



Hollywood is watching the production of the famous best-seller, "Trail of the Lonesome Pine," with great interest, and here are three scenes from this, the first outdoor, all-color venture. Left, Sylvia Sidney and Henry Fonda enjoy a romantic moment. Center, Miss Sidney proves she can peel potatoes with the best of them. Right, Fonda fighting off them dang feudists, or something.

Looking 'em Over

***** WITH *****

GAIL GARDNER

Five Star Motion Picture Editor

"DESIRE," the picture expected to do so much for Marlene Dietrich, has evidently accomplished its purpose, because the studio has set her to work without a breathing spell, in another film.

Under the personal supervision of Ernst Lubitsch, the big Paramount boss, Dietrich, who co-stars with Gary Cooper, emerges a better actress than she has proved herself to be heretofore.

Much of the picture's success is due to the intelligent direction of Frank Borzage, whom, you'll remember, created "Seventh Heaven" and "A Farewell to Arms" on the screen.

In "Desire," Miss Dietrich plays the part of a clever thief, who steals a rope of pearls in Paris and flees south over the Spanish border. Enroute, she encounters an American engineer, Gary Cooper. The love story begins at that point. And, it goes without saying, it ends as you like it.

In order to obtain authentic backgrounds for the photoplay a camera crew was sent from Hollywood to Spain and Paris. There approximately 50,000 feet of film were exposed and shipped back for incorporation in the finished picture.

The supporting cast includes John Halliday, William Frawley, Ernest Cossart, Akim Tamiroff and Alan Mowbray.

It is a truism, long familiar, that you can't judge a book by its cover, likewise, a movie by its title.

"You May Be Next," starring Ann Sothern, is a picture with a highly original plot, but you'd never suspect it by the title it has been given.

The main theme of the story lies in the possibility that any criminal or mischief-maker, by using a little radio knowledge, can spoil any broadcast he chooses to. And that's the situation in this story where Douglas Dumbrille, as a racketeer, sees in this scientific fact a means of hijacking the radio business out of thousands of dollars.

He puts his unique idea into effect and makes the radio station pay him off. This leads to a kidnapping, a love affair and a lot of other interesting adventures.

Ann Sothern, as a cafe singer; Lloyd Nolan, as a young radio engineer, and Dumbrille, present the story effectively and convincingly.

AND now the world, which used to be waiting for the sunrise, is now awaiting the release of Mae West's latest, "Klondike Lou." It ought to be showing in your town any day now; if not, this reviewer may help some by telling you right off that Mae herself wrote the screen play and the dialogue.

Consequently, the picture has Mae's own formula, which she has used consistently throughout her Hollywood career, i.e., "I'm a good woman for a bad man."

The fact that la West has jumbled the Alaskan gold rush of the 90's, San Francisco's Chinatown as Mae sees it, and a battle with the elements aboard a freighter, will give you some idea as to the subject matter.

Mae, who has never been concerned with plausibility or consistency in her films, has made sure of one thing the censors won't bother her, in this her last picture under the Paramount banner.

ALICE FAYE, the girl Rudy Vallee introduced to Hollywood, is being given bigger and better

Movie Makers Cross Fingers Waiting Audience Verdicts on New Color Film

"The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" Expected To Be Decisive Test in Experiments with Process—Director and Crew Faced Hard Task in Production

By Donna Risher

WHILE rival groups are giving awards for the best actors, the best directors, the best pictures and whatnot, the thinking element of the industry is anxiously awaiting the failure or success of one lone picture.

Over this particular photoplay suspense hangs like an aura. It is a bold launching into broad and expensive experimentation with Hollywood's new God, Color.

Does the fate of the industry hang upon its success?

The picture is "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," which at this writing, is in the cutting room of the Walter Wanger Productions, but which may be showing in your home town by the time you read this.

It is destined to do one of two things.

It will either become the color picture to end all color pictures, or it will become the film that will, as once occurred with sound, enthrone color supreme over all. If the latter, it will, like sound, ring the death knell of a thousand individual hopes. It will hurl many a famed name over the brink of oblivion. And with new, inexorable demands, it will bring forth new faces, new names and new powers behind the thrones.

For as surely as sound pushed out actors and actresses with untrained voices, so will color discard those who have been depending upon the art of make-up to get them by on the screen.

THIS picture, therefore, is a challenge. Will the old, the black and white, give way to the new—the gorgeous color?

In "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," Henry Hathaway, the director, sought his color in one of the most beautiful outdoor settings possible. He took his company to the pine forests of Big Bear Valley, 70 miles from Hollywood.

Soon after work started, Hathaway discovered Nature was entirely too lavish, however, to suit his purpose. Too much coloring, he knew, would de-

parts by her studio as her career advances in pictures.

In her latest, "King of Burlesque," the yellow-haired Alice is the "grand little trouser" and the "pal" of the boys who produce the naughty shows with the tease "strip" acts and the beefy choruses.

