or two to please those who must have their heartstrings played upon. All these, and more virtues are so skillfully woven into the

most delightful of patterns, and laid on the most beautiful of backgrounds, that it is hard to find fault with the film, as a whole or in parts.

And yet, there is one fault with the picture! It doesn't last long enough!

Pearl A. Katzman, 555 West 173rd Street.

The New Movie Magazine, December, 1932
Togo in Hollywood
(Continued from page 41)

diamond, run away with lady—do all those, if necessary. But don't you never have nothing to do with Sin. There are no money in it," Mrs. O-Nooki-san say that with all her earnest teeth.

"She are dead now," I report, "and still quite poor. Folla me to Lott, Cousin Nogi, and I will show you that Grandma were a lyre."

WHEN he was eloping past Stage 4, what should come up but a actress on a solid gold busk with diamond pearls. Everybody look at her beautiful eyeballs and Venus expression while she got off. 22 Fan Maidens rush up and ask for her photograph, ottogra or a pair of her old shoes.

"Who that?" require Cousin Nogi.

"Hon. Jone Crawford," I say it.

"She are so successful she can afford to ware old clothes since she made famus hitt out of that screen-play called 'Rain'."

"What are that very wet play about?" require Cousin Nogi.

"Sin," I dictate.

"Why do she not look kind of saddish & shamed?" Nogi ask to know.

"How can she? She have just signed a new contract to deliver 2ce as much Sin at 2ce as much pay. Her last play were called 'Rain,' but her new one will be entitiled 'Thunder & Lightnin','."

"O. G.!' I say with initials, "Just observe Who!' Yes, it was! Up to Stage 9 rapidly enroll 4 enormous French-speaking See Dan cars, the kind that will run 10 miles to 1 gal. Florida water. They was composed of solid platinum with a touch of emeralds & rubys along the radiator. And who got out of them? Following list:

Hon. Lion Barrymore looking very Standard Oily.


Hon. Garta Grebo with her million dollar eyes shut down so that nobody could see them for nothing.

Hon. Sir Wallace Beer in a pink necktie & green spats, to show Gen. Publick how a Rough Sailor looks when he gets smooth.

When they come 4th the Boy Scoots Badger Brigade Band play tune "I Lost My Brain for You" and 455 delegates from the Young Woman's Intemperance Union wave red banana handkerchiefs with happy cry. 4 girlish children in white dress step forwards and present them with a Easter lily.

WHAT are the object of that demonstratus?" ask Cousin Nogi.

Those are the 4 Horsemans of the Eucalyptus," I answer. "They are those who made Grandy Hotel the gossip of 6 continents."

"What is it make Grandy Hotel so charming to all?" revamp Cousin Nogi.

"Sin," I amputate.

"You are talking garbage," dib Cousin Nogi. "Do not the heathen Sundy schools of Japan teach us that Sin make people so unhealthy they roll in gutters with poison toastoole? Then how could it?"

"We are now in Hollywood," I execute. "I only ask you to see what is." & then up walk a girl who look just

(Please turn to page 82)

NOW—Tint or Dye Expertly!

Tintex Makes Home-Tinting and Dyeing Easy for Everyone

Equals Professional Work on Apparel and Home Decorations

EVEN the first time you use Tintex you will achieve perfect results. Quickly and simply—without muss or fuss—you will equal professional work, at a small fraction of its cost.

Prove this to yourself! Try Tintex today! See how easily—and beautifully—you can restore faded color, or give new color, to wearing apparel and home decorations: dresses, underthings, stockings, scarfs, curtains, drapes, table-linen, etc.

Once you have tried Tintex Tints and Dyes you will understand why millions of women use them regularly—prefer them to all others.

On sale at drug stores and notion counters everywhere

Tintex
TINTS AND DYSES

The New Movie Magazine, December, 1932
Springtime Loveliness

ALL WINTER LONG

Look out for Winter! It can do untold damage to your complexion.

Outdoor cold cracks the skin... makes it red and rough. Indoor heat parches the sensitive tissues... dries out their natural oils.

What to do about it? There is one effective method of keeping the complexion soft, smooth and lovely at all times—now being used by millions of women.

Begin tonight. Remove dirt and make-up with OUTDOOR GIRL Liquidizing Cleansing Cream. It's far more effective than more soap and water. Follow with a film of nourishing Olive Oil Cream... Two minutes—that's all.

Tomorrow morning spend three minutes this way. First, apply OUTDOOR GIRL Skin Freshener to "set up" your face. Then, for your powder base, smooth on a bit of OUTDOOR Girt. Varnishing Cream. Now a touch of color, using either the Lipstick or Lip- and-Check Rouge. Finish with OUTDOOR Girt. Olive Oil Face Powder, or with Lifeline, if your skin is naturally oily.

You'll be amazed to see how lasting this make-up is—how smooth and fresh your complexion remains from morning until night.

Large-size OUTDOOR GIRL packages are popularly priced at 25c to $1.00 each, in the better drug and department stores. Try-out sizes, too, at 10c each, may be found in the leading chains. If you want to sample 5 of the most famous OUTDOOR GIRL preparations, mail the coupon below.

Tugo in Hollywood

(Continued from page 81)

Like a girl; a young man of boldness & unboiled appearance enterouc near her and make college smile. "Silvy, I thought you hate each other," he holla extacyly.

"Together we have found the Place where fame & money sprouts," she gal- lup.

"Those 2 are Slyvia Sydney & Fredric March," I explained. "Together they found their Artistic Medium.

"What are names of that Play in which they found it?" Nogi ask to know.

"It were called, 'Go to Hell Happily'," I splinter.

"O Goshes!" narrate Cousin Nogi.

"What do Hon. Will H. Haze say when he see that shocked title?"

"He say, 'Go ahead,' I point up. And just kindly to notice that Pluto looking gentleman coming across Lotts were persons, coming in long, pain of glass in right eye. His one-sid spectacles are called a Monickle. When you were a Monickle in Emotion Limn to all good. You are a champer Sinner."

"What is his name, if anything?" require Cousin Nogi.

"Erie von Strawheim. In privit life he are a husband & father. But when he step on Stage 19 he are a pretty mean curse, by golly. He are a German villain. From this he make $888 per weekly."

"Can you bet it?" require Nogi.

"Somewhars," I say. "Hon. Gerta Grebo have traded her hair with Hon. Jone Blondell. So now she can look pretty sinful, by golly, in film-play name of 'How Do You Do, Desire?'. Because this Erie von Strawheim are so perfeckle awful Bad, he are acting next to her and drawing a celery that would keep Kansas in beer for 48 yrs."

"I THINK," say Cousin Nogi, "that you are only giving me a buggies-ride. This morning a.m. I asked for job at kitchen of 6 Hollywood families, and everything seem so tame & natural. Hon. Gloria, Duthess of Swanson, was quartering the lawn. Hon. Clark Gable were in back- yard chopping some wood for his wife. Hon. Janet Gaynor was feeding candy to her pet nule. Hon. Gary Cooper (Jackie's younger brother) were taking his trained monkey, a champione from Africa, out for morning walk. What could be more Sunday school than that? Answer is, Nothing!"

"But look that!" holla Nogi. "See those hollers, making picknick laughter, so jolly & pure. O such hollers fun & healthy wise-smacks they make. Anyhow, they do not come here to make Sin."

"Those," I narrate, "are Hon. Jack Okay, Hon. W. C. Fields, Hon. Suzin Fleming and Hon. Lyda Roberty. The persons who are the bosses, and looking like Hon. Chickery Sales with one eye stuck in wrong, are Hon. Benji. Turpin. Do you see the right of the play they are here to rebus."

"You tell," negotiate Cousin Nogi.

"Name of it are called, 'Million Dollar Legs'."

"How disgust!" gollup Nogi. "Yet I have come to Hollywood to earn my car-fair home. Therefore I shall also write about Sin. I got a plot what will make your hair set down. Where can I find a actress? Ah, there go one!"

"Those Lott go a doll-size lady with goldly hair and highschool expression. Next beside her was a tallish gentle- man with hair on his ears and eye-braves he bought from Hon. Max Smelling."

"Nogi, I tell you not!" This from me.

"But he enrush up to them, and taking his head out of his hat he speak forthly;"

"Sweethearted Mrs. Madam, you wish to have a scenario that will make you famus?"

"O thanks so many," she decry. Then with a chick look at the eyebrow gen- tleman, "I tell you, it not be wanner- ful to get famus?"

"Mary deer," report Hon. Dug, "We goes a circus together years ago. And why now should we get famus?"

Then with arcerombat expression at Cousin Nogi. "What vehicle or velo- city do you do your Art?"

"I got a story called 'Mattie the Mess'!" elope Nogi.

"What are the nature of that story?"

require Hon. Dug.

"Mattie," conjugate Cousin Nogi, "commence life by mixing poison for her father, who are a murderer. She get along all oke day a Eng- lish Duke come along and teach her to chaw tobacco. Then she commence to smile great. She yarn for the Great City (Omaha) where she become cashever on a night Club and stay awake till Lincoln's Birthday. She learn to say Washington word like Seram, so people avoyd her as they would the plag."

"One night a oldy man with white beard on his whiskers come in and order a bottle of boiled morphine. Hon. Mattie fetch him that drunk with ice, and when he are sound asleep she stab him with a fountain pen. What then happen Olty gentleman's whiskers fall off his beard—ah oh! Hon. Mattie see what was! It is her grandma dish- guish. She can make this wikkid child lead a health life. This should re- form that frightfully bad girl. But Messie the Matt get rappily worse. She got downly and more downly. Next scenery find her making love to a State Senator in a hired rowboat—"

"Mary," bust in Hon. Dug, "maybe you had better go home and faint quietly. And now, Japanese School- boy, what part you expect give me in this famous film-play, Mattie the Messy?"

"What would it do best, Hon. Sir?"

"I will show you one of my cele- brated stunts," corrode Hon. Dug. With those speak he plunk Nogi up by the seat of his Stuart, pour him up a tree, walk up after him, pour him down again, then finish his act by swirling me around his head in circular circles, like Indiana clubs. Then he leave us hanging on a limb like fruit that don't intend to get ripe. "You know what sort idea like that," he chowder while walking off, "and I shall try to cowoperate again."

Me and Nogi are hanging there, trying to Until, and indiget. Hoping you are the same Yours truly

Hashimura Togo.
Eat—Drink and be Merry
and STILL BE SLIM

DID you think reducing meant going around with a hungry pain where a good dinner ought to be? Wait till you read "Reducing the Right Way" and you'll see that there is no question of starvation involved. This practical little guide to a better figure gives you a wide choice of good things to eat. It shows you how to get results by right eating and healthful exercise. You'll like the menus; enjoy doing the exercises and feel like a million dollars all the while you're losing those unbe-coming excess pounds.

TOWER BOOKS, Incorporated
55 Fifth Avenue, New York
whence his next loaf was coming."
A lot of actors and writers know
when their next loaf is coming—at the
next option date.

Sign on a movie theater—
"This is The Night"
and
"The Rich are Always With Us."

When von Sternberg and Dietrich
showed up on the lot two hours late,
somebody among the extras gave him
the Bronx cheer.

"Who did that?" asked the moody
director.

No answer.

"The reason I ask," explained von
Sternberg, "is because I admire your
nerve—whoever it was. Step up and
I'll raise your pay."

Margaret La Mar stepped up.

I was all very well for psychologists
to insist that adoration of screen
stars was due to emotional starvation
among countless millions of people
ennuished in drab lives.

But that doesn't explain why movie
fans now shower attention on Gary
Cooper's chimpanzee.

They've sent the chimp knitted under-
wear, half a dozen neckties, crochet
slippers and necklaces. And the other
day some goof sent a cake.

Wrinkle, wrinkle movie star
Never tell how old you are—
Bears in mind in Hollywood
All the younger ones dye good.

Be that as it may, since returning to
O'loaf from New York, Lupe Velez
has completely refurbished her Beverly
Hills home five times.

Ethel Barrymore stops work every
little while and drinks a glass of hot
chaviar soup on the set.

John Barrymore owns a whaling
schooner, a hog ranch, a lingerie shop
and an island in the Dutch West Indies.

I tear my hair and make strange
cries,
All self control I lose
When movie biographies
In published interviews.

An actor, fresh from Broadway (and
there's nothing fresher from
Broadway, unless it is a song writer),
went to a Beverly Hills riding academy
for instruction.

"What kind of saddle do you prefer?"
asked the riding master, "Western
or English?"

"What's the difference?" inquired the
actor.

"Well," explained the riding master,
"the English saddle has no horn."

"Oh, that's O.K."

"I won't try to ride in traffic."

Wilson Mizner and Joe Frisco are
quoted often as being as big as the stock market
in Hollywood. An actor recently
approached Mizner.

"My plan," said the actor, "is to en-
gage you to write my biography— I
should like to place it in one of the
widely read weekly magazines. Could
you write my biography?"

"Yes," replied Mizner, "on a piece
of confetti."

\[Continued from page 45\]

A BERLIN woman has brought suit
for slander because a man told her
she had sex appeal.

In Hollywood a woman would sue
the man who said she didn't have it.

And then there's the scenario writer
who thinks daring originality is what
you show by stealing the idea first.

And that sophistication is what you
get from reading medical books.

"What we need," says Bryan Foy,
"is more producers who would rather
be right than optimistic."

JOAN BLONDELL says her jaw is
still sore from the time young Fair-
banks socked her in "Union Depot"...

but Capo, shucks didn't hurt be-
cause he pulls his punch....

when Joan hit Polly Walters in "Blonde
Crazy," Polly went out as cold as a
saxophone's palm.

