

# Biscuits That Will Add Spice to Summer Menu



Tiny spiced biscuits, hot ones, of course, are a new idea in summer salad accompaniments. These are tiny cheese biscuits spiced with mustard and curry powder. They're rolled quite thin and pricked with a fork to give them a southern biscuit appearance. Cinnamon spiced biscuits made with orange juice are good, too.



This is a quick dessert which may be made at home or at a picnic or steak fry. It's made from slightly stale bread, sweetened condensed milk, and coconut, and tastes like angel cake.

By MARY MEADE

**S**PICY BISCUITS to accompany crisp summer salads are a new wrinkle in entertaining. Have you tried baking powder biscuits made with orange juice and spiced with cinnamon? They're excellent. But more unusual and equally good are savory biscuits, seasoned—would you believe it?—with curry powder!

### SAVORY BISCUITS

- 2 cups flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon curry powder
- 1/4 teaspoon dry mustard
- 1/2 cup grated cheese
- 3 tablespoons hard shortening
- 2/3-3/4 cup milk

Sift flour and measure. Mix and sift with other dry ingredients. Add grated cheese and cut in the shortening. Add enough milk to make a soft dough. Turn out onto a lightly floured board, pat, and fold about four times. Roll or pat out to a fourth inch in thickness. Cut with a small biscuit cutter. Prick the top of each biscuit with a fork, southern style. Place on an ungreased baking sheet and bake for twelve minutes in a hot oven, 450 degrees.

Along with salad and savory biscuits one might serve mock angel cake with toasted coconut coating. This delectable is easily made by rolling strips of day-old white bread in sweetened condensed milk, then in coconut, and toasting the coating. Toasty strips are a fine conclusion for a picnic. They may be prepared on the spot and toasted on a fork over the campfire.

## A TREAT for tired appetites



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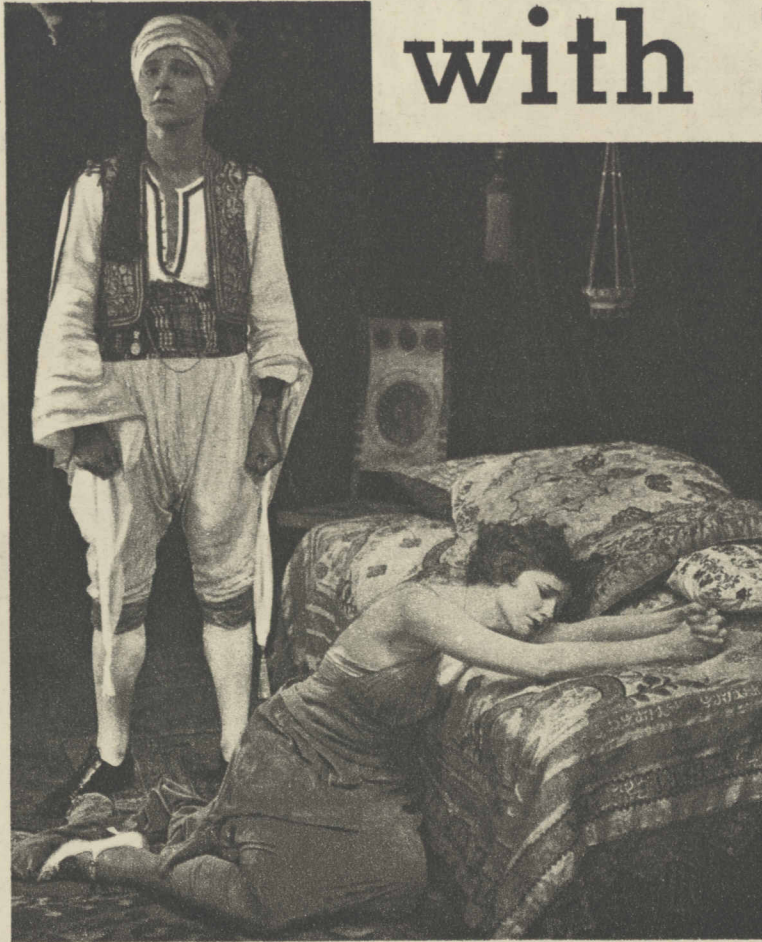
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# Looking at Hollywood with Ed Sullivan



Fifteen years ago American movie fans thrilled to scenes like this from one of Valentino's "Sheik" pictures. Today revivals bring snickers from audiences trained to sound, better lighting, better writing.

