

MOTION PICTURE PRODUCERS TELL WHAT THE AVERAGE SOUL CRAVES IN THE FILMS

(New York Sun)

The timid soul craves bloodshed and brawls. The big he-man leans to tranquil little studies of the habits of the Abyssinian mosquito. Tillie the flapper, wants her love scenes rich, rare and racy. The professional humorist leans to sad things—betrayed girls, abandoned wives, neglected children. You never can tell.

The Motion Picture Producers Association has been making a very interesting and somewhat amazing survey of the likes and dislikes of people in the matter of films, and this writer, poking through a stack of their records, gleaned some curious odds and ends. Such as the disposition of landlocked railroad presidents to take in every sea picture that gets to the screen, and the ardor that some of our most dignified judges have for Westerns where cowboy gunmen shoot it out with rustlers. It is also true that many bank presidents, chairmen of boards and such like financial moguls would rather miss dinner than miss a detective picture—where Sherlock gets his man.

Dangerous as the habit is, it is always tempting to draw general conclusions from a flock of facts. The general conclusions in this instance is that none of the male sex ever really grows up. It is the men who crave the unsophisticated pictures—the tales of action and adventure—the films of simple theme and almost primitive punch. On the other hand, the girls seem to be mature in their very cradles, for theirs is the sophisticated taste, demanding the refinements of theme and the subtleties of story and direction that have relatively little value to the male.

Romance For The Ladies

Almost every man reached by the questionnaire of the association expressed a liking for adventure or exploration pictures. Action was what they wanted and gobs of it. But not the ladies. No, not the ladies. Romance for them every time—Gar-

bo in a clinch with Gable, or Joan Crawford, melting her man like an electric torch going through a steel plate. Screen stuff that gives two men out of every three a pain in the neck are chocolate cream to the girls.

But about individual preferences of well known folk. Take Gov. Jim Rolph of California. He likes thrillers. Any kind of a story so long as it makes the cold chills chase up and down his spinal column. Nobody wants anything sad these days, the Governor says, and they need thrillers to take their minds off their troubles. As a matter of fact, his suggestion is getting very serious consideration from the movie makers.

Hebert L. Satterlee, brother-in-law of J. P. Morgan, himself a corporation lawyer, votes for red-blooded deeds of daring, fighting and a little loving. J. C. Penney, the chain store magnate, wants every type of adventure film and is especially fond of the gun-fanning, broncho-busting "Westerns"—the kind Tom Mix knows how to make so well, he and his deathless Tony. Others who are strong for cowboy drama or horse operas as M'x calls them, are Carl R. Gray, president of the Union Pacific Railroad; William Fellows Morgan, New York capitalist; Cleveland E. Dodge, copper magnate; Edwin Markham, Sage of Staten Island; the Rev. Arthur Judson Brown, secretary-emeritus of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions; Carl W. Ackerman, dean of the Columbia School of Journalism; Howard dler Christy, artist and General Hugh L. Scott, the old Indian fighter and sign language expert. They can't make too many red men bite the dust or send too many rustlers into the other world to suit these gentlemen.

Adventure Their Choice

Edward A. Filene, New England merchant, costs one vote for adventure films of aviation and exploration. George Creel calls for films of the greatest possible amount of phy-

sical action. James W. Gerrard and Richard Washburn Child, each of whom used to do some pretty fancy ambassadoring for this country—Italy—also vote for adventure films, though Gerard puts Westerns as first in his list, and Child leans to sea thrillers like "Moby Dick" and "The Sea Wolf." A trio of adventure picture fans is found in three wise men of Schenectady town, the General Electric research experts, Drs. F. E. W. Alexanderson, W. D. Coolidge, and Irving Langmuir, yet those fellows perform stunts in their laboratories, such as jumping synthetic lightning back and forth across a room, that makes the movies seem pretty tame stuff. Will Durant who writes about philosophy and whose favorite authors are people most of us can't understand—like the incredibly involved Kant—asks for quick action, picturesque scenes and a lot of laughter.

Ladies To Hear From

Dr. Albert Shaw, editor of the Review of Reviews, is so fond of detective films that he suggests them as a substitute for heep counting as a method of defeating insomnia. He says he is sure to get a good night's sleep after he has seen a rip-roaring detective picture. He's also strong for Mickey Mouse, as who isn't? Warren Lawes of Sing Sing and Col. Robert Isham Randolph, head of Chicago's Capone catchings "Secret Six" take busmen's holidays, when they go to the movies. Bused with crime and criminals all day long they enjoy nothing more than a good crime picture when they go to the movies in the evening.

Opposition to the general preference for adventure and exploration and films comes only from a few voters in outlying precincts. Charles H. Heustis, Philadelphia editor, objects to cowboy pictures because he says the West isn't like that any more. Vilhjalmur Stefansson, or plain Bill Stevenson if you like it better, prefers the real thing in exploration to its pictorial representation, but all of us can't have the breaks that have come to Vilhjalmur. Anyway, all objections are overruled. A complete canvas of the tastes of the ladies has not yet been made, and many districts are still to be heard from. Up to date, however, the vote

SOME NEWS AND GOSSIP FOR THE FANS OF THE RADIO

Russ Columbo, NBC Romeo of Song, admits he is afraid to ride in the subway or in taxicabs just because he considers them too hazardous after a friend was killed in a taxicab accident. So he drives his own car or walks.