Neil Hamilton always
gets in bed first and lets his wife
turn out the lights... says he was
scared by a ghost when a boy
believes in faith healing... has $4000
invested in magician's paraphernalia
just built a hot house... raises
orchids... Robert W. Woolsey used to
be a jockey... friends call him "Cardinal!"...

Irene Dunne has a new gown
covered with brass rings... Joel Mc
Crea has ordered eight suits in eight
shades of gray... and a dozen
linen shirts just gray enough not to be
white... Constance Bennett likes to
wear powder blue wool with blue fox
furs... Harry Sweet, director, works
out comedy gags with his kid's toys
... Jack Oakie befriended a deaf and
dumb newsboy and got him a job in
"Hell's Highway"... three cents post-
age is cutting down fan mail... Arlene
Johnson is a "soo hoo"... has sixty
hours... Gary Cooper is a taxidermist
and likes to stuff birds... Adolph Menjou
thinks Helen Hayes is the
greatest living actress... Fredric
March is addicted to Badminton...
and there's a cheese factory just a few
blocks from the Mickey Mouse studio.

It gives this department considerable
pleasure to be able to announce that
there is no truth in the rumor that
times are so tough in Hollywood that
Cecil deMille's forthcoming production
will contain nothing but shower baths.

DeMille, in casting his picture, said
he discovered Hollywood is full of
Neros. Sure. They fiddle while movie
critics burn.

\[Answers to \"DO YOU KNOW THESE STARS?\"
(Continued from page 30)\]

1. FAY WRAY
2. MIRIAM HOPKINS
3. MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
4. ANITA PAGE
5. ROBERT ARMSTRONG

\[The New Movie Magazine, December, 1932\]
Tala Speaks for Herself

(Continued from page 69)

than seeing it flash by so swiftly and lonesomely from a motor car . . ."

"The Viennese love life, fun, laughter, friendship, romance and music. They have not much time for working hard, ambitions and commercial things. Surely I want money, but only so I may travel. I want to see the world, every inch of it! I want to see and meet people of every country and I want to be one of them—so I often wonder if I want such fame that I must move among them as one apart.

"I believe that is why Garbo is unhappy and lonely. I have a feeling she, too, loves people and would like to move among them as one of them, not as a famous actress to be worshipped!

I believe she, like myself, would like to act on the screen for the sheer pleasure she can bring to others, and the love of her work—and then she would like to forget she has acted.

"But she is denied personal contact with people by the American love of hero-worship. Perhaps I am contributing my own impressions and reactions to a position like hers—to her—but I have often thought Garbo must feel just like that.

"My every fan letter is a new inspiration and spur to me in my work.

"The other evening my sister and I went with some friends to one of the beach—what you call—midways!—where they have roller coasters—fun of all kinds. Oh, I do love these places; there is a spirit of fun and joyousness, and excitement everywhere which reminds me of my own Vienna.

"Romance seems just around every corner; people seem to forget the seriousness of things and to be looking for the unexpected . . . That's life, isn't it, always looking for the unexpected? . . . That's youth, too! One can never grow old if one is always expecting something unusual to happen!"

... And there you have a word picture of Tala Birell, from her own lips, vivid and intimately true of the girl.

This girl is alluring, magnetic—mysterious, yes, and a wee bit whimsical and "Peter Panish" in spirit.

She is absolutely ageless. She combines the vibrant optimism of youth with the calm sophistication of old-world knowledge.

She is distinctly romantic and is steeped in love of music and the arts. Hollywood has not spoiled her yet—but Hollywood is only vaguely conscious of Tala Birell. However, I predict it will become very much alive to her if Universal does right by our Tala.

To obtain circulars described on page 65, write to Miss Frances Cowles, in care of this magazine, enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars, or fifteen cents for all eight. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers given in the accompanying descriptions.

by Nestle!

- A NEW Golden SHAMPOO
- A NEW Henna SHAMPOO

Gives New Life and Lustre to Dull, Drab Hair . . . .

Do you want vital, glorious hair? Use either of these new Nestle shampoos that best fits your coloring. Each is a Nestle formula . . . made from purest ingredients which not only thoroughly cleanses but gives the sparkle of youth to hair grown drab or colorless.

The new Golden Shampoo is specially created for blonde hair. It brings back that fresh, glorious sheen that means youth. It is not a bleach but restores that natural blonde loveliness, imparting tone and lustre, actually enhancing that golden glory which is the birthright of blonde hair.

The Henna Shampoo is to be used with all darker shades of hair . . . it is not a dye. It restores and imparts a vibrant color tone, brilliant with highlights and shimmering softness. Your nearby 5 and 10c store has these new Nestle specialties. Try them today.

Nestle Golden Shampoo and Henna Shampoo are companion products to the famous CalaRinse, SuperSet and Nestle Hot Oil Shampoo.

THE NESTLE-LE MUR COMPANY • NEW YORK
Originators of the Permanent Wave

The New Movie Magazine, December, 1932

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Madonna Face

(Continued from page 21)

first husband. She had four and still believed in men. Remember, I credited her with the poignancy of Amelia Earhart? When I look at her
son, Fred Thompson, Jr., I'm inclined to believe that his father (Frances' third husband) was the real love of her life and will remain so because he died while they were still "building." Physically, he was every bit a god, although much too far ahead of me for comfort; altogether a perfect mate for Madonna Face. I remember thinking when she married the first time, "Ah, she's married Francess, for compared to them the Siamese twins were estranged!"

When Peter Pan Fairbanks kept on to the scene, the combination was broken, which is quite comprehensible, for deep as my admiration for Frances is I wouldn't have helped her in France! Apropos of honeymoons, I don't know when she had time to marry her second husband, much less divorce him. I only know that she's a non-professional.

When I said I would change places with her I mean today. I wouldn't care to have had that garland of hus-
bandly photographs, but I know the games of the "critters" to use on my first one whom I waited forty-two years before annexing. That's a trifle misleading. I didn't really start thinking of mar-
riage at birth, but I did wait until I was forty-two before stepping off and then grabbed the fact that I don't have to stand the strain of comparison! Forgive my ringing myself in on Ma-
 donna Face's story. It's that old grape vine again.
"Why doesn't Frances write another one? She can do it in a few days," I said to Mary.

"Oh, I wouldn't expect her to do that. No! I'll do 'Secrets,'" said Little Mary.

Now "Secrets" is a lovely story, but not what I want Mary to do for this next picture, so I called Frances and said, "Why don't you write another story for Mary?"

"What's the use! She wants to do 'Secrets,'" Frances sighed.

THEN I started on both. "Here you are together again, more money than you had in the old days, better brains, more humor, more understanding, and more expected of both of you, and you fall back on a picture that was done years ago!" I said. "Frances wants to do another story," I told Mary. "Mary wants to do another story," I told Frances. I won't tell you what I told both of them they could do with "Secrets" as far as I was concerned, but if you feel something pushing you backward it's my chest!

The new story is written. Frances is putting the final knobs on it. It's called "Shanty Town" (not an advertisement). Mary likes it, Frances is as pleased as if she had placed her first story, Frank Borzage who is to direct is rarin' to go, and I'm sitting back with a god-mother expression.

If it's good, I'll have a stiff neck from bowing. Black out that "if"—it's got to be good, it's a love child!"The Big House," "The Secret Six," "Rogue Song," "Anna Christie," "The Champ," "Min and Bill," "Emma," "Susan Lenox"—just a few little efforts of Madonna Face that lie along the path of success which leads to "Shanty Town." I forgot "Blondie of the Follies," just out. She's a hard gal to keep up with, is Frances, but even she has to stop and take a breath now and then. When she does, I'll be there. I'd rather hear her breathe than a lot of people I know talk.

There you see I've done it again, written another article without any inside "low down" or snappy criticism. What can I do? Is it my fault if the world is full of regular guys and I'm lucky enough to know a lot of them? I'll say this with a large Meow! If she ever stops working long enough to look for something to do, I'm going to lock up my husband. I'm not sure she has given up collecting! She has just had a play accepted for Broadway production and it's called "The Lady Is Tired." But I'm no sap, I write a few titles myself!

**Fine features coming!**

A new issue of this magazine will appear at WOOLWORTH'S on the 10th of each month.

The New Movie Magazine, December, 1932
Do You Want to be a Star?

(Continued from page 31)

"Sometimes," says Mr. Pincus, feeling that perhaps he has been too discouraging, "we make a test of one person and ask others to help him in the skit. And often the person who came to fill in, gets a contract."

That happened to Joan Blondell. She helped Cagney make a test and got a contract herself.

"We have searched radio lanes and interviewed at the radio artist's bureau, but few from radio are suited to the screen. Radio does not require beauty of face and figure. The screen does."

PONDERING this, we happened to think of June Collyer and how she first came to the attention of movie producers through her picture in a rotogravure section. So we piped up and asked if Mr. Pincus watched the papers on beautiful girls.

"Oh, yes," he says, "that's part of the routine work. But you can't judge by the papers; some of the pictures were greatly retouched before they were used. We attend public functions and look for talent. Even on the street and in restaurants we search."

We began to see what a complex thing was this problem of finding new talent, and thought how sad it was that of the thousands who want to be movie stars so few answer all the requirements. Take the matter of weight, for instance. Mr. Pincus requires girls not to weigh more than 115. Men must be of athletic build with corresponding weight.

"Coloring does not matter. The most anemic girl may test. He is willing to watch a girl progress on the stage over a period of years—and finally give her a screen test."

"To get on with my requirements for women players," says Mr. Pincus, "I require trim figures and good side to their faces. Which is your good side? Test it by covering one side of the face and looking full face in the mirror. This is one especially difficult test."

"A girl must have grace of manner, and—strangely the public does not realize this—a good education is a necessity."

"The camera shows whether a girl is well bred or not. And she must have a good voice."

"Even right now we are making a tour of ten stock companies trying to find young and undeveloped talent." We were about to leave but ventured one more timid question: "Is there a percentage of the persons he interviews is selected for the movies?"

"About one out of every two hundred," he growled.

Oh, well, we decided, Fox isn't the only company. So we dragged our carcass over to the Paramount talent department and were shown in to interview Mr. Al Altman, head of the new talent department.

"If girls make an attractive screen height for women to be about five feet, three, to five feet, five. And she should not weigh in excess of fifteen pounds."

"Right now I am looking for extraordinary beauty. If she has even a little talent and an agreeable voice—we are willing to give her a script and suggestions as to how to read it."

"But," and little though he is his voice sounded strong, "if she has a disagreeable voice—she's out."

Knowing that we didn't want to get into the movies we were gentle with us and offered us a cigarette. His secretary popped in and out of his office like a female bulletin examiner of applicants and famous people who wanted to talk with him. But Mr. Altman wasn't to be rattled. He asked them all to wait and went on talking.

"A girl or boy who needs to make a success of the movies will hunt high and low for suitable material for a screen test. They'll have their ideas to be accepted until they get a test."

LEAVING M-G-M and its Garbo behind, we were reminded of Dietrich and other Paramount stars and decided to pump the executive in charge of the Paramount-talent department, about chances of joining Dietrich on the payroll.

About eight years ago, during a national movie contest for new talent, Paramount made over 43,000 tests. Twelve cameramen all over the country made tests. The results—eight boys and eight girls as movie material. Imagine the cost of that experiment! Then you get an idea of how stringent the requirements must be.

At Paramount an executive in charge of new talent is willing to allow for bad makeup, lack of proper clothes and hair dressing, when he makes a movie test. He is willing to watch a girl progress on the stage over a period of years—and finally give her a screen test. He is always searching for natural talent that has been properly developed on the stage. And his mind is like a memory box—with faces and names and talent neatly filed away.

He says that millions think they have natural talent. Only about one in 10,000 have it.

Unlike Pincus or Altman, the man at Paramount permits his women players to weigh a little more according to height. They may weigh as much as 117 pounds, or between five feet, four, as long as they do not look plump. Check yourself against his stringent requirements and see how well you fit:

With high cheek bones. A wide-set face looks oval on the screen while the most beautiful naturally oval face does not photograph well. Slavic type faces are best. It does not matter if your eyes are large or oddly shaped. They must show beauty and character and must not be too light. The main thing is—to possess screen magnetism. Without it—the most beautiful and talented are nothing to the screen and the pity of it is that screen magnetism cannot be discovered until a screen test is made.

A trained memory, voice placement and ability to interpret characters are required. And this is why: An inexperienced player might hold up production by forgetting his lines. A picture costs from $1,500 to $2,500 an hour and takes from twenty to thirty eight-hour days to complete. Imagine the cost of forgetting one line and holding up the company for, say, an hour! It gives us the shivers.
to Hollywood. That means we will hear him again sometime in the near future.

BUT, to get back to the records: Here is a packet of a tune recorded for us by none other than our old friend, Bert Lown. This is the first record of Bert’s I have heard in quite a few months and I sure will take time off to welcome the old boy back. “I Can’t Believe It’s True” is the title, and what a tune it is! This number was written by Isham Jones and from the way Bert and the boys play it you would think it was written just for them. Hear this record by all means. The other side, also by Bert Lown, is “Good-Bye To Love” and you’ll like it, we’re sure. (This is a Victor record.)

FOR all the lovers of Guy Lombardo music we have here a new release by that famous orchestra, “I’ll Never Be The Same,” and it’s a swell tune, done up in the good old Lombardo style. And take it from me it’s plenty sweet. Of course, brother Carmen sings the vocal chorus.

The other side is also by Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians and this time we hear “We Just Couldn’t Say Good-Bye,” which goes to show you can get a record with two first class numbers on it. (This is a Brunswick record.)

