



Looking 'em Over
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 Five Star Motion Picture Editor

Gossip
 From the Studios and Social Centers
 of Hollywood
 by Jane

AFTER a long interval, Eddie Cantor is back again on the screen in "Strike Me Pink," the cinema adaptation of that laugh-provoking farce, "Dreamland," which ran serially last summer in a national magazine.

Picture fans who chuckled as they read the original story with its sprightly dialogue and clever situations, will view the photoplay in bewilderment. For the story, every line of which was written with the movie rights sold in advance, has been cut down to Cantor's proportions. It would certainly have been more logical to live up to the measure of the story.

Samuel Goldwyn, the producer, and Mr. Cantor felt, however, that they could improve upon the vehicle. The finished product, therefore, contains a torch singer, Ethel Merman; a chorus of Negro dancers, and a comedian by the name of Parkurkarkus. The result: "Dreamland" is out and Eddie Cantor is in.

Cantor's career, by the way, is an unusual one.

As a child he danced and sang on the streets for the dimes and nickles he could pick up.

As a young man he worked in Coney Island beer gardens, singing while he waited on tables. Vaudeville next called him and he secured a job with an act billed as Bedini and Arthur. His march upward through the years was slow.

His biggest following is in the less sophisticated centers and those who laugh easily will undoubtedly enjoy him in "Strike Me Pink."



Ethel Merman

WATCHING Irvin S. Cobb at work before the camera is like taking a day off to play. There is about him a homely ease and humor that immediately distinguish him. The tenseness that is customarily sensed on any motion-picture set is completely absent from the stage of "Everybody's Old Man."

Today, when we visit the Fox lot, Cobb is rehearsing a scene. He is slouched comfortably in a big leather chair, his feet on a desk, his head buried in a newspaper and the characteristic cigar between his teeth.

On the other side of the desk are Rochelle Hudson, Norman Foster and Johnny Downs. The newspaper hides Cobb's face from them, and that of course is the requirement of the script.

"All right, let's go through the lines once more," says Director James Flood, who works in his shirt sleeves.

"Jim," says Cobb, "I can't act with this paper in my hands. It's open to the stock page and I'll burst out cryin' for sure, because I own some of the stocks listed here."

Everyone laughs. Cobb says, "All right," and lets the paper slip out of his hands to the floor.

"So you've had enough, eh?" he says.

Not until Norman Foster answers does it become apparent that this is one of the lines of the play and not one of Cobb's own remarks. Cobb is letter-perfect in his lines and speaks them so naturally they sound like his own thoughts.

Rehearsal of the scene reaches the point that Rochelle and Foster embrace and Cobb gives Johnny Downs a cigar with a glance that indicates his dismissal from the room. The script doesn't call for it, but Cobb says, as he hands the cigar to Downs:

"Smoke it outside."

"That's a good line; we'll keep it in," says Flood.

The resumption of her movie career, interrupted five years ago, and the possibility of a successful comeback, do not worry Dolores Costello Barrymore, now playing in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Her separation from John Barrymore is final and complete, she says, and her only thoughts now are for the future of their children. Miss Costello is shown in an informal pose in the back yard of her Los Angeles home, left. The center panel is of the children, Dolores and John. Right, matinee idol John Barrymore.

Dolores Costello More Concerned Over Children's Future Than Her "Comeback"

While She Plays in "Little Lord Fauntleroy" After Five Years' Absence From Screen, Ex-Husband John Barrymore Is Only Four Blocks Away and They Don't Even Telephone!

By Donna Risher

DOLORES COSTELLO BARRYMORE, blond Hollywood matron, stands under the glaring lights of the studio, doggedly repeating her lines while the camera turns, trying to achieve a comeback after a retirement of five years.

Down Washington boulevard, four blocks away in another studio, her divorced husband, erstwhile "great lover" of the screen, John Barrymore, also is at work. His costume of satin and lace is that of Shakespeare's time and his courtly manners those of the gallant of an early era.

And while the stages resound with their voices, a silent gulf stretches between the two players.

No telephones connect their dressing rooms as in the old days when they played together. No messages of any sort fly back and forth over the four boulevard blocks, which now form such a formidable barrier.



Donna Risher

THE former husband and wife are doing their respective work, irrespective of each other. And, in so far as Dolores Costello is concerned, this is the way she wishes it.

"My life from now on," she tells you as she takes time off on the "Little Lord Fauntleroy" set, "is to be lived with the thought of my children uppermost in my mind. Although I am embarking upon a 'second' career, I am more concerned about my children's future than I am my own."

Miss Costello spreads out her wide, flounced skirts which she wears as "Dearest," the mother of little Freddie Bartholomew in her picture, settles herself in the studio chair and looks at you out of level, serious eyes.