## Valentino's Ghost Forced to Walk 1938 Gantlet

By ED SULLIVAN

**N**EXT MONTH, on the 26th of August, to be exact, Rudolph Valentino will have been dead twelve years. This in itself would not be sufficient basis for a magazine story had it not been for what has been happening in the movie industry within the last three months. There was a summer shortage of films, so the movies, unable to turn to any of the current stars, turned again to Valentino, and the reissue of his films saved the day for the exhibitors.

It was a bit cruel to bring Valentino back. He was a magnificently heroic legend to the younger generation. They had heard their older sisters and brothers tell of Valentino, the great lover who put to shame Gable, Taylor, Boyer, and the rest of the streamlined 1938 crop of heart busters, and this oral evidence should have sufficed. Instead they brought Valentino to the screen again, and it was somehow akin to grave-robbing, which is ghoulish business.

In twelve years photography had improved and sound had come to it, makeup had improved and direction with it, and the writing of movie scripts had become a fine art. So into a modern world they dragged poor dead Valentino, and audiences sat and snickered at him and guffawed out loud as he arched his eyebrows and went through motions that were melo-

dramatic. They laughed, too, at Agnes Ayres and the clothing that Adolphe Menjou wore. The whole thing was an unpleasant experience, but the movie makers and the exhibitors made money, and that, I suppose, is the important thing to be considered.

However, they never were particularly kind to Valentino. When the star was dying a New York publication in a copyright story exposed the whole thing as a publicity stunt. Valentino had to die to prove that his illness was on the level. His funeral at Campbell's funeral parlors in New York degenerated into a brawl, with those who had sought his autograph breaking through the windows of the mortuary for their last morbid thrill.

To the movie makers, however, the reissue of the Valentino pictures supplied a sadistic thrill. Because Valentino represented an era that never will come again in motion pictures, Valentino recalled the days when a movie epic that cost \$400,000 could take in \$3,600,000 at the box offices of the world. He brought back to mind the days when a male star was satisfied with \$1,000 a week, and a director got perhaps \$1,500 to direct a picture. He symbolized the days when anybody who happened to be handy wrote the script for a picture.

As a measuring stick the re-

issued Valentino pictures were visible proof that a lot of water had flowed under the Hollywood bridge in the course of twelve years. Today, because of increased costs of production, \$400,000 is the budget of a "B" picture. Valentino today would get at least \$200,000 for a single picture, with overtime starting after the first eight weeks of shooting. A director would cost \$150,000. A feminine star to play opposite Rudolph today would command at least \$150,000 a picture. The writers would get \$25,000 at least for their story.

So the movie makers looked at these old Valentino pictures and sighed for the good old days gone beyond recall. Today the industry is unionized in every detail and the production costs have skyrocketed. The only ones not unionized are the stars, and their salaries are terrific.

Observing these things as you watch an old Valentino film in reissued form, and hearing the laughter that greeted "Son of the Sheik" from modern youngsters, you wonder what will be the order of the day in 1950. Will 1950 audiences giggle at the clothes which Gable wore in "Too Hot to Handle"? Will 1938 wise-cracks sound as dated as "23, skidoo"? Will Garbo provoke laughs? Will a 1950 audience wonder out loud how

known. He was the synonym for passion. You couldn't get into theaters that were playing his pictures. Strong women swooned in the aisles.

Joel McCrea was telling me about him not long ago. McCrea at the time was a high school kid, and in his summer vacations he made money by taking strings of horses to the movie sets, because in those days the big thing was cowboy pictures. They needed boys to take horses from the studios to the sets.

"Robert Taylor thinks he undergoes every possible inconvenience from woman fans," commented McCrea. "Well, you should have been here when Valentino was the rage. Women used to follow him on the streets as though some demigod had returned to earth. They had the funniest look on their faces I've ever seen. They absolutely worshipped him. Modern screen stars are big shots, but in comparison to Valentino they are infinitesimal."

Valentino himself, says McCrea, never liked himself on the screen and never could understand the idolatry he aroused. Rudy's own idea of a great personality was Wallace Reid. He never missed a Reid picture and often lamented the fact that he didn't have what Wally had on the screen. Perhaps later he amended that view, because any one would have been spoiled by the adulation that he received and he might have come around



Valentino and Nazimova in a fiery scene from "Camille."

we 1938 residents ever considered ourselves smart and sophisticated? Will television have ended motion pictures as we know them today?

These guesses sound absurd, you say? Remember, however, that only twelve years ago Rudolph Valentino was the greatest lover the world ever had

to the logical view that fifty million Americans couldn't be wrong.