Victor Young, whose string and marimba orchestra is heard with the Mills Brothers when they broadcast, is in receipt of a fan letter that has caused him to stretch his head in wonderment. "I have lived," says the writer of the letter, "to hear what I have never expected, and now I can die in peace. At last you have given us something Americans should bless you for each night in their prayers—an orchestra without saxophones."

Speaking of the Mills Brothers, the fact that their incomes have jumped from almost nothing into figures that would make a modern Wall street financier yearn for the happier days, the boy's haven't changed a bit. When they were getting ready for their long vaudeville tour they were solicited by a youth in Harlem who wanted to serve as their valet. Don Mills asked the applicant just what they needed a valet for. "Why to brush your shoes, and get your shirts ready, and press your trousers—"

"Wait a minute," interrupted John, the oldest of the foursome. "We brush our own shoes, we send our shirts to the laundry and we can still press our own trousers. . . . We came from a small town in Ohio and we learned all those things when we were just kids. . . . You better go and call on Clark Gable or Harry Richman."

As the result of the appearance of a story to the effect that tiny Welcome Lewis, the blues crooner, always stands on a box when she broadcasts, she received by express the other day a long wooden box. . . . When she opened it, it contained the card of the president of a manufacturing company and two other objects. The card said the inclosed were sent to make broadcasting easier for her, and inclosed

seems to be heavily for Garbo and gush.

were a pair of golden oak stilts.

Wilfred ("Bill") Glenn, Revelers' basso, was fishing recently on one of those boats which cruise to Sandy Hook for that purpose. . . . Suddenly came a screeching through the air and a shell exploded nearby. . . . The fishermen were all a-jitter when they discovered that they were between coast defense guns and a target being towed back and forth. . . . The captain, however, was merely petulant. . . . "I wish they wouldn't do that," he said, "it scared the fish."

B. A. Rolfe, radio's chubby maestro, is at it again. . . . He used four xylophones when most people in radio shunned them, and he used them effectively. . . . Lately he used an ancient harpsichord on a broadcast, and is planning to use a flute, a shepherd's horn and a boatswain's life on future ones. . . . So if you know any one who plays a "hot" lute or a good zippy zither send the name to B. A. Rolfe—he may have use for him soon!

It was when James Wallington and Louis Dean, now outstanding announcers on the NBC and Columbia networks, respectively, were co-announcers at WGY; they had a car together and took an apartment together. . . . The apartment was located on the ground floor, so that three leaps took them to the running board of the car. . . . Now they have to rush as much as ever for programs, but—Louis lives in a New York apartment too high for casual widow-jumping; Wallington has a home on Long Island in a neighborhood too dignified for such a time-saving device.

NICE TRUCKMAN IS WILLING TO OBLIGE PEOPLE

(New York Sun)

One of the younger members of the faculty of Teachers College recently purchased an automobile. A good driver in the country where traffic is not regarded as a major problem, she is by no means at ease when behind a steering wheel in New York city.

A few days after the young woman got the car she found herself engulfed amid an avalanche of taxicabs, trucks, private cars and trolley cars at Thirty-fourth street and Seventh avenue. Something had gone amiss to tie up the heavy but ordinarily slow and steady stream of traffic at that important corner.

Eventually the tangle became unknotted for all except the young teacher and a heavy truck which was at her side. First she would start and then the truck would inch ahead. With that she would stop to let the larger machine go ahead. Simultaneously the truck driver would do likewise. The misunderstanding continued for perhaps a minute, but it seemed like hours at least to the teacher. Finally the truck driver leaned down from his seat and stuck his head into the teacher's car.

"Whaddya say, lady, let's bump each other?" was his fessage.

The "lady" stepped on the gas, ending that particular traffic jam for her immediately.

The only fair tax is the one that hits the other fellow

LOW FARES FOR KING'S BIRTHDAY June 3rd

between all points in Canada
First Class One Way Fare and
a Quarter for ROUND TRIP

Good going from Noon, Thursday,
June 2nd to Noon, Sunday, June 5th.
Return limit, Monday, June 6th.

For fares and further information apply to
Railway and Steamship Ticket Agents

CANADIAN
NATIONAL
CANADIAN
PACIFIC

Lima Beane says the bluffer who makes a pretense of possessing common sense is beaten before he starts.

"Young people were more respectful in the old days," says the Washington Post. Perhaps they had more to respect.

He—"He's says he wants his ashes scattered."

She—"True to life."

GOOD PROGRAM ON THE AIR FOR WEDNESDAY

The radio program for Wednesday night as follows, Atlantic Standard time being used:

CFNB FREDERICTON

8.30—Weather Forecast, News Columbia Records.

