

The Editor's Page.

Watch your step, ♦
♦ Ann Dvorak!

THIS editorial is dedicated to all sulky Hollywood girls, and to Ann Dvorak in particular.

Ann, you're a smart young thing—pretty, spirited, promising. You made a personal hit in "Scarface." You've become increasingly popular in several pictures. Hollywood considers you one of the best bets among the younger screen players. But, Ann Dvorak, you have not yet "arrived." And I think you should get wise to yourself—while there's still time.

Two years or so ago you were just one of the hundreds of Hollywood strugglers. Glad to get a job as a dancer in "The Hollywood Revue." Gladder to be made assistant on the Metro lot to dancing Director Sammy Lee. Coached Joan Crawford and other Metro stars for their movie dances. Worked hard. Made good. But all the time thinking—weren't you?—"Wish I could get *my* chance at acting!" Then Karen Morley helped you get a test, and "Scarface" was the result. Life suddenly opened up to you. People pointed you out. When Warners grabbed you for their pictures, no less a personage than Ruth Chatterton got down on her hands and knees to peek into the set where "that new Dvorak girl" was working. Fans pronounced your name a dozen different ways, but they pronounced it, which



was what counted. More power to you, we all said.

Romance, too. You eloped with Leslie Fenton. Your real friends said, "It's grand. She'll make him happy. He'll make her a great actress." The future looked as rosy as an extra's cheeks after a bawling-out by a third assistant director. And then—something happened to you. In a Barrymore it's temperament; in a little, new actress it's—something else. You came to New York with your husband, and why not? A honeymoon. But it began to look more like a business trip what with newspaper interviews quoting you complaining about your salary and Hollywood producers being slave drivers and all. A honeymoon—with the bride saying, "Why, a baby in one of my pictures earned more than I did"; and the groom, "There are other companies besides Warner Brothers." It was a rude shock, Miss Dvorak. Doing a Cagney? Anyway, it was "see my lawyer," and you went to Europe, shaking off the sordid dust of that commercial Hollywood.

And now let me tell *you* something! Success must be earned. Joan Crawford worked eight years in Hollywood to win the fame she has today—eight pretty hard years, too, with Joan striving and slaving to make good. She had her flurries of discontent, I know—but she was wise enough, or

Warning to Hollywood Girls!



Ann Dvorak and her husband, Leslie Fenton. Theirs was a real screen romance—they acted together in "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain," fell in love, and eloped. Now they have left Hollywood flat for foreign parts. Ann signed up to play in a British film, with Fenton opposite. Will they stay in England, or will they come home to Hollywood? It's our guess they will be back.

humble enough, not to let them sweep her off her path. She was afraid to do "Rain"—but she did; and *Sadie Thompson* is her greatest performance. And Crawford is still humble, and a little scared—even today. That's why we love her. Barrymore and Arliss, Barthelmess and Garbo, Shearer and Helen Hayes—years of hard work built their solid success, and nothing can take it away from them. James Cagney, the rebel, who won screen fame so swiftly, is still, at this writing, "resting."

You, Ann Dvorak, are not yet important enough to get away with it. And when you are important enough, you won't want to. The motion picture industry is bigger than you are. It can get along without you, but you can't, excuse me, get along without it. Because no other profession in the world can give you so much. Granted that your salary of something like \$250 a week isn't much for Hollywood, it was more than you'd ever made before—and it would be only the beginning for a bright girl like you. If you are really good you have a long career ahead of you—

it's not necessary to make big money fast. Give yourself a chance!

And don't forget how Paul Muni came to the studio at six o'clock some mornings to help you with your work in "Scarface." Muni, who has been an actor since he was a kid; who knows what it means to work hard over a period of years; who is only just now coming into the fame he so richly deserves. You can learn a lot from him.

You may wonder why, since I feel this way about you, I take the trouble and the space to spank you. It's because I think you have real stuff. That's why I say to you, Ann Dvorak, "Be a trouper!"

Delight Evans