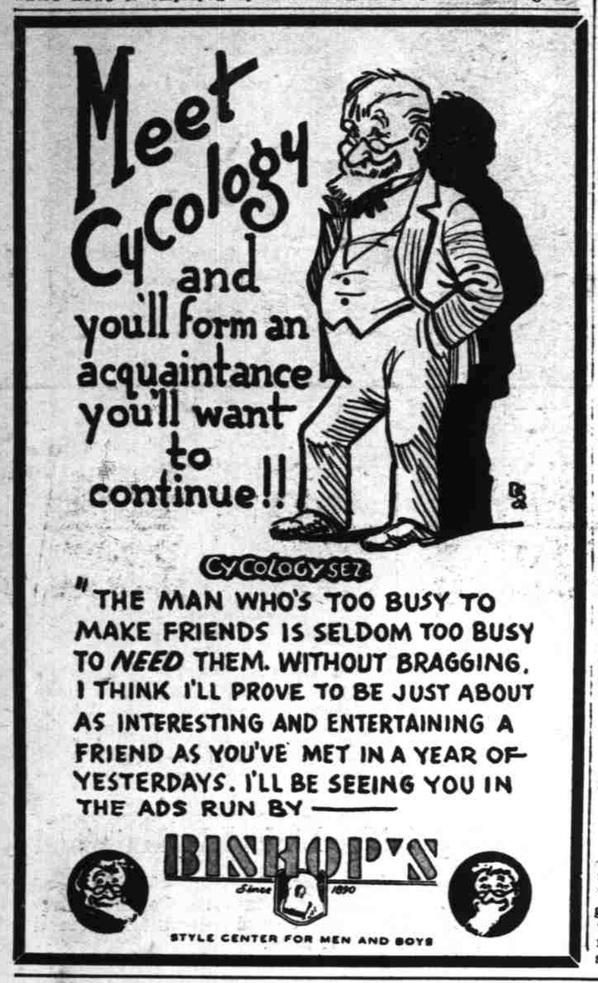
LOWES VISIT.

LEBANON.—Mr. and Mrs. Elnathan Lowe, who have been making their home at Lakeview, where Lowe is employed by the B. C. Hall Construction company, arrived Wednesday for a visit at the home of his parents Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Lowe. They plan to return soon to eastern Oregon.



Slippers Sought For a Cinderella

Ballerina Uorina Is Lost Without Her Lost two Satin Shoes

HOLLYWOOD. Aug. 26.—(AP)—Cinderella hunts, for the girl to fit the magic slipper, are nothing new. But now it's been reversed. They're seeking the slippers to fit Cinderella.

Cinderella, in this case, is Zorina, the danseuse.

Eight years ago she made her professional debut as a ballerina in London with Anton Dolin. Highly supersitious, she's kept the satin dancing shoes she wore that night. They're tattered, but to her they're priceless.

Which is why six stalwarts of the Warner studio police force are on the prowl. So far, they-ve rummaged through 900 pairs of discarded ballet sandals in the wardrobe department. But without success.

Now they're off on a house-to-house hunt, visiting the homes of 40 girls who appeared in ballet scenes for "On Your Toes."

Zorina, certain one of the girls unintentialally took the prie possessions home with her, almost didn't want to leave on a personal appearance tour until they were found. But the police chief assured her his officers would not relax their vigilance for a moment.

And just to be sure, she posted $25 reward.

Horses Trample Boy At Multnomah Fair

GRESHAM, Ore., Aug. 26.—(AP)—Three-year-old John Mink was trampled to death by a horse at the Multnomah county fair grounds Friday. The youngster went under the hooves of a horse ridden by W. C. Helyer when it shied.

Bob Burns Turns Mule Fancier

A Missourian's natural love for his mule—and his affection for his wife—sends Bob Burns on a begira from his native Missouri to London in his new comedy, "I'm From Missouri." He's shown with his favorite mule, "Samson," in a scene from the picture, which will open its local engagement today at the Hollywood theatre.

Japanese Actor Doesn't Enjoy Role As Floating Body Despite Support

HOLLYWOOD, Aug. 26—(AP)—The usually-prosaic studio call sheet—daily bulletin of production needs— occasionally turns up a curiosity-piquing item. Such as this:

"The Real Glory—set 3957—floating body on set ready to shoot at 9 a. m."

