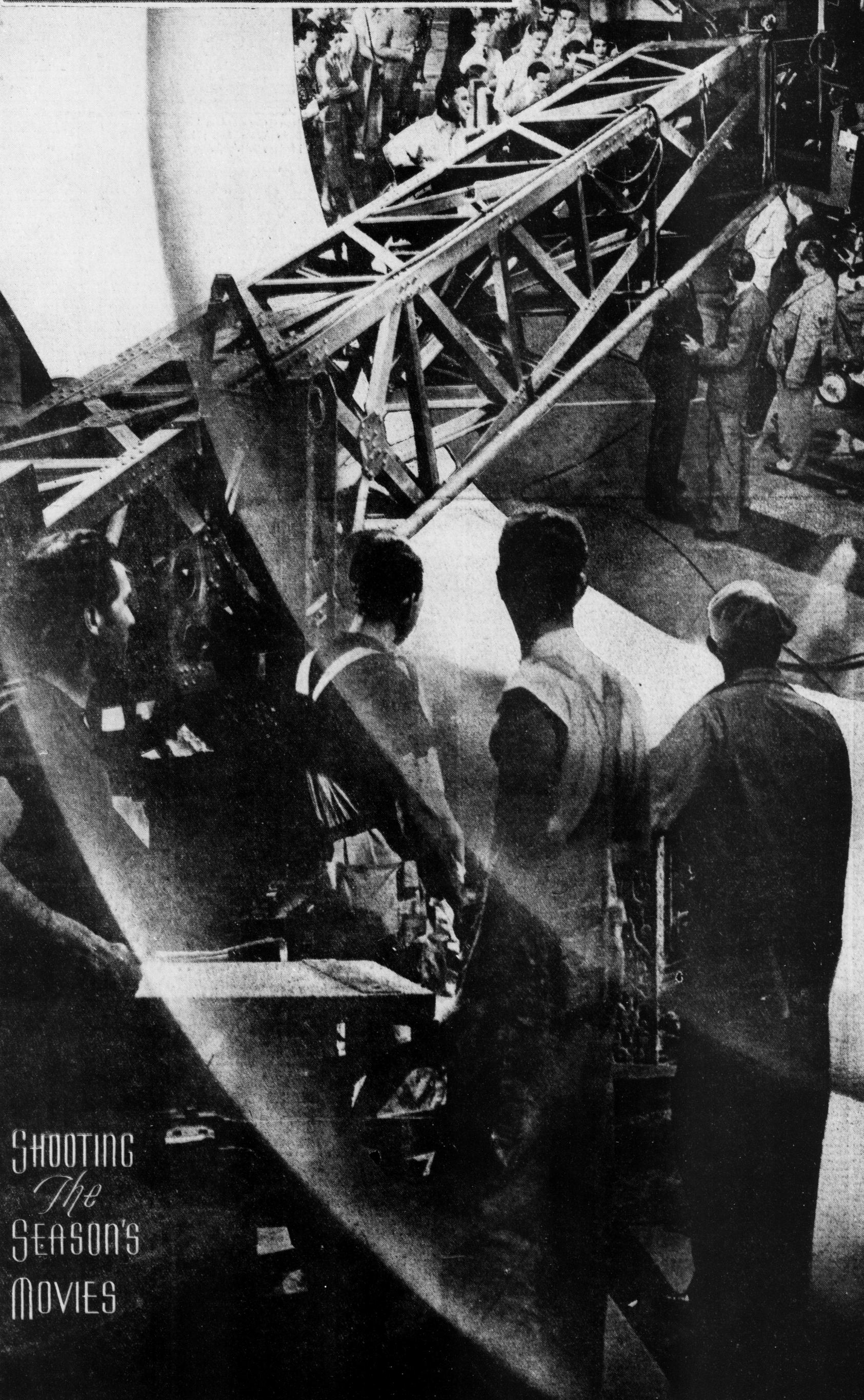


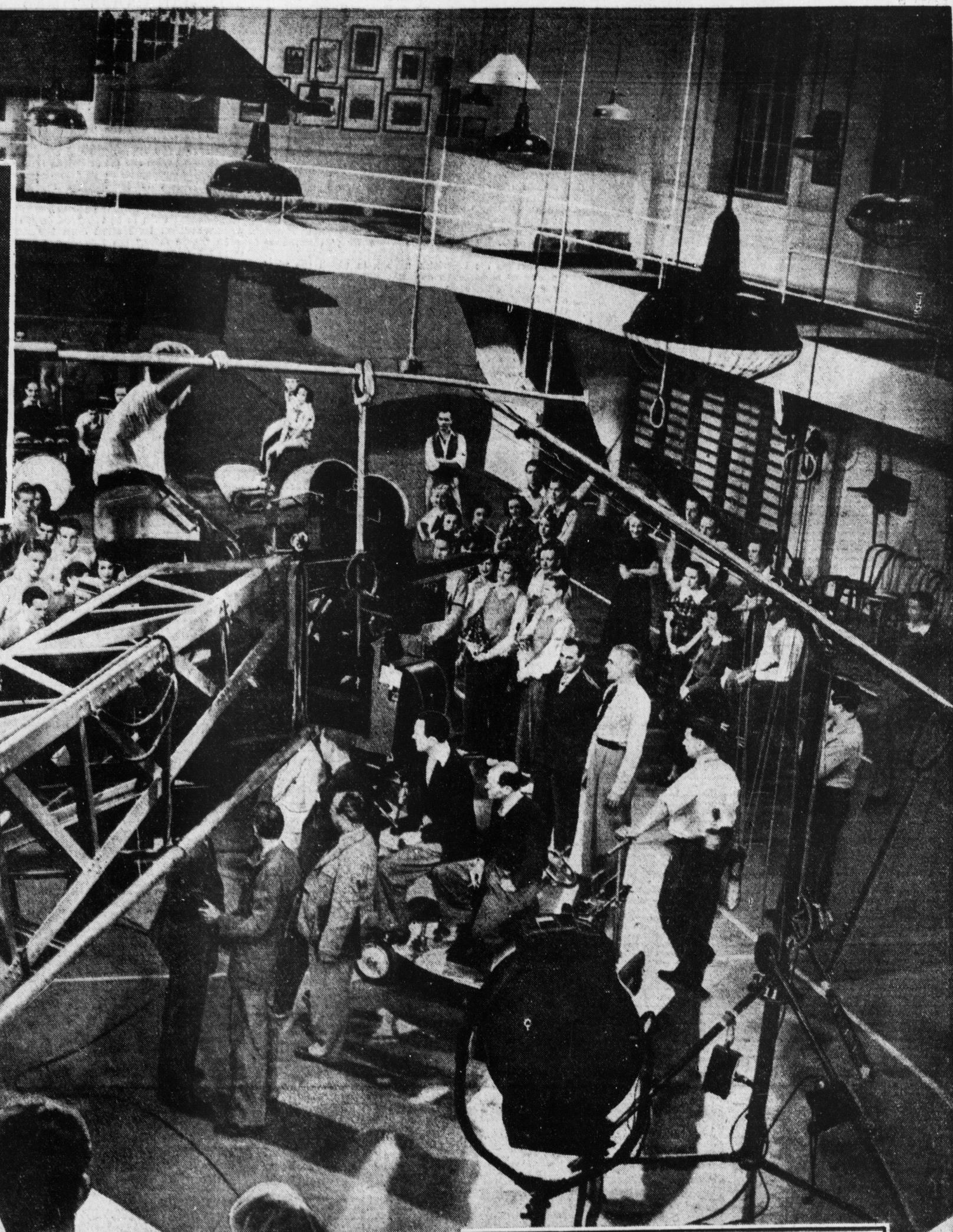
HOLLYWOOD FORECAST

The Indianapolis Times

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1937



SHOOTING
The
SEASON'S
MOVIES



Season's Screen Glitters With Many Spectacles

LIGHTS! CAMERA! ACTION!

That directorial war-whoop will resound over Bagdad-on-Pacific, also called Hollywood, during the fall with an optimistic clamor seldom heard. What one hears these days at the Brown Derby is, in effect, "This will be the biggest year in pictures." And, like a chorale chant, they are saying the same thing of the talkies' prospects at the Vendome, the Clover Club, the "Troc."

Such a jubilant appraisal of the future finds corroboration in producers' plans for the new season. All the wonders of Arabian Nights will dim in comparison with what the caliphs of Bagdad-on-Pacific will conjure out of the magical hocus-pocus that is Hollywood. Their wagons, hitched to the most alluring stars, already are on the march. Glamour girls are making up, their heroes poised for the Long Kiss, the sound stage set.

Hollywood doesn't plan to stint. Don't worry.

There were 1,001 Arabian Nights, but how much more resourceful are the story-tellers in the mosques that are disguised as Hollywood scenario departments. For, remember, this is Bagdad-on-Pacific and a magic carpet spreads out over a vast terrain. Scan the horizon of the approaching season—the highlights of producers' plans are recorded in these pages—and you will find a sweeping array of the intangible stuff which, when woven into celluloid, serves as entertainment to every civilized nook and cranny on earth.

Every Phase Is Presented.

Fact and fiction, comedy and romance, realism and escape, epic history and musical pageant, Shirley Temple and Mickey Mouse, kings, queens and kitchen maids, glamour and drudgery are the grist in the mill of the new Hollywood season.

Variety is the spice of life that is examined under the glare of the Kliegs. Variety, then, is the keynote of the fall prospectus. While exotic Greta Garbo glides through the intrigue of Napoleon's court in "Conquest," that lanky romantic, Gary Cooper, will enchant the court of Kubla Kahn in "The Adventures of Marco Polo" after traveling far abroad from thirteenth century Venice. As the saga of "Madame X" is exhumed for audible purposes with Gladys George in the role of the mysterious grande dame, Mark Twain's

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Millions Spent.
Lights! Camera! Action! The curtain is going up on the most auspicious show the wonderland of make-believe ever gave.

Million-dollar spectacles? Chicken feed! Petty cash! Those same caliphs of the celluloid have infinite wealth to spare (two billions worth, in fact) on films with which they would bedevil the eyes and entrance the ears of ninety million Americans who will attend talkie shows this year. What embellishments are so costly that they are too costly to enhance the charms of a Garbo, a Dietrich, a Stanwyck, a Myrna Loy or any other of your favorite dream girls?