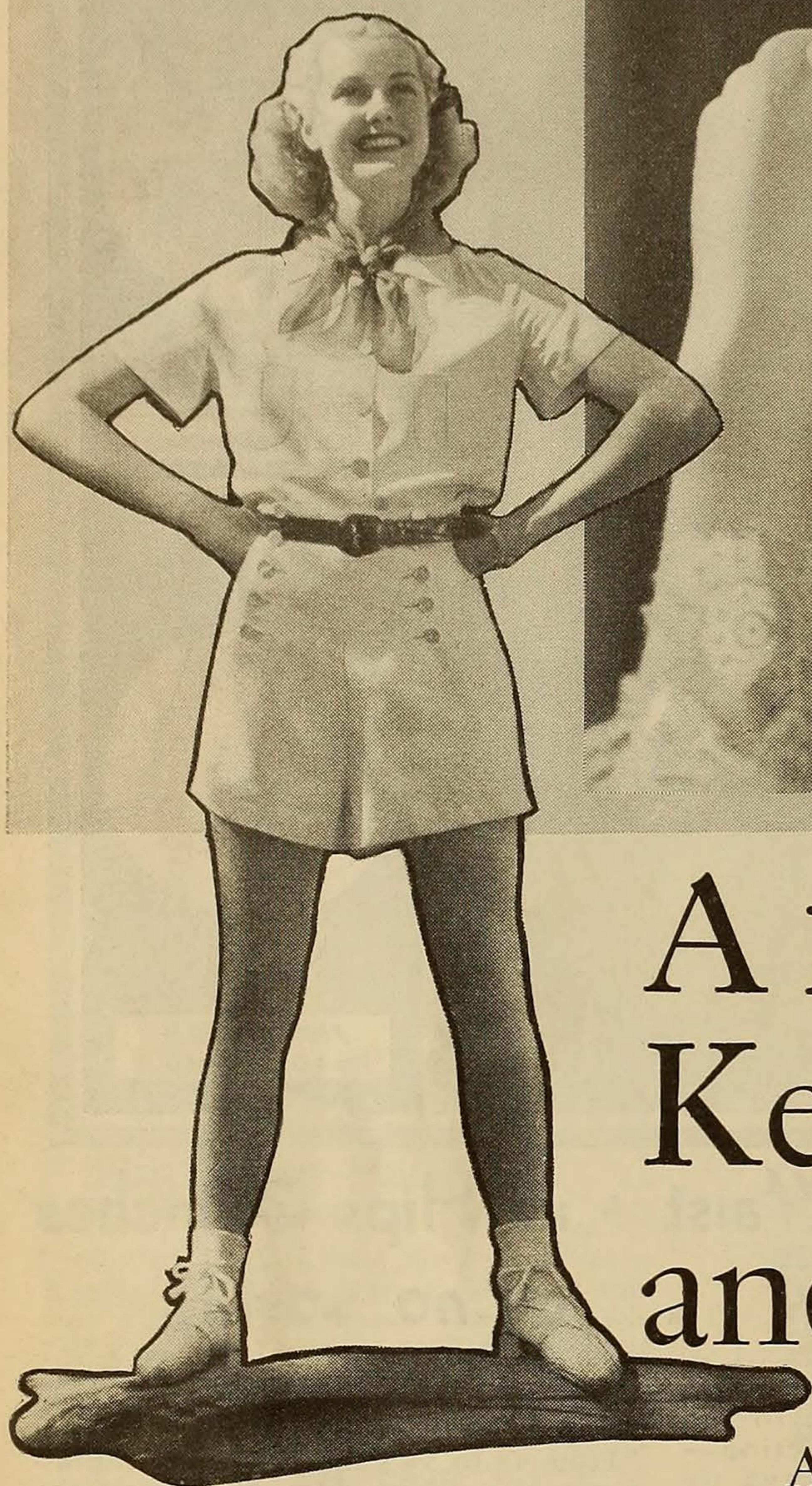


Anita believes in keeping her chin up, shoulders back, and eyes calm



ANITA LOUISE Kept Her Chin Up and Became a Star

Anita Louise may look helpless, but she has fought her way to the top—and proves it here

By Katharine Hartley

ANITA LOUISE is dainty, feminine and fragile-looking. She likes to sit at a golden harp and sing and play little French songs that her mother taught her. Her blonde hair is looped back off her face by a narrow ribbon tied in a tiny bow, and the curls fall softly around her shoulders. Her face is serene. Her skin is fair. Her tiny hands flutter against the strings. The chiffon of her gown flows gently around her. An artist would sigh to paint her . . . a bard to write songs about her . . . and all men to protect her.