The "floating body" turned out to be the Japanese actor, Tetsu Komai, his head shaved, clad in the black garments of a Moro chieftain.

"This doesn't appeal to me," he confessed, as he gingerly poked his hand in the water. "I've died many times in pictures. I've been shot, hanged, knifed and beaten. But this is the first time I've been a floating body."

He was interrupted with a "ready?" from the director.

"Not quite," replied Paul Widlicska, special effects man. "I want to be sure he floats."

He produced two long pieces of balsa wood, pulled up Mr. Komai's pants and pushed a piece up each leg.

"Now," he called.

Mr. Komai sighed and slid into the tank.

Gladys' devotion to the rules of heraldry almost cause a rift, but Bob, as one might guess, fixes everything up in fine fashion.

Hollywood Offers Bob Burns Cinema

Bob Burns, most noted son of Van Buren, Arkansas, where all his "kinfolk" live, changes his nativity in his film "I'm from Missouri," which comes to the Hollywood theatre today for a run through Tuesday.

The world's best (and only) bazooka player is a mule-raiser from Missouri who gets in all kinds of hot water when his wife, played by Gladys George, tries to crash London society.

Burns is in England to save the mule business, threatened by destruction when the English army considers motorizing all its mule-drawn conveyances. Gladys is there to defy the aristocratic snobs of Mayfair to exclude anyone from Missouri.

Bob's devotion to his mules and

Call Board

ELSINORE

Today—"The Wizard of Oz" with Judy Garland and Frank Morgan, plus the Dionne quintuplets in "Five Times Five" and latest March of Time.

Wednesday—"Our Leading Citizen" with Bob Burns and Susan Hayward, plus "Torchy Plays With Dynamite" with Jane Wyman and Allen Jenkins.

Saturday—"Each Dawn I Die" with James Cagney and George Raft, plus "Everybody's Hobby" with Henry O'Neill and Irene Rich.

GRAND

Today—"Chicken Wagon Family" with Jane Withers and Leo Carillo.

Wednesday—"Stanley and Livingstone" with Spencer Tracy, Nancy Kelly, Richard Greene.

STATE

Today—"Sergeant Madden" with Wallace Beery. "The Kid From Texas" with Denis O'Keefe and Florence Rice. Walt Disney's "Mother Goose Goes Hollywood.

Monday—"You're Only Young Once" and "Judge Hardy's Children," starring Mickey Rooney and the Hardy family.

Wednesday—"Love Finds Andy Hardy" with Judy Garland and "Out West With the Hardys" with Virginia Wiedler.

Friday—"The Hardys Ride High" and "Mr. Wong, Detective" with Boris Karloff.

CAPITOL

Today—"They All Come Out" with Rita Johnson and Tom Neal. "Lost Squadron" with Richard Dix and Joel McCrea.

Wednesday—"The Island of Lost Men" with Anna May Wong and Anthony Quinn. "Boy's Town" with Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney.

Saturday—"The Angels Wash Their Faces" with Ann Sheridan and the Dead End Kids. "Colorado Sunset" with Gene Autry.

HOLLYWOOD

Today—"I'm From Missouri" With Bob Burns and Gladys George.

Wednesday—"Riding on Air" with Joe E. Brown, Guy Kibbee and Florence Rice. "The Great Man Votes" with John Barrymore and Virginia Wiedler.

Saturday—"Spoilers of the Range" with Charles Starrett. "Sudden Money" with Charles Ruggles and Marjorie Rambeau.

Behind the Scenes In Hollywood

HOLLYWOOD—If Orson Welles doesn't get into a fight over that beard, it will be a wonder. The hecklers won't leave him alone.

At a producer's house the other night, one of Hollywood's most important agents kept nagging Welles until the youthful actor-producer-writer bluntly told him to "go away and leave me alone."

"You'll never make a success in Hollywood," said the agent, "you haven't got the manners."

Spearing him with a glance, Welles replied: "Well, if by any accident I do get on, that will make two of us who have succeeded without any manners."

