

They Tell Me That....

NORMA SHEARER is the centre of a mystery that is intriguing the film world at the moment. It's about the fortune left by Irving Thalberg.

The estate has paid approximately £200,000 to the U.S. Government in death duties. From this fact it is deducted that Thalberg left something like £1,000,000.

The film colony is puzzled, therefore, at Norma's denial that she is even a dollar millionaire.

"All I would have if I were not working," she says, "would be £4000 to £5000 a year. That would not be enough for me to do all the things I would like to do if I retired."

On the same occasion Miss Shearer delivered the interesting announcement that she "believes she is thirty-two years old."

I don't wish to be ungallant, but the record books incontrovertibly have it that Norma

dered why we never hear any of her noted savage gibes in the screenplays she writes.

Here's one explanation. Faced with another sentimental chore on "Sweethearts," Miss Parker let herself go. Satirised Hollywood producers in a scene of ex-larger-than-life producer sitting in an office like an aeroplane langar.

Actual executives viewing scene in projection room decided it was too unkind and had it reshot and rewritten with kindly Reginald Owen playing producer.

Even Hollywood can't take Miss Parker when she really hands out her wisecracks.

"Let Freedom Ring"

BEN HECHT is writing the screenplay of Nelson Eddy's next solo starring picture, "Let Freedom Ring." It's a pioneer story about the rivalry between farmers and railway interests. There is no part for Jeanette, so Eddy will have no singing partner and do all his singing with male choruses.

Musical Re-Makes

DARRYL ZANUCK, who is now making "The Three Musketeers" as a musical with the Ritz Brothers, will also re-make another famous Douglas Fairbanks film, "Mark of Zorro," as a musical.

Our Special Correspondent, Jennifer Quentin, Gives You The Latest Hollywood Gossip

Gossips Were Fooled

A HANDSOME gentleman sat in the Vendome Cafe and writhed. Occasionally he'd glance at his watch and peer anxiously at the door.

"Look," Joan Bennett said to her companion in an excited whisper, "isn't that Edgar Hoover, the famous 'G' man? I wonder whom he's waiting for."

Quickly the word spread through the restaurant that "G" man Hoover was impatiently awaiting a lady fair and speculation as to the lucky one ran high.

Then, suddenly, she was there before him. Blonde, beautifully gracious, smiling.

"So sorry to be late," she apologised. "We could hardly get through the traffic."

Mr. Hoover's eyes lit up with an inner glow. "It's quite all right," he replied. "I'd wait all day for you."

Help Wanted

THOUSANDS of fans have asked favours of Mickey Rooney, such as autographs and photos, and now the juvenile star would like his fans to aid him in picking out a new name for his San Fernando Valley ranch.

He'd like a name that would include the feeling of the old west, motion pictures and either his first or last name.

So far Mickey, who is now working in "Stablemates" with Wallace

IN "SEA WOLF"

Robinson Will Replace Flynn

EDWARD G. ROBINSON and Errol Flynn hardly seem to belong to the same type. Yet Robinson is taking over the part in "The Sea Wolf" for which Warners had announced Flynn some time ago.

The part of the relentless brutal captain of a wind-jammer in Jack London's melodrama is less of a change for Robinson than it would have been for Flynn.

In the original film the part was played by Milton Sills. It was made by Fox in 1930.

Robinson will re-do it as soon as he has finished "Brother Orchid," in which he plays a gangster disguised as a monk. A third picture ready for him after that called "Thousand Dollar Window."

Meanwhile Errol Flynn goes on with "Dodge City," Warners' big Western of the Civil War period, with an English hero.

Beery, has received the following names:—

"Mickeyville," "Rooney's Roost," "Rooneyranch" and "Mickeymanor." Any suggestions?

Valentino's Collection

RARE books and swords which once belonged to Rudolph Valentino will soon be disposed of to museums and libraries of California.

Juan Romero, who acquired the collection when he purchased Pal con Lair, the former Valentino estate, made the announcement.

Wellington Film Men At Banquet

FULFILLING its purpose of bringing all sections of the N.Z. film industry and allied interests into friendly contact, the Wellington 33 Club climaxed a highly successful year with a banquet at the St. George this week, when members were the guests of the club.

Reviewing the activities of 1938, the president, Arthur McLaren, said that it had been the best year in the club's history. Very largely this could be attributed to the fact that the club had now secured new and very comfortable rooms of its own. His remarks were supported by the secretary, R. M. Stewart.