Yet it is only Anita's physical appearance which gives the impression of helpless femininity. Anita Louise is not helpless, fragile and clinging at all. Quite to the contrary she is hardy, fearless and invincible . . . a girl who is perfectly capable of taking care of herself, and making her own way in the world. A girl who *has* made her own way in the world. As a matter of fact, she's a girl who has already proven her mettle.

Fearlessness is the keynote to her character—the secret of her success. Anita was thirteen when her mother put it up to her. "Shall we go to Hollywood, Anita? Shall we go even though it may be lonely and hard for a while . . . maybe some days without much to eat?" Anita's blue eyes never flickered. "Yes, Mother, of course. Let's go. I'm not afraid."

And so a few short years ago, they arrived in the town where fortunes are made and hearts are broken. For two weeks they hounded the casting offices with little success. For two weeks

they looked at strange unfeeling faces. For two weeks they kept their chins up without giving in to discouragement. Sometimes they walked in the hills and brought home armfuls of wild-flowers to add cheer to their bleak one room. Sometimes they ate meatless meals to allow themselves bus fare for a trip to the ocean.

Then one day, happily, they ran into an old friend who had been transferred from the New York office of Fox to the coast. His eyes brightened. "Funny, Anita, I had just been thinking of you . . . wishing you were out here. Murnau is directing the next Janet Gaynor picture, *Four Devils*, and he needs a little girl like you. I'll make an appointment."

Murnau looked up from his desk at the blue-eyed girl who stood before him and said fiercely, "Can you walk on your hands?"

"I've never tried . . . but I will! I'll try anything once!" she answered quickly, and proceeded to do so . . . without even looking for a pillow. Thump! Anita laughed. And so did Murnau. Anita scrambled up again and proceeded to try once more, but Murnau stopped her. "That's enough," he said. "I don't really want you to stand on your hands. I only wanted to test your spirit. You'll do. They'll probably send for you Monday."

It was some time after that that Anita also had a chance to play the part of Garbo as a child in *Woman of Affairs*. Still she would never have won this rôle [Continued on page 63]

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either, if it hadn't been for more of her daring and nerve. Clarence Brown, the director, asked her if she could ride a bicycle, and Anita told him honestly, "No."

"Then I'm sorry. I'd like to use you, but riding a bicycle is a very important part of the business. You see, the little girl has to ride madly down a hill and smash into a tree. Thanks, anyway, for coming in."

But Anita had no intention of being given up so easily. "Please," she begged, "Please let me learn to ride. I know I can. And it won't take long."

"At least two weeks," said the director. "And we can't wait that long. We're shooting the first scene tomorrow."

"Then I'll learn by tomorrow!"

"That's impossible."

"Won't you give me a chance?"

"Now wait, see here. I used to ride a bicycle, myself. Learn in a day? Why my dear girl . . . ask anybody who rides one, and they'll agree with me . . . it can't be done!"

BUT do it she did, and in less time than a day. Her interview with Brown had been at twelve. At one, Anita and her mother were entering a bicycle shop. At two, Anita was bandaging a scraped knee. At three, she was riding around and around the block. At four, she had learned how to stop and start. At five, she was turning, and at six she was speeding like the breeze. She got the part.

Again, later, in connection with another picture, Anita had to wade into a pool of water. It was a deep pool . . . over her head in some spots . . . and, if she had to, the director wanted to be sure that she could swim. "Of course," said Anita, and she looked away to hide the falsehood in her eyes. Anita had never learned to swim . . . had never even tried to. But she had made up her mind that if she walked into water over her head then she'd swim—or else! As it happens the water never quite crept up over her chin! But you can imagine how some girls might have felt in that same situation! The trembling and the worrisome fretting. Anita has not only never let her shortcomings stand in her own way, but she has never let them annoy anyone else, either.