Then there was that incident at a restaurant the other evening. Playful Big Boy Williams tormented Welles until it looked as if they would step outside and fight it out. Peacemaker Burgess Meredith prevented that battle.

Raymond Massey was covered with $1,000,000 from the time he left New York until he reported to work in Eugene, Ore., on the location for "Abe Lincoln in Illinois."

This is what Hollywood calls pre-production insurance. Another policy covers the star until the film is finished.

You are at Warner Brothers watching a scene for "20,000 Years in Sing Sing."

It is a two-story cell block. Lights will be out in a few minutes. One of the prisoners is twanging on a ukulele. Others are singing.

Suddenly, the scene is interrupted by Director Anatole Litvak.

"Didn't I hear somebody singing 'Swanee River'?" he calls.

One of the men in the cells shouts back confirmation.

"Well, you'll have to stop it," says Litvak. "Do you want to get us in a lawsuit or put in jail? That song is copyrighted."

Before they take the scene again, the convicts are instructed not to sing the words of any song. If one got into the picture, and Warner Brothers didn't own the rights, the studio might have to pay through the nose.

In the number of extras used, "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" harks back to the good old days of Griffith and DeMille. R-K-O will use 3000

(Turn to Page 14)

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"Redheads Are Lucky"

By Vera Brown

CHAPTER XIV

The day after Handsome had lost his first game on the road, Wish came in to see her at the hotel. It was the first time she had seen him since Handsome's spectacular performance at the stadium.

"How's my favorite red head?" he asked, his keen blue eyes twinkling.

"Fine, but lonesome," she said quickly.

"The Big Boy doesn't seem to be doing so well."

"Just give him a little time. He'll be all right, I'm sure."

"I wish I were." Wish lit a cigar and settled down for a wait while Mike served some customers. He liked her quiet efficiency. She was a pretty sight in her black frock which made her skin seem so white.

When there was a lull, Wish went on where they had been interrupted:

"When are you going to wear Handsome's ring?"

Mike looked startled.

"It's my business to know things," Wish said with a grin. Then he added: "Nothing psychic in it. Handsome told me the day he left town. Just thought you might start wearing it. For the psychological effect on the kid."

Mike shook her head: "I will soon, but I'm superstitious. I'm afraid to have people know. Afraid something will happen." She smiled ruefully. "Silly, isn't it? I'm as bad as Handsome. But I haven't told mother yet."

Wish did not make any comment, and he left shortly.

Next morning Mike came to work looking eagerly for her letter. It was not there, but several people were waiting for Mike's arrival. They turned out to be newspaper people, and some camera men.

"We've been waiting for you, Miss Shannon," one of them began, even before Mike could read a telegram which stood where her letters always were put.

"Is it true you won't let your engagement to Handsome Regan be announced until he wins two games straight?"

They crowded around her, and gradually people in the lobby, curious, joined the group around the magazine counter.

"I don't know what you mean?" she faltered.

"Didn't you see Calliope's column this morning?"

Mike hadn't. She had been too busy over the sports pages. There was a pretty scathing article about the "Sheik of Charlotte" and his pitching. Somebody handed her the columnist's comment:

They say Handsome Regan's heart won't wear his ring until he wins two games straight. She's the redhead behind the magazine counter at the Eureka Hotel.

The cold print left Mike speechless.

"Is the telegram from Handsome?" somebody asked, and Mike noticed the yellow envelope held crumpled in her hand.

"I don't know." She stared at it.

"Better open it," somebody advised.

Her hands trembled as she tore the wire open:

"O. K. Two games straight, honey and no fooling." (signed) "Handsome."

Somebody took the wire out of her hands. In the general confusion Mr. Downey arrived. "This way, gentlemen," he said. "Miss Shannon will come up to my office. Come, Mike. Burke, you wait until we come back."

In a daze she did as she was ordered. It was her first experience with a newspaper interview.

"How long have you been engaged to Handsome?" somebody asked.

"What does he like to eat? Is it true he gets more fan mail from women than any other player?"

Flash light bulbs blazed. Everybody talked at once. Mr. Downey guided the interview swiftly. Mike hardly knew what was happening. Everybody copied the telegram. Everybody talked fast, and then it was all over. When the reporters dashed for telephones, Mike and Downey were left alone.

