

Join the Movies

If you sit on a corner in
countries you ever heard



Metro-
Goldwyn-Mayer

Above: A busy bit of Hong-kong — but if you want any jade gadgets or mandarin robes by way of souvenirs you'll have to motor to 'Frisco, fourteen hours away. This slice of Fair Harbor stands on a Hollywood lot



Above: The doughboys are gone from Bar-le-Duc, now—and those houses in the background aren't standing any more—at least not in Hollywood

Universal



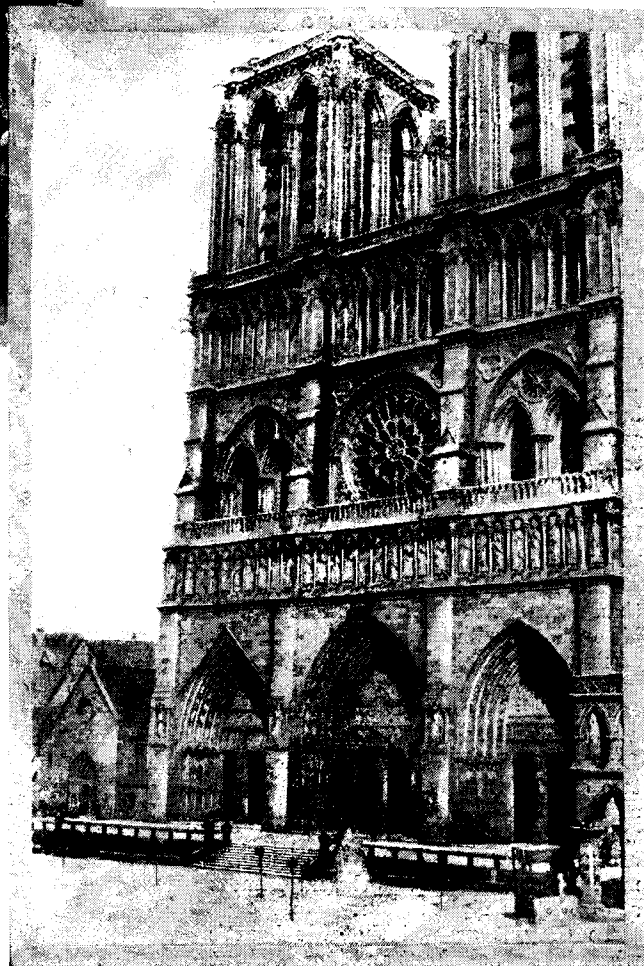
Sure, it's in the South Seas. But for all you know, just around the corner from this gay scene you'll find yourself in Paris or Peru

Right: Not one word out of us about the mountain coming to Mahomet. But there's a swell chance somewhere what with the building of Notre Dame in Universal City, Cal.