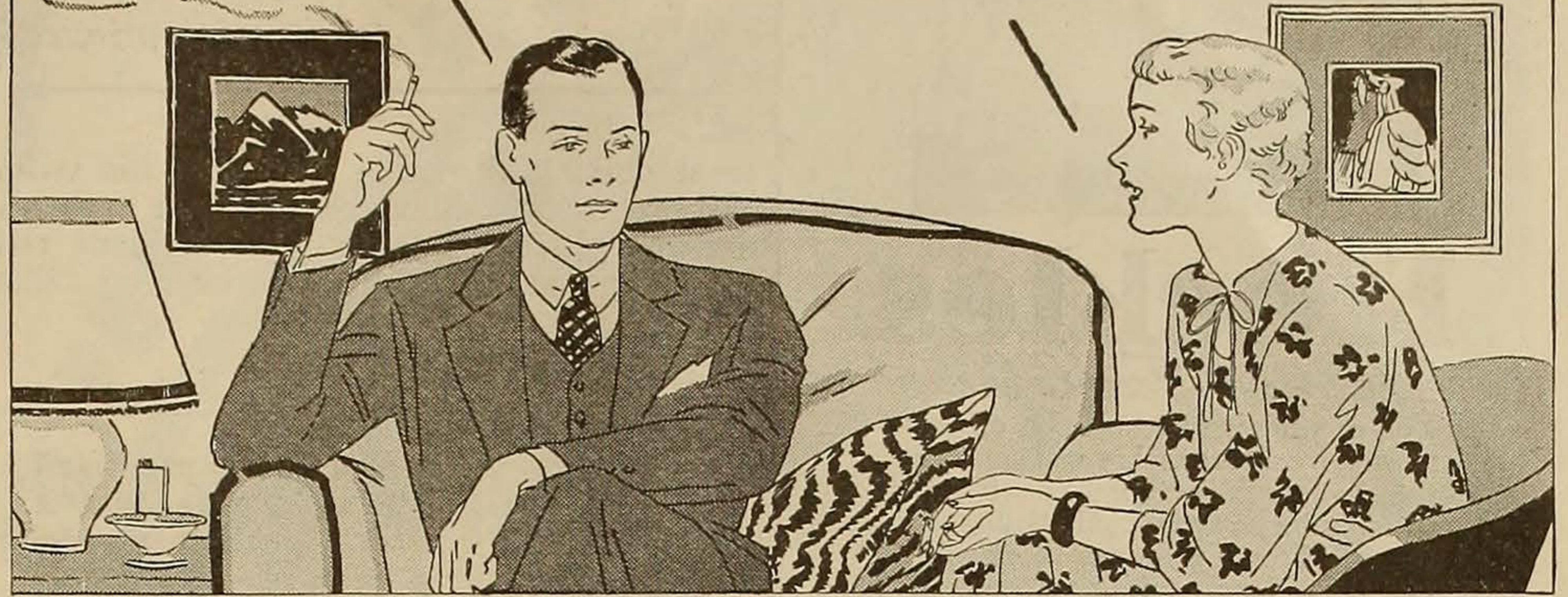
"If I'm fearless," she told me, "then it's only because I've made myself conquer my fears. It's only natural to have them, I suppose . . . all of us grow out of childhood with at least a few. But they can be conquered. It might interest you to know I'm in the process of dismissing one right now. It's a *fear of having anyone touch my neck!* I first realized what an awful hold it had on me one day several years ago when someone, in a playful mood, came up behind me and grasped my neck from the rear. I let out a blood-curdling yell that even Fay Wray would have been proud of back in her horror picture days! And I was all shaken up for at least a half hour afterward!

"Then, more recently, while I was playing the part of *Maria* in *Anthony Adverse*, the same fear got the best of me again. It was during a very dramatic scene in which Claude Rains, as *Don Luis*, had to choke me. In spite of the fact that I knew the script called for this choking scene, I had forgotten what to expect and when Mr. Rains suddenly grabbed me by

[Continued on page 65]

NO, I HAVEN'T FOUND ANYTHING YET, MARY LOU, AND I'M GETTING PRETTY DISCOURAGED. OTHER FELLOWS I KNOW GET PLACED AND HERE I . . .

PAUL, ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE DOING EVERYTHING EVERYTHING TO HELP YOU GET A JOB ?