She is supremely happy, she admits. Happier than she has been for years.

"I don't know how many rooms we have," she

"The scene is fine. Let's shoot it now."

ANOTHER new flicker—and by the way one of the most hoary patterns stuffed away in the scenarist's desk—is in the "Song and Dance Man."

Claire Trevor is a partner in a vaudeville team with Paul Kelly. The latter is a drinking, gambling, happy-go-lucky song and dance man, who gambles the act's money. In fact, if it wasn't for good little Claire there wouldn't be any dance team at all.

Things go from bad to worse, until Claire attempts to sell a gun belonging to Paul, in an effort to get money for bread. She is arrested, only to meet a big-hearted theatrical producer—Michael Whalen—who immediately falls in love with her and makes plans for her career.

Whalen wants to star Alice in a single act, but the loyal little pal will not throw Paul Kelly down—but, pardon me, where have you seen all this before?

says, with a glint of humor in her eyes. "Perhaps I never shall know. Many more than we need or shall use."

"But the place where we really live—the children and myself—is the third floor. It is bright and airy and spacious. Dolores Ethel—she's six—and John Blythe, who is three, can raise all the rough-house, within limits, that they want."

"There is a huge playground in the basement, but the children like the third floor better. We have a tennis court on the grounds, too, but the youngsters use it as an informal speedway for their toy automobiles."

MISS COSTELLO paused. Vacantly, she watched a prop man adjust a light. Then she continued.

"When I came to my decision to return to the screen, I calmly considered what I had lost and what I had gained in the years of my retirement."

"I found the vanishing years had left their recompense—a better understanding, a clearer grasp of life's fundamentals, an emotional maturity that makes me quite, quite sure of myself. Perhaps poise expresses what I mean."

"I have learned too," she added, "that deepest contentment comes in our busiest moments, when we must submerge self."

"Bitterness?" She paused a moment, and then said gravely, "No, I have no bitterness in my heart. And I am glad."



The sunshine of March has induced the Hollywood girls to leave their clothes behind them. Right is newly-wed Claudette Colbert in the first tennis suit of the season. Left, Cecilia Parker dons a one-piece bathing suit.

WE HOPE it comes as no shock to you to learn that many of your film favorites have little personal idiosyncrasies all their own. Yes, indeed they have.

Petite Sylvia Sidney can throw her right hip out of joint at will. She loves to astonish interviewers by suddenly dislocating her leg.

Claudette Colbert won't wear shoes when her feet don't show in the picture. She wears mules. And she always insists upon leaving a building the same way through which she entered.

Fred MacMurray eats quantities of pie and doughnuts. He drives the property man crazy sending him to the studio commissary for snacks. George Burns and Gracie Allen never miss watching each other work... but George won't look at her when he's talking to Gracie in a scene.



Sylvia Sidney

ABLESSED event occurred on the set of a Fox picture before dawn the other morning. Twins were born to a goat whose chief part in the picture was to stroll leisurely across the dusty "town" of Abeshe in the Sahara Desert. When the cast arrived for work, there were the kids lined up for breakfast.

They were friskily exploring the vicinity of their new home.

AFTER three weeks' work in "Sutter's Gold," Edward Arnold has been in snow up to his knees, soaked in a rain storm, sweltered in the heat of a Hawaiian summer and tanned in the sun in the mud flats of California. Also, to quote from the script girl's record: Mr. Arnold was put to bed twice because of injuries. He fell and twisted his ankle and a horse kicked him.



Binnie Barnes

BINNIE BARNES never takes an important step without consulting the stars. Binnie believes the planets hold the secret of life, and she studies them daily. She and Irene Dunne are the film colony's strongest supporters of astrology.

WHEN you see an actor reading a newspaper in the movies with a big scare headline such as "Big Jewel Robbery," or "Husband Murdered in Love Nest," have you wondered how in the world the director happened to find a newspaper with exactly the headline he wanted? Here goes the cat out of the bag—responsible for those newspapers is a fellow by the name of Krantz on Sunset boulevard. Krantz can make up any newspaper you want, if you give him 20 minutes to do it. During the eleven years he has been in this peculiar business Krantz has printed newspaper headlines heralding every possible human violence. The lines must be big and the letters black, so they will photograph well. After the headlines, the first paragraph tells the "facts," which are followed by a jumble of type. Krantz knows he can throw all the letters of the alphabet in because the audience is given only enough time to read the first paragraph.

IT pays to be the sweetheart of "The Great Ziegfeld" for Jean Chatburn, a farm-grown product from Michigan, who played the role opposite William Powell, has been rewarded for her work by M-G-M with a new contract.



Jean Chatburn