“LET’S Have A Party” is next on the list by Joe Haynes and his Famous Orchestra. No doubt, you are familiar with this outfit from their radio work, and if you are not, I’ll tell you right now you’re missing something. This is one of those novelty numbers with plenty of trick vocal choruses, and lots of real good instrumental work. It makes a peach of a dance record.

The other side is also by Joe Haynes and his Boys, a real sweet tune, “Why Little Boy Blue Was Blue,” and I think you’ll like it. Larry Murphy sings the vocal refrain. (This is a Victor record.)

BING CROSBY is still booming away in great shape and here is his latest effort which his admirers should approve. “Some Of These Days,” Bing is at his best when he is singing one of the old favorites like this. I thoroughly enjoy this record. The other side is also by Bing, and this time it’s a new tune, “Love Me Tonight,” a very nice contrast. If you like Bing you’ll like this record. (This is a Brunswick record.)

HERE’S another vocal record for us and this time the artist is Jeanette MacDonald, beautiful screen star. “Love Me Tonight” is the number from the Paramount picture of the same name. All of you who have seen Miss MacDonald on the screen will want to hear this record, and you won’t be disappointed. “Isn’t It Romantic” is on the other side, also sung for us by Miss MacDonald, and is from the same picture, with Maurice Chevalier. (This is a Victor record.)

Who’s the ASTROLOGICAL AUTHORITY in your circle?

Here’s How to Read Horoscopes for Your Friends

YOU can have a lot of fun reading horoscopes with your friends. Tell them about their characteristics as indicated by the stars. Just know the birthdate—the day of the month. In one of Evangeline Adams' twelve books of astrology you will find a detailed horoscope of the man or woman born on that day. Evangeline Adams is the world's foremost astrologist. You will be interested in the way she interprets the stars. Send for your own horoscope or that of a friend, stating the birthdate. Or have the set of twelve books, covering every sign of the Zodiac. The price of each book is only ten cents.

Canadian Orders 15¢

TOWER BOOKS, Incorporated

55 Fifth Avenue

New York
The Return of Clara Bow
(Continued from page 25)

ing a really good picture.”
In a crowd of people who are her equals in personality, Clara Bow’s 
photograph will stand out.
Miss Bow admits that, even as a small girl, she was never without a
looking-glass. She would stand before the mirrors hours at a time and watch her varying facial expressions.
The usual procedure of parents seems to have been reversed in the exu-
berant Clara’s case. She received complete understanding from her
father, and little or none from her 
mother.
The years may mellow and bring more complete understanding to Clara
for the distracted woman who was her 
mother. After all, her heart, though embittered, is as warm as her red-gold 
hair.
Her consideration for her father has long been one of the white lights in the 
self-centered city of Hollywood. He 
has long remained, in her own words, “the best friend I ever had.”
Clara early learned to avoid her 
none too happy home and spent all the time possible in nursery schools.
Residents of Brooklyn still remem-
ber a small red-headed child in the 
front rows of different theaters, watch-
ing intensely the gestures of new long 
forgotten players. Remembering what she had seen in the theater, she would 
return to her mirror and practice the 
manners of the players until forced to 
retire.
Long before the age of puberty, she
saw herself a great screen actress.
Her school books were neglected for 
the film magazines.
Teased by her playmates on account 
of her preoccupation with films, she 
nevertheless continued to live sturdily 
with her dreams.
Before being a film magazine 
launched a beauty contest. That the 
shores of Hollywood were strewn with 
girls who had won such contests did 
not daunt Clara’s ambition.
Without telling her of his intention, 
the father sent a cheap photograph of 
Clara to the editors of the magazine. 
Many weeks passed before a reply came.
In the meantime Clara was forced to 
forget her ambitions and nurse her 
ill hope.
The heart of the ambitious girl 
smoldered in the drab home.
Each day the father went to his 
labor as a carpenter’s helper.
One day a letter came to the house 
addressed to Clara Bow.
On the envelope was the address of the 
film magazine. “I hope it’s offering 
herself a contract,” said the mailman.
The girl’s father read the letter 
quickly to ascertain if it contained bad 
news, and if so, to keep it from Clara.
Instead, the letter informed Clara 
that her photograph had survived the 
semi-finals and was one of the last to be 
competing.
He told the girl the news. Over-
joyed, she rushed toward her mother’s 
room.
“Better wait,” warned her father, 
“there’s still a long way to go.”
The girl turned away.
“But you’ll win,” he said, “don’t cry—you must never forget you’re a 
Bow.”

To this day, Clara often says of her 
father, “He was always a good pal to 
me.”
Could the two at this moment have 
seen the road of golden fame ahead, the terms of a lifetime’s work might have been 
a palace.
The final test was two weeks off. The 
judges of the contest were Howard 
Chandler Christy, Harrison Fisher, and 
Neyssa McMein.
The girl worried herself nearly ill 
during the intervening days.
On the day of the final decision, Clara 
dressed herself in a calico frock and went nervously forth to meet her 
judges.
More than a hundred girls were 
assembled at the offices of the magazine. 
Ten girls were to be selected from the gathering by the uncertain judgment of the judges.
As each girl faced the judges she 
was handed a letter and instructed to 
act as if it contained bad news.
Clara waited until after her turn came. The emotionally 
sensitive girl watched many go through the 
process.
With long red hair falling on her 
shoulders, the little tomboy smoothed her wrinkled calico frock and stood 
before the master of a hundred faces.
She took the letter carelessly, looked at it nonchantly, while the judges and 
all in the room waited.
There followed a hideous silence.
The juvenile Bow’s tears came slowly, 
as she read the letter. The paper 
rattled in her trembling hands.
She looked about as if she had been 
calling for help.
The letter fell to the floor. A spasm 
of wild grief shot through the room.
Contesting girls and judges looked at one another.
A great actress was among them.
Her companions fell away from her 
silently, protecting the room from 
her friends from the destitute.
She was promised a motion picture contract—and given an evening gown.
Both magnified the insignificant.
When her father asked her how she 
happened to win, she replied, 
“I thought of Mother.”
Happiness fluttered for a time on the 
door sills of the Bow’s.
There were only two flies in Clara’s 
honey. She had no place to wear the 
gown, and there was no motion picture company who desired her services.
After a long wait she heard from a 
small film company. She was offered a 
small part, according to the terms of the contract.
Her salary was five dollars a day.
She accepted.
Knowing nothing of make-up, she 
spent a sleepless night in quandary.
When she arrived in the director’s 
set, that gentleman threw up his hands 
in despair, and exclaimed, 
“Another beauty contest winner!”
She pleaded with him. He was cold 
as a rejection slip.
At last the great man allowed her to 
remain on his set—as atmosphere.
Frightened, but determined, she rode 
back and forth to work—make-up and 
all—in the subway.
Some people snickered in the under-
She Never Even Hoped To Be Up Before Noon

After So Much Smoking, Drinking Night Before

Yet 9 A.M. Finds Her Fresh and Smiling

"Don't overindulge—don't eat too much, smoke too much, drink unwise ly" is the Law of Good Health.

If you don't follow that law—Phillips' Milk of Magnesia—scientists say: is the QUICKEST, SIMPLEST and EASIEST way to correct its effects. All you do is this:

TAKE—2 tablespoons in a glass of water before bed.

TAKE—tablespoons in a glass of water with the juice of a WHOLE ORANGE when you get up.

Or take six Phillips' Milk of Magnesia tablets the same way, which give an equivalent amount of Milk of Magnesia, for each Phillips' Milk of Magnesia tablet equals one teaspoonful of the liquid Milk of Magnesia.

What It Does

This small dosage of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia acts to alkalize the system. And an alkalized system is largely impervious to the bad after-effects of excessive smoking—excessive eating, drinking. It sweetens and purifies your stomach, Banishes the acid headache, sour stomach, deadly depression that mark the price of immoderations.

Results are quick and almost invariable. Your head clears, your stomach settles—you feel like a new person.

Every person who smokes should know this. And take Phillips' Milk of Magnesia EVERY NIGHT before bed. Every person who overindulges in food or drink should know it. And keep a bottle of "Phillips'" in his medicine chest.

Try it—just once. You will be amazed at what it does.

When you buy, be sure to get the REAL article—Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. Always ask for it by the name Phillips' for all "milk of magnesia" is not alike in effect. So take care to see you get Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia—the kind doctors endorse—judged the most powerful neutralizer of stomach acids known.

ALSO IN TABLET FORM: Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets are now on sale at drug stores everywhere. Each tiny tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia

Neutralizes Foods and Tobacco Acids a few minutes after taking.

The New Movie Magazine, December, 1932
AMERICAN women have learned that busy, capable hands can also be lovely hands. More and more each year, they are relying upon Paquin’s Hand Cream—the cream that penetrates the skin and restores the natural oils which keep it smooth, soft and supple.

To meet an insistent demand for other beauty aids as effective as Paquin’s Hand Cream, we created this complete line of Paquin’s Beauty Creams—

**Paquin’s Cleansing Cream**

**Paquin’s Cold Cream**

**Paquin’s Vanishing Cream**

**Paquin’s Lemon Cream**

each especially blended for its own specific purpose and each as sure to give you the same excellent results that have made Paquin’s Hand Cream famous so quickly! Ask for these new creams at any toilet goods counter.

In convenient size jars, priced from 10¢ to $1.00.

![Paquin's Hand Cream Ad](image)

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**The Return of Clara Bow**

(Continued from page 9)

"He offered me forty dollars a week. I became business-like, for once, and said, 'Make it fifty'—and he did. We soon came to terms after I agreed to pay my own expenses home if I failed in the part.

The film was made at New Bedford, Massachusetts, and was called "Down to the Sea in Ships."

Still a child, Clara worked through the strenuous whaling film, alone, and returned home, exhausted.

Though it was a successful picture her name attracted but slight attention.

On her first night home, Clara awoke from a sound sleep. The light from the street made a long knife gleam above her. With startled eyes, she saw her mother's wild expression and disheveled appearance.

The knife came downward as Clara grappled with her insane mother. She was overpowered with difficulty.

Her mother died soon afterward.

With despair and loneliness, Clara walked about the streets of Brooklyn.

A conference with her father followed. As soon as financial arrangements could be made, which were not easy in their destitute circumstances, Clara departed for Hollywood, while her father remained in Brooklyn.

She missed the companionship of her father, and her money soon dwindled rapidly.

The girl with the sad brown eyes was in a short time making the rounds of the Hollywood studios.

Discouraged after weeks of unsuccessful effort, Clara wired her father for money for her ticket home.

The courageous father secured money and used it for a ticket to join his daughter in Hollywood.

Months dragged along. Father and daughter were penniless.

They had at last a flash of luck in meeting B. P. Schulberg, then an independent producer.

Schulberg had in Clara Bow all that others had missed. He put her under contract and at the first opportunity gave her the lead in "Mantrap."

It made her famous. The rest is vivid screen history.

Madame Elinor Glyn saw her work and expressed the opinion that she had that subtle something which she defined as "It." To prove her faith, she even wrote a film play for her. It established Clara Bow.

Her later work showed conclusively that she was an actress of high ability.

In mediocre films, the personality of Clara was always transcendent.

Her triumphs ended in divorce from the screen and marriage to Rex Bell.

Fabulous offers came from all over. At last she was enroled under the banner of the Fox Film Company to appear in "Call Her Savage"—which should be one of the important pictures of the year.

She hopes to make six more films, and then retire to a million acre ranch, where grease paint is no more, and the only stars visible, except herself, are those that glitter in the far-off sky.

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**Hollywood Loves a Party**

(Continued from page 49)

Laura LaPlante. That night the two were often in the same group, and it was evident the likeness after all is not so startling.

Marian Marsh who was there, seems to have all the men ga-ga. There is a sparkly fascination about Marian that registers.

A delicious buffet dinner was served at individual tables downstairs in the huge playroom all evening.

Tala Birell, that nice young Viennese star Universal is putting so much faith in, is a composed, unrumpled young person. She wandered about quietly, almost always alone, as she moved from group to group.

She was dressed most simply in a plain black dress, long and tight fitting, with a little snug fitting black hat, black satin shoes and a string of pearls as her only adorns.

Anita Page looked lovely, as always, in an all white suit with white fox around the three-quarter length sleeves of the jacket.

Dick Arlen, Andy Devine and Bill Seiter, Laura LaPlante’s popular director-husband, part dancing in the Adagio dance. Arlen made great runs across the dance floor and into the combined arms of Andy and Bill.

This started a perfect epidemic of individual acts. Everyone did a burlesque dance, a rhumba, or some specialty.

If the public could get a real peep into a Hollywood party when the guests are in a generous mood, they would see a show worth many dollars in entertainments alone. Professional folks do know how to have a good time being just silly! They know how to let down and have fun among themselves.

IT looks as if “atmosphere” parties are going to be the rage this Winter.ette March and very lovely wife, Florence Eldridge, opened the season with a bang-up “Gay Nineties” party.

Freddy and Florence did everything to put their guests into the mood. They even had all their living room furniture taken out and Howard Greer restyled the room in true “90’s” fashion. (They had the funniest little chairs and the craziest lamp shades in those days.) A lovely old square piano added the final perfect touch to this interesting room.

Most of the actual party took place in the garden, where the water was arranged to represent an old-fashioned beer garden. Brightly colored lights were strung between the trees.

There was an impromptu dancing in the patio to a typical old German band. No modern music was played all evening, even for dancing. Old-fashioned Waltzes were the favorites.

