

Screen Stars Invest Significance In Dreams

By Linda Lane

*Call It Supernatural But Fact
Remains Some Dreams DO
Come True*

CALL it superstition or call it supernatural, but the fact remains that people still dream and, more than that, still believe in their dreams and can give you instances where dreams or their interpretations, have come true. According to psychologists, dreams are either based on a memory or an inherited impression, and are memories of the subconscious mind, which is always operating but more intensified when the conscious mind rests in sleep.

Thus, dreams are an experience of every race, kind or type of people. In the make-believe world of motion pictures, it is interesting to note what your leading screen stars dream and the significance they oft invest in them.

Jean Muir's dreams, whether pleasant or unpleasant, oddly enough more often concern the acting problems of others. This probably arises



from her well-known habit of helping and coaching newcomers to the screen.

Boris Karloff can make horror scenes all day yet find sleep a dreamless pleasantry and comfort.

A variation of the "falling" dream is the repeated hallucination of Clark Gable, when he dreams of hectically driving his car to a sudden and sharp turn in a bridge. Because this dream is common to many persons, Gable, who occasionally dips into the study of psychology, believes it may be inherited from an ancestor who actually had a fall and survived it.

Nelson Eddy sometimes dreams of trying endlessly to get a number on the telephone, and facetiously adds: "It often happens, too, when the experience isn't a dream."

Pat O'Brien confesses that his happiest dreams concern pleasant social relationships on the sets and the swapping of hilarious tales; contrawise, he has nightmares about working with people he doesn't like. But we are certain these latter ones are few and far between, because Pat is one chap whom everyone likes and we can't imagine him disliking anyone.

YOUTHFUL and relatively new to the screen, Olivia de Havilland usually transmutes the adventures scenario writers give her in films to real-life situations in her nightly dreams. In other words, her film work becomes real when she dreams about it. Cameras disappear, props and man-made settings are eclipsed and she simply lives the script adventures of the day.

Probably the most weird dream, which was a presentiment of a reality, was that which befell Ida Lupino. Shortly before she started work in "Yours For the Asking," she received permission from the studio to take a brief trip to her home in London, England. There were two attractions—one seeing her father, and then, too, she had promised a childhood sweetheart, when she left England for America, that she would be back in less than a year for a visit with him. The night before Ida left Hollywood for her trip she had a disturbing dream about this particular boy friend, Johnny. The next morning she kept repeating the words: "Tell Loops (that's what he called her) to carry on and good-bye." She explained to her mother that those were the words related to her in her dream and that they continued to ring in her ears all day. However, Mrs. Lupino passed this off lightly, convincing Ida it was apparently the result of her excitement over the contemplated trip and her over-anxiousness to see Johnny. The episode was thus forgotten during their ocean voyage, but when she arrived in England, there was no Johnny to meet her. He had been killed when cycling with a friend near London, and that friend related to Ida that his last words were: "Tell Loops to carry on and good-bye." A subsequent check on the time he met with his unfortunate death disclosed that the accident occurred the same night Ida had her strange dream.

WHEN Lionel Barrymore dreams of falling through endless space, he assumes the role of "weather man" and prophesies that it will rain within the next two or three days. And Barrymore has always found it a consistently true forewarning!

Wally Beery, on the other hand, permits his dreams to guide him in his eating habits. Whenever he has dreams of being rooted to a spot, with a black panther, or some equally ferocious

Olivia de Havilland might have dreamed of this embrace with the romantic Errol Flynn, as they appear in "Charge of the Light Brigade."

foe, charging at him, he switches to a meatless diet for a couple of days.

Dreams of frustrated efforts are common with Jean Harlow and Jeanette MacDonald. Jean's relates to an attempt at making a piece of embroidery that falls away as quickly as it is made: A sort of dream version of the myth of Tantalus of the Greeks. Jeanette experiences all the motions of eating a delicious-looking cake but can never taste it.

William Powell refers humorously to the dream of finding himself in scanty clothing in the middle of a ballroom crowded with people. It's just a dream people have, he lightly remarks, and attaches no particular reason to it.

The Marx Brothers declare that no dream or nightmare ever troubles them. "Being the Marx Brothers," says Groucho, "is a bigger nightmare than any we could dream."

And so you find that these film people dream just as all of us, although, to many, their present positions represent the realization of, what at one time, was but a "day dream."

LOYDS of London, the unique insurance organization that will bet either way on the King of England's marriage and will wager upon either side on the question whether or not there will be a war, does one of its biggest slices of business right in Hollywood with the motion picture industry.

Hollywood representatives of the great British insurance organization are a very close-mouthed group, never discussing the details of their company or its relationship with films. Their orders from the head office are: "Say nothing for publication."

Sam Goldwyn is the one Hollywood producer who is a religious believer in insurance. A shrewd businessman, at the same time investing greater sums in his productions, he demands protection against that fate which might, anytime, raise its bold head and spell loss and destruction of his picture ventures. That is why "Dodsworth," his present picture, is insured as far as Lloyd policies will permit.

It is interesting that Loyds will insure a producer against a possible "flop," but, in this case, premiums are so high that a producer is content to rest on his own judgment and trust. Also, Loyds will not insure a picture for more than a million dollars. If the production costs more than a million yet turns out to be a total loss, the producer receives recompense only to the extent of a million dollars.

