

Movies Search Nation For New Talent

If You've Got "It"—Plus Good Voice, Dancing Ability
And Can Fire Away With
Fast Wise-Cracks—
Hollywood Will
Hand You Fame!



Harriet Hilliard
(left) Made a
Sensational Success
in Her First Motion
Picture and Is
Continuing to
Greater Heights.

Mad Russian

IN the gay, glittering city of Hollywood there's always the threat of new faces. From the top of the scintillating ladder of success, the stars who have made the hazardous ascent look down from the shimmering heights to view with interest—and sometimes alarm—the beauty and talent assembling below and forging upward to push them from the tottery summits of public adoration.

Each year new stars are born and often some of those in ascendancy fade into oblivion. It's the old cycle of history repeating itself, and today's hero becomes tomorrow's forgotten man. The age cries out: "Give us something ultra-modern, something new—new ideas, new stories, new faces!"

To meet this demand studios have been dispatching scouts into every section of the country on the scent of talent to track down and capture the ultimate in entertainment. For months they pursued their unobtrusive way until they assembled a galaxy of trouperes that broke all former records for tickling funny bones and provoking laughter, and out of the infinite chaos of myriad beauties, radio stars and night club celebrities RKO is fashioning the last word in screen sensations. "New Faces of 1937."

Casting an eagle eye into the stellar field of radio, RKO found Milton Berle, a master at the difficult art of humor. Berle, whose effervescent manner has lifted him to the top-most notch among New York comedians, capers through "New Faces" with "Mischa the Mad Russian" and "Judge Hugo Straight." They are an invincible comedy team.

Simultaneously from New York came the seven Loria Brothers, hauled across the continent by their parents in an automobile trailer. These youngsters, ranging in age from four to 14 years, were capturing the imagination of the sophisticated Empire City when Hollywood found them and wove them into the plot of the new musical. They are a talented family from the south, and Yucatan, Mexico, is bursting with pride over their success as intru-

Parkyakarkus

mentalists. They give new voice to native instruments, and Spanish rhythms tug at the heart strings as they slip from "La Paloma" into the rumba dances.

A hilariously funny team is the famous trio, Lowe, Hite and Stanley, rising from three feet two inches to seven feet nine inches in height. Hite lives up to his name, but Lowe isn't the little fellow and Stanley is the average man. Lowe says it's no fun being the middle man, for when Stanley isn't climbing on him, Hite is walking on him and anyway he takes it, he's always the goat.

The four outstanding leads who carry through the plot and make their own contributions to comedy are Joe Penner, Parkyakarkus, Milton Berle and Harriet Hilliard. Joe is returning to the screen after a year's absence and Parkyakarkus, whose Greek dialect has delighted audiences from coast to coast, makes his second debut. Before fame focused its fascinating lights on Parkyakarkus, his name was Harry Einstein and he was the highest paid advertising executive in the New England states. His wife, the beautiful Thelma Leeds, is one of the interesting new faces the public is waiting to see. She is an artist in her own right, and lends grace and beauty to melody in a featured singing role.

HARRIET HILLIARD, who has thrown her hat into the movie ring, made a valiant stride toward stardom in "Follow the Fleet" when she played opposite Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. Her delightful voice, which has found its way over many air lanes, is destined to carry her a few more rounds up the famous ladder of success.

Three weeks later she turned up at the casting office minus the "nose." She had visited a plastic surgeon and had her nose remodeled into the accepted streamline fashion. She got the part she was after.

What an assortment is to be found on the "New Faces" set! There are the Four Playboys from Ben Bernie's band, the Chocolateers, a group of three Negro youths, who imitate chickens in an eccentric dance known as "Peckin'"; Eddie Rio & Bros., famous for renditions in pantomime; Dorothy Roberts, they call her "akat" and they think she'll be

Milton Berle

Harriet plays the romantic lead with Bill Brady. Brady is another one of those who stumbled into fame when he happened in to a try-out with a friend in Washington, D.C. At the insistence of his friend he finally entered the audition and was awarded first place among 100 tenors. From there to New York, his remarkable voice was taking the city by leaps and bounds when RKO handled him off to Hollywood.

Comedian Benny Rubin found Ann Miller, 18-year-old dance sensation, tripping a light fantastic in a San Francisco night club and arranged to have her placed under contract after a screen test. All who see her are convinced she is as great as her late namesake, Marilyn Miller, and with "New Faces" as the vehicle she is on her way to stardom.

Everyone connected with the production of the picture was on the lookout for new faces, and Charles Henderson, in charge of music arrangement, found Camille Soray singing in a private dinner club in Beverly Hills. Her charming manner and pleasing voice convinced him that she should be given a trial. The inevitable screen test followed, and poor Camille was dismissed. She had a "bad nose."

In spite of the nose, Camille remained undaunted. Three weeks later she turned up at the casting office minus the "nose." She had visited a plastic surgeon and had her nose remodeled into the accepted streamline fashion. She got the part she was after.