Florence, the hostess, was lovely in a blonde wig, elaborately dressed, and a white satin evening gown with great puffed short sleeves. Freddy greeted his guests as a Fladorana boy.
David Selznick was a sensation as Teddy Roosevelt. In fact someone shrieked excitedly, "Oh, there's Teddy Roosevelt—and isn't his resemblance to Dave Selznick remarkable!"

Irving Thalberg added to the fun by continuous efforts to catch a butterfly which was wired to the outside of a butterfly net he carried. He came as an entomologist...and after all, what could be funnier than an entomologist of the gay 90's!

Norma Shearer appeared as a flapper of the period. She wore a stiff sailor hat with a long feather boa around her neck which almost touched the floor. Bossie Love represented a chorus girl and her husband made a hit in a funny old football suit.

Florence Eldridge's brother, Cromwell MacKechnie, was screamingly funny as a street cleaner. Harlan Thompson as a fireman vied for civic honors with Groucho Marx as a cop.

Mary Pickford's arrival created a sensation. She came gaily up to the front door on a "bicycle built for two." Joel McCrea occupied the other half of the tandem.

Mary was dressed in the smartest and latest bicycling mode of the 90s. She daintily slipped from the high seat, swishing stiffly starched skirts, straightening an unwieldy straw hat on her little blonde head, primly pulling back short black gloves, and firmly grasping a huge pocketbook.

If you followed a pathway lined by colored lights up a little incline, you found a fortune teller at the end of the trail. Her name was Sandra Sanderson, and she was truly a wonder. She was quite a sensation and a constant source of conversation and speculation to those who had their fates read.

...and so one more pleasant evening slipped by in a happy haze of friendly contacts and merriment. It was a tired but happy crowd that filled out of the March home that night.

Mary Pickford, Fairbanks and Doug gave one of the smartest small affairs of the month.

The Pickfair house was decorated with pink and white roses. On the piano in the living room was a bowl of pink roses two feet tall. They were so strikingly arranged that sooner or later during the evening every one spoke of that exquisite bouquet.

Mary said her party seemed to be a "pastel" affair. Almost every gown worn by the women was in a pastel shade and her newly decorated house, being all in white and pastel shades, created a beautiful color background for fair women and striking gowns.

Mary, in a light pink crepe gown trimmed with ostrich feathers of the same shade, looked like a dainty little girl.

Norma Shearer was stunning in a white chiffon velvet, tight-fitting and long, with a border of sable around the bottom about six inches wide.

Countess Frasso, in a simple pink lace gown, remarked to Norma that the fashions from Paris predicted much fur trim on evening gowns and street ensembles this fall.

"Women are not taking to the broad shoulder effect as quickly as they might," smiled Mrs. Johnny Mack Brown, pretty as a picture, in a pink gown and peer accessories.

Then dinner was announced and the greatest treat of the evening was in store for the guests.

The formal dining room at Pickfair (Please turn to page 94)
Hollywood Loves a Party

(Continued on page 33)

looked like a baronet's banquet hall! The rich shades of gold and white shimmering in the candle light were almost dazzling at first.

The table was in the form of a T. Forty places were laid on a real lace spread over cloth of gold. Along the center of the table was a wavy garland of pansies.

Mary and Doug sat at the cross section of the T with Norma Shearer, Irving Thalberg, Charlie Chaplin and Ina Claire on one side, and Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn and Harold and Mildred Lloyd on the other. The other guests were seated at the larger table. When the women came down from place, the gentlemen, someone turned on the violin and Mary and Doug started the dancing.

Clara Windsor, dainty and exquisite as usual, in creamy white, joined the dancers with Clark Gable. Elsie Janis didn't dance because her attractive young husband was still in the hospital and Elsie is still very much in love.

Gwynne Pickford, Mary's young adopted niece, was also in pink. She is as dark and tall and slim as Mary is petite and blonde.

The Countess Frasso was suddenly and surprisingly from the room, and by whispers from Maurice, Mary's faultless butler. Later she appeared and asked everyone to go into the living room where she had a surprise.

In the living room we found a handsome young Mexican lad of 13 standing shyly at the piano. His accompanist was already seated at the piano. Countess Frasso said she had heard this boy sing in a cafe one night.

She thought his voice so exquisite and found the boy himself so charming, she had almost decided to adopt him. She had asked him to come to Mary's party and sing some of his quaint Mexican songs for the guests.

The silver voice of this young lad rang through Mary's great living room with rollicking Mexican love songs.

The boy had a personality and a voice that caused a sensation. The guests kept the lad singing until he was overcome with embarrassment at his enthusiastic reception.

Suddenly, Charlie Chaplin and Ina Claire, getting into the atmosphere, put on a bit of bullfight and fandango that had every guest in stitches.

So Mary's party was a huge success as Mary's parties always are.

PRETTY little Mrs. Johnny Mack Brown gave her handsome young husband a birthday party. It was a Spanish buffet dinner with a most impressive pink and white cake with "Happy Birthday to Johnny" inscribed on top.

It was such delicious and tasty Spanish food that I asked for the menu in detail—and here 'tis:

- Chicken Mole—chicken with highly seasoned brown gravy
- Stuffed Green Pepper—with spicy tomato and onion sauce
- Enchiladas
- Tostada—a toasted tortilla spread with bean mash with lettuce and tomatoes chopped fine and grated cheese over the top.

Spanish Rice—rice with a hot Spanish sauce.

Tortillas—flattened cornmeal pancake used to take the place of bread.

The table was simply stunning. It was set in the distinctive Spanish setting of the dining room. The chandelier in the dining room is of ruby glass and the table carried out the same rich color.

Among those present were Mary Pickford, the Countess Frasso, Gary Cooper, Charlie Farrell and his attractive little wife, Virginia Valli, Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer Thalberg, Fay Wray, Fredric March and Florence Eldridge March, Frank Borzage and his wife, and dozens and dozens more whom I cannot remember.

The Barney Glaziers gave a buffet supper for the Hollywood elite in their stunning home in Beverly Hills. The garden was hung with Jack-O-Lanterns and had a Spanish orchestra and gaying tables and lights.

The guests were gowned as for an opening. It was a brilliant affair.

Norma Shearer was stunning in an ivory satin, long and flowing in line. Helen Hayes accentuated her wistful appeal with a pale blue crepe evening gown and a fur trim.

Countess Frasso wore a blue and white polka dot Paquin model of chiffon. Sylvia Sidney wore a stunning black velvet with street, that popular new fur trim, across the shoulder line. Virginia Bruce, John Gilbert's pretty little wife, looked dainty and charming in a pale peach crepe with silver fox trim. Claire Windsor swept into the room in an orchid crepe cringing gown.

Sharon Lynne, the hostess, looked stunning in an ivory satin, with a white drape effect in the bodice and short puffed sleeves of velvet.

The memory of that evening is of dazzlingly smart women moving graciously about a garden lit with swinging Jack-O-Lanterns, playing at those gaming tables challenging Lady Luck.

YOU can have your NEW ISSUE of this magazine 5 DAYS earlier. Watch for it at WOOLWORTHS on sale hereafter on the 10th of each month.

The New Movie Magazine, December, 1932
breakdown, she was placed in a sanitarium. Her sister, Helen Carlisle, grieving for Lucille's ill-fortune, committed suicide.

He had extended financial assistance and tender sympathy to little Lucille Rickson, one of filmdom's most promising ingenues, when a fatal illness halted her career. Despite the best of medical care, the Grim Reaper claimed her.

Polia Negri was another of the brilliant and beautiful stars whose friendship for Bern was well known and who has suffered much tragedy in her life.

He had done much to further the screen career of titian-haired Cecile Evans, one-time Mack Sennett bathing beauty for whom critics had predicted a bright future. And she turned from the screen to seek seclusion.

Despite the rather somber timbre of his mind, Paul had a keen appreciation of comedy and he regarded gay, irrepressible Mabel Normand as the greatest comedienne of her day.

And who did not? They met early in his screen career and a fine and deep friendship developed between the elfin Mabel and the scholarly Paul—a friendship that grew as Mabel's personal and professional troubles increased and that continued to the day of her untimely passing.

He had comforted Viola Dana when a succession of tragedies occurred in her life and he had devoted the full force of his professional ability to furthering her career.

And only a few months ago, Joseph Ashurst Jackson, well-known scenarist and Bern's friend of long standing, met a tragic death by drowning.

To appreciate fully the effect on Bern of this march of macabre events, it is necessary to know something of his complex nature. He possessed one of the most brilliant minds in the film world.

Erudite and sophisticated, he had at the same time much of the sensitivity and trusting naiveté of a child.

Kindly, gentle and sympathetic always, he reacted keenly to the unhappiness of others.

It was Bern's love of beauty that brought about the first great romance in his life—and the first great tragedy. While attending the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York, a score of years ago, he was struck by the stunning beauty of another student—the ill-fated Dorothy Millette. They met, they loved. And for a few years Paul seemed to be supremely happy.

Much of this period in Bern's personal life is shrouded in shadow. Professionally, he was progressing slowly in the theatrical world as an actor and stage director. But one thing emerges with cameo-clearness from the haze of time: Sorrow entered his life and romance died.

Paul turned his face westward, to seek his fortune in the film world of Hollywood. To a few intimate friends he confided that Dorothy was an inmate of a sanitarium. Bern's brother has

(Continued from page 33)
HAND TAX
starts Dec. 1st

All hands to be taxed with chapping and roughness, beginning Dec. 1st ... by order of the Weather Department. Want to be exempt? Get an inexpensive bottle of Frostilla Lotion ... start using it now ... and your skin needn't pay a tax to winds, cold or wet!

Just a little of this famous protector keeps hands, faces, arms, elbows as smooth and white as bridal-satin, without taxing your pocketbook!

*Don't be "switched" when you ask for Frostilla, 35c, 50c,$1 stores or drugstores. 10c bottles at 5 & 10c stores. (Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., N. Y. C., Sales Reps.)

FROSTILLA LOTION
for lovely skin!

The women you most admire, and perhaps envy, prize their beauty and guard it. Their lustrous eyes and clear skin are the result of daily care. Above all else, these women keep their blood free of the poisons of constipation. Thousands of such women find Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets a matchless corrective. Made of pure vegetable ingredients. Know them by their olive color. They are a safe substitute for dangerous calomel. Not habit-forming. All druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

spoken of her mental illness.
But throughout the years of his early struggle in Hollywood, Paul never failed to send money each week for Dorothy's care and support.

As time passed, Paul began to achieve success and his sensitive nature railed from the trial of the shattered romance. Likewise, he sought to seek the company of some of the screen beauties of the day.

One of them to attract him was the orchidaceous Barbara La Marr. The exotic beauty and charm that won her screen success appealed deeply to Paul.

And her tempestuous love-life with its attendant unhappiness called out all of his innate sympathy.

He sought in a score of ways to help her swing the current of her life into more placid channels.

All filmgoers knew of Paul's unselfish devotion and when illness, induced by too-strenuous dieting, overtook the flaming beauty, it was Paul she secured the services of his special friends and arranged for her in one of California's finest sanitariums.

Her death left a deep scar on Paul's sensitive nature.

At that time the late Larry Semon was ranked as one of the screen's most popular comedians. The feminine lead in a long series of his comedies was played by vivacious Lucille Carlisle.

One day the motion picture capital was shocked to learn that she had suffered a complete nervous breakdown.

Once again it was Paul Bern who extended a helping hand. Not a hint of romance this time—merely Paul's ever-present readiness to help anyone in distress.

As he had done for Barbara La Marr, he secured the best of medical advice for Lucille. After many months of seclusion, she apparently recovered and sought to resume her career.

But again and again her shattered nerves rebelled and she returned to the care of doctors.

Grieving for the misfortunes of her sister, Helen Carlisle, screen and magazine writer, slashed her own wrists and took poison. Rescued the first time, she succeeded the second time in her suicidal attempts.

One of the most promising young stars of a few years ago was little Lucille Rickson. She possessed a blond beauty and a fragile charm that won her many screen roles. But the long, hard hours of the studio and the heavy price of quick success proved to be a dangerous combination.

She broke down under the strain.

To Paul Bern, Lucille Rickson was only a charming child who acted now and then at the studio where he was engaged.

But she was in need of help; that was all-sufficient to him. His pocketbook provided the care and comforts that his beloved needed in the few remaining weeks of her life.

Both Pola Negri and Rudolph Valentina received valuable advice and aid from Paul. Valentina's career and his passing was one of the great tragedies of La Negri's life.

Just at this time Bern and Carey Wilson, popular screen writer, leased a spacious house in the hills above Hollywood. They celebrated the opening of this joint bachelor home with a gay dinner party and house-warming.

One of the dinner guests that evening was the former New York newspaper man who achieved success as a scenario writer. Paul and Jackson had been friends for many years.

Only a few months ago Jackson was drowned while swimming with his wife, Ethel Shannon, and a group of friends at Laguna Beach, California.

One of Bern's oldest friends in Hollywood was petite Viola Dana. When the death of her husband ended her happy first marriage, she threw herself into the mad whirl of gaiety in an effort to forget. Paul Bern was her staunch friend and confidante through those days.

Then Omer Locklear, the dare-devil aviator, claimed Viola's heart. Staging out of his characteristic aerial stunts at night, Locklear became dazzled by a search light on the ground and crashed to his death while his horrified sweetheart watched his fatal fall.

Again Paul came to Viola's assistance. And when, a little later, actor, Maurice "Lefty" Flynn, former Yale football sensation and screen actor, won Viola's love and made her his bride, it was Paul Bern who persuaded one of the major film company's to co-star the pair in a motion picture, "Open All Night," which he—Bern—directed.

But that marriage ended unhappily, too. Flynn for a time was reported partially paralyzed. Today he has recovered his health and both he and Miss Dana have found happiness with other mates. But their romance and their screen careers have come to an end.