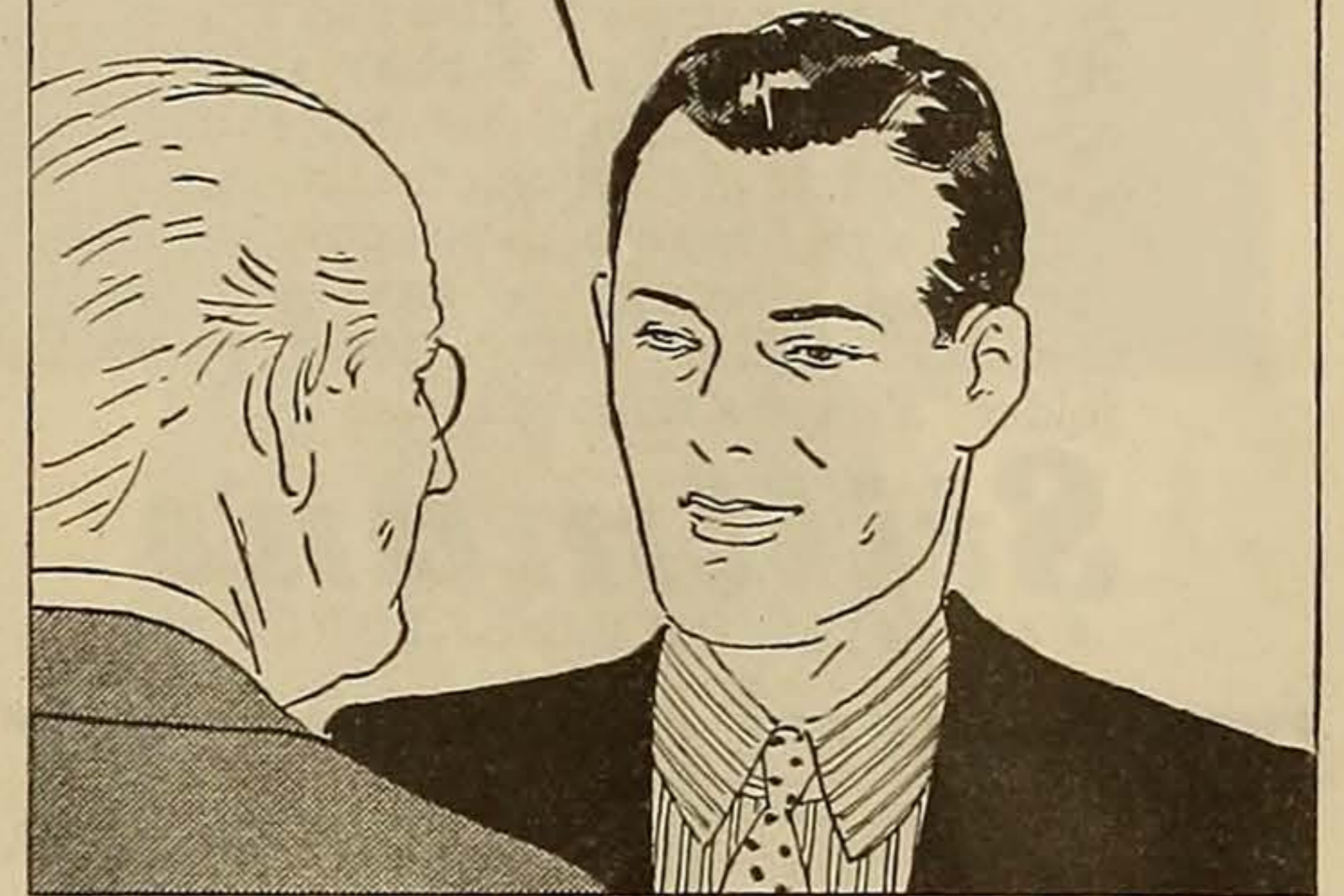


NEXT DAY

HE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND, UNCLE. AND I COULDN'T SPEAK MORE PLAINLY... OH, YOU DARLING, YOU SAY YOU WILL! YOU'LL TELL HIM ABOUT "B.O." AND USING LIFEBOUY



GOSH, BUT I APPRECIATE THIS, SIR. YOU BET I WON'T TAKE CHANCES NOW. IT'S GOING TO BE LIFEBOUY EVERY DAY—ALWAYS!



