

Gossip

From the Studios and Social Centers of Hollywood

by Jane

IN A popular Boulevard cafe the other evening, absorbing sustenance, looking and being looked at, we saw Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Hughes, Ann Page and Jack Warner, the Warner Baxters and the Charlie Butterworths . . . and they looked as if they didn't have a care in the world.

Casting directors say J. Farrell MacDonald looks exactly like "the ordinary man." Wonder what a composite picture of the ordinary man would look like?

Jack Oakie's mother used to introduce William Jennings Bryan, in the good old days, to Chau tauqua audiences . . . Galli Curci is building a new home in Beverly Hills . . . Claudette Colbert is shopping for new furniture.



Anita Louise

For a very young actress, Anita Louise has become a veteran night clubber. It's a poor week when Anita is not dining with some juvenile lead . . . Her mother, Mrs. Ann Bresford, thinks its good relaxation for Anita after a day's work at the studio.

Gloria Swanson's favorite song is "Penthouse Serenade," while Billie Burke favors that nice oldtimer, "Alice Blue Gown."

Hard faces . . . white sunlight shining obliquely against dusty pavements . . . feet moving quickly along the Boulevard . . . gold gloves . . . color fading into a thousand patterns behind the mountains . . . hands clutching after vanished dreams . . . disillusion . . . that is Hollywood in January.

English author, James Hilton, just over from dear old London to adapt "Camille" for the next Greta Garbo picture, is getting his first close-up of "these unusual Americans." He has published nine novels and is in his early thirties.

The order has gone out at M-G-M to "build up" Allan Jones, whom Louis B. Mayer believes will be the Clark Gable of the coming year. Jones did some good work in the Marx Brothers comedy and is now slated to carry on in "The Student Prince," which was originally planned for Nelson Eddy.

Myrna Loy, always exclusive, has disappeared completely from Hollywood's social life since she built her cabin in the San Bernardino mountains . . . a great combination that . . . to be in love and to own a cabin in the mountains at the same time.

Since Joan Blondell's divorce she has become the popular dinner and dancing partner of all the bachelors in town. Joan, always a good looker, is taking a new fling at life since she gained her marital freedom. Nothing helps so much, in a fling, 'tis said, as a brand-new wardrobe, a slimmer figure and a new style of hair-dress—all of which Joan has.



Joan Blondell

After Sam Goldwyn gets back from Europe he is going to put "Come and Get It," the Edna Ferber novel, into production. Edna has finished the ending she would like to see in the movie version. She was never satisfied with the ending of her novel. The pulchritudinous Virginia Bruce cops the lead and that's a big break for Virginia.

Jimmy Gleason withdraws to his workshop when bored with life, to make hobby horses and pogo sticks . . . the David Selznicks (Irene Mayer) are preparing to greet a second heir within a month or two . . . not to mention the Norman Fosters, who will shop for a cradle about mid-summer.

That mythical guy, the fellow who writes open letters to the editors of newspapers, is to be seen on the screen.

In "Exclusive Story," Charles Trowbridge will portray the fellow who is unseen but not unknown in every newspaper office in the world.

The Columbia studios have started on a new cycle of high-powered productions. Richard Dix is doing "Devil's Squadron," Bruce Cabot is working in "Money Mad," and Gary Cooper is taking the lead in "Opera Hat."

Cowboys and Indians are back with us at the RKO Radio studios. Three hundred extras appear in some covered wagon scenes of Wheeler and Woolsey's current comedy feature, "The Wild West."

Ralph Forbes, English actor, is before the cameras this week in a C. C. Burr production called "I'll Name the Murderer."

Ray K. Johnson is directing.

Wishing to get away from it all, Clark Gable's next holiday will be spent in a lonely valley about a hundred miles from Taos, New Mexico, where trout fishing is said to be excellent. Clark doesn't



Actually they are Mr. and Mrs. Franchot Tone, but their domestic life is reserved for themselves and not the movie fans. Publicly, of course, she's Joan Crawford.