All the world knows the story of Paul Bern's great devotion to Jean Harlow.

Their marriage was the culmination of a romance that began when Paul, as one of the chief executives of the company that produced "Red-Headed Woman," became convinced that the platinum blond beauty was the ideal actress for the title role of that picture. Miss Harlow's success was more than justified Bern's faith. Their wedding was one of the most brilliant and widely exploited events of recent months.

Then, two short months following this wedding, the world was shocked by Bern's suicide. And the entire world asked the same question: Why? Did Bern, in an introspective mood, ponder too long over this strange parade of death and misfortune in his life?

Did he convince himself that the same tragic fate that had overtaken so many of his friends and loved ones might pursue him?

Did he, in a fit of oriental fatalism, believe that he could end this succession of tragic events by the supreme tragedy of his own death?

And, therefore, did he kill himself to save the girl he loved above all else in the world?
Christmas with the Young Stars

(Continued from page 57)

Eric Linden's Christmas Turkey Dressing

2 lb. shoulder of spring lamb
2/3 cup rice
1 tablespoon salt
1 medium size onion
1 teaspoon pepper
1/4 teaspoon cinnamon
3 slices of bacon
1/2 cup shelled pine nuts
1 heart celery.

Thoroughly bone lamb and grind meat in grinder. Wash rice, ad meat, salt, pepper and cinnamon, and mix thoroughly. Chop onions, bacon and celery fine, and mix with meat mixture ... Add pine nuts. All these ingredients are in a raw state. After thoroughly mixing, sew mixture into turkey and boil for two hours. Then put in roasting pan and brown in oven for thirty minutes.

IRENE WARE, attractive Fox contract player, insists there is more jolly and intimate Christmas fun to be had over the breakfast table than there is later in the day.

"There are always so many places to go on Christmas, and it is always such a confusing day with friends constantly dropping in or taking you out that I think my most interesting Christmas meal is breakfast." She says:

"This year I am going to ask twelve of my nearest and dearest Hollywood friends in for Christmas breakfast. It will be served at 11:30 o'clock.

"I will have a nice, jolly Santa Claus, about fifteen inches tall, stepping out of his sleigh drawn by six reindeer, in the center of the table. He will have a big, fat pack on his back from which will run a tinsel ribbon to each place. There will be a small present for each guest at the table at the end of this ribbon. These will be silly presents and very personal. Around the Santa and his six reindeer will be snow-covered trees and sparkling snow (imitation of course) on the ground at his feet.

My breakfast menu will consist of:

Christmas Orange Juice
Cereal of Choice Top Milk
Crisp Little Sausages on Toast Bacon Omelette Parsley Garnish
Yule Rusk Marmalade
Coffee Milk

RECIPES

Christmas Orange Juice

Christmas orange juice is a little different from ordinary orange juice. Squeeze as many oranges as needed; add one-third as much pineapple juice and enough canned raspberry juice to make it distinctly red. Fill tall glasses half full of shaved ice and pour the fruit juices into the glasses. Cut little stars of canned pineapple and drop one in each glass with a cherry or two.

Anita Louise, Radio Pictures' little blonde player, has made her own cranberry sauce and Christmas candy every Christmas since she was a little girl.

"There are two things I like to make at Christmas time—and if anything (Please turn to page 98)

Sunday is a day of rest
There's plenty time to eat
So you must have some "special things"
And parsley 'round the meat!

—and Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday—but this book has

44 Dinner Ideas

When you "hate to think about dinner" because you don't know what in the world to have—just turn to this little book. It contains a whole series of dinners as easy to prepare as they are delicious—with recipes for the featured dishes. It's an economical menu book, because it helps you plan your buying for a week at a time and shows you how to make the roast that's left from Sunday's dinner into something entirely different and delicious to surprise the family on Monday night. Send ten cents and we will mail you "44 Easy Economical Dinners" at once. (Canadian orders fifteen cents.)

TOWER BOOKS, Incorporated
55 Fifth Avenue, New York
This is just another bit of evidence that it isn’t the lines on the palms of your hands that tell your fortune. It’s their smooth, youthful suppleness . . . and any woman can advertise and warm to her femininity by the use of a little THING HAND CREAM.

For THING is unlike any other hand cream. It works like magic . . . almost instantly softening and whitening the roughest, reddest hands . . . making them look as though they, too, had been “bathed in moonlight.”

If you would woo good luck, use

CHRISTMAS WITH THE YOUNG STARS

(Continued from page 97)

should ever prevent my making these two I think Christmas wouldn’t seem like Christmas to me,” she said.

“A long time ago when I was quite a little girl, Mother asked me to make the cranberry sauce for Christmas, and I did, so ever since then I have made it. That same year I found a recipe for Christmas candy and I asked Mother if I could not make that too, and she told me I could. By this time it has become a habit to go out in the kitchen the day before Christmas and make these two specialties.”

Christmas Snow Candy
(uncooked)
2 cups crystallized honey
1 1/4 lb. almonds
2 cups grated coconut

Knead the coconut into the honey until it can be handled without being sticky. Then roll into balls about the size of a walnut, with an almond in the center. Roll each ball into more coconut—then place one almond on top. This makes a delicious, as well as attractive, candy and takes very little time to make. Place in refrigerator before serving.

“For the past few years we have had a quiet Christmas dinner, with just the immediate family present,” says Richard Cromwell. “It’s a relief not to have thousands of relatives milling about on Christmas, beaming at me—and each other, and discussing what ‘cute things I used to do and say’, and ‘how I’ve grown’ and ‘what a smart boy I am!’

“But there’s one thing that hasn’t changed in a number of years and that’s Christmas dinner. Several years ago Mother had a dinner that hit me just right and I put in a standing order for that dinner every single Christmas. It is absolutely taboo for any other day. It gives an added thrill to every Christmas for us all!”

Mrs. Cromwell gave me this dinner menu with some of its unique recipes.

Richard Cromwell’s Christmas Dinner
California Oyster Cocktail
Salted Almonds
Celery
Roast Turkey
Oriental Stuffing
Giblet Gravy
Craberry Jelly
French Green Peas
Sweet Potato Glazed
Stuffed Avocados a la Don Porrifio
Plum Pudding
Apricot Sauce
Fruit and Nuts

RECIPES

Oriental Stuffing (Dick can cook this)

Peel one dozen chestnuts; boil until tender in salted water, and chop fine. Boil 3/4 cup of rice in boiling salted water until tender; drain and mix with the chopped chestnuts, 24 peeled and chopped plums, 1/4 cup seeded raisins, 1/4 teaspoon cinnamon and a seasoning of salt and pepper. When cool, sew this mixture into the turkey.

Tala Birell, Universal’s pet exotic from Vienna, says in Vienna Christmas day is a day of religious worship and is spent very quietly at home with the immediate family.

The real Christmas celebration, as we know it, is carried out on Christmas eve. They have a Christmas tree, even as you and I, with tinsel, glass balls, corn, candles and strings of bright colored ornaments and covered with artificial snow.

At sundown the relatives and close friends gather about the tree. Prayer is offered, after which the gifts are distributed and opened amidst much excitement and joyousness. There is a great deal of happiness and loving gratitude expressed by all for their gifts, and then dinner is announced.

Their tables are decorated much as ours, with the same sort of Christmas trimmings and seasonal emblems, with the religious element predominant. But their menu is quite different according to the list of good things Tala gave us:

Tala Birell’s Viennese Christmas Menu

Boilllon with Liver Balls
Polish Karp with Almonds
Raisin and Red Wine Sauce

Red Cabbage with Sweet-Sour Apple Vinegar

Endive Salad
Apple Strudel
Lienser Tarte
Sacher Tarte

Cheese of all kinds
Pumpernickel Bread
Black Drip Coffee

Loarena Layson is that lucky little “stand-in” on the Warner Brothers’ lot who recently signed a contract, after years of unpleasant doubling for stars.

Her home is in Florida, but now that she is a bona fide play, she is offered a contract and a solid future, she hopes to bring the family to California.

“I would like to spend one more Christmas in Florida and then return to Hollywood,” she said wistfully. “Mother always has such wonderful Christmas dinners, and I’d like to celebrate this specially happy Christmas here at home with the folks—away from Hollywood.”

“I wrote Mother and asked her what she was going to have for Christmas dinner. She sent me the entire menu and the most interesting recipes. We always have goose for Christmas dinner instead of the conventional turkey. Here is Mother’s Christmas menu:

Loarena Layson’s Christmas Dinner Menu

Celery Hearts and Stuffed Olives
Grapefruit and Pineapple Cocktail
Roast Goose with Mashed Potato Stuffing
Apple Sauce
Caramel Sweet Potatoes
Boiled Onions
Scalloped Oysters
Lettuce Hearts
Russian Dressing
Christmas Plum Pudding with Wine Sauce
Fruits and Nuts
Coffee
But—again as always—enthusiasts maintained and proved that it could be done. By the Summer of 1928, pioneers like Warner and Fox had begun to wire the exhibition houses of their subsidiaries, to dress forth their silent films with incidental noises, to add a few creaky voices of dialogue.

In the laboratory of Theodore Case, whose inventions had much to do with the talking picture, I first saw this miracle—shadows which spoke.

I remarked then that we were now going to “can” the drama—that we could take Hamlet or Abie’s Irish Rose and present it just as it was acted on the stage. “I hope they don’t try that!” replied Case, “because they’ll fail. This is going to be a separate art medium—a combination of the drama and the silent, if you want to put it that way. The authors and directors will wobble about a bit before they find the new form.”

He spoke prophecy. The talking picture is wobbling a little even yet.

But in 1929, three or four feature pictures had approached the new form; and a year or so later, George Arliss, in Disraeli, proved that it had arrived. Audiences came at first just to see this new miracle, and came again because they liked it.

Upheaval and transformation followed. Exhibitors rushed to wire their houses, whether motion picture palaces or mere transformed grocery stores.

The demand, at first, ran far ahead of the supply, competitive bidding threatened for a time to disrupt the machinery of distribution.

A few directors who understood only pantomime, a few stars who had been getting by merely on their beauty and screen personality, dropped into the discard. All-round actors, usually Broadway trained, emigrated to take their places.

The silent film had spoken a universal language. Now, destiny had erected a Tower of Babel; the film spoke with a dozen tongues. The immense foreign business, so casually won, had represented thirty per cent of the total American revenue from films.

But by the time the new form took hold, this had shrunk, temporarily at least, toward ten per cent. To compensate for this the producers had greatly extended the scope of their domestic business.

Custom required musical accompaniment for the motion pictures—whether the sixty-piece orchestra of the Broadway palaces, or the lone piano-player of Painted Post.

The producers took over this business of musical accompaniment, to the great distress of musicians.

Finally, the first-run houses from coast to coast had dressed out their feature pictures with vaudeville acts. Producers filmed these turns, distributed them to Gopher Prairie as well as Broadway or State Street, and tagged them with the old trade name “short subjects.”

Henceforth—if you forget uniformed ushers, kaleidoscopic light effects, gilded lobbies and cooling systems—the humblest country theater in the land gave exactly the same fare as the largest and most ornate movie palace.

**Sitroux Face Tissue** absorbs the dirt, removes the cream or cleansing lotion from the face without irritation. You will enjoy the soft velvet like quality of Sitroux Face Tissue and find it indispensable for many different uses. Doctors advise the use of Sitroux Face Tissue instead of handkerchiefs when you have a cold. It is sanitary and easily disposable.

**Favorite Recipes of the Movie Stars**

Yes, the stars have many practical ideas on the everyday subject of food. You’ll know it when you read about their “favorite” dishes in this cook book of recipes suggested by famous stars. You’ll like the recipes, and like the photographs on every page—interesting pictures taken in the stars’ own homes. Send ten cents for “Favorite Recipes of the Movie Stars.”

*Cleaner Faces*

But—again as always—enthusiasts maintained and proved that it could be done. By the Summer of 1928, pioneers like Warner and Fox had begun to wire the exhibition houses of their subsidiaries, to dress forth their silent films with incidental noises, to add a few creaky passes of dialogue.

In the laboratory of Theodore Case, whose inventions had much to do with the talking picture, I first saw this miracle—shadows which spoke.

I remarked then that we were now going to “can” the drama—that we could take Hamlet or Abie’s Irish Rose and present it just as it was acted on the stage. “I hope they don’t try that!” replied Case, “because they’ll fail. This is going to be a separate art medium—a combination of the drama and the silent, if you want to put it that way. The authors and directors will wobble about a bit before they find the new form.”

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*Cleaner Faces*
For ages, beautiful women have known the intriguing magnetism of perfumed incense. Today, as ever, men yield to the alluring charm bestowed by its enchanting fragrance. Surround yourself with the subtle power of Rajah Hindu Incense and experience a new thrill.

Obtain a box of this delightfully perfumed Incense today; on sale at most F. W. WOOLWORTH CO.

5 and 10 Cent Stores

Hindu Incense Mfg. Co.
Chicago, Illinois

Rajah  
HINDU INCENSE

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BUT SHE PAYS ONLY 50c FOR HER FACE-POWDER

Money doesn't mean much to her, but her face surely does! That's why she entrusts her precious complexion to Luxor. It brings her skin a smooth, perfect texture (for Luxor is silksifted). It brings her lovely fragrance (for Luxor is scented with La Riche) the same perfume for which she pays $1 the ounce). And it brings her a new bloom of beauty, because among its many subtle shades she finds the exact complement to her natural coloring! You, too, can achieve radiance with this perfected face-powder. Discover it for yourself . . . at your favorite beauty counter.

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Endorse it on cents to help cover mailing costs.