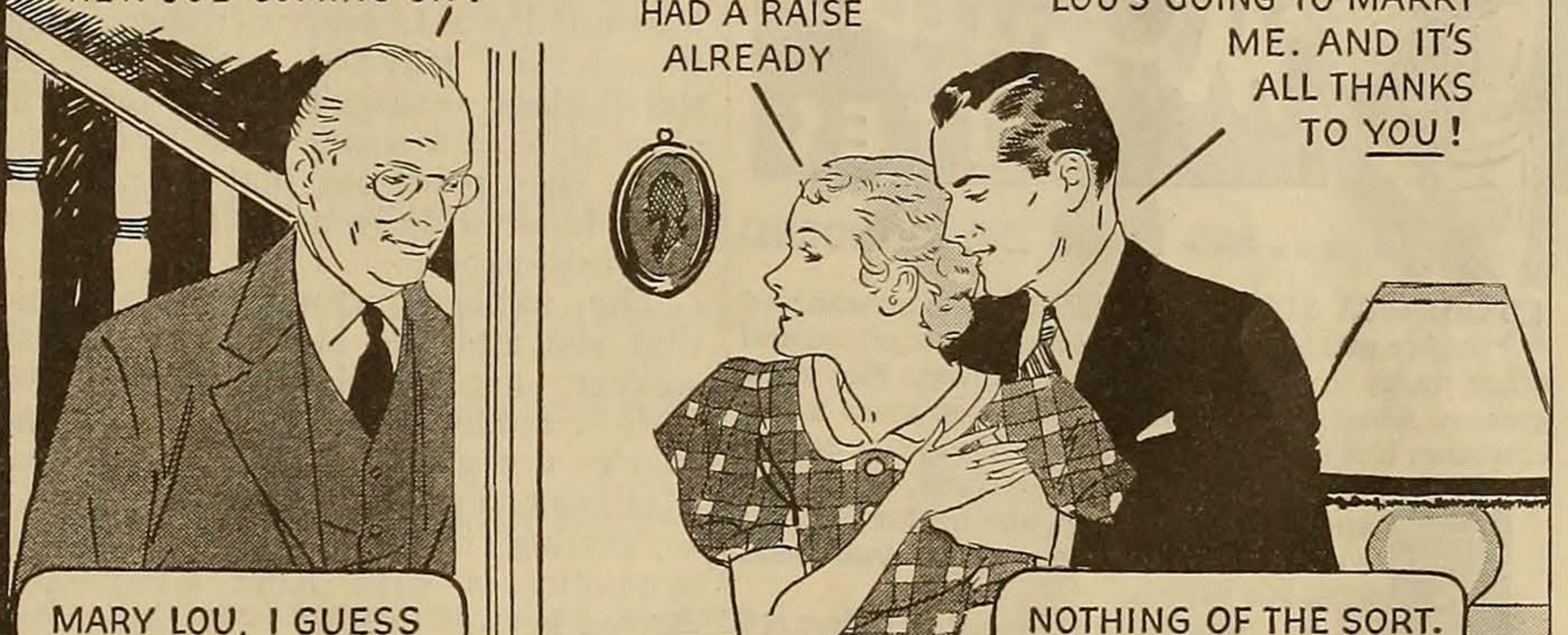
3 MONTHS LATER

"B.O." GONE — *fair weather ahead!*

WELL, PAUL, HOW'S THE NEW JOB COMING ON ?