Alice, with a heart of gold, stands out in this evil atmosphere like a white lily in a pond of blue mud. She loves Warner Baxter, the king of burlesque. But shucks, Baxter can get any woman he wants, and Alice is just a "nice kid" after all.

So he moves up to the Broadway houses, refines his shows and makes a pile of money.

Then he goes Park Avenue by marrying a socialite who takes his bankroll and heads for Reno. Palsy Alice has become a great actress with a bankroll of her own, in London. But does she forget the king? She does not. Back she comes to Broadway, hands over her money, establishes the king in another show and saves the day for Mr. Baxter, like the little pal she is.

The picture is frothy and of small entertainment value.

tract from the action. And action, the director believes, is the most important feature of any picture.

Frequently the company found it necessary to dig up flowers, cut off green branches and avoid bright blue skies when shooting a scene. The process, Hathaway said, was something like trying to keep a girl in a scarlet dress from walking into the portrait of Whistler's Mother.

LATER when it came time to build the sets another problem arose. Various kinds of wood and paint were tested. Painted wood was found to be unsatisfactory because the reflection of light on it gave off a variety of colors. So Hathaway sent his assistant, Richard Talmadge, around the countryside buying up old weather-beaten barns. These were demolished and the lumber used in the sets.

The costumes of the players—Sylvia Sidney, Henry Fonda and Fred MacMurray—also had to be all dull browns and grays before they would take the proper coloring. And the make-up man, Sam Kaufman, was the busiest man on "location" when the mountain air whipped up the cheeks and noses of the players and complexions became too ruddy for the sensitive color process.

For three months the entire staff worked with the greatest precaution. Wanger and Hathaway feel certain they have a success. But the industry is waiting eagerly for the answer.

TRUE, color pictures have been attempted before this one. "The Three Little Pigs," by Walt Disney in 1932, was not only immediately successful, it was a sensation.

Merian Cooper followed with a short, "La Cucaracha," which gave the new three-color process a new lease on life. Then followed "Becky Sharp," which disturbed the color sense of audiences everywhere, thus dampening the enthusiasm of producers.

And now, what does the future promise? Will the color revolution completely upset the industry? If so, the girls and boys who are now riding high had better begin to adjust themselves to the new scheme of things.

Gossip

From the Studios and Social Centers of Hollywood

by Jane

HOLLYWOOD out-doors is more theatrical than the studios... the air is sparkling, wine-dashed, sunlit and tonic... green foliage everywhere... the hills beyond are mauve and emerald... roses are showing their pink buds... Spring sends an announcement she will visit Hollywood boulevard soon—that sassy, sprightly, captivating, flirtatious Spring.

THE last Bronx cheer has been seen and heard on the screen. Yes sreee. The ban has been placed by the industry. The edict was issued right after Charlie Laughton delivered a beautiful one to his millionaire employer in "If I had a Million."

That particular type of raspberry, along with Lionel Barrymore's snoring and Wallace Beery's belching, has been outlawed for all time, the industry heads declare.

THE most prolific and the most successful writer for the screen today is a dentist. His name is Zane Grey, graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, who practiced as a dentist before turning to writing as a career.

MISCELLANY: As the next best thing to a twin, the Jack Hales are going to try to "match" their two-year-old Jackie when they go to Chicago soon to visit the Cradle, famous founding home patronized by the film folks... John Carroll wining and dining Steffi Duna at the Russian Eagle... Walter Abel and Preston Foster playing a game of squash... Owen Davis, Jr., and Patricia Wilder definitely aware of each other's presence in the studio cafe.

IF she had her life to live over, there isn't a single thing Mae West would change. "Why not?" asks Mae, "I'm doing all right." She is perfectly contented, she admits, because she likes her work. She likes her mode of living. She has all the friends she wants and she has a certain amount of public adulation. "If I had it all to do over again," she says, "I wouldn't change a single day."

"ROLLING ALONG" will regale, refresh and amuse you if you yearn to hear, see and enjoy comedy with good music. The picture is solid entertainment sprinkled with a few good laughs and some very excellent new lyrics.

Harry Richman is seen as a New York musical comedy star, touring the south on a vacation. A showboat intrigues him and, incognito, he joins the hammy troupe of ten-twenty-and-thirtiespians. The show is ludicrously funny to the great Richman and he thinks it will be a great hit with blasé New Yorkers. He takes the troupe to Broadway and falls in love with Rochelle Hudson, the leading lady of the troupe, who doesn't take kindly to the laughing, jeering reception with which her sincere dramatic efforts are received. But, ah, me, love conquers all—and the picture fades out with Richman singing in his best manner.

The picture introduces two catch songs, "Life Begins When You're in Love" and "There'll Be No South."



Gary Cooper



Donna Risher



Wallace Beery



Ann Sothern



Mae West



Alice Faye

Proving Helen Can Sew!



Is Scotty warm? Doesn't he look it? Helen Vinson, blond actress and the owner of Scotty, made the coat herself when the weather turned chilly.



Rochelle Hudson