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Rouge: Natural, Medium, Vivid.

Tint: Radiant, Sunflow, Pastel.

Name.

Address.

100

The New Movie Magazine, December, 1932
Robin Hood story a classic of English tradition—the fascination of the outlaw.

His doings, in real life as well as in fiction, satisfy all the formulas for crude melodrama—sudden death, hairbreadth escape, unmitigated villainy. Once they saw this great light, the producers flocked to it like moths.

For a time the Hollywood studio at work sounded like an advance in the Argonne.

Almost as soon as the shooting began, the Hays organization used all its influence—and successfully—to persuade the producers that if wholesale crime must be presented on the screen, it must never triumph.

Virtue must emerge the victor in the end; vice the vanquished. Further, it succeeded in holding producers to that clause of the code which forbade too-accurate portrayals of criminal methods or operations.

Gangsters and zummen are no less virtuous than the ladies with whom they associate. Plenty of opportunity for raw sex stuff there; the Hays people managed reasonably well to keep that in the background.

In vain. It became apparent before the gangster craze had run six months that the watchdogs of morals were taking new offense. Children and adolescents were flocking to these films.

Naturally, pirates and train-robbers and cattle-cutters dethroned the imagination of childhood at one stage of its development.

Elders noted that the boys—and sometimes the girls—no longer played pirate, but ran around with toy automatics and yelled “stick-em-up!”

Presently, one or two religious periodicals opened fire on the whole institution. For the first time since 1923, the motion picture stood in danger of political censorship.

Plainly, the code of 1927 no longer covered the situation.

And in the Summer of 1929, Fox put forth a film which gave a splendid illustration of its inadequacy to regulate the three-dimensional screen—"The Cockeyed World," Lawrence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson wrote the story; a comedy sequel to their immortal "What Price Glory?"

It deals mostly with the light love affairs of Captain Flagg, Sergeant Quick, and their merry marines. The screen never showed better comedy; it affords a continuous chuckle, broken by whoops of riotous laughter.

To this day, it holds the record for sales in England.

The volunteer criticisms of Hollywood passed it with very little objection, and the New York state censor deleted not a line.

But when it came to exhibition, letters of protest rained on Hays.

The "audience reaction" of this film was a curiosity of public taste, in that one spectator, even though he held Puritanical opinions, would see nothing offensive in it while another would melt with blushes.

Hays and his advisers held long sessions over "The Cockeyed World" and found that nothing could be done about it.

Cut it so as to placate its critics—and you had no story left.

The fault, if fault there be, seemed to me a matter of direction. It came down, as all art does, to a matter of taste—the old Cockeye maxim, "It's not wot you see, it's the bloomin' wye you sée it."

(She never walks home)

Music ... dancing ... laughter ... Men always seek her company and plead for the pleasure of driving her home. Perhaps you have as much natural charm and yet are never the center of attraction. Achieve this popularity by bringing out the most in your own loveliness! You can have tempting red lips, a fresh youthful skin, and an alluring fragrance surrounding you, if you use Blue Waltz face powder, cream rouge, lipstick and perfume. To complete your beautifying ensemble, you can also obtain in this delightful fragrance Blue Waltz eye shadow and cold cream. $1.00 everywhere. . . Convenient ten-cent purse sizes can be purchased at your nearest 5 and 10c store.

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TOILET WATER COLD CREAM
CREAM ROUGE BRILLIANTINE EYE SHADOW LIPSTICK FACE POWDER PERFUME

44 EASY ECONOMICAL DINNERS Saves Time

How much time do you spend in planning tempting dinners that do not make too much of a raid on the table budget? This booklet does all the planning for you. Turn its pages and find just the dinner that suits your mood or the occasion.

Send for it—the price is only ten cents.

Tower Books, Incorporated
55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Will Hays Tells of the
Great Upheaval

(Continued from page 101)

If I said that “The Cockeyed World” had any such influence on the politics of the screen as had “West of the Water Tower,” I would be straining facts to make effect.

It merely gives a fine instance of a problem which had disturbed the Hays organization ever since the motion picture attained speech.

Not only had the code of 1927 drifted out of date, but any code seemed inadequate to cover the new three-dimensional art.

And the motion picture could no longer regulate itself by clipping and prunning after the completed film flickered on the screen. Aside from the artistic consideration, there was a commercial motive; when the film added a new dimension, it squared the difficulty of making cuts in the finished product.

Legislators must get down to fundamentals. The regulator must deal not with the finished product but with the ideas, the scenarios and the actions, as they worked themselves out in the studies and studios of Hollywood.

Late in 1929, Hays made one of his rapid journeys from New York to the West Coast. He stayed six weeks this time.

And when he returned, self-regulation of the motion picture had entered its last phase—probably its permanent phase.

Radio Rambles

(Continued from page 47)

Jackson, Captain Henry’s daughter Mary Lou, and the big heart throb of this unique radio program. Mabel is getting so used to her ruffled costume that the other night she went from the NBC studio to a dance without changing it and discovered, that since it is new-fashioned now to look old-fashioned, her costume was the bit of the evening. A slinky blouse rushed up to her during the evening and said, "Oh, my dear, I’m sure Patou inspired this dress," "No," said Mabel, a little bored by all the excitement she was causing, "Just Ole Man River."

Radio romantics who missed out on the first few programs of Captain Henry's Show Boat, have written NEW MOVIE to find out what happened to the first part of the sweetest love story ever sung. Just to prove that this department can be brief as well as witty, we are going to tell the complete story of the first six Show Boat broadcasts in one breath of the count. "Oh!"

“Captain Henry’s daughter, Mary Lou, loved a male excitement named Lanny Ross. In the Show Boat program she sang and hummed along with four other well-known artists, including Jules Bledsoe and Annette Kershaw, sang and when they weren’t singing they were being funny and when they weren’t being funny they were romantic and the Mississippi River Show Boat proved to be about the most romantic setting in all of radio history. Lanny had a chance to go to New York to seek fame and fortune but the villain spoiled his exit by getting him into a card game and separating him from all his railroad fare. One night a famous New York producer came to hear the Show Boat program and Lanny thought that here was his big chance again. Instead the producer fell for Mary Lou and offered her a New York contract.

For the seventh episode, tune in on Captain Henry’s Show Boat, 9 P. M. Eastern Standard time.

The New Downey

B EFORE Ben Bernie left New York he confessed that his real longing lies in Hollywood. He wants to be a writer, an actor, and a director, too, of course, but he puts it: "I always wanted to have a chair named after me."

Friends gave Ben a Great Dane while he was in town. "I1 always liked big dogs," he said. "It has always been my greatest regret that I wasn't born with size 11 feet."

Wynn’s Opinion of Graham

INCIDENTALLY, we dropped in on Chief Ed Wynn the other afternoon during a rehearsal at the Plaza Studio. He was in his shirt sleeves.

"What do you think of Graham McNamee as a straight man?" we asked. "Graham? Well, I’ll tell you, frankly, I never would have picked Graham if it had been left up to me. I would probably have picked a big, tough, deep-voiced fellow as a contrast to my own style."

Then just as we were beginning to get worried about how Ed Wynn and our old friend Graham were getting along, Wynn added:

"But that’s where I would have been wrong. You see I didn’t know anything about radio then. I know now that I couldn’t have a better straight man on the radio. I’m not trying to compliment Graham when I say that either. I can tell you that the number of fan letters I get that mention him or both of us together."

This and That Department

J. CHEEVER COWDIN, who conducts that American Legion Trade Revival broadcast over CBS, is the former
international polo star. Russ Columbo, according to one of our musical friends, plays one of the best "hot" fiddles in the country, but his managers won't let him pull it on the air.

Announcer Howard Claney recently got some unexpected publicity in F. P. A.'s column in the New York Herald-Tribune for pronouncing the word canoe, "canyou". If we were Mr. Claney we'd syue Mr. F. P. A. and syue syoon.

All the members of the Revelers Quartet are married. We wonder how a little four-party harmony by Mrs. Melton, Mrs. James and the Mmes. Shaw and Glenn would sound.

And by the way, Reveler Lewis James told us the other day that he has given up tennis for golf. Any sport which induces mouth-breathing is bad for the vocal chords.

Frank Crummit met Julia Sanderson when he was her leading man in "Tangerine" ten years ago.

The first big hit tune Isham Jones wrote was that melody at the time of the Universal fracas—"You're in the Army Now." At that time he apparently thought he'd never get rich.

Paul Whiteman's new singer, Ramona, is twenty-three years old and married. Her full name is Ramona Davies.

Smiling George Olsen and Ethel Shutta (Broadway always thought she was a dancer until she got on the mike) have been hitched for six years.

Rugged Cross Wins

Phillips H. Lord (Seth Parker) announced the following results of his national contest for the most popular hymn:

VOTES
1. The Old Rugged Cross . . . .26,671
2. Nearer My God to Thee . . . .20,688
3. Abide with Me . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .20,316
4. Lead Kindly Light . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .19,935

In fifth place was "Rock of Ages" and "Onward Christian Soldiers" (which we forgot to vote for) was eighth.

The Beer Baron and the Countess

Seeing a woman smoking in the NBC building probably would not strike the average person strangely," George (A & F) Rector, dapper restaurateur, told us at lunch at the St. Regis the other day, "but to me it's still something of an event.

"It brings back a memory of the first time a woman smoked in public in New York City. As I recall, it was back in 1905 or maybe 1906. Adolphus Busch, the brewer, had just landed over in Hoboken on the "Imperator."

"He had docked late but said he hadn't eaten on board the boat because he wanted to dine at Rector's. Well, he got to our place in Longère Square at about ten o'clock; with him was a large party including a German Countess Von Something or other and her daughters.

"They sat down to as fine a dinner as the place afforded. Of course, we'd built a ladies' lounge where they could smoke but never a puff was allowed outside its doors.

(please turn to page 104)
Radio Rambles

(Continued from page 105)

Towards the close of the dinner, the theatrical crowd began to drift in—Edna May Oliver, Julia Sandoz, Blanche Ring, Elsie Janis, Marie Dressler and all the rest of our theatrical patrons.

"I guess it was Anna Held who called me over, fixed me with a cold eye and asked me, 'Since when were women allowed to smoke in Rector's?'" "They aren't!" I told her. 'But look,' she said. So I followed her gaze. There at Adolphus Busch's table was the Countess Von Whatsher and her two charming daughters puffing merrily away. Many people have found themselves on the horn of a dilemma but at that point I was on at least two horns.

"Here was the wealthiest brewer in the world and one of my best customers entertaining the wives of German Royalty and these ladies were smoking right out lour. I couldn't stop them—so I didn't. And with that the lid was off.

One after another the restaurants of New York followed our lead. But even now when ladies smoke in drug stores, it still gives me sort of a start as I think of the disappointing look Anna Held gave me, that night when she saw the German aristocrats light up."

A WHILE back when Gracie Allen of Burns and Allen hit Chicago in a vaudeville tour she got, according to Burns, a great ovation. But Gracie claims she couldn't hear the ovation on account of all the noise.

Birthday Party

GEORGE OLSEN and Ethel Shutta, the Canada Dry music makers, gave Charlie (5), and George, Jr. (3) a double birthday party—their birthdays being only a day apart.

George and Ethel drove from New York between shows, in time to see the children sit down for dinner. Charlie stood on his chair and made a speech. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "thank you for coming to my party, and for all the presents, and when you go home you can all take a balloon."

Two Mothers

COUNTESS OLGA ALBANI took a short trip to Havana to bring back her little son who had been staying with her mother. He calls Olgia his New York mama and his grandmother, his Cuban mama.

A Man and His Uke are Parted

JOHNNY MARTIN, NBC's daily noon-time singer, has "pensioned" his ukelele. After working hand in hand with it for seventeen years he was forced to retire it because microphones like Charlie and Frank are using for their ukeleles, and Johnny has placed the instrument in a resting place of honor on his mantelpiece.

Johnny won the uke in an amateur contest in Butler, Oklahoma, in 1914.

Connoisseur

JACK DENNY wanted a complete rest when he went on his vacation, so he ordered two hundred post cards from Bermuda, and wrote, stamped and addressed them before he left.

A Singer and His Milk

PAUL WHITEMAN who has fathered such headliners as Bing Crosby, Mildred Bailey, Morton Downey and Harry Barris, has chosen Jack Fulton for his next build-up. As a kind of gesture, Paul's own band supports Jack on his solo night spots over NBC and whatever it is without any listing credit.

Jack, who came to New York with the Whiteman outfit a short time ago, must expect to stay East a long time for he has bought himself a house in Tenafly, N. J. Every night as he drives home after finishing at the Biltmore, he finds his milkman waiting for him on the other side of the ferry. Jack drives him to the milk company's stable, which are on his way home. He picks up his milk before leaving him and takes it home himself.

This Big Business of Singing

THE Men About Town, NBC's singing trio, have never had lunch or dinner together—well, hardly ever. They treat singing as a business, have office hours Tuesdays to Fridays from 11 to 2 and from 3 to 5, and when that day is over they go their separate ways.

Their interests are divergent, anyway. Phil Dewey has a passion for picking hollies, Jack Lather has a musical wife, Jack Parker has his yacht, and Will Donaldson, their arranger, raises chickens.

Considerate

AT a dinner recently Jay C. Flippen as M. of C. called on the Funnyboners, Columbia's funsters, Gordon Graham, Dave Grant, and Bunny Coughlin, introduced them as "Our swell guys." The funnyboners—there are only three of them—thought quickly and grabbed an extra man from their table. "We brought him up," they explained, "just in case he didn't make Jay a liar."