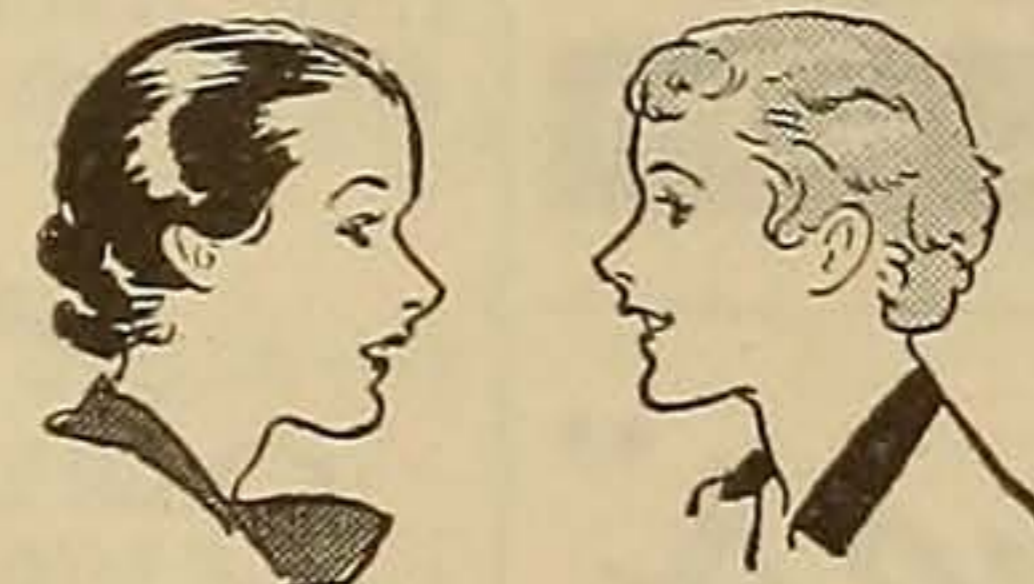
UNCLE, HE'S HAD A RAISE ALREADY

BETTER STILL, MARY LOU'S GOING TO MARRY ME. AND IT'S ALL THANKS TO YOU!



MARY LOU, I GUESS YOU WERE JUST BORN WITH A NICE COMPLEXION!

NOTHING OF THE SORT. I'VE HELPED MY SKIN WONDERFULLY BY USING LIFEBOUY



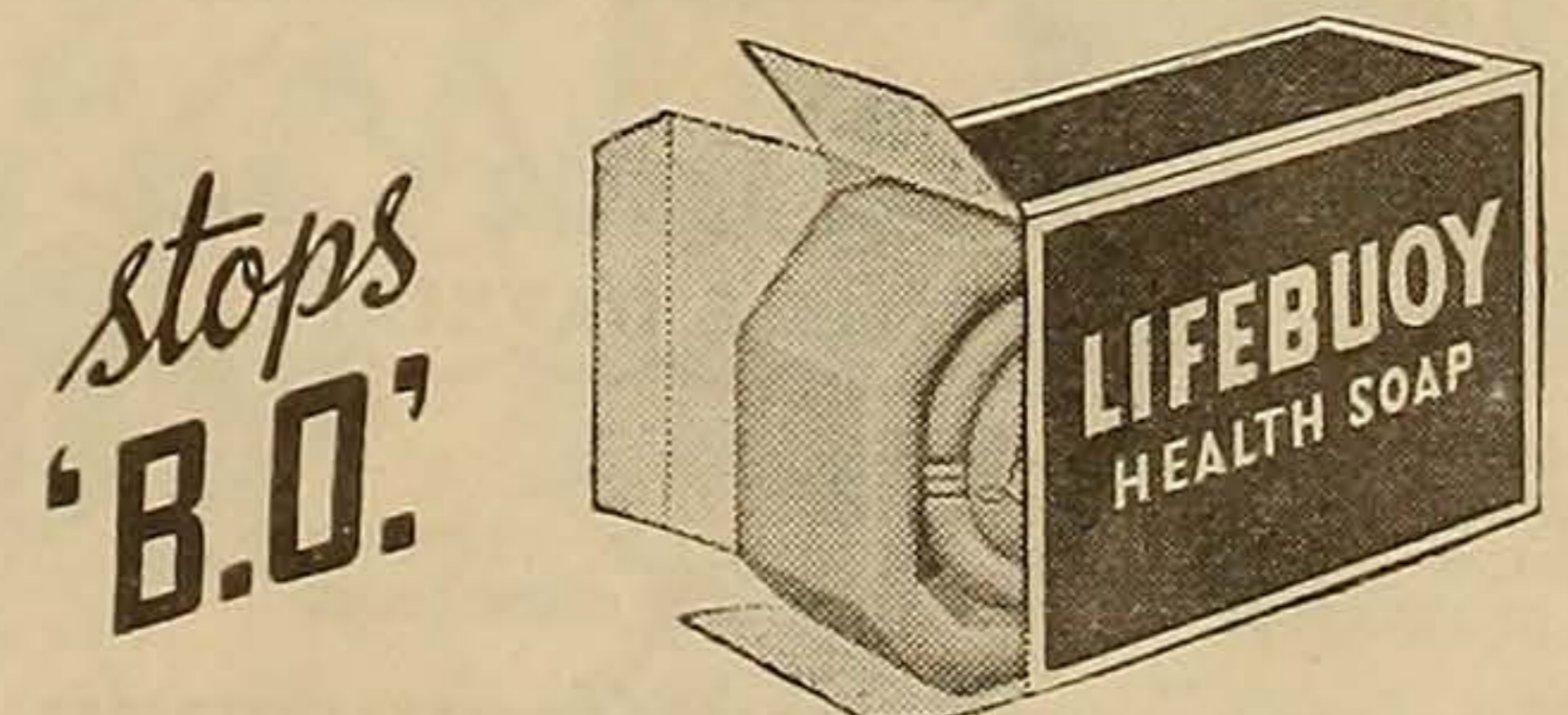
DISCOURAGED about your complexion? Change to Lifebuoy. Its deep-cleansing lather gently rids pores of impurities, freshens the skin. And "patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women show Lifebuoy is more than 20 per cent milder than many so-called "beauty soaps." No wonder women say Lifebuoy is so kind to their complexions—keeps it so beautifully smooth and clear.