"Oh, Mr. Downey, maybe I shouldn't have talked to them!"

"Why not? Don't be silly! Of course, you should. It is nothing. Forget it. Now we'll get back to Roy. He's probably wild."

Mike went back to work, but the hubbub kept up about the counter. Everybody had to come over to wish her happiness. She was weary, her head ached. But it was not until two hours later, when she saw her picture staring out at her from the afternoon newspapers that she realized what she had done.

There was Handsome's telegram. Stories about her and Handsome.

"I've got to get away from here!" she gasped. "Send for Mr. Downey."

He came hurrying, surprised at the state in which he found her.

"It's awful," she gasped. "I didn't realize. . . ."

Downey tried to quiet her. "Listen, kid, you can't get engaged to a chap like Handsome without all this."

"I didn't realize. . . ."

"You've got to get used to it. It's going on for a long time, if he clicks."

"But maybe the club won't like it!" she gasped. "What shall I do?"

"DO? Do nothing. There's nothing to do but wear your ring when Handsome wins two straight games."

"But how did Calliope find out about it? Why did he say that about the two games? I never said any such thing, Mr. Downey. Honestly, I didn't."

"Newspapers have a way of finding out things." Downey looked at her speculatively. He wondered if Wish had anything to do with that item in the Calliope column. The old fox! Downey grinned at Mike's distress but he did not mention Wish's probable part in the plot.

During the afternoon, scores of people came in just to see the girl Handsome was going to marry. The place was in a turmoil. Later in the day Wish himself dropped in to see Mike. He found her half hysterical.

"Now, now. Keep your chin up. What is there to be so upset about?"

Mike's eyes were black with tragedy. "It's terrible, Wish. I'm just frantic. What will Mr. Crisp think?" Wish did not explain that Mr. Crisp would cheer if Handsome won his two games.

"I came in here to take you to dinner. Don't you worry about a thing."

Wish took Mike off to Bessimer's when she was through work. She was grateful to be with him, to talk to him about Handsome. They sat at the same table which she and Handsome always chose, and Wish talked to her quietly.

"We must wire Handsome, tonight. Here, what do you want to say?" he said pulling some telegraph blanks out of his pocket.

"I don't know," Mike said wildly. "Oh, Wish! How did I get into all this?"

"By being in love with Handsome. Come on. Let's say something like this. We want to get this off right away." Wish scribbled for a little:

"How's this?" He passed the blank over to her: "Know you'll win two games. Best of luck and love."

As Mike was reading, three photographers from the morning newspapers arrived. Wish seemed surprised to see them, but he called them by name when he introduced them to Mike.

"Now about a picture . . . you having dinner with Wish? Keep right on holding that telegram, Miss Shannon. Take a pencil in your hand." Thus came instructions from the candid camera pros.

More photographs. When the pictures were taken, people began coming to their table. Suddenly Mike was again the center of attraction.

"A perfect set-up," Wish thought with pride. Handsome could not have made a better choice. And Wish patted himself on the back for his part in the whole matter. It would be good for days. If. . . . Wish settled back. . . . If Handsome did win those two games? It was a natural!

So Mike suddenly found herself half of the country's most interesting romance. It was the June baseball season. Handsome had already caught the imagination of the baseball loving public. It was all that was needed to make him *news*.

There would be pictures of Mike listening to the radio broadcast of Handsome's next game. Wish toyed with the idea of flying Mike out to Detroit if Handsome pitched the second game there. But that might be dangerous. The excitement might throw Handsome off. Mike, of course, could not eat her dinner.

"I'll drive you home," he said promptly. He had wanted to meet her family, see what they were like. This would be a fine opportunity.

They took a cab over to Wish's garage and were soon driving slowly through the warm, June night. Mike had lapsed into a moody silence.

"Take a little advice from an old fellow, Mike. Don't take all this too seriously. You're going to live from now on in a three ring circus. Make up your mind to it."

"But look at today! I let them do all this and never even realized what was happening!" She burst into tears. "It's horrible, being spread all over the newspapers like that. I'm ashamed to meet people."

"Think how the President must feel? Or the Duke of Windsor? You'll get used to it." But Mike did not believe him.