"The club was started with plenty of enthusiasm and not a penny piece," said L. A. Quinn, the first president, in proposing the toast of "The Industry and the Club's Part." One of the main reasons for its foundation had been to bring exhibitors and distributors together, and dispel an idea then very prevalent among the public that the two sides of the movie industry were continually flying at one another's throats. That alone justified the club's existence, said Mr. Quinn.

Husband Taught To Kiss Wife!

THE height of something or other was reached the other day when Director Alfred E. Green was putting Leif Erikson and Frances Farmer—in real life Mr. and Mrs. Leif Erikson—through their paces for a romantic scene in "The Last Ride."

The scene called for them to kiss at the beginning and at the end. Take after take was recorded. Then the mild-mannered Green paused to think the matter over. Finally he declared to Frances and Leif:

"The trouble with this scene is that you're not kissing properly."

Erikson bristled. "But, Mr. Green!" he exclaimed. "Frances and I ought to know how to kiss. We've been married for nearly three years!"

Green's bland face widened into a smile.

"And I've been directing kissing scenes for 25 years," he said. "Now, let me show you how it's done."

Whereupon Alfred Green taught Leif Erikson how to kiss his wife!

was working as a commercial model over eighteen years ago, and it is distinctly unlikely that she was only fourteen at the time. She has been in films since 1929.

Mother Knows Best

The Hollywood Theatre was jammed with the usual preview crowd. Suddenly, in the midst of a Pete Smith short subject, there came a wild burst of applause from one woman as a small child flashed on the screen for a brief bit.

No one seemed to know what the fuss was about except those close to actress Joan Davis. To them it meant that a mother was applauding her very own daughter's first screen appearance.

Can't Take It!

DOROTHY PARKER gets her Hollywood salary not to be witty, I gather. I have often won-



Being built up into a bright comedy team by Universal are Frank Jenks and Dorothea Kent. They are seen as rival newspaper reporters in "Strange Faces."

Time Marches On

MARY PICKFORD witnessed the tearing down of nearly 400,000 dollars' worth of sets used in famous pictures made on the United Artists lot, many of them starring vehicles in which she had appeared. The little star wept, undoubtedly

"And I'd wait for you," smiled his date.

With that Mr. Hoover and Miss Shirley Temple ordered their lunch!

Hope and Scap

GOOD, old-fashioned temperament in the grand manner has returned to the studios in the person of Hope Hampton, the opera star, who will long be remembered by the cast and crew working on "Road to Reno," which she has just completed.

Studio officials at Universal, it is said, have aged appreciably since her advent on the lot. They nearly collapsed when she announced faintly that she would allow only Polin water, a specially refined variety, to touch her body in the rain sequences.

This precious fluid costs approximately three shillings a quart.

When the action called for Hope to wash, she instructed the property department to get one particular kind of soap.

The unsuspecting prop. man departed in search of the required article.

"That soap you asked for," he protested on his return, "costs £1 a bar."

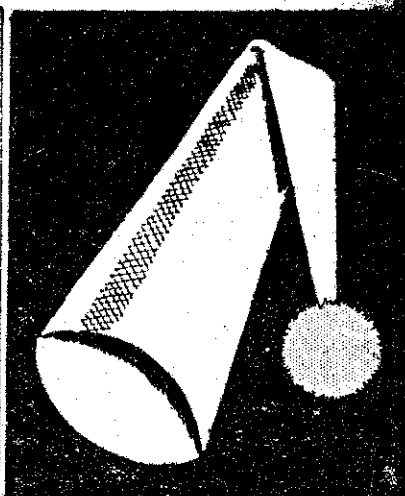
"But, of course," answered Miss Hampton, as if that settled the matter. It did.



Mary Pickford wept.

thinking of the days gone by when she was the greatest star in film-dom.

To-day, according to excellent authority, tiny Shirley Temple is the greatest box-office attraction.



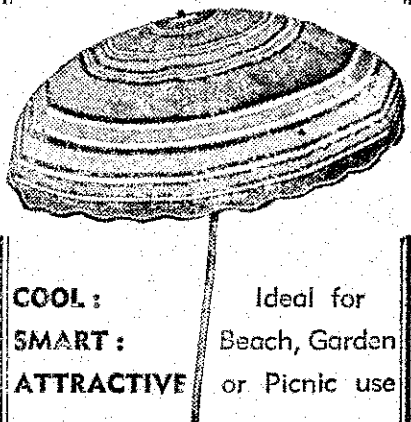
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