Summer freedom from "B. O."

Summer heat makes "B. O." (body odor) even more objectionable. Be doubly careful! No one can afford to take chances with "B. O." The merest hint of it is

instantly noticeable. To keep *fresh, safe* all summer long, bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its searching, purifying lather *deodorizes* the pores, stops "B. O." Its own clean scent vanishes as you rinse. Another thing—Lifebuoy gives loads of rich lather, even in the hardest water.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau



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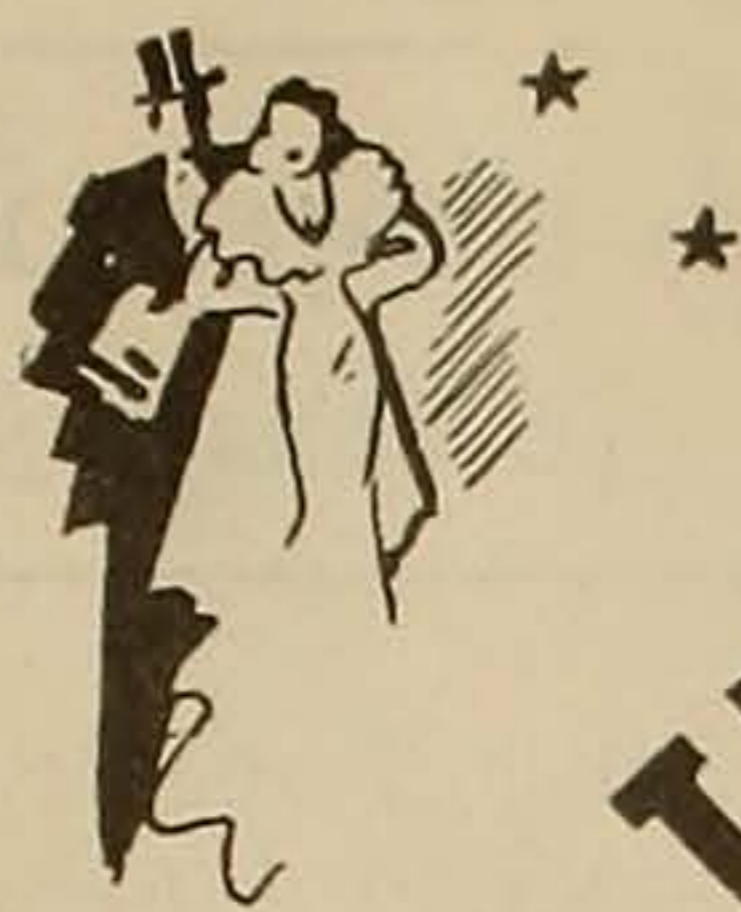
the neck and shook me, I went all to pieces. Even Mervyn LeRoy, the director, noticed how I was trembling and asked what the matter was. And at first I told him 'nothing.' But after a while as we did the scene over and over, I got worse—and finally Mr. LeRoy sensed what the matter was, and said we'd change the business. So *Don Luis* had to twist my wrist instead! As a matter of fact, as it turns out, the wrist-twisting on the screen is much more dramatic and effective than the choking! And I'm glad, too, because I'd hate to think that any silly complex of mine had ever interfered with any part of a picture.