Marriage and Career? Joan Crawford and Husband Have Both — and Like It

Domestic Side of Her Life With Franchot Tone Hidden But on the Screen, They Seek Fame Together

By DONNA RISHER

FRANCHOT TONE will never be "the man Joan Crawford married."

This well-mannered young man with a wistful smile is, and will remain, a personality in his own right, a player of stage and screen distinguished from other players by the fact that he has a good speaking voice and an unnamed quality designated as "something" apart from personality.

And his marriage, if he is able to maintain the independent stand he has taken with his studio, will forever remain a thing apart from his career. To this Joan agrees.

In fact, the Tones have already refused to submit to "homey" pictures taken together for publicity purposes. It is their wish to live within their own palatial walls, secure from the eyes of newspaper readers. Unless they undergo a change of heart, there will be no pictures of Joan in a morning negligee pouring the morning coffee at the breakfast table, with young Tone gazing fondly at her on the other side of the urn.

Such intimate glimpses of their happy domesticity, the studio reports, are not to be photographed, not for a minute.

Meanwhile, few movie fans know much about the youthful groom.

A NEW YORKER by birth, he comes from a wealthy family and when or if his popularity should wane in Hollywood, he can return to the family circle and enter into the carborundum business—an artificial compound of carbon and silicon—which his father, Frank J. Tone, heads.

This chance to enter business, however, was turned down by young Tone while a student at Cornell. There a desire to express himself in the drama drew within him after he was elected to the presidency of the Cornell Dramatic Club.

Upon graduation, he entered stock in Buffalo, leaving the next season for New York, where he received his first real training in the Group Theater, the Theater Guild and the New Playwright's Theater in Greenwich Village.

say whether he will be lonely in the lonely valley or not. Probably not.

Warren Williams rides to the studio in a new portable dressing room.

It is equipped with radio, wardrobe racks, phone and a couch.

Herbert Mundin has challenged Edward Arnold

In Hollywood he has been cast as a "gentleman" by the movie-working officials. Tone doesn't mind the role, but he does prefer parts which would allow him to "dig in" to "work inside, mentally," instead of from "without."

He looks upon his work in "Mutiny of the Bounty" with pleasure because he said it was an inspiration to him to work with Charlie Laughton. He had "more fun," however, in the pictures where he appeared with Joan, such as "Today We Live" and "Dancing Lady."

"But if you noticed," he declares, "I always lost her to some other fellow."

IF THE time ever comes when Tone and his wife can get a leave at the same time from their studio, they want to visit New York and jointly appear in a stage play.

Neither has any compunction of merging their careers, it seems, in the consciousness of the public; it is only their home life that must not be exposed to public view.

Both Franchot and Joan have become more or less exclusive during the last three years, taking little part in the social life of Hollywood.

Young Tone objects to the movie center, on the ground that everything is either all social or all work. He thinks the atmosphere here is not conducive to the happy medium of living—good conversation and inspiration.

His intimates are few and when he is not working he is indulging his fondness for music and books. A collector of books in a small way, he has acquired some valuable tomes on the art of acting. Seldom does he go in for sports like so many of the actors in Hollywood.

No strenuous horseback riding or golf can lure him away from his own fireside during leisure hours. In fact, he considered the horseback riding he did in "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" enough to last him a lifetime.

He is of Irish descent, the French-sounding Franchot comes from his mother's people.

to a checker duel. The loser must take the winner and his wife to Palm Springs for a week-end.

Donald Woods was born with the name of Ralph Louis Zink in Erandon, Manitoba, Canada.

He has appeared in more than 350 stage plays during his career in stock.

Looking 'em Over

***** WITH *****

GAIL GARDNER

Five Star Motion Picture Editor

CHARACTERIZED by a bustle of activity, this swaning winter season finds motion picture screens everywhere in luxuriant bloom.