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Joe Penner

climbing the ladder alongside Marjorie Raye, Derry Dean, a little bit of four, and a sensation, playing the violin, singing and dancing; the time-up goes on and on, including Carol King, Lorraine Krueger, Richard Lane, Jerome Cowan and Patricia Wilder who is known to the radio world as "Honeychile."

Never before has been assembled such an assortment of talent! Singers, dancers, comics, instrumentalists and acrobats are being fitted into a mosaic of music and drama to build one of the most colossal extravaganzas of the day.

"New Faces" is, and new faces are, looming on the horizon. Most studios would deem it mad-ness to entrust such an expenditure to a group of performers so new to the cameras. None of them are box office attractions; few have been subjected to the "fun-mail" test; some are waiting for their first letters, yet the Corporation in England attracted no greater assemblage of wealth that RKO had amassed in talent.

Harriet Plays the Lead in the Picture, "New Faces of 1937."

Jerome Cowan, Parkyakarkus and Lorraine Krueger Are All Recent Screen Sensations.



Reading From the Tall Fellow Down: Hite, Lowe and Stanley.

Even Smart Shoplifters Get Caught!

Yearly Toll Of Petty Thievery
Rises Astonishingly Despite
Mass Arrests Of Ringleaders
By Western Police—Detectives
Untangle New Tricks As Fast As
Army Of Crooks Invent Them



Thousands of Dollars of Merchandise Is Stolen Daily From Stores Crowded Such As This One.

LOOKED like a shoe box, only Nimble Ned, the shoplifter, was a little handwork on it. Ned used to go with him to the department stores and used to price a lot of merchandise, but then he bought anything.

The detectives used to follow Ned around under how he did it. They knew his name and his wife's name, and how many children he had, and where he had gone to school. He was a boy, but they wanted to let him go. It was a long time, so that he wouldn't be coming back for a while.

They got tired of adding up the value of the crime and the police plugs, and they took Ned to the police station. They tried to bring around the shoe box and they took it. There was the box before their eyes, but it was empty. But it was too heavy to empty.

Get the picture, said the quiet detective. He already knew all about Ned, and what a big state Ned was. They found that Ned had put a false bottom in the box, with a trap door concealed under the top. The false bottom had an array of small bottles of perfume, six lace handkerchiefs, a fountain pen, two pocket knives and a watch. So Ned is breaking hard old rocks who want to be home for awhile.

Shoplifters are a pain in the neck to merchants, even to merchants who sell only the most priced merchandise. The detectives are several moves ahead of the crook. If the crook is a big crook, he can't wave radios and telephones, and he can't fingerprint, exchange systems, and he can't move around a blind period, but from the time he can't escape.

NE of the most ancient and most profitable systems of thievery is "try-it-on." Try-it-on is a fine art, and it has more than one trick to it.

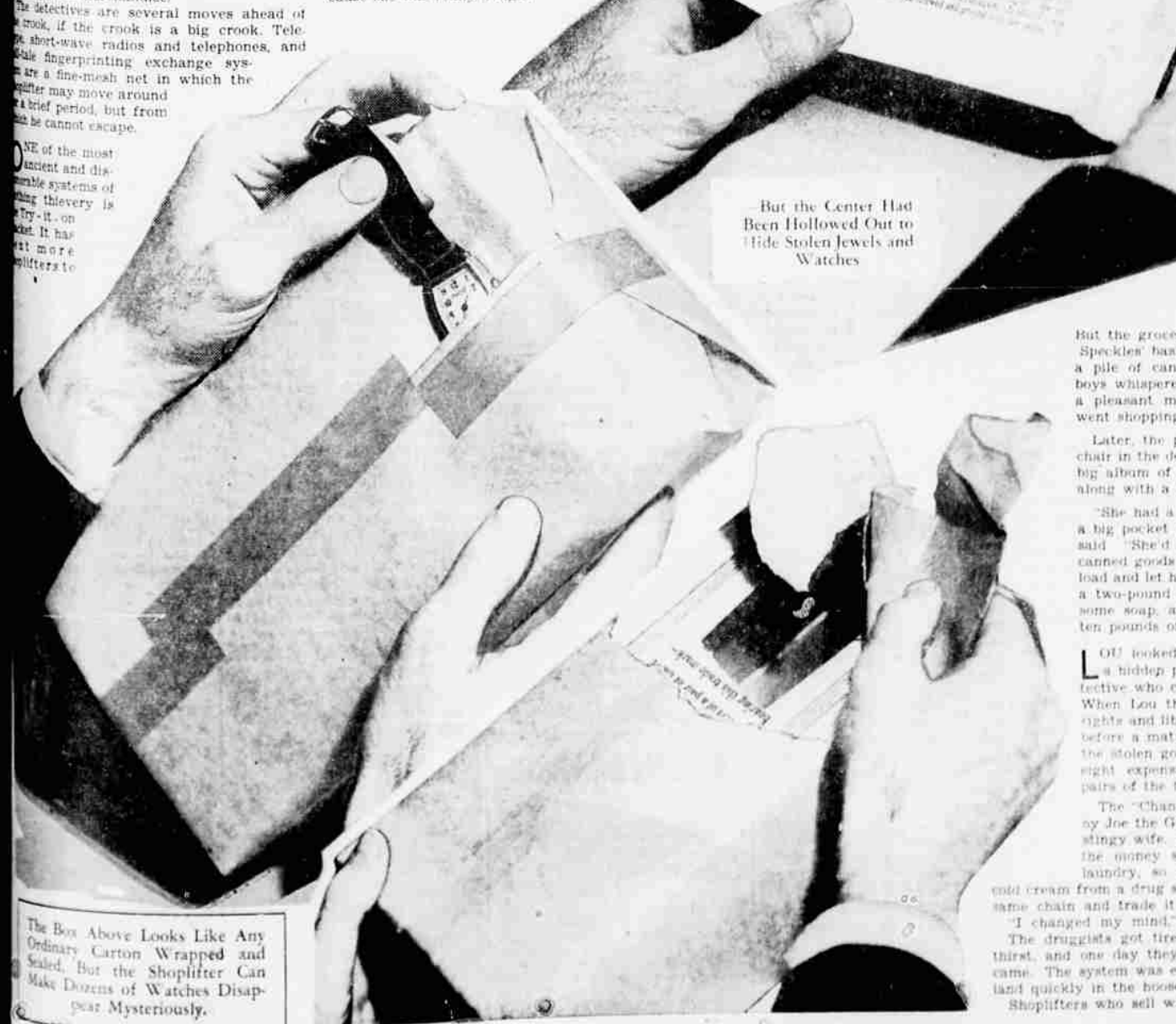
George the Jolly was a great exponent of the try-it-on. He was the best natured man who ever landed in the penitentiary. He made the usual mistakes, though.

George would go into a store to see some new suits. He looked prosperous. He would try on one suit and then another, and finally he would say he would come back tomorrow with his wife, because he couldn't make up his mind. He would wear the old suit on the way out, but he always had at least one new suit under it. When he gets out of prison, they'll be watching George—

from San Diego to Augusta, Maine, and at odd spots along the way.

Grocers see the meanest kind of shoplifting. For a long time the boys had kept an eye on Mrs. Speckles. It was no wonder, because she was really a sight.

But the Center Had Been Hollowed Out to Hide Stolen Jewels and Watches.



The Box Above Looks Like Any Ordinary Carton Wrapped and Sealed, But the Shoplifter Can Make Dozens of Watches Disappear Mysteriously.

An Ordinary Religious Volume—

as "boosters." Many shoplifters are drug addicts, and they are known as "hype." Every shoplifter who has stayed in the racket long enough to earn his keep in the penitentiary has developed a peculiarity of method which makes his capture just a matter of time.

Police records are voluminous; they fill whole big rooms, whole annexes. But crimes and criminals are classified in various ways, and one of the ways is known as the "M.O."—method of operation. When a certain kind of shoplifting is annoying a merchant, it's a simple task for his local police department to sort out the names of possible suspects. Then the photographs of the suspects are shown to the merchants and their clerks, and sometimes an identification can be made.

That was the way they got one of the most elusive gangs that ever stole men's suits in the west. From city to city the gang progressed, harvesting one suit to clothe a plain army.

So the quiet gentlemen in plain clothes began asking questions: "What kind of men have traded here today? Which ones might have walked out wearing suits under their own suits?"

The search narrowed to a half-dozen men. Merchants identified two of those by photograph. When the two appeared at a store, police arrested the men in their automobile. In a trick compartment detectives found dozens of expensive men's suits.

SHOPLIFTERS who raid jewelry stores are usually old-timers at the game of stealing. They almost invariably operate with a book. At Speckles' basket every time she walked behind a pile of canned salmon. So, regrettably, the book has been hollowed out, and a flip of the hand can put a ring—or a dozen rings—into the hiding place.

Jokers in the shoplifting deck are many and varied. Mirror systems—a favorite detection device in five-and-ten-cent stores—provide a hazy method of studying thieves at work. By standing at certain locations a detective can watch a certain other location without being seen. Peephole systems are universal. Honest customers need not worry about the observation systems they trade; an honest customer couldn't look like a shoplifter if he tried all night.

Then there is the depressing subject of kleptomania—the irresistible impulse to steal certain things for which the victim has no real use. Kleptomaniacs are the despair of their relatives and a nuisance in every big store. Wealthy women of middle age are sometimes the worst offenders, taking home armloads of hats, or teacups, or bars of soap, or anything else.

Sometimes a shoplifter cures himself of his criminal inclination by the simple process of will power. Sometimes shame will do the trick. It was shame, they said, that cured Gusset Harry.

Harry was a great man for a hearty breakfast. He always ate five or six eggs, and he always stole the eggs at the corner grocery. The boys at the grocery watched Harry through a peephole and saw him put three eggs into each coat pocket. When he was on his way out, one of the boys came up behind Harry and slipped his pockets. He hardly felt it, but it got the eggs. He looked at the boys with tears in his eyes, and then he walked away. His coat pockets were awfully empty. He never came back.