12.30—Columbia Records

1.15—Stock Market Report.

6.45—B. H. Program.

7.00—Weather Forecast, Stock Market Report.

WEAF, NEW YORK

7.15—Intermezzo.

7.45—The Goldbergs.

8.00—Big Time.

8.30—Halsey Stuart.

9.00—Goodyear Program.

9.30—Moolibil Concert.

10.00—Coca Cola.

10.30—Artists Service.

11.00—Nellie Revell.

11.15—Jesse Crawford.

12.00—The Dream Singer.

WJZ NEW YORK

6.45—Lowell Thomas.

7.00—Amos 'n' Andy.

7.15—Esso Program.

7.30—Swift Program.

7.45—Jones and Hare.

8.00—Taxpayers League.

8.15—Orchestra.

8.30—Jack Frost.

9.00—O'Henry Stories.

9.30—Jack Benny.

10.00—San Felician Serenade.

10.15—McCravy Brothers.

10.30—Waves of Melody.

10.45—Pickens Sisters.

11.00—Slumber Music

WTIC, HARTFORD

7.15—Whispering Banjos.

7.10—Baseball Scores.

7.30—Vocal Trio.

7.45—The Goldbergs.

8.00—Carefree Quarter Hour.

8.15—Babe Miller Vocalist.

8.30—Musical Scrapbook.

9.00—The Revelers.

9.30—Silkret's Orchestra.

10.00—Boston Sympathy.

10.30—News; Weather.

10.45—WTIC Revue.

11.30—Joe Candullo, and his Orch.

12.00—Collin Driggs, organist.

WLW CINCINNATI

6.45—Lowell Thomas.

7.00—Amos 'n' Andy.

7.30—Bob Newall.

8.15—Cigar Program.

8.30—Tax Payers League.

9.00—O. Henry Stories.

9.30—Canada Dry.

10.55—Besquick Band.

11.00—Crosley Folies.

10.45—Headlines of Yesterday.

11.45—To Be Announced.

WABC NEW YORK

7.15—True Blenders.

7.30—Easy Aces.

7.45—Bing Crosby.

8.00—The Bath Club.

8.15—The Barbasol Man.

8.30—Swanee Music.

8.45—Nagle and Budd.

9.00—Royal Canadians

9.30—Crime Club.

10.00—Music that Satisfies.

10.30—Playboy Hour.

10.45—Columbia Symphony Orchestra.

11.00—Biltmore Orchestra.

11.30—Redman's Orchestra.

12.00—Duchin's Orchestra.

CNRA MONCTON

1.55—Government Potato Report

6.15—Dinner Music.

6.45—Peter Sino

7.15—Weather Report

7.15—Male Quartet and Orchestra.

8.15—Talk from Ottawa.

8.30—To Be Announced.

8.30—Chateau Lanier Program.

9.00—Musical Program.

11.00—Male Quartette

CKAC MONTREAL

7.15—Canadian Industries.

7.30—Ritz Carleton Orchestra.

8.00—Orchestra.

8.00—Les Artistes.

8.30—Universal Importing Co.

9.00—Radio Theatre.

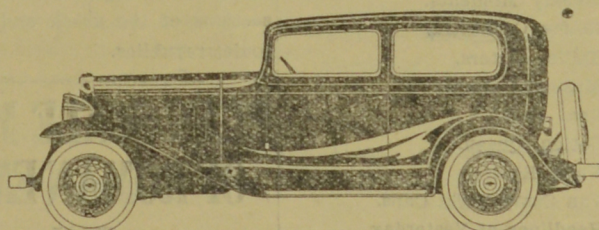
9.30—To Be Announced.

10.30—Playboy Hour.

11.00—News Events.

11.15—Organ of Romance.

A
CAR-A-WEEK
FREE



Send Us Your
Handwriting

Name

Occupation

Street
and Town

Province

How would you like to be running this new 1932 Chevrolet Standard Coach this summer? There are five of these fine cars to be given away in June in five big Car-A-Week Contests. Smoke Turrets and save the empty packages . . . send in an entry every week. Simply write your Name, Occupation, Street and Town, and Province on the backs of 4 front panels cut from empty Turret Cigarette (20's) packages and mail them to Turret Cigarette Handwriting Contest, P.O. Box 2500, Montreal, P.Q., on or before June 8th, 1932. Each panel must show a portion of the excise stamp. A committee of competent judges, headed by the eminent handwriting authority, Frederic D. Jacob, for 15 years Dominion Government Graphologist, will select the winner each week. Perhaps your own handwriting, in their opinion, will show the most interesting features. Excellence of penmanship has no bearing on the prize winning writing—but, if your writing is unusual, unique, or has any other features of interest, send it in each week! The winner's car will be delivered immediately through the nearest Chevrolet dealer.

Quality and Mildness
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CIGARETTES

This Contest Closes June 8th, 1932. All entries mailed after this date will be entered in the next week's contest. Watch for announcement of winner of this contest on June 22.