Equally alert and picture-wise are the estimators for Loyds. They must see the actual working budget for the picture, and it is on these figures that they base the various policies and deliver estimates.

Many producers would, of course, like to insure their pictures immediately on placing them on their schedule. But Loyds will not consider this, their policies, as to the production and the stars, effective only when the cameras start rolling.



Jean Muir, whose dreams ordinarily concern the problems of other than her radiant, personable self.

Could Clark Gable's variation of the "falling" dream have anything to do with "falling in love?" In "Cain and Mabel" he has the delightful task of falling in love with Marion Davies.

the lady that she oughta buy some when she saw what the stuff was doin' to her silver.

So we gave it up and he got a job checkin' peanuts at the dock and I got a job runnin' street cars.

To this day, I've always been thankful that I didn't try that silver polish on my bazooka.

After I had been running that street car in Norfolk for a couple of months, the scenery began to get monotonous and my brother, who had been checking peanuts all this time, began to complain of monotonous also.

After all, when you come to think of it, when you've seen one peanut, you've seen them all.

We about decided it was time to be hittin' the trail again. As I told you before, I always wanted to go to sea ever since I used to paddle around on the rafts back home when the Arkansas river used to back up in our yard.

One day, me and my brother went on board the "Juanita" when it was docked in Norfolk and hit the steward up for a job as a waiter and doorknob polisher. The steward asked us if we had had any experience as waiters on board ship and, not wantin' to disappoint him and be disappointed ourselves, we told him that we had worked on passenger boats on the Great Lakes. He asked what boats we worked on and, not being familiar with the names of any Great Lakes boats, we just told him we'd worked on all of 'em. Anyhow, we got the job.

I'll never forget the first meal when I walked past the steward carrying a tray of food with the service towel clamped under my arm. On the way back from the table, the steward called me over and asked me very politely if they carried the service towels under their arms on the Great Lakes.

He was polite about it. He said that was the towel you used to wipe the plates off and he thought I might want to know as some people are finicky about those things.

Well, we must have made good because we stayed on that boat a little over four months and as they had no other entertainment on the ship, my brother and I picked up quite a little extra money playin' for the passengers up in the social hall. We used to put a big copper bowl on the piano. The steward offered us a brass bowl, but we told him there was no use gettin' personal about it.

Now waves are purty much like peanuts. When you've seen one you've seen them all and so we left the boat at Baltimore and went to New York where we put up at a hotel—39 cents a night. I could write a volume about that hotel. I like to stop and think of that room I had because it makes me appreciate this dressin' room suite that I'm writin' in right now. I hope you don't think I'm sentimental about this suite the studio gave me, but I just like to lie back on that overstuffed sofa with my arm hangin' down and just runnin' my fingers through the nap in the carpet. Sometimes I'm afraid I'll wake up and find myself back in that 5 by 8 room in the hotel. It's like the time when I was a boy and had to sleep in the corn crib when we had company. I used to lay out there in that corn crib and dream that I was in a big beautiful hotel. Finally, later in life, I saved enough money and went to Little Rock and got a room in a hotel and all night long I dreamed I was back in the corn crib.

(To Be Continued)

Soaring To Fame On A Bazooka

By Bob Burns

(Continued)

CHAPTER THREE

ONE day a minstrel show came to Van Buren under canvas. One of the men in the show was playin' a cigar box fiddle. After the afternoon show, one of the home-town boys happened to tell the manager, "that fiddle ain't nothin'." A boy here in town plays better music than that on two pieces of gas pipe." Just to git rid of the boy, I suppose, the manager says, "well, I'd like to hear of it." The first time I knew of it was when the boy come up to the house all out of breath and says, "the manager of the show says he'd like to hear your gas pipe." In no time at all I was down at the tent. I'll never forget the look of surprise on the man's face when I started playin', "I Ain't Got Nobody." Right away, he offered me \$3 a week and food and lodgin' to go with the show. He didn't know it but he could have saved that \$3.

We played through Arkansas, Oklahoma and Texas and the show busted up in Shreveport, La., and I went on down to New Orleans. My capital didn't last long and I started carrin' bananas down at the dock for 25 cents an hour. Not long after this, my brother joined me with his guitar. One night, we were in Martin's cafe,

tryin' to get a free lunch. There was a platform that hung down from the ceilin' and on the platform was two boys singin' somethin' terrible. They must've eaten before they sang. I told the manager that we sang and played different instruments and he told us to go get them. Well, we played for him and the next night we went to work as a regular nightly feature.

After about two weeks, we got an offer from a theater at \$7 a week apiece. We took it and then we played other theaters around New Orleans. By this time we thought we were purty good and decided to go to New York. We rode a box car up as far as Birmingham, where we went into bankruptcy and hocked our instruments and got a job on an engineering party surveying for the Alabama Power and Light Company's high tension lines. We stayed there two months to get a little working capital, then we got our instruments out of hock and grabbed a freight train for the north. We went into bankruptcy again in Norfolk, Virginia.

OF COURSE, we had to do something to get our instruments out of hock again and buy such luxuries as meat and potatoes.

The only job we could find then was sellin' silver polish. My brother would do the talkin' to the housewife while I'd demonstrate the silver polish, but it was purty hard for him to convince