The movies, which made tremendous money with him, should not have disinterred Valentino to expose him to the mockery of the moderns. They should have let him sleep and let him remain a legend.

## Voice of the Movie Fan

Letters published in this department should be written on one side of the paper. If you wish a personal reply please inclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Dear Miss Mae Tinée: I greatly enjoyed seeing "College Swing" and witnessing the clean, natural loveliness of a beautiful newcomer, Miss Florence George. Her friendly personality is like a heartbeat—warm, rhythmically pulsing.

Will you please grace your page with one of this gorgeous girl's charming pictures? Thanking you in advance, I remain, yours very thankfully, LEON ARNOLD MULLER.

Editor's note: I hope Miss George sees this appreciative letter!

Dear Miss Tinée: A certain R. M., whoever he or she is, said that Nelson Eddy was "perfect" in "Rosalie," but he or she said something about getting sick of seeing him in those "horrid operas." Since when have the works of Victor Herbert or Rudolph Friml been considered horrid? "Naughty Marietta" is one of the greatest operettas ever written, and "Rose Marie," with its "Indian Love Call" and "Rose Marie, I Love You," shines like a

gem in the crown of Eddy achievements. Not to mention "Maytime," whose beauty is comparable to "Smilin' Through" and "Peter Ibbetson."

Those three are operatic and musical classics; and to R. M., if you don't appreciate excellent music—well, I wouldn't go around admitting it. A weekly reader, DOROTHY E. DICKSON.

Editor's note: Which rather puts it up to "a certain R. M."

Dear Miss Tinée: I enjoy your column, but I am amused at some of the ideas your correspondents have of Hollywood folk. If they could see some of their favorites in person they might be surprised. I worked in a Hollywood department store for six years, and here are some random impressions of stars I waited on—if they interest any one.

Normal Shearer—Very chic and with pleasant manners, though a little vague and never casual.

Jeanette MacDonald—Always laughing and having a good time. Quite friendly. Simply dressed.

Joan Crawford—Kindly, but always strained and tired.

Joan Bondell—Always late, voluble and casually dressed.

Dolores Del Rio—Like an oil painting of a lady—not a hair out of place. Very quiet manner.

Robert Montgomery—Very much the English gentleman. Pleasant.

Franchot Tone—Distant, rather frigid, and stiff—perhaps shy.

Nelson Eddy—Veers between the very hearty and the very cross.

Harold Lloyd—The finest gentleman of all. Every one likes to wait on him.

Robert Taylor—A nice boy, and so young! ROSALIE BURKHARDT, College Corners, O.

Dear Miss Tinée: I saw "Rascals," with Jane Withers, Robert Wilcox, and Rochelle Hudson. I think it was the best picture I've seen in ages. Here's orchids to the whole cast, especially Jane, Robert, and Rochelle.

I think if Robert Wilcox keeps on at the rate he's going he'll be a second Tyrone Power, who was my favorite actor before I saw "Rascals." Could you please squeeze in a picture of Robert Wilcox and tell me something about him? Thanks. With lots of luck, VICKI GILBERT.

Editor's note: Now, about that Mr. Wilcox. He was born in Rochester, N. Y., May 19, 1910. He's 5 feet 11 inches tall,

weighs 160 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. Educated University of Southern California and Peddie Preparatory school.

### To You, My Star of Stars!

Funny thing about faces. We travel days, months, years and see many faces—some we mildly like, some we could learn to like, most that we scarcely notice, and a few that we despise or fear. Once in a blue moon there chances into our range of vision a face that stands out above all else around as a Something Precious! We are lost deep in the joy of finding another soul whose being is so entirely pleasing that we struggle with a weird sense of having known this one as our very selves and as infinitely more important. Time stops while we peer into the mind and heart that are here revealed through a face, a face that to others may be just a face but to us is the essence of all that we have hoped to find alive! What we see here is beauty, force, charm, splendor, From then on we are the champion of the owner of that face; we would move armies, hurl thunderbolts down on the offender who fails to concede proper respect to our idol, that idol before whose shrine we are grateful to be permitted to tender a remote worship.

To you, then, this tribute! I am glad you live, and in my delighted sight!

From YOUR SINCERE FAN,

Editor's note: Referring to \_\_\_\_\_? You can't mean \_\_\_\_\_?



FLORENCE GEORGE Scores hit with fan in "College Swing."



ROBERT WILCOX Destined to be a second Tyrone Power?