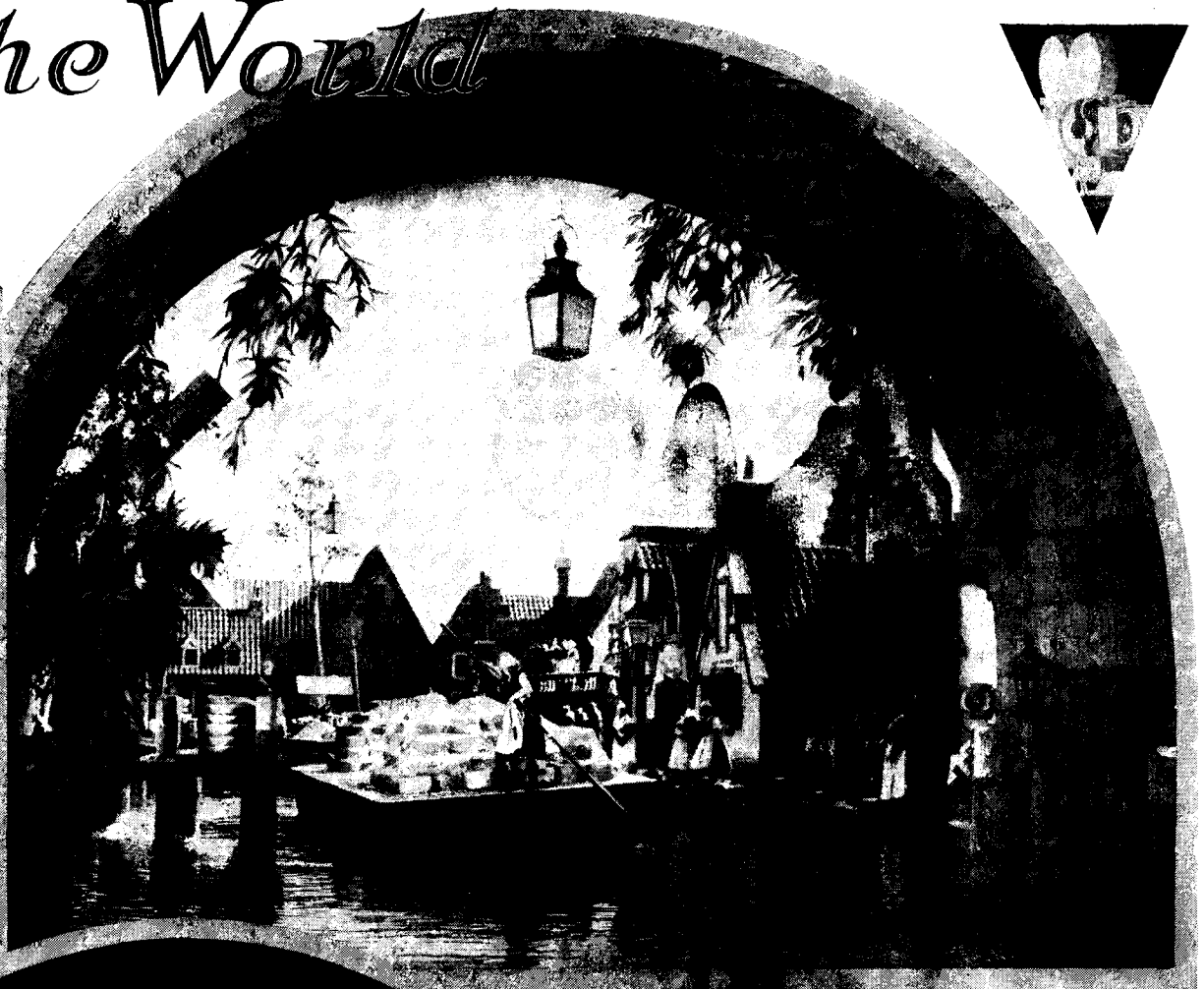
Metro-
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Left: The market place is gay today. But put away your castanets, señor—it's just another triumph for the movie carpenters



and see the World

Hollywood long enough all the
of will pass before you



Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Try this on your burtonholmes. It's a sure-nough
Dutch scene all right. The tip-off, however, lies
in the fact that you don't see the winsome Marion
Davies poling cheese along the canals of any
genuine Holland. It's all on the lot

Right: Don't shiver
for the little lady in
the sleigh. She's
probably wonder-
ing how soon she
can get through
work and run down
to Santa Barbara
for a swim. It's a
phony grip the
Yukon has on this
cabin and scene



Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



Universal

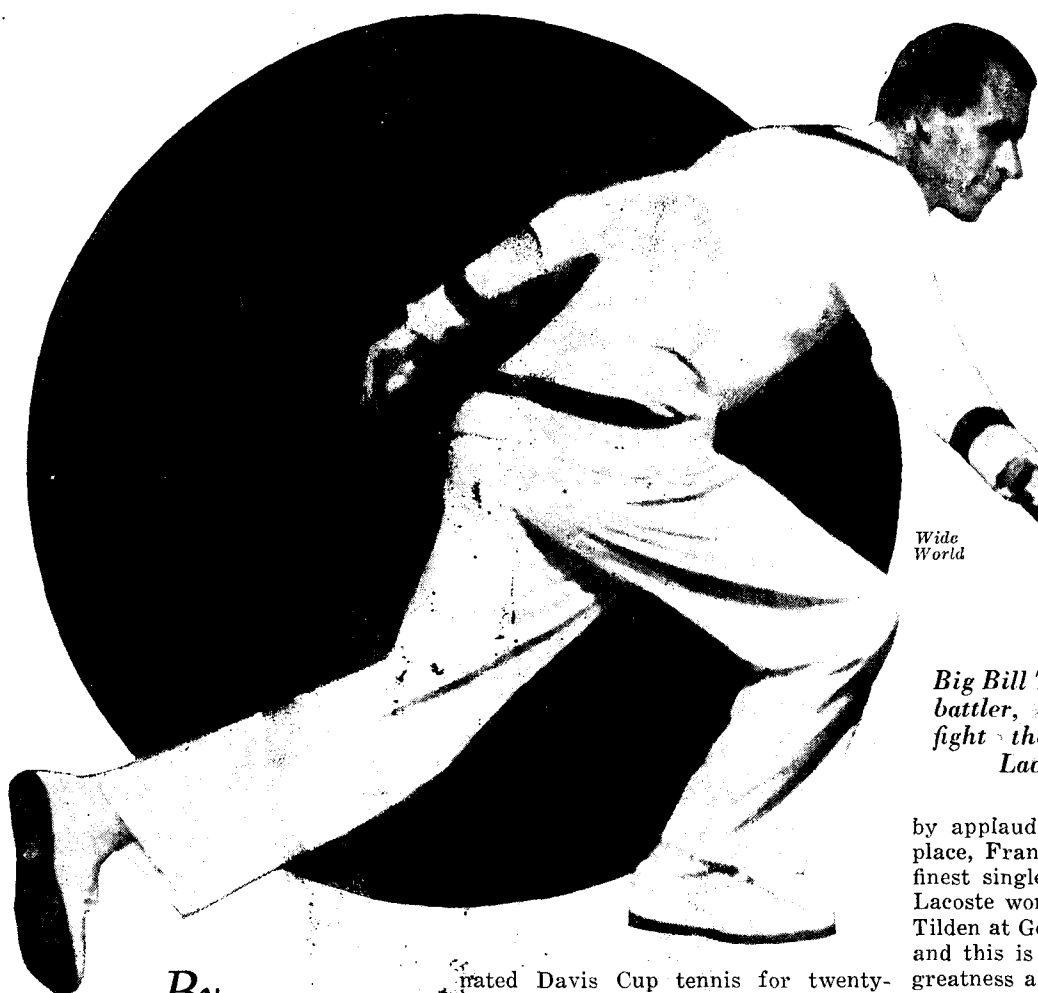
Left: The signs
say it's a Ger-
man railway sta-
tion. So does
the scene that's
being enacted
on the right.
But they're both
synthetic. At
that, digging up
the brew took
less work by the
experts than
building the
background



Paramount

Put down that guitar, Calabroscio.
This is no time to start singing "In
My Gondola." What if it does look
like Venice, you can't trust your
own eyes, nowadays, let alone the
camera's. It isn't even Venice, Cal.,
though your last guess is nearer
right

The Expeditionary Force



By
**GRANTLAND
RICE**

*Once again we send
fighting men to France
—this time they are
armed with tennis
rackets*

EIGHT years ago a pair of United States Bills, Big Bill Tilden and Little Bill Johnston, decided to go cup hunting. They traveled more than 25,000 miles, to Australia and back, to bring the Davis Cup home again and reestablish the tennis supremacy of the United States.

The two Bills proved to be the greatest pair in Davis Cup or tennis history, for in seven years of international play they were largely responsible for our astonishing record of winning 32 out of 35 sets. Before that, from 1903 to 1907, the British team set the pace by winning 19 out of 20 sets.

After two years of unsuccessful invasion a strong young French team—Lacoste, Borotra, Cochet and Brugnon—finally broke down the American barrier last September. René Lacoste applied the lash to both of our Bills at Germantown and for the first time the famous trophy passed from English-speaking countries.

Up to the French victory of 1927 the three English-speaking lands had domi-

rated Davis Cup tennis for twenty-seven years. The United States had won ten times, Australia six times and Great Britain five times.