When they got to the old apartment house in Brooklyn, Mike asked Wish to come in. It was a more or less perfunctory invitation, but to Mike's surprise and consternation, he accepted. Mike led the way. Together the two walked into the Shannon apartment, straight into the arms of more newspaper people and her excited family.

Mike stopped short in the doorway of the crowded apartment. Cameras, flash light bulbs, etc., were piled around the room. There were heaps of "dead" bulbs over in the corner. The furniture was pushed about. They'd been taking pictures.

She hurried on through into the bedroom to Jimmie.

"Mike, Mike! They took my picture! I told them all about Handsome and how he buys me chocolate ice cream and sends me postal cards every day."

Mike sat down abruptly on the bed. In the room beyond, Wish was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Shannon and to Jack and Mary. Wish finally went in to talk to Mike.

"You've got to be a good soldier, Mike. Come on out. You can't turn these boys down. You let the others take your photograph. Remember, it is Handsome's career."

"But I hate it! Oh, Wish, if I could only undo today!"

"Now go and wash your face, fix your hair. Forward, march!" Wish felt sorry for the girl. But she had to learn. It would all be part of being Handsome's wife.

Neighbors had begun to arrive in the small apartment, until there was no more room. The newspaper boys and girls wanted to see Mike's ring, but at that she rebelled.

"No. Not until the two games are won." She looked at Wish for his approval. He nodded. Then Mike tried to explain:

"My family didn't know about this," she said in a small voice.

That day left a lasting impression on Mike. She was never to forget the lesson she learned. It was a long time before everybody was out of the apartment and her family was there with Wish. The latter thought it was time to speak a word of warning.

"Mike, you must always be kind to the newspapers. They have made Handsome. They can un-make him. He is not a private citizen any longer. He's on his way to being a national hero. Just always be careful. Remember from now on you're living in the spotlight. You must always think of Handsome and his career."

"I see that, now, Wish," she said.

"All this is new. There will come a time when it won't be so pleasant. There may be ugly things which you must face. But always be yourself, and be kind. If you must ever say 'no,' say it firmly but with regret. Handsome's chosen to make his living at baseball and all this is part of it. You can make him or break him . . . later."

(To be continued)

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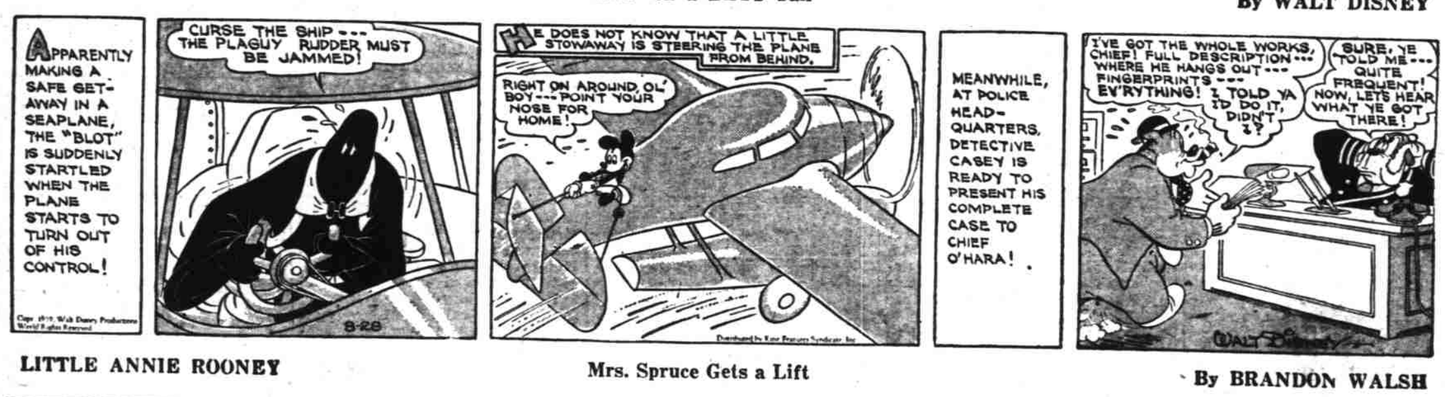

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