OUTSIDE LOOKING IN:

Whether you are outdoors looking in at the windows, or indoors looking out, you will realize that it's very important to have the right curtains at your windows. So send for a copy of our circular WINDOW TREATMENTS, that will tell you how to choose and make draperies for every room of the house. Just send your request with ten cents plus three cents postage, to Home Beautiful Editor, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
talented leading lady for John Gilbert, than she; that she “tank she go home now” back to New York—and Herbert!

As is always the case when a studio thinks a personality is slipping away from them, they became frantically anxious to keep her.

They offered her every known lure and thought up a lot more! They told her she was a rare material; it would mean hundreds of dollars a week, her name exploited in every corner of the world; international fame; unbelievable opportunities... and they tried all their best arguments. When that didn’t work, they tried threats—“she would never be able to appear in pictures if she broke her contact... A broken contract was the one sin studios universally could not forgive....

But Edna went back to Herbert—and that was that!

A YEAR later Josef von Sternberg saw Herbert Marshall in “There’s Always Juliet” on the New York stage and decided no one else could possibly play Marlene Dietrich’s husband in her new film—when he saw “Blonde Venus”, but Marshall.

So, again, as is the way in pictures, they overcame all obstacles and brought him to Hollywood to play the opposite of a hard-boiled Dietrich and along came Edna.

Now it is Marshall who is being offered golden opportunities, head- swamping propositions being told tales of the success and fame and fortune that await him in Hollywood. But Marshall is determined to spend but part of his time in this land of fairy tale contracts... and he stands pat for Edna!

He declares quite politely and emphatically that he will not give up his London stage appearances, for the stage is his first and last love—and besides he has a contract all signed and sworn to appear in a new London play in England with Edna—and that’s that! Besides there’s Edna, who is extremely ambitious for the stage and is most popularly demanded on the London stage—she is to be considered... and will be!

ASKED: “How do you do it? Five years of such devotion is almost unheard of in these days of the independent woman.” Marshall will stretch out his long legs in blissful comfort, grin a lazy smile, and say—“We’ve never taken life or each other too seriously.

“You see when a problem confronts either of us, we sit down and talk it out with the other, quite calmly, and sensibly. We forget the husband and wife angle and consider as friends and we are the best of friends and respect each other’s judgment because we know it is unprejudiced and fair... and the strange part of it—is it almost invariably is!”

Edna Best refuses to be photographed with her attractive long-legged husband—hers is a story of married happiness... thing while she is in Hollywood, and to appear in his career in any way. And perhaps as you have judged by this time, Marshall makes up her mind—it’s made!

However, one can peek at them at parties and talk to them about almost anything, and if one does—will find two of the most vital, interesting devoted and fun-loving young English people one could come across.

“Edna’s having a grand time,” Marshall grins. “She’s playing golf, tennis, swimming, playing her beloved bridge, and all the things she has not had time enough during her long, steady work on the stage.

“She very badly needed this rest and she is taking full advantage of it. Edna never does anything by halves.

“She has no desire to appear on the screen while we are here, to make a picture, or to take up her professional life in any way. She doesn’t even wish to talk about it; so she is playing hard and enjoying every moment!”

THROUGH his good humor, whimsical conversation concerning his wife is gleamed a tender, tolerant, protective devotion which is constant. But you can see how he solved the problem of keeping romance alive—though married... and that’s something! You can also see, though he would refuse to tell you this, that they have a complete understanding and mutual consideration for each other, which is as rare as it is precious! That they both look upon life as a sense of humor, and take what comes without planning or conning.

“I have a feeling,” says Marshall, “that the best things in life just happen! Edna and I do not plan ahead. We wait for things to happen—and when they do we talk it over together and come to a decision as impersonally as possible.

“We both feel now that we will never give up the theater. Edna is very ambitious for the stage, but it seems to lack interest in the screen.

“We have had a lot of fun traveling back and forth between stage engagements and the pictures, but we have always managed to land in and play in the same city, if not in the same place. In fact Edna and I have always found that demand for London stage—she is to be considered... and will be!

“We do not plan to appear in a play together, although we never insisted upon it. We enjoy working out our parts together and we have the same laughter and interests; it gives life a sort of added zest.

“Until Edna when we were playing together in “Brown Sugar” in England. We were not married immediately but we pulled around a great deal and had a lot of fun. Suddenly we decided we knew each other well enough to get married and practice the theories about marriage we each had preached to each other. They seem to have worked pretty well over five very happy and busy years!”

If any doubting fellow should say, “There are no such animals as romance any more,” send him to Hollywood, or anywhere where he may meet the jolly Mrs. Edna Best Marshall and her fascinating husband, Herbert. The doubter will no longer doubt, for those two are the very essence of romance and all it stands for—and a sense of humor, mutual interests, and good fellowship has done it... or I miss my guess!

The New Movie Magazine, December, 1932
**New Pictures You Should See and Why**

(Continued from page 63)

**TOWNS IN TOWN**—(Universal)

Tom Mix in his latest. There's something in Tom Mix pictures that is lacking in his competitors. Though he has been very ill and years must be creeping on Tom, the thrill is still there, and where they belong and alone among western heroes, he manages to make the 'horse operas' seem believable to this reviewer.

This is much the same as ever but... if you feel the need of a western... you'll find this one better than most.

**HOT SATURDAY**—(Paramount)

This picture owes most of its appeal to the fact that it has a darn good basic idea. The whole story takes place in a small community on a Saturday night and it is dressed up with all the petty jealousies and scandals and tragedies that make up small-town life, or any other for that matter.

Cary Grant, who is going to be far better known in the near future, heads the cast. Nancy Carroll, prettier than she used to be, is his sweetheart. William Collier and John Beal are fine in their roles, and Lilian Bond and Randolph Scott complete the cast.

A little better than average... and you can take the whole family.

**PAYMENT DEFERRED**—(M-G-M)

Charles Laughton attracted the cash customers in such droves with his "Devil and the Deep" for Paramount that it decided they would buy the show he starred in on Broadway and film it with him in his Broadway role. They did, and it didn't work out so well. Mr. Laughton may have been excellent in this role on the stage, but he needs different roles if he is to be a popular favorite.

For people who enjoy solid dramatic acting, in rather large jumps, "Payment Deferred" will be entertaining, but for an evening's fun it leaves plenty to be desired and does not give the star a chance to do his best work. Laughton's role will be Neron's "The Sign of the Cross" for the home company and he will probably do far better for himself and Paramount what M-G-M tried to do for him in this picture.

See it, if you are interested in drama, well on the heavy side, but leave the children home. Neil Hamilton, Maureen O'Sullivan and Vive Teasdale acquit themselves creditably under the direction of Lothar Mendes.

**TESS OF THE STORM COUNTRY**—(Fox)

Janet Gaynor could hardly help being completely charming as the immortal "Tess" and those who remember, may like her even more than they liked the first Tess as played by Mary Pickford. Charles Farrell couldn't do very much with his opportunity. The picture is Janet's and the Farrell role is played for all it is worth. As a matter of entertainment, there are scenes here that are more like the Far- rell-Gaynor scenes of "Seventh Heaven" than anything they have done since. Those who prefer to see tales of stars will find all they desire in "Tess of the Storm Country."

There is an excellent cast in support. Dudley Digges and Evalyn Knapp are particularly good.

**SIX HOURS TO LIVE**—(Fox)

"Six Hours to Live" is too serious to be of much interest, though William Dieterle has paced the picture so that its interest is held.

Miriam Jordan, the English girl who was successful in "Cynara" on Broadway last year, needs a role with greater appeal. It would be well, before we know how much we are going to like her as a picture star, Warner Baxter is his usual self and John Boles, who did the best male part, that picture. "Back Street," does almost as well in this latest effort.

The picture is rather heavy screen fare in general. The younger members of the family may not be very interested.

**ESKIMO**—(M-G-M)

Mr. Van Dyke was sent to the Arctic to bring back with him another "Trader Horn."

You might forget that there is something rather monotonous about any picture after a few months of ice and snow. Though it is thrilling in the extreme and a much better bargain for Arctic lovers than any that have gone before, it lacks the boisterous color that made "Trader Horn" good fun, whether you believed it or not.

The story is simple and dramatic, covering the average life of the Eskimo, who is apparently the most hand-to-mouth person yet to grace the screen. While lacking the movement and dramatic background of the first Van Dyke success, "Life of an Eskimo" has much to offer and is well worth the attention of the serious movie-goer.

**CENTRAL PARK**—(First National)

They have got to get better stories than this one if Joan Blondell is to keep her present popularity. Excellent casting saves this story from being less than ordinary. The theme is old, the one about the pair of kids from the country who get mixed up with the naughty crowd, but Joan Blondell brings a note of saucy freshness that is worth something.

Wallace Ford (borrowed from RKO), Guy Kibbee (who gave us the most laughs of the year in "The Dark Horse") and Henry B. Walthall did nobly with mediocre material. John Adolph directed. Where has the Joan Blondell of "Taxi" vanished to?

If you see the picture, don't expect too much, but it is good light fare for the whole family.

**LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE**—(RKO)

Mitzi Green, who is due to become a grown-up young lady any day now, brings Harold Gray's famous comic strip character "Little Orphan Annie" to the screen.

Most comic strips belong only in newspapers but there is a real story to "Orphan Annie" and if you followed and liked her in the funnybooks you'll like her on the screen.

Mitzi is still the greatest mimic in the business and with Edgar Kennedy...
she provides several genuinely funny scenes. The story is light but the direction of John Robertson kept interest from lagging.

**SHERLOCK HOLMES**—(Fox) — This is not one of the Conan Doyle stories. Sir Arthur's famous character appears this time as the means whereby America, once driven out of England. Some people may resent the theme and implication but it shouldn't be taken that seriously.

Clive Brook, as Sherlock Holmes, leaves nothing to be desired and Miriam Jordan, Fox's new English importation, provides a love interest usually lacking in this type of show. The cast, directed by William J. Howard, also includes Ernest Torrence, Claude King, Alan Mowbray and Stanley Fields.

The story has unusual twists and several distinct surprises. You'll probably enjoy most of it.

**WALKING DOWN BROADWAY**—(Fox)—Eric von Stroheim took a competent cast, headed by Dany Dunn, Minna Gombell, ZaSu Pitts and Boots Mallory, late of the Ziegfeld's "Hot Cha," and tried to make a picture out of a mediocre play. The play by Dawn Powell does not seem to be the best for screen presentation although the whole cast labors skillfully and faithfully.

It has its moments and those who want to see a side of Broadway that has little to its credit, may enjoy the show.

**THE MATCH KING**—(First National)—Warren William will win plenty of new fans for himself in this thoroughly deodorized life story of Ivar Kreunger, international reprobate and match king. The "Match King" is pretty sure to herald a minor cycle of shows based on the real and fictitious incidents of Kreunger's life. There is little fear that any of these to follow will tell much that isn't made plain enough in this First National release. Lili Damita and Juliette Compton play the beautiful 'highspots' of the match king's love life with Glenda Farrell as the redeeming influence. It is a brisk tale told in the usual William manner and its unique story angle gave the suave and capable actor more than he usually has to work with. Go see it yourself and the chances are you'll like it. Okay for older family trade.

**MEN ARE SUCH FOOLS**—(Jefferson)—For Radio Release. This first show from a new producing company sets out to prove that the unwritten law still holds good, at least, in California.

While the picture does not manage to teach any great moral lesson, it does contain much pretty good entertainment and two swell acting jobs by Leo Carrillo and Vivienne Osborne.

The story concerns a boxer who finds himself in San Quentin, not entirely through his own mistakes. Upon his parole he finds his wife unfaithful and murders the new lover. From there on, Carrillo overacts a little but manages to keep the interest high.

William Nic, a veteran of silent days directed the cast also includes Una Merkel and Tom Moore.

Not a big picture but one with more interest than most. It is worth seeing and should satisfy most of the family.

**SECRETS OF THE FRENCH POLICE**—(Radio)—The famous series that ran for so long in the American Weekly Magazine comes to the screen with Gwili Andre, Radio Picture's Danish beauty, in the midst of theft, murder, abduction and international intrigue.

Frank Morgan (star of the Broadway hit "Topaze") plays a French detective who is more believable than most screen sleuths and Gregory Ratoff aids him in some of the best scenes in the picture. John Warburton, Murray Kinnell and Rochelle Hudson complete the cast.

"Secrets of the French Police" is entertaining all the way through and though a little too melodramatic for its own good it is worth spending your evening seeing it. Those Andre gowns will be enough for most women.

**YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL**—(First National)—If you laughed when you saw Joe E. Brown in his last picture you'll laugh again when you see him in "You Said a Mouthful!" This time the story concerns a non-swimming long-distance swimmer. Apart from that, it's pretty much as usual.

Joe struggled through most of this picture with a recurrence of the old back injury suffered during circus days. Ginger Rogers and Sheila Terry head a bevy of beauties who must have done plenty towards making Joe E. forget the pain in the back.

Pretty good comedy for the whole family.

**THE MONKEY'S PAW**—(Radio)—Wesley Ruggles, who directed 'Cimarron' and a few others of the really great, picked this one personally for his next show. The story by W. Wymark Jacobs rates among the few greatest of English short stories and tells of the horrors that follow in the wake of a shrivelled monkey's paw that brings the chance of happiness, and more often calamity, to its possessor.

The idea has been pretty well enlarged and now deals with the full history of the miraculous relic in its home in India. The scenes in this locale are impressive in their extent, being chiefly remarkable for an excellent performance by that eye-stopping little beauty, Nina Quatero.

It is an unusual, daringly different idea that this picture tells through the efforts of an excellent cast including Betty Lawford, Bramwell Fletcher, Ivan Simpson, C. Aubrey Smith and Louise Currie.