France came along with youth and skill as Tilden was wrestling with the years and Johnston was passing out of competition. And under these conditions it was only natural to wonder how many years might pass before France would finally slip far enough to loosen her grip upon one of the most famous trophies of all sport.

The French victory was a great thing for tennis in every way. The extended rule of one nation had begun to grow a trifle monotonous.

There was a general feeling at the time that France might keep the cup for four or five years. Lacoste and Cochet are under 25 and Borotra under 28. Tilden and Johnston were still winning when they were well along in their thirties, so it was evident that the French victors still had many years of championship tennis left in their wiry systems. They had taken charge at Wimbledon. They had captured the United States national title in 1926 and 1927. And when they rounded up the Davis Cup a year ago there was no other tennis world to conquer.

But Tilden is a hard battler, and when the cup departed he lost no time in devoting effort toward its recapture.

Many Think We Can Win

HE FIGURED last year that the United States had a fair chance, if not a shining opportunity, to lug the cup home again. But even Big Bill must have known that the odds were heavy if not hopeless.

With the retirement of Bill Johnston, one of the greatest players and finest fighters of all time, the United States had to find some young star to take the Californian's place. Tilden was still available and so was Frank Hunter, placed at No. 2 on the ranking list.

And there were George Lott, Hennessey and young Coen to select from in the completion of a first-class American team.

It so happens that almost every member of the United States troupe, especially Tilden, Hunter and Hennessey, has always been known as a fine competitor under heavy fire. But for all that the French are coming to the summer test with almost every advantage.

In the first place, they are playing on home courts, where they will be cheered along

with William M. Johnson of California missing. Little Bill weighed only 120 pounds. But for seven years he was a deadly menace to every foreign tennis player.

He helped to bring the cup back from Australia in 1920. He was a big factor in its defense up through 1926. But last summer and early fall found him well below his customary form.

The French Barricade is Strong

IN THE past California and the Atlantic Coast have contributed most of the tennis defenders, but when the Davis Cup trials were held this year the leading survivors, outside of Tilden and Hunter, were Hennessey, from Indianapolis; Lott, from Chicago, and Coen, from Kansas City.

France has made no sudden, flashy arrival in amateur sport. Suzanne Lenglen was her first star to capture international attention. Then came Lacoste and his mates. Glenna Collett removed Mlle. de la Chaume in golf this spring in England, but France had another ready, Mlle. Monette Le Blan.

And the French, with their youth, experience and exceptional skill, look to be strong enough to defend the Davis Cup for at least another year or two—and possibly longer.

The United States has its younger stars coming on, but so has France. It will take a desperate sortie now to smash the French barricade.

No one can accuse the United States of taking the assignment lightly. Her best tennis talent has been hard at it for several months through a harder training schedule than any big-league club ever knew. But if France is beaten and the cup is lifted, you can write this down as one of the greatest upsets of the year.

Wide
World

*Big Bill Tilden, a hard
battler, is ready to
fight the years, and
Lacoste too*

by applauding crowds. In the second place, France has in René Lacoste the finest singles player now in the game. Lacoste won six out of seven sets from Tilden at Germantown and Forest Hills, and this is about as sure proof of his greatness as one could ask for. Tilden hasn't grown any younger since that double defeat while a year means only more experience when one is twenty-three or twenty-four.

For a while Lacoste was troubled with neuritis, but in shape he is still the outstanding figure of the tennis world today.

There are still many who believe that Tilden, when fresh and fit, will have an even chance against even Lacoste; that the United States can win at doubles and possibly have an entry strong enough to win another singles match from Cochet or Borotra. But the big stumbling-block will be René Lacoste. Henri Cochet and Jean Borotra are almost as brilliant—at times fully as brilliant. But they lack the deadly steadiness of the French champion.

It has seemed strange to have the United States entered in Davis Cup contests

Keystone



Wide
World

*Frank Hunter (above) is rated
No. 1 among the new stars.
George Lott of Chicago (left)
has beaten some crack players
and will make a stiff fight*