"And it *was* only a silly complex, as I've since found out. After that I knew I'd have to conquer that fear once and for all. So I tried to run it down and find out first of all where it had come from. I puzzled about it for days, and then suddenly like a flash it came to me! A long, long time ago . . . couldn't have been more than three or four . . . I was caught in a revolving door. It caught me right at the neck and the only thing that saved me was the fact that I was wearing a heavy woolen scarf! It's wonderful how fears leave you once you know where they come from. Now, whenever that particular one pops into my head I just say to myself, 'Silly! That happened ages ago . . . it can't trouble you now!'"

ANITA'S stiff upper lip has come to her rescue in more ways than one. Few people know that there *were* lean years even after her lucky start. There were long periods without work . . . and that meant long periods of assailing doubt. But Anita went right on studying . . . dancing and singing lessons, French, and music. Even when the cupboard was pretty bare the Louises could always scrape up pennies for lessons. And Mrs. Louise went right on making their clothes, too, and, more often, making them over. They bent over backwards not only in keeping up appearances, but in adding to Anita's accomplishments—for the simple reason that they believed in that old adage: "Build a good mouse-trap and the world will beat a path to your door." They didn't believe that an actress has to have an act, or a hoax, or a "pull" to attract fame. Never once in all her years of struggle did Anita stoop so low. Behind all the soft, gentle femininity, her motivating rule was "chin up, shoulders back, eyes calm, honest and true!"

So if, today, you call on her at her feminine white and gold house with its lovely white old-fashioned square piano . . . and its golden harp . . . and the princess-like portrait of her on the wall . . . and you think of her as an angel sitting there playing for you . . . just remember she's not an angel at all . . . *she's real!* She's a girl utterly fearless—one who keeps her chin up but doesn't lead with it. As a result she's one of our fastest-climbing stars.

DID YOU KNOW THAT Grace Moore is building a swimming pool on her estate in Spain, and that it will have glass sides, behind which will be tanks containing colorful fishes from the oceans and seas of the world?

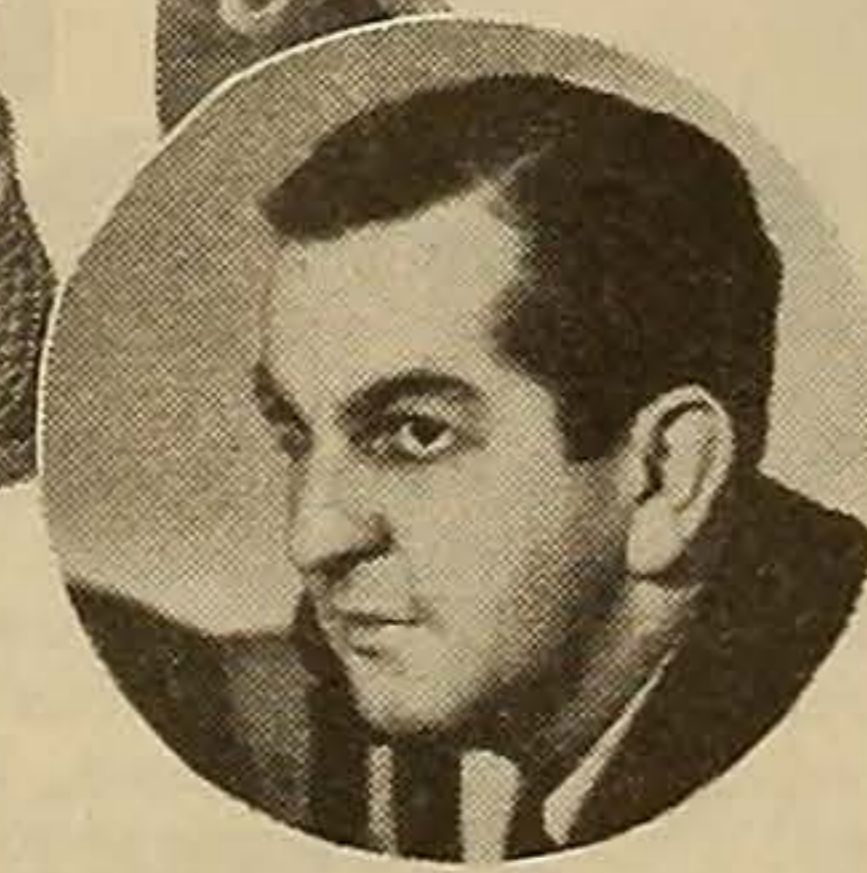


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