If you want something that you haven't seen before, hunt up a theater where this show is playing.

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Hollywood Bandwagon

(Continued from page 17)

UNIVERSAL would have paid plenty if they could have added a couple more years to the age of Lew Ayres in their picture "Okay America." The show was swell but Ayres didn't look old enough and on little things like that a couple of hundred thousand dollars can go begging.

Did you also know that a certain star got mad at his boss and sued for plenty because a columnist carried some personal information that the star didn't care about? A press agent lost his job and now everybody's happy. He gets a better one.

Douglas Fairbanks' favorite joke goes something like this:

Three elderly ladies were being toured about the United Artists lot, when they accidentally came face to face with Fairbanks.

One, particularly gushing, rushed up to him and seized him with both hands.

"This is the proudest moment of my life," she exclaimed. "I feel like my visit to Los Angeles is now a success! I would not have dared go back home and tell my friends I had failed to see you!"

And, so on, breathlessly winding up by declaring:

"I'm so happy to have met you, Mr. Pickford!"

Dickie Moore has beaten Jackie Cooper's time with Tallulah Bankhead.

Barbara Stanwyck is trying to take her boy from Tallulah. Tallulah gave him a kitten.

Barbara gave him a real watch and has written him two "mush notes."

Charlie Ruggles wandered out onto the set of "The Cross" set, and watched a huge group of Roman soldiers in a big scene. "That's what you might call 'covering a multitude of sins,'" he murmured softly, afraid he might get shot if overheard.

The For-Goodness-Sakes-Alive Department:

Mae Clarke was christened Mae Klots.

Walter Byron was Walter Butler until a Hollywood producer notified him when he was steamier-bound for California that he would be introduced to the American film public under the new name.

Ralph Morgan's real name is Ralph Wupperman. His brother, Frank Morgan, appeared on the New York stage for a number of years as Frank Wupperman.

David Manners', true name, a combination of old English and Norman, is Raff de Ryther Daun Ackdom. Imagine that in the lights!

Louise Cleaver Hale was once arrested as a German spy.

Ruth Weston shot a lion in Africa. Austin Parker piloted the personal airplane of the Sultan of Morocco for one year.

Neil Hamilton once worked in the Ford factory in Detroit.

Herbert Brenon owns a love letter written by Queen Elizabeth.

Mae Busch is writing poetry which other people are beginning to read.

Roland Young's "Not for Children" was written on telegraph blanks. He was appearing in a play that required writing a telegram for each performance. Instead of merely running the pencil over the paper each time, he would write another verse.

The Universal make-up department had a most strange task before them when they had to reproduce or find out what make-up 'flappers' of 3700 years ago used! Research discovered that specimens of ancient make-up had been uncarved from royal tombs, so reproductions were made on the Universal lot, to be used in "The Mummy Man," the Egyptian reincarnation story which is to star Karloff.

Fifty million autograph fans can't always be right!

Chevalier was about to enter a popular Hollywood rendezvous for dinner. The thronged with autograph seekers and night-seers anxiously scanning passing faces for favorites. Chevalier stopped to buy a newspaper. As he turned he bumped into a little group of the eagerly watching fans. He begged their pardon! They didn't even notice him, they were so anxiously afraid they'd miss a celebrity!

Well, that's just what everyone said would happen! But they never will know the half of it.

The Barrymores made things hot on the "Rasputin" set—sizzling hot! Lionel and John appeared in a scene together for two takes—then Lionel politely and frigidly excused himself. He went immediately to his dressing room and called the assistant director on the picture.

"Tell that brother of mine to grasp his larynx— he's so confoundedly tight," he roared ... after which he returned to the set and finished the scene, both brothers white with anger.

Now America will have a chance to see the tomb of King Tut-Ankh-Amen in a moving picture—not in person! That is, one will see some of the noted relics taken from the tomb. They play leading roles in "The Mummy Man," the Universal occult thriller.

Sooner or later every period and form of life is re-created in this great land of make-believe, Hollywood!

Here's a sure test to be conducted in your home. If you pass this test they will possibly you may be eligible for the screen: If you can elevate one eyebrow while the other remains completely stationary, you are a flicker of interest in what the other eyebrow is doing—and have the facial mobilization required for a successful film acting. Don't blame New Movie Magazine for this—Director Stephen Roberts of Paramount made this statement quite seriously.

"Glad I didn't live in ancient Egypt—"
Preston Foster tells this on himself.

While getting a manicure recently the girl asked the customary personal question.

"How long since you've had a manicure?"

Preston thought for a moment and then replied: "About thirteen years."

When Wynne Gibson runs out of P's she will have to give up her favorite indoor sport—collecting dogs! She now has some 414 and she just bought Plato and Poodle, two new ones. No, the neighbors don't always go to her house when she keeps them all in her house—on shelves and on tables. They are of china, glass, wood, cloth, or fur. All have names beginning with "P." They include Pcheweleski, Percy, Pat, Pauline, Periander, and Play—"we'll leave the rest to your imagination."

"The Mask of Fu Manchu" had a hard time getting made. Karen Morley had the flu, but dragged herself from bed to finish scenes. Jean Harlow, shivering with chills and burning with fever, was surrounded with P's. She had chills and a fever, and if she shuts her eyes she never knows if she is working or not.

"That's all right—a good idea," says Groucho Marx, "providing the dentist hasn't too intense a sense of rhythm, or in his college days never played to snare drum in a jazz orchestra!"

Greta Nissen and Weldon Heyburn have a Saluki dog that originally cost them fifteen dollars. Thanks to a roving spirit the dog now almost costs them two hundred dollars in rewards for the row that they made through their stop in Europe.

Hardy was crushed into the wrong car on one occasion and Laurel went around wringing his hands and crying for his buddy. Fortunately, they had decided on their hotel before arriving at their destination so they finally met there.

"Hardy's tie was hanging off one shoulder. He had lost two buttons on his shirt and his hat was a mess," said Laurel. "When I saw him I started shrieking with laughter. . . He gave one good look at me and went into immediate hysteries. I walked over to the mirror and saw he looked as if he had stepped out of a band box in comparison to my disarray."

Our own Jim Tully is building himself a new home on Toluca Lake. He has picked one of the most beautiful building sites in Southern California. A point of land surrounded on three sides by the lake. It is a veritable forest of oak and eucalyptus trees, some of which tower well over one hundred and fifty feet in the air.

Director-actor Ralph Ince, was unable to find the proper villain for "Men of America" which he is directing. The result is that he will be his own villain.

Evast L. Frank, director of "Nagana," spied a prop man setting up an enormous cage close to a laboratory set. In answer to the director's query he was told it was intended to house guinea pigs. "But the script calls for only 20 guinea pigs," pointed out the director. "You could keep a hundred in that cage." "Sure, sure," agreed the prop man, "but you might spend some time on this sequence—and you know guinea pigs!"

(Please turn to page 110)
Hollywood Bandwagon

Karloff, the English actor, is having his own little jokes while making the mummy scenes for "The Mummy Man."

After looking at himself in countless yards of wrapping he muttered: "Not only am I wrapped up in my work, but I can qualify as the perfect rotter."

Kenneth McKenna got his yacht back from the Weldon Heyburns. The first thing he and some friends did was to go out and snag (much to their surprise) a whale. For several days they had a swell time displaying the carcass at Catalina. Then the authorities stepped in and requested them to move the beast to other parts...perhaps you've heard, a dead whale doesn't smell of Christmas Night.

Saw Buster Keaton behind smoked glass on the other day—and he insisted he wasn't pulling a Garbo.

With Universal indefinitely postponing production of "Laughing Boy" because they cannot find an actor for the title role, Arthur Caesar says:

"Times certainly do change. Five hundred years ago the Indians would have had a hard time finding a white man."

Wynne Gibson is wearing two engagement rings. She says he's NOT engaged to the Siamese twins.

Her pencil is just one man—but he's very generous. And the only clue to his identity is that he is in Europe at present.

It seems incredible, but Harry Asek says Frank Fay and Barbara Stanwyck cannot decide whether to call their new beach home Santa Barbara or Santa Fay.

After only a week, Jimmy (Schnozzle) Durante and Mrs. Durante are ready to call it quits and move back to Hollywood from Pasadena.

They moved into a little, three-room cottage they have owned for years and started in personally to fix the place up.

The first set-back in their homemaking came when Jimmy started to wash the windows. His nose was so long he couldn't reach the windows. So when he started to trim the lawn he got his nose caught in the lawn mower.

Merriment at Leo Carrillo's Sunday afternoon barbecue reached its highest when they unwrapped a "monument" to Chie Soke.

What! No monument! Well, call it a Little Theatre, then.

Anyhow, it was a three seater!

Bicycles are coming in again, it seems.

Paramount bought 20 new bikes for their messenger boys to use to deliver messages over the lot.

(Continued from page 109)

Gary Cooper has bought a wheel to ride from set to set.

An employee at United Artists studio was talking about the five ferocious bulls imported from Mexico for the arena sequence in Eddie Cantor's picture, "The Kid From Spain."

"They may be lying down," he said, "but if you throw a rock in there they all jump up and begin pawing the ground and bellowing."

"Just wait until they throw me in there," exclaimed Eddie Cantor, shuddering.

Bill Powell spent his recent vacation between pictures on his wife's set at Columbia. Carole Lombard and Bill appeared to be very much in love and the greatest of buddies in spite of rumors to the contrary. Carole brought her own fittings for her dressing room at Columbia. She is delighted with her role in "Virtue" because she appears sans gorgeous clothes and luxurious surroundings. "I have always been more or less of a clothes horse in most of my roles and at last I have an opportunity to be a real fresh and blood girl without aid of clothes and background," says Carole.

Queenie, the Chimp in "Kongo," showed her real devotion for Lupe Velez recently.

The scene called for Walter Huston, Mitchell Lewis and Conrad Nagel to capture Lupe in a pie pan by twisting her tongue with a wire (all because Lupe is supposed to have revealed some of Huston's secrets). Lupe, finally cornered, screamed. A dark, hairy figure flew into the midst of the scrap, hitting and clawing. It was the Chimp, in answer to Lupe's call for help.

That adopted son of Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay is certainly getting the break of his life. The nursery is the last word. Equipped with everything including a motor driven go-cart.

When Bette Davis got her marriage license in Yuma, the clerk said:

"You seem very cool about it."

Bette lied prettily and answered:

"It's my third time. Why should I get excited?"

Bette Daniels has made two hundred and sixty-two pictures! Two hundred and four were with Harold Lloyd.

Kay Francis liked tennis!

Kenneth MacKenna liked golf!

The married and they compromised on a boat...!

They rented their boat when they thought they were going to Europe—and now Kenneth is taking tennis lessons twice a day!...What's wrong with this picture? There's a gag here somewhere—try and find it!

Believe it or not, Ernie Nevers, whom Pop Warner, Stanford coach, claims is the greatest fullback of all time, kicked a boomerang.

Between scenes for "All America," Nevers was kicking the pigskin to Richard Arlen and Dick was throwing it back. Suddenly Nevers lifted a high punt that sailed over Arlen's head and over a high-board fence that surrounds the hard ground outside, it bounced right back over the fence—and straight into Arlen's arms...Well, no one said you had to believe it!

Eric Linden says, "I've been lying down on the job for three straight days and no one has said a word to me about it! I never saw such a considerate director as Eddie Cohan."

"What's the catch, Eric? What's the catch?"

"I was playing a hospital scene in "Merry-Go-Round"—Hu! Hu!"

Elisa Landi's husband, J. C. Laurrence, English barrister, is visiting her in Hollywood after thinking of becoming a California lawyer.

What, Ho! Department: Austin Parker's nickname is Billy. Herbert Brenon is called Babbs by those who know him well. Walter Byrons, family call him Ted, because a baby sister twisted Walter to Tula. And Ken Maynard confesses he is known around the house as Toad. Eric Linden offered Sidney Fox, working on "Merry-Go-Round" with him, a box of bon bons.

"Ooh, my favorite," said the dainty little Miss Fox, "Sugar pills!" She bit enthusiastically into a nice white mosh ball and Eric apologized by bringing out a really truly box of bon bons for the indignant young lady.

The Mitzi Green-Jackie Cooper romance has ended. Mitzi's explanation is that she met another young man in the East when her more. She also emphasizes the fact that he is somewhat older. Jackie, being the perfect gentleman, refuses to comment.

Radio Pictures are having an awful time to get a pigeon to play in "The Penguin Pool Murder." They even went so far as to import some Penguin eggs, but they refused to hatch. Smart eggs, them penguins.

The New Movie Magazine, December, 1932
We'd like to meet the families of TOWER READERS

How Many Children in Your Home?

Girls: Ages:

Boys: Ages:

What Breakfast Cereals Do They Like?

What Are Their Favorite Fruits?

Favorite Desserts?

What Canned Milk Do You Use?

Other Foods?

We have had many friendly replies to our various recent questions about Tower families and have found them extremely helpful in planning our magazines. The more intimately we know Tower readers the more surely we can give them a maximum of pleasure and profit in Tower Pages. Now, this month we want to know more about the youngest members of the family so as to plan editorial features which may directly appeal to the children and prove of greatest interest to mothers.

For your courtesy in answering the questions at the left we will send you any one of these helpful Tower circulars and books which have to do with children and homes:

The Adventures of a Brownie
The Ugly Duckling and Other Stories
Feeding Your Children the New Way
Foods Children Like
One Diet for All
Holiday Parties for Children
Food School Children Like to Eat
Your Little Colonial Home
Brighten Your Home With Color
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