One of the finest is "The Petrified Forest," a gripping tale of love and heroism laid in the colorful Arizona desert, starring Leslie Howard and Bette Davis. It is the sort of picture the whole family will discuss when it gets to talking movies at the dinner table, because the story is one that could—and often does in these United States—happen indiscriminately to most anybody.

It is based on a common event seen daily in the newspapers—gangsters after pulling off a job, stopping at a service station for gas. There the action begins and ends.

Howard plays the part of a disillusioned, frustrated writer who has been living off the bounty of a wealthy wife. He decides to regain his self-respect, to find the beauty he thinks he has missed. His search leads him to a service station 15 miles from the Petrified Forest. There he also finds Bette Davis, who as Gabby, an American-French girl with a flair for modern art and a longing for love, keeps him interested.

Soon the action finds the gangsters, the lovers, a sheriff's posse and whatnot all together and shooting it out. Howard is shot. But you'll like the ending, or at least you should appreciate it because the Warner Brothers, First National scratched their heads for days in worryment, trying to figure out the right fadeout compatible with box office demands. Breathtaking shots of the desert.

EMERGING from the open spaces, we go farther down the street and on a neighboring screen watch "The Widow from Monte Carlo," co-starring Dolores Del Rio and Warren Williams.

Since the screen play is an adaptation from the English stage success, "A Present from Margate," it abounds in Duchesses, Lords and His Majesty's men.

Dolores plays the part of the Duchess Inez, who to escape the boredom of entertaining relatives, slips out of her home to the Casino for an evening at the gaming tables. There she meets Warren Williams (Major Chepstow). The designing relatives insist Dolores marry their nephew, Colin Clive (Erick Richmond) of the Diplomatic Service, but Dolores, after being compromised—well, write your own ticket.

Elaborate sets, beautiful gowns and good photography. The picture is entertaining, but not one to further Miss Del Rio's career or improve her box-office draw.

A CROSS the way the name of Benita Hume looms in front of the theater.

Benita is the girl, you remember, who escaped so successfully from the blind anger of Johnny Weismuller—cinematically, of course—in "Tarzan Escapes," but who does not have such good fortune when she clashes with Edmund Lowe in her latest screen effort, "The Garden Murder Case."

Benita, a lovely trained nurse, although under suspicion, helps clear up the baffling deaths of her patients, to the satisfaction of Philo Vance (Eddie Lowe). Philo, by the way, falls in love for the very first time in his long series on the screen. The object of his affection is Virginia Bruce, who gets a chance to show off some lovely new gowns and a brand-new blond bob.

The offering seems to have been made to order for the thousands of theatergoers who follow Philo and his Hawkshaw adventures.

THAT hard-fisted guy, James Cagney, is still busting his carefree way through six reels of this, his latest, "Ceiling Zero." Ever since "Here Comes the Navy" became a nation-wide hit, Cagney and his bosses have been praying for another picture just as popular. Luck, it seems, perches on their shoulders, for this new vehicle contains what it takes, it seems, to make Cagney admired.

It is a thrilling aviation story about three pals Cagney, Pat O'Brien and Stuart Erwin, in a three-way friendship to do or die for each other. There is danger, love, sacrifice, pathos and death, not to mention the pretty heart interest in this modern flier. The smashing finale—Cagney in an exciting plane crash—with O'Brien in the fadeout hanging Cagney's "washed out" sign on the airport's bulletin board. The picture was made to appeal to youth. It moves fast and is intelligently photographed.



Bette Davis



Leslie Howard



Benita Hume

A Shot at Some Real Fans Who Tell the Stars What to Do



Susie Tracy, the daughter of Spencer Tracy, is getting a lesson in tarot throwing from her dad at the left; center is Stuart Erwin, M-G-M comedian, who doesn't look so funny with his recently arrived daughter, June Dorothea; right, Chester Morris and his small daughter Cynthia enjoy a swim in the Morris pool